Home, Home On the Range

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     F           F7                  Bb      Bbm
Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
             F                          C7
Where the deer and the antelope play,
         F           F7           Bb           Bbm
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
          F                C7          F
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

     C7                        F
     Home, home on the range!
                                          C7
     Where the deer and the antelope play,
             F                          Bb         Bbm
     Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
         F                C7          F
And the skies are not cloudy all day.
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How often at night when the heavens are bright

With the light from the glittering stars

Have I stood there amazed and asked, as I gazed

iI their glory exceeds that of ours

Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sands

Lie awash in the glittering stream,

Where days glide along in pleasure and song,

And afternoons pass as a dream.

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