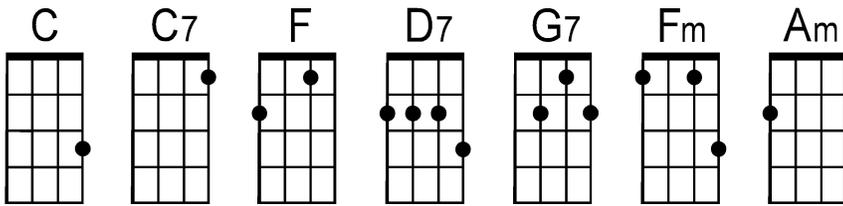


Home on the Range

by Brewster M. Higley (1873)



3/4 (waltz)time

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

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

. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | . . | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
 Oh, give me a land, where the bright dia-mond sand, throws its light from the glit-ter-ing streams—
 . | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . |
 Where glid-eth a-long, the grace-ful white swan, like the maid in her hea-ven-ly dreams—

. | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | . . | C . . | D7 . . | G7 . . | . .
 How of-ten at night, when the hea-vens are bright, with the light of the twink-el-ling stars—
 . | C . . | C7 . . | F . . | Fm . . | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | . . . |
 Have I stood there a-mazed, and asked as I gazed, if their glor-y ex-ceeds that of ours—

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

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

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

. | C . . | G7 . . | C . . | C |
 (*slow*) And the skies are not cloud—y all day—

