This Land Is Your Land

Woody Guthrie

D  A7  D  D7
/ / / /   / / / /   / / / /   / . . .

Chorus:

G           D
This land is your land, this land is my land

A          D    D7
From California, to the New York Island,

G       D    Bm
From the redwood forests, to the Gulfstream waters,

A        A7    D    (D)
This land was made for you and me.

End with:

A    A7   D   A7   D
This land was made for you and me.  / /   /

G           D
As I went walking that ribbon of highway,

A          D    D7
I saw above me that endless skyway,

G       D    Bm
I saw below me that golden valley,

A    A7   D    D7
This land was made for you and me.  / . . .

CHORUS:
I roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
And all around me a voice was sounding,
This land was made for you and me.

CHORUS:

When the sun comes shining and I was strolling,
And the wheat-fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling,
A voice was chanting and a fog was lifting,
This land was made for you and me.

CHORUS: