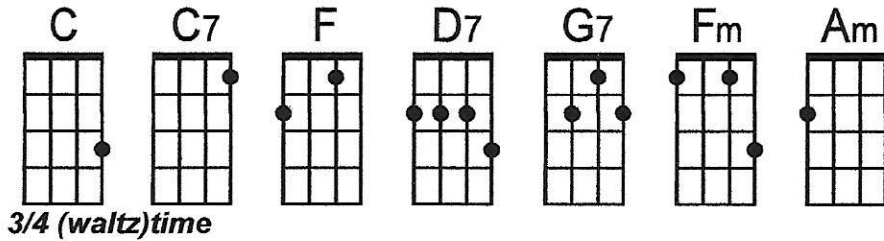


Home on the Range

by Brewster M. Higley (1873)



(sing g)

C . . | C7 . . | F . . | . . | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
Oh, give me a home, where the buff-a-lo roam, and the deer and the ant-e-lope play—
. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . |
Where sel-dom is heard a dis-cour-ag-ing word and the skies are not clou-dy all day—

C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . | Am . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
Chorus: Home— home on the range— Where the deer and the ant-e-lope play—
. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . |
Where sel-dom is heard a dis-cour-ag-ing word and the skies are not clou-dy all day—

C . . | C7 . . | F . . | . . | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
Oh, give me a land, where the bright dia-mond sand, throws its light from the glit-ter-ing streams—
. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . |
Where glid-eth a-long, the grace-ful white swan, like the maid in her hea-ven-ly dreams—

C . . | C7 . . | F . . | . . | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
How of-ten at night, when the hea-vens are bright, with the light of the twink-el-ling stars—
. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . |
Have I stood there a-mazed and asked as I gazed if their glor-y ex-ceeds that of ours—

C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . | Am . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
Chorus: Home— home on the range— Where the deer and the ant-e-lope play—
. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . |
Where sel-dom is heard a dis-cour-ag-ing word and the skies are not clou-dy all day—

C . . | C7 . . | F . . | . . | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
The air is so pure, and the bree-zes so fine, the ze-phyrs so balm-y and light—
. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . |
That I would not ex-change my home here to range for-ev-er in az-ures so bright—

C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . | Am . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
Chorus: Home— home on the range— Where the deer and the ant-e-lope play—
. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . |
Where sel-dom is heard a dis-cour-ag-ing word and the skies are not clou-dy all day—

C . . | G7 . . | C . . | C\|
(slow) And the skies are not cloud—y all day—