

## **Flatt & Scruggs**

### **"My Native Home"**

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I'd like to see my native home the lofty trees and  
golden sand  
The rugged hills all crowded round my mother's voice  
how sweet would sound  
Sometimes I dream of home and friends my dreams  
are false my heart's with them  
And when I wake I'm alone my dreams are false my  
friends are gone

[ fiddle ]

I'd like to see my heart's delight her beauty is best and  
I'm so bright  
And how she'd smile as I drew near I kiss her with the  
falling kiss  
It fills my heart with fondest love to listen to that  
lonesome dove  
He mourns as if his maid was gone as if like he left all  
alone

[ dobro ]

Nine or ten years have past and gone and I'm still left  
here all alone  
Oh I'd like to see my native home among your hills I  
loved to roam

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