

Oh give me a home where the buf-fa-lo roam, where the deer and the an-te-lope play.

Where sel-dom is heard a dis-cou-ra-ging word and the skies are not clou-dy all day.

Home, home on the range where the deer and the an-te-lope play. Where

sel-dom is heard a dis-cou-ra-ging word and the skies are not clou-dy all day.

Oh give me a home
where the buffalo roam,
where the deer and the antelope play.
Where seldom is heard
a discouraging word
and the skies are not cloudy all day.
Home, home on the range
where the deer and the antelope play.
Where seldom is heard
a discouraging word
and the skies are not cloudy all day.

Oh give me a land
where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down the stream
Where the graceful
white swan goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.
Home, home on the range ...

Oh often at night,
when the heavens are bright
From the light of the glittering stars
Have I stood there amazed
and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.
Home, home on the range ...