This Land Is Your Land

Woody Guthrie

\[ F \quad C7 \quad F \quad F7 \]
\[ / / / \quad / / / \quad / / / \quad / . . . \]

CHORUS:

\[ B^b \quad F \]
This land is your land, this land is my land

\[ C \quad F \quad F^7 \]
From California, to the New York Island,

\[ B^b \quad F \quad D^m \]
From the redwood forests, to the Gulfstream waters,

\[ C \quad C^7 \quad F \quad (F) \]
This land was made for you and me.

End With:

\[ C \quad C^7 \quad F \quad C^7 \quad F \]
This land was made for you and me. / / /

\[ B^b \quad F \]
As I went walking that ribbon of highway,

\[ C \quad F \quad F^7 \]
I saw above me that endless skyway,

\[ B^b \quad F \quad D^m \]
I saw below me that golden valley,

\[ C \quad C^7 \quad F \quad F^7 \]
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: