“Home on the Range”

There are many versions of “Home on the Range.” This is the one that was named the official state song.

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 sky is not cloudy all day.

Chorus:
A home, a home
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where never is heard a discouraging word
And the sky is not cloudy all day.

Oh, give me the land where the bright diamond sand
Throws its light from the glittering stream,
Where glideth along the graceful white swan
Like a maid in her heavenly dream.
Oh, give me the gale of the Solomon vale
Where life streams with buoyancy flow,
On the banks of the Beaver, where seldom if ever
Any poisonous herbage doth grow.

I love the wild flowers in this bright land of ours,
I love, too, the wild curlew’s scream,
The bluffs and white rocks and antelope flocks
That graze on the hillsides so green.

How often at night when the heavens are bright
By the light of the twinkling stars,
Have I stood here amazed and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

The air is so clear, the breeze so pure,
The zephyrs so balmy and light,
I would not exchange my home here to range
Forever in azure so bright.