Home on the Range
by Brewster M. Higley (1873)

3/4 (waltz) time

(sing g)

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-u res 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——

And the skies are not cloud-y all day——

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v3 - 11/12/18)