

# Home On The Range

Bing Crosby

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 where the heavens are bright  
With the light of the glittering stars  
Have I stood there 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

Then give me a land where the bright diamond sand  
Flows leisurely down to the stream  
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along  
Like a maid in a heavenly dream

Oh I would not exchange my old home on the range  
Where the deer and the antelope play  
Where the seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day

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