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

C C7 F C D7 G7 . . | . .
Oh, give me a home, where the buffalo roam, where the deer and the antelope play
C C7 F Fm C G7 C . . | . .
Where seldom is heard, a dis-couraging word, and the skies are not cloudy all day

Chorus: Home, home on the range
         Am D7 G7 . . | . .
Where the deer and the antelope play
C C7 F Fm C G7 C . . | . .
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

C C7 F C D7 G7 . . | . .
Oh, give me a land, where the bright diamond sand, throws its light from the glittering streams
C C7 F Fm C G7 C . . | . .
Where glideth a-long, the graceful white swan, like the maid in her heavenly dreams.

C C7 F C D7 G7 . . | . .
How often at night, when the heavens are bright, with the light of the twinkling stars.
C C7 F Fm C G7 C . . | . .
Have I stood there a-mazed, and asked as I gazed, if their glory ex-cceeds that of ours.

Chorus

C C7 F C D7 G7 . . | . .
The air is so pure, and the breezes so fine, the zephyrs so balmy and light,
C C7 F Fm C G7 C . . | . .
That I would not ex-change my home here to range, for-ever in azures so bright.

Chorus:

C . . G7 C . . | . .
and end
Home, home on the range
         Am D7 G7 . . | . .
Where the deer and the antelope play
C C7 F Fm C G7 C . . | . .
And the skies are not cloudy all day.
C G7 C G7 C
(slow) And the skies are not cloudy all day....