

Home on the Range

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G C G A7 D

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

8 G C G D7 G

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

16 D7 G Em A7 D7

Home, home on the range_ Where the deer and the an - te-lope play_ Where

25 G C G D7 G

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