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BLACKSBURG, VA.

HOME IN THE PINES

Oh, give me a home where the foresters roam  
With the wild things of nature at play,  
Where often is heard the glad song of a bird  
And blue skies are above me all day.

Chorus

Home, home in the pines  
With the wild things of nature at play,  
Where often is heard the glad song of a bird  
And blue skies are above me all day.

How oft on a roam have I ridden alone  
Through forest and canyon and glen,  
Along the steep trails 'till the twilight falls  
'Till cabin lights shine at the end.

While a forest out West the ranger likes best,  
The North, East, or South is his home.  
Mid oaks, firs and pines, you will find his fire signs  
Wher'er in the mountains you roam.

Oh, the ranger rides near, the ranger rides far  
And he knows no such words as "to fail"  
When pledged as your friend, he'll be true to the end--  
To the end of his last long, long trail.

By: John D. Guthrie

Air - "Home on the Range"

Virginia Polytechnic Institute and the United States Department of Agriculture Cooperating: Extension Service, L. B. Dietrick, Director, Blacksburg, Virginia. Printed and Distributed in Furtherance of the Acts of Congress of May 8 and June 30, 1914.

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