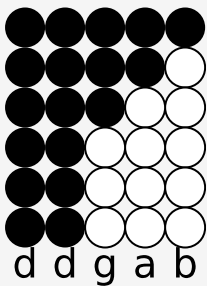
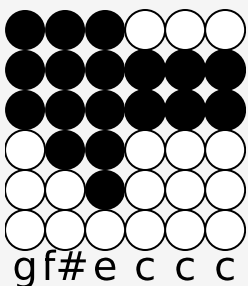


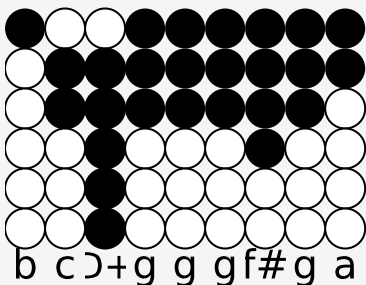
Tin whistle tabs for: Home On The Range x



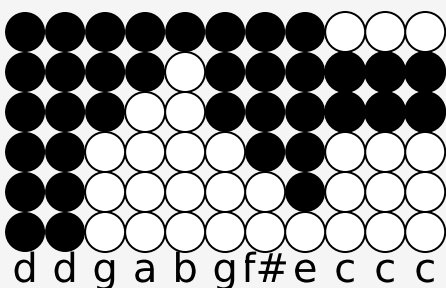
Oh, give me a home



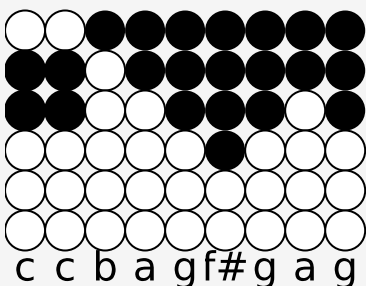
where the buf-fa-lo roam,



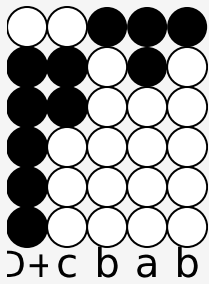
Where the deer and the an-te-lope play



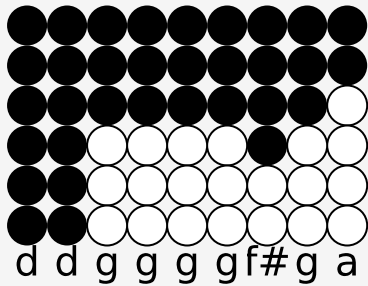
Where sel-dom is heard a dis-cour-a-ging word,



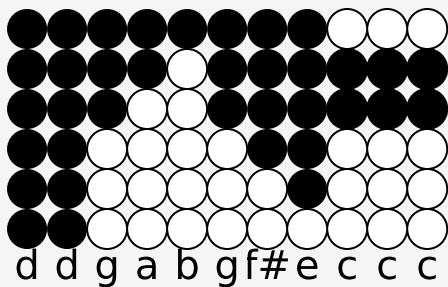
And the skies are not cloud-y all day.



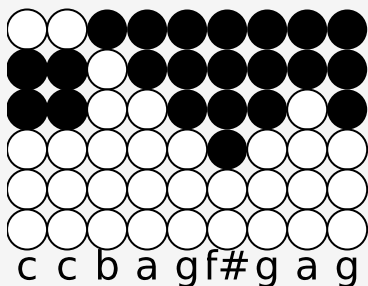
Home, home on the range,



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,
Here 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.