

Home On The Range

Burl Ives

Oh give me home
Where the buffalo roam
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard
A discour-aging 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
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How often at night
When the heavens are bright
That the light from the glittering stars
As I stood there amazed
And asked as I gazed
That the glory exceeds that of ours

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
where seldom is heard a discour-aging word
and the skies are not cloudy all day