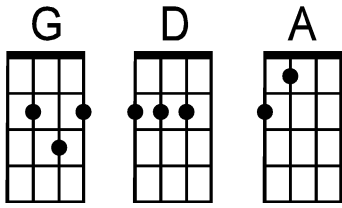


This Land is Your Land

by Woody Guthrie (1944)



Intro: D . . . | . . .

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

^G As I went walk-ing— that ribbon of ^D high-way—
^A I saw a-bove me— that endless ^D sky-way—
^G I saw be-low me— that golden ^D val-ley—
^A This land— was made for you and ^D me—

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

^G I roamed and ramb-led and I followed my ^D foot-steps—
^A To the sparkling sands of— her diamond ^D de-serts—
^G While all a-round me— a voice was ^D sound-ing—
^A This land— was made for you and ^D 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— A\ D\
 This land— was made for you and me—