

# Home on the Range

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D D7 G Em D



Oh, give me a home where the buf - fa - lo roam Where the deer and the  
How of - ten at night when the hea - vens are bright With the light from the

E7 A A7 D D7 G Em



an - te - lope play \_\_\_\_\_ Where sel - dom is heard a dis - cour - ag - ing word, And the  
glit - ter - ing stars, \_\_\_\_\_ Have stood there a - mazed and asked as I gazed, If their

D A7 D D A7 D




skies are not cloud - y all day. \_\_\_\_\_ Home, home on the range \_\_\_\_\_ where the  
glo - ry ex - ceeds that of ours. \_\_\_\_\_

E7 A A7 D D7



deer and the an - te - lope play, \_\_\_\_\_ \*Where sel - dom is heard a dis -

G Em D A7 D



cour - ag - ing word And the skies are not cloud - y all day.

Words possibly by Brewster Higley, music possibly by Dan Kelly, circa 1873