

## HOME ON THE RANGE

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.**

Where the air is so pure, and the trees are so free,  
The breezes so balmy and light,  
That I would not exchange, my home on the range,  
For all of the cities so bright.

How often at night when the heavens are bright,  
With the light from the glittering stars,  
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed,  
If their glory exceeds that of ours.