



## My Western Home

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,  
Where the deer and the antelope play;  
Where never is heard a discouraging word  
And the sky is not clouded all day.

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.

Oh, give me the land where the bright diamond sand  
Throws light from the glittering stream;  
Where glideth along the graceful white swan,  
Like a maid in her heavenly dreams.

I love these wild flowers in this bright land of our;  
I love, too, the curlew's wild scream.  
The bluffs of 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 glittering stars,  
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed  
If there beauty exceeds this of ours.

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

*The original poem by Brewster Higley (with thanks to Mary (Harlan-Barr) Norris)*



*Dr. Brewster Higley*



## “HOME ON THE RANGE”

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Where the deer and the antelope play;  
Where never is heard a discouraging word  
And the sky is not clouded all day.

*Chorus--*

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*“Home on the Range”, as it was first printed  
in The Pioneer by Editor Levi Morrill, in 1873.*