

# Home On the Range

Roy Rogers

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 glitterin' stars,  
Have I stood here amazed  
And asked, as I gazed  
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

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

The Red man was pressed  
From this part of the west,  
'Tis unlikely he'll ever return,  
To the banks of Red River,  
Where seldom if ever,  
Their flickering campfires burn.

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

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Lyrics submitted by nico.

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