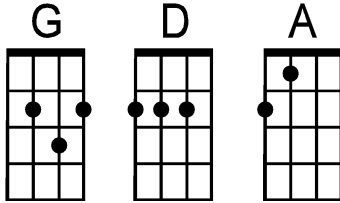


This Land is Your Land

by Woody Guthrie (1944)



Intro: D . . . | . . .

Chorus: This land is your land— this land is my land—
From Cali-for-nia— to the New York Is-land—
From the redwood for-est— to the Gulf Stream wa-ters—
This land— was made for you and me—

As I went walk-ing— that ribbon of high-way—

I saw a-bove me— that endless sky-way—

I saw be-low me— that golden val-ley—

This land— was made for you and me—

Chorus: This land is your land— this land is my land—
From Cali-for-nia— to the New York Is-land—
From the redwood for-est— to the Gulf Stream wa-ters—
This land— was made for you and me—

I roamed and ramb-led and I followed my foot-steps—

To the sparkling sands of— her diamond de-serts—

While all a-round me— a voice was sound-ing—

This land— was made for you and me—

Chorus: This land is your land— this land is my land—
 From Cali-for-nia— to the New York Is-land—
 From the redwood for-est— to the Gulf Stream wa-ters—
 This land— was made for you and me—

When the sun came shin-ing— and I was strol-ling—
 And the wheat fields wav-ing— and dust clouds roll-ing—
 A voice was chant-ing— as the fog was lift-ing—
 This land— was made for you and me—

Chorus: This land is your land— this land is my land—
 From Cali-for-nia— to the New York Is-land—
 From the redwood for-est— to the Gulf Stream wa-ters—
 This land— was made for you and me—

This land— was made for you and me—