

# Home On The Range

John Denver

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  
The red man was pressed from this part of the west  
It's not likely he'll ever return  
To the banks of Red River where seldom if ever  
His flickering campfires still burn  
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  
I see the light of those flickering stars  
Have I laid there amazed and asked as I gazed  
If their glory exceeds that of love  
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

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