

Home on the Range

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D G D E7 A

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

8 D G D A7 D

— Where sel-dom is heard a dis-cour - a-ging word And the skies are not clou-dy all day—

16 A7 D Bm E7 A7

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

25 D G D A7 D

sel-dom is heard a dis-cour - a-ging word And the skies are not clou-dy 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

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