

# Home On The Range

**Burl Ives**

Oh give me home  
Where the buffalo roam  
Where the deer and the antelope play  
Where seldom is heard  
A discour-aging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Home, home on the range  
Where the deer and the antelope play  
Where seldom is heard  
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How often at night  
When the heavens are bright  
That the light from the glittering stars  
As I stood there amazed  
And asked as I gazed  
That the glory exceeds that of ours

Home, home on the range  
Where the deer and the antelope play  
where seldom is heard a discour-aging word  
and the skies are not cloudy all day