

Oh, give me a home, where the buffalo roam,
And the deer and the antelope play.
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day

How often at night, when the heavens are bright
I see the light of those flickering stars
Have I laid amazed and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of love

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Where the air is so pure and the zephyrs so free,
And the breezes so balmy and light
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day