Chorus:
Oh, give me a home, where the buff-a-lo roam, and the deer and the ant-e-lope play—
Where sel-dom is heard, a dis-cour-ag-ing word, and the skies are not clou-dy all day—

Chorus:
Home—, home on the range— Where the deer and the ant-e-lope play—
Where sel-dom is heard, a dis-cour-ag-ing word, and the skies are not clou-dy all day—

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

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

Chorus:
Home—, home on the range— Where the deer and the ant-e-lope play—
Where sel-dom is heard, a dis-cour-ag-ing word, and the skies are not clou-dy all day—

The air is so pure, and the bree-zes so fine, the ze-phyrs so balm-y and light—
That I would not ex-change my home here to range, for- ev-er in az-ures so bright—

Chorus:
Home—, home on the range— Where the deer and the ant-e-lope play—
Where sel-dom is heard, a dis-cour-ag-ing word, and the skies are not clou-dy all day—

(slow) And the skies are not cloud-y all day——

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v2b - 11/3/16)