# Home On The Range

Lyrics - Dr. Brewster M. Higley VI; Music - Daniel E. Kelley (circa 1873)

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**INTRO: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 / [C] / [C]**

Oh **[C]** give me a **[C7]** home, where the **[F]** buffalo roam

Where the **[C]** deer and the **[D7]** antelope **[G7]** play **[G7]**

Where **[C]** seldom is **[C7]** heard, a dis-**[F]**couraging **[Fm]** word

And the **[C]** skies are not **[G7]** cloudy all **[C]** day **[C]**

Where the **[C]** air is so **[C7]** pure, and the **[F]** zephyrs so free

The **[C]** breezes so **[D7]** balmy and **[G7]** light **[G7]**

That I **[C]** would not ex-**[C7]**change, my **[F]** home on the **[Fm]** range

For **[C]** all of the **[G7]** cities so **[C]** bright **[C]**

**CHORUS:**

**[C]** Home **[G7]** home on the **[C]** range **[C]**

Where the **[Am]** deer and the **[D7]** antelope **[G7]** play **[G7]**

Where **[C]** seldom is **[C7]** heard, a dis-**[F]**couraging **[Fm]** word

And the **[C]** skies are not **[G7]** cloudy all **[C]** day **[C]**

How **[C]** often at **[C7]** night, when the **[F]** heavens are bright

With the **[C]** light from the **[D7]** glittering **[G7]** stars **[G7]**

Have I **[C]** stood there a-**[C7]**mazed, and **[F]** asked as I **[Fm]** gazed

If their **[C]** glory ex-**[G7]**ceeds that of **[C]** ours **[C]**

Oh, I **[C]** love these wild **[C7]** flowers, in this **[F]** dear land of ours

The **[C]** curlew I **[D7]** love to hear **[G7]** cry **[G7]**

And I **[C]** love the white **[C7]** rocks, and the **[F]** antelope **[Fm]** flocks

That **[C]** graze on the **[G7]** mountain slopes **[C]** high **[C]**

**CHORUS:**

**[C]** Home **[G7]** home on the **[C]** range **[C]**

Where the **[Am]** deer and the **[D7]** antelope **[G7]** play **[G7]**

Where **[C]** seldom is **[C7]** heard, a dis-**[F]**couraging **[Fm]** word

And the **[C]** skies are not **[G7]** cloudy all **[C]** day **[C]**

Oh **[C]** give me a **[C7]** land, where the **[F]** bright diamond sand

Flows **[C]** leisurely **[D7]** down in the **[G7]** stream **[G7]**

Where the **[C]** graceful white **[C7]** swan, goes **[F]** gliding a-**[Fm]**long

Like a **[C]** maid in a **[G7]** heavenly **[C]** dream **[C]**

Then I **[C]** would not ex-**[C7]**change, my **[F]** home on the range

Where the **[C]** deer and the **[D7]** antelope **[G7]** play **[G7]**

Where **[C]** seldom is **[C7]** heard, a dis-**[F]**couraging **[Fm]** word

And the **[C]** skies are not **[G7]** cloudy all **[C]** day **[C]↓**

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