

Burl Ives, Home On The Range

11.

HOME ON THE RANGE

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
A discour-aging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day

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