

# Home On The Range

(Version 3 - best known)

New Words:  
John A. Lomax (1910)

G C G A7 D7  
Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam, where the deer and the antelope play,  
G C G D7 G  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word and the skies are not cloudy all day.

CHORUS:

G D7 G  
Home, home on the range,  
Em A7 D7  
Where the deer and the antelope play;  
G C  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
G D7 G  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Where the air is so pure, 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.

CHORUS:

The red man was pressed from this part of the West, he's likely no more to return,  
To the banks of Red River where seldom if ever their flickering camp-fires burn.

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

Oh, I love these wild flowers in this dear land of ours,  
The curlew I love to hear scream,  
And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks  
That graze on the mountain-tops green.

CHORUS:

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.

CHORUS: