

Frank Sinatra

"Home On The Range"

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O give me a home where the buffaloe 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 when the heavens are bright
With the light of the glittering stars
I stand there amazed & I ask as I gaze
If their glory exceed that of ours

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

Then I would not exchange my home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play

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