

## Home On The Range . . . . .

Folk / Children's Song

4 Times

F B $\flat$  B $\flat$ m7

1. Oh, give me a home where the buf - fa - lo roam, and the  
of - ten at night, when the hea - vens are bright with the  
air is so pure, the\_ ze - phyr's so free, the\_  
love those wild flow'rs in this dear land of ours, the\_

F G7 C C7

deer and the an - te - lope play. \_\_\_\_\_ Where  
light from the glit - ter - ing stars. \_\_\_\_\_ Have I  
breeze so bal - my and light. \_\_\_\_\_ That I  
cur - lew, I love to hear scream. \_\_\_\_\_ And I

F B $\flat$  B $\flat$ m7

sel - dom is heard a dis - cour - ag - ing word, and the  
stood there a - mazed, and\_ asked as I gazed, if their  
would not ex - change my\_ home on the range for  
love the white rocks and the an - te - lope flocks that

F C7 F

skies are not clou - dy all day. \_\_\_\_\_  
glor - y, ex - ceeds that of ours. \_\_\_\_\_  
all of the ci - ties so bright. \_\_\_\_\_  
graze on the moun - tain tops green. \_\_\_\_\_



**Chorus**

F C7 F

Home, home on the range. Where the

Dm G7 C7

deer and the an - te - lope play. Where

F Bb Bbm7

sel - dom is heard a dis - cour - ag - ing word, and the

F C7 F *4th x fine*

skies are not clou - dy all day.   
 2. How   
 3. Where the   
 4. Oh, I