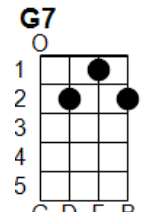
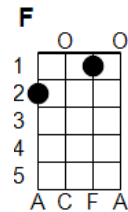
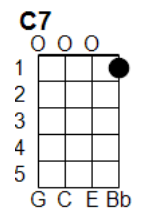
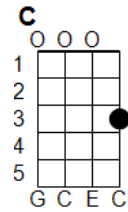


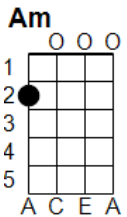
# Home On the Range

*{3/4 time}*

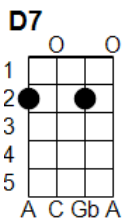
[C] Oh, give me a home [C7] where the [F] buffalo roam  
 And the [C] deer and the antelope [G7] play  
 Where [C] seldom is [C7] heard a [F] discouraging word  
 And the [C] skies are not [G7] cloudy all [C] day



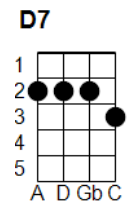
[C] Home, [G7] home on the [C] range  
 Where the [Am] deer and the [D7] antelope [G7] play  
 Where [C] seldom is [C7] heard a [F] discouraging word  
 And the [C] skies are not [G7] cloudy all [C] day



[C] How often at night [C7] when the [F] heavens are bright  
 With the [C] light from the glittering [G7] stars  
 Have I [C] stood there [C7] amazed and [F] asked as I gazed  
 If their [C] glory ex-[G7]-ceeds that of [C] ours



[C] Where the air is so [C7] pure, the [F] zephyrs so free  
 The [C] breezes so balmy and [G7] light  
 That I [C] would not [C7] exchange my [F] home on the range  
 For [C] all of the [G7] cities so [C] bright



[C] I love those wild [C7] flow'rs in this [F] bright land of ours  
 I [C] love the wild curlew's shrill [G7] scream  
 The [C] bluffs and white [C7] rocks and the [F] antelope flocks  
 That [C] graze on the [G7] mountaintops [C] green