

Home on the Range

Key of C

Lyrics- Brewster Higley

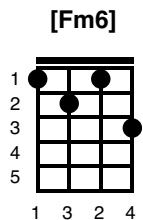
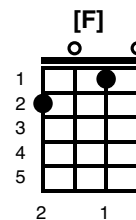
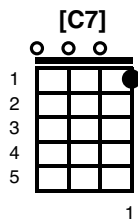
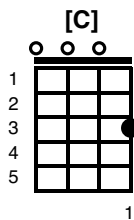
Music - Daniel Kelley

1872

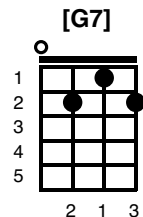
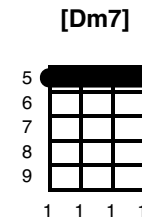
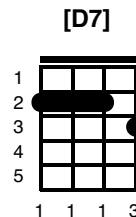
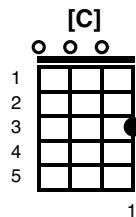
Chords and lyrics provided by Judy Muldawer

Visit banjojudy.com for additional songs

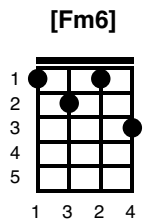
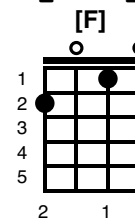
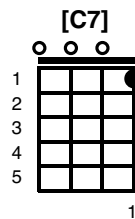
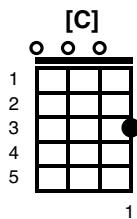
Verse 1:



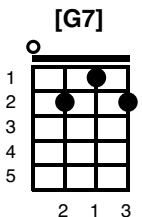
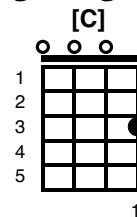
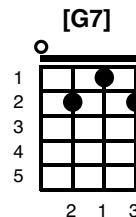
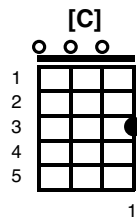
Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam



Where the deer and the antelope play

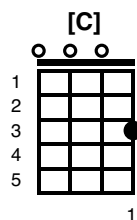
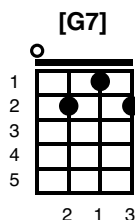
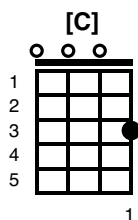


Where seldom is heard a discouraging word



And the skies are not cloudy all day.

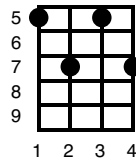
Chorus:



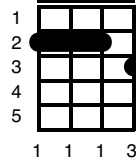
Home

home on the range

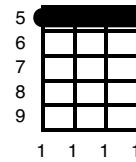
[Am7]



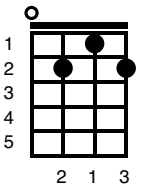
[D7]



[Dm7]

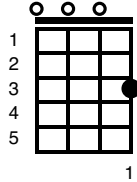


[G7]

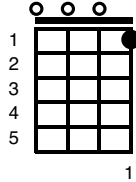


Where the deer and the antelope play

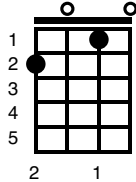
[C]



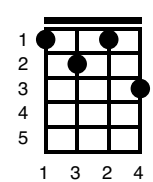
[C7]



[F]

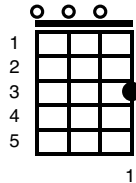


[Fm6]

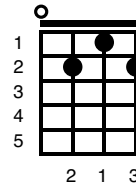


Where seldom is heard a discouraging word

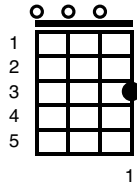
[C]



[G7]



[C]

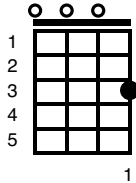


And the skies are not cloudy all day.

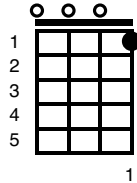
Chorus:

Verse 2:

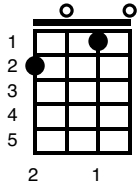
[C]



[C7]

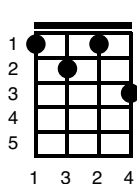


[F]



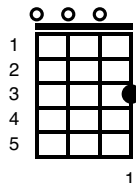
Oh give me a land where the bright diamond

[Fm6]

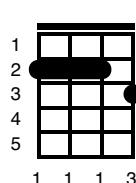


sand

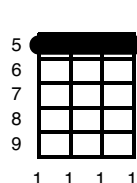
[C]



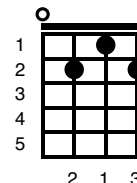
[D7]



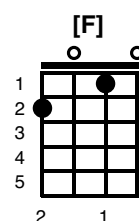
[Dm7]



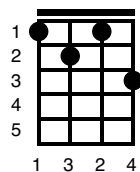
[G7]



Flows leisurely down to the stream



[Fm6]

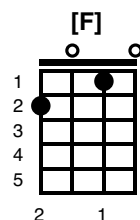


[G7sus2]

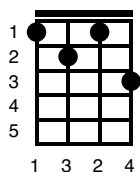
1
2
3
4
5

2 1


Verse 3:



[Fm6]

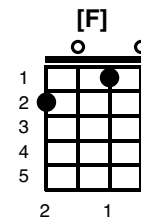
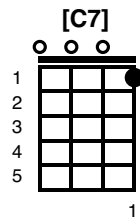
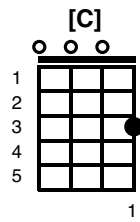


[G7]



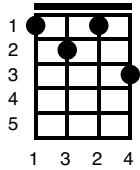
	2	1	3
1		●	
2	●		●
3			
4			
5			

Page 3

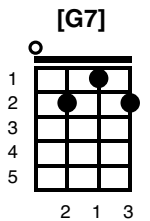
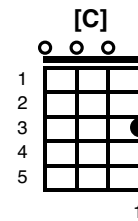
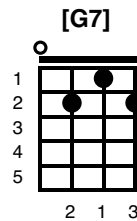
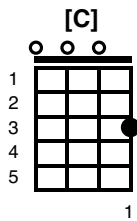


Have I stood there amazed and asked as I

[Fm6]



gazed



If their glory exceeds that of ours

Chorus:

Verse 4

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:

Verse 5:

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 campfires burn.

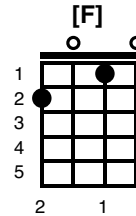
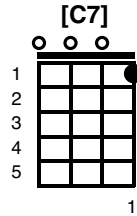
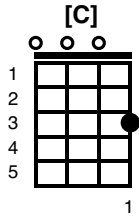
Chorus

Verse 6:

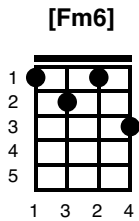
Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and light,
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all the cities so bright.

Chorus

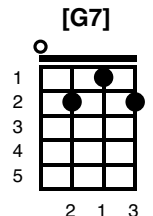
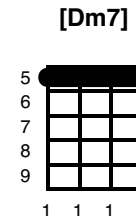
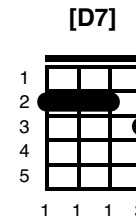
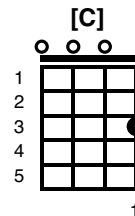
Verse 7:



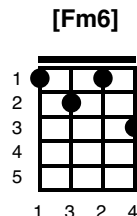
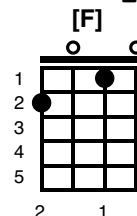
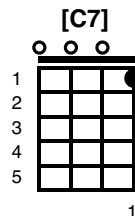
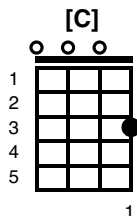
So I would not exchange my home on the



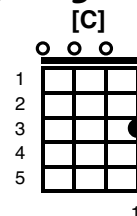
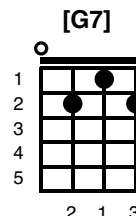
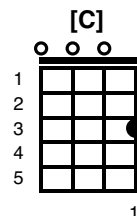
range



Where the deer and the antelope play



Where seldom is heard a discouraging word



And the skies are not cloudy all day.