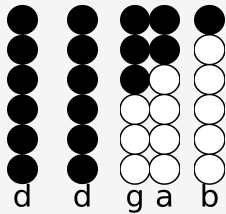
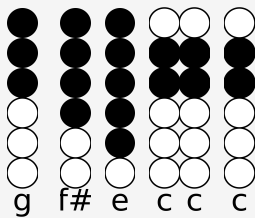


Tin whistle tabs for: Home On The Range x

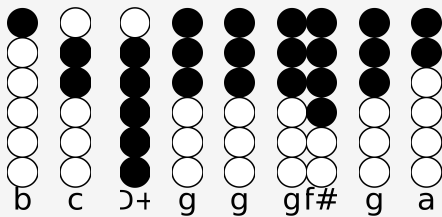
Categories: Country



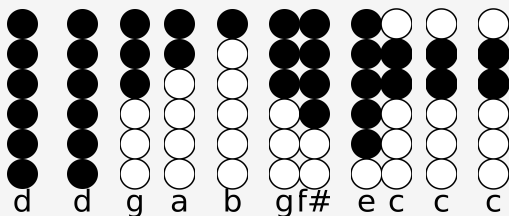
Oh, give me a home



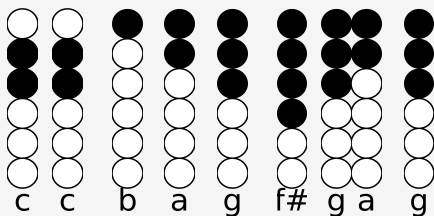
where the buf-fa-lo roam,



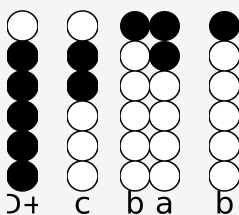
Where the deer and the an-te-lope play



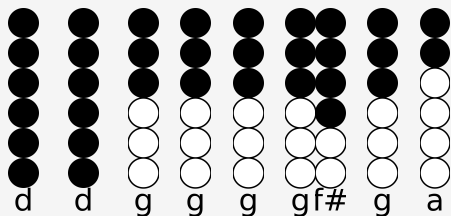
Where sel-dom is heard a dis-cour-a-ging word,



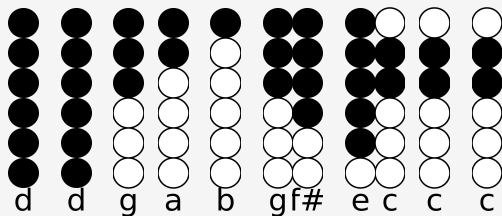
And the skies are not cloud-y all day.



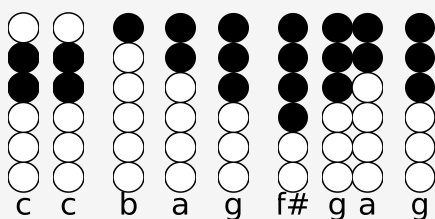
Home, home on the range,



Where the deer and the an-te-lope play.



Where sel-dom is heard a dis-cour-a-ging word,



And the skies are not cloud-y all day.

Where the air is so pure,

the zephyrs so free,

And the breezes

so balmy and light.

Then I would not exchange

my home on the range

For all of your

cities so bright.

The red man was pressed

from this part of the West,

And he's likely

no more to return

To the banks of Red River,

where seldom, if ever

Their flickering campfires burn.

How often at night

when the heavens

are bright,

With the light

from the glittering stars,

dHere I stood there amazed,

and asked as I gazed,

If their glory exceeds

that of ours.

I love the wild flowers

in this dear land of ours,

And the curlew

I love to hear scream.

I love the wild rocks

and the antelope flocks,

That graze on

the mountaintops green.

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

Source: <https://simpletinwhistle.com>