

Home On The Range

Oh [C] give me a [C7] home where the [F] buffalo roam,
Where the [C] deer and the [D7] antelope [G7] play,
Where [C] seldom is [C7] heard a dis-[F]-couraging [Fm] word,
And the [C] skies are not [G7] cloudy all [C] day.

CHORUS:

[C] Home, [G7] home on the [C] range,
Where the [Am] deer and the [D7] antelope [G7] play,
Where [C] seldom is [C7] heard a dis-[F]-couraging [Fm] word,
And the [C] skies are not [G7] cloudy all [C] day.

Where the [C] air is so [C7] pure, and the [F] zephyrs so free,
The [C] breezes so [D7] balmy and [G7] light,
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.

How [C] often at [C7] night when the [F] heavens are bright,
With the [C] light from the [D7] glittering [G7] stars,
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.

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,
And I [C] love the white [C7] rocks and the [F] antelope [Fm] flocks,
That [C] graze on the [G7] mountain slopes [C] high.

Oh [C] give me a [C7] land where the [F] bright diamond sand,
Flows [C] leisurely [D7] down in the [G7] stream;
Where the [C] graceful white [C7] swan goes [F] gliding [Fm] along,
Like a [C] maid in a [G7] heavenly [C] dream.

Then I [C] would not ex-[C7]-change my [F] home on the range,
Where the [C] deer and the [D7] antelope [G7] play;
Where [C] seldom is [C7] heard a dis-[F]-couraging [Fm] word,
And the [C] skies are not [G7] cloudy all [C] day.

