

Oh give me a home where
the buffalo roam,

Where 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 were bright

With the light of the twinkling stars,

Have I stood here amazed
and asked as I gazed

If their glory exceed that of ours.

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.

The air is so pure
and the breezes so free,

The zephyrs so balmy and light,

That I would not exchange
my home here to range

Forever in azure 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.