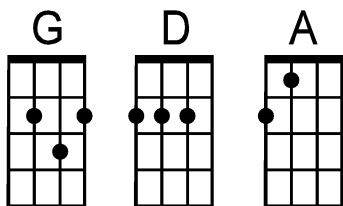


This Land is Your Land

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—

As I went ^G walk-ing— that ribbon of ^D high-way—
 I saw a-bove me— ^A that endless ^D sky-way—
 I saw be- low me— ^G 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—

I roamed and ^G ramb-led and I followed my ^D foot-steps—
 To the sparkling sands of— ^A her diamond ^D de-serts—
 While all a-round me— ^G 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\