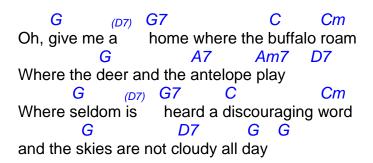
## Home on the Range lyrics by Brewster M. Higley and music by

Daniel E. Kelley (1883)



G D7 G G GHome, home on the range Em7 A7 Am7 D7Where the deer and the antelope play G G D7 G G G D7 G G Gand the skies are not cloudy all day

The Red Man was pressed from this part of the west It's not likely he'll ever return to the banks of Red River, where seldom, if ever his flickering campfires still burn

How often at night when the heavens are bright with the light from the glittering stars Have I stood there amazed and asked, as I gazed if their glory exceeds that of ours

Where the air is so pure, and the zephyrs so free, The breezes so balmy and light, That i would not exchange my home on the range, For all of the cities so bright.

Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand flows leisurely down the stream Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along like a maid in a heavenly dream