Home on the Range

Music by Daniel E. Kelley
Words by Brewster M. Higley
Arranged by Matthew Sabatella

Home, home on the range, where the skies are not cloudy all day.

chorus

Where deer and the antelope play.

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.
Additional verses:

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

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

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

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