

AUGUST FEATURED SONG

by Andy Longo

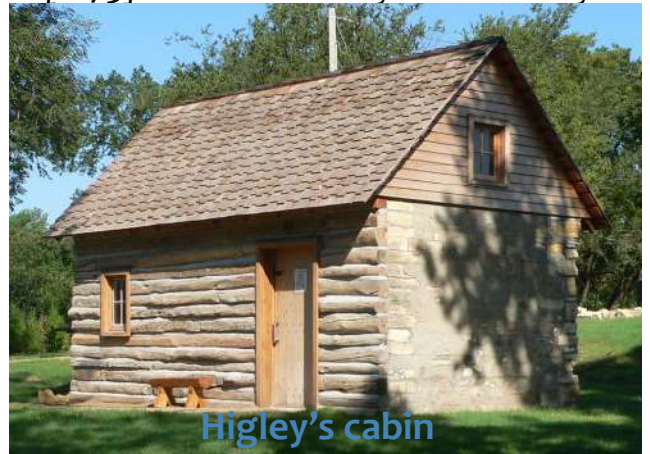
The Little Cabin That Could :^)

In the year 1875, Brewster Higley was a doctor who moved into a small cabin in Smith County, Kansas. At the time he was widowed by three wives and lost several children. He would go on to marry twice more. He led a simple life, and after living there for some time, he wrote a poem, "[The Western Home](#)". Later, his friend, Daniel Kelley, set the poem to music. It became popular with the ranchers and the western settlers. The poem did not include "home on the range". That line was added to the first verse and became the refrain when sung by the ranchers who established the popularity of the song. It was sung on the steps of the White House, the night Franklin D. Roosevelt was first elected. Admiral Richard E. Byrd carried a mechanical Edison phonograph in his equipment during his expedition to the South Pole in the 1930's. When the spring on the record player froze, he sang "Home On The Range" to pass the time after his daily work was done. In 1935, there was a lawsuit by someone who claimed to be the composer of this most popular tune. Fortunately, John Lomax had already documented the origin of the tune in 1910 in his book, "[Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads](#)". You'll find Michael Martin Murphy's rendition [here](#), and you can find the lyrics and chords in the [HFMS archive](#).

HOME ON THE RANGE

From the poem by Brewster Higley "My Western Home" [1873]. Set to music by Daniel Kelley

G **C**
Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam
G **D**
Where the deer and the antelope play
G **C**
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
G **D** **G**
And the skies are not cloudy all day



Chorus: **G** **D** **G**
Home home on the range
D
Where the deer and the antelope play
G **C**
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
G **D** **G**
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 **CHORUS**

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
If their glory exceeds that of ours **CHORUS**

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

