

# Home on the Range

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

9 — where sel dom is heard a dis cou ra ging word and the skies are not clou dy all day—

17 — Home— Home on the range— where the deer and the an te lope play— where

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

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