



**F** **C**  
 I roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps  
**G** **C** **C<sup>7</sup>**  
 To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,  
**F** **C** **A<sup>m</sup>**  
 And all around me a voice was sounding,  
**G** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C** **C<sup>7</sup>**  
 This land was made for you and me. / . . .

**CHORUS:**

**F** **C**  
 When the sun comes shining and I was strolling,  
**G** **C** **C<sup>7</sup>**  
 And the wheat-fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling,  
**F** **C** **A<sup>m</sup>**  
 A voice was chanting and a fog was lifting,  
**G** **G<sup>7</sup>** **C** **C<sup>7</sup>**  
 This land was made for you and me. / . . .

**CHORUS:**

