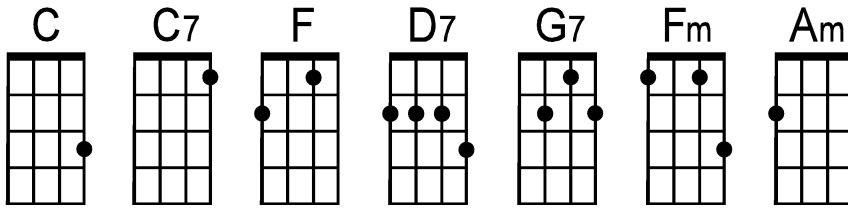


Home on the Range

by Brewster M. Higley (1873)



3/4 (waltz)time

(sing g)

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

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

. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | . .
Oh, give me a land— where the bright dia-mond sand—
. | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
throws its light— from the glit-ter—ing streams—
. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . .
Where glid-eth a-long— the grace-ful white swan—
. | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . .
like the maid in her hea-ven-ly dreams—
. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | . .
How of-ten at night— when the hea-vens are bright—
. | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
with the light— of the twink-el—ling stars—
. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . .
Have I stood there a—mazed— and asked as I gazed—
. | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . |
if their glor-y ex—ceeds that of ours—

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

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

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