

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 the light from the glittering stars  
have I stood here amazed and asked as I gazed  
if their glory exceeds that of ours.

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.

Where the air is so pure, and the birds fly 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.

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.