

## Home On The Range

David Allan Coe

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.  
Where seldom is heard  
A discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night,  
When the heavens are bright  
With lights from the glittering stars,  
Have I stood here amazed  
And asked, as I gazed  
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

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.

Then 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.

Home,  
Where the deer and the antelope play.  
Where seldom is heard  
A discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.