

Home On The Range

Connie Francis

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

Home home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
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How often at night when the heavens are bright
With the light from the glittering stars
Have I stood there all days and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds them apart

Home 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