Home On The Range

Folk / Children's Song

1. Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
   and the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
   love those wild flow'rs in this dear land of ours,
   the

   deer and the antelope play.
   light from the glittering stars.
   breeze so balm my and light.
   curlew, I love to hear scream.

   seldom is heard a discouraging word,
   stood there amazed, and asked as I gazed, if their
   would not exchange my home on the range for
   love the white rocks and the antelope flocks that

   skies are not cloudy all day.
   glory exceeds that of ours.
   all of the cities so bright.
   graze on the mountain tops green.