This Land Is Your Land

Woody Guthrie

\[ \text{C G7 C C7} \]

\[ / / / / / / / / / . . . \]

Chorus:

\[ \text{F C} \]

This land is your land, this land is my land

\[ \text{G C C7} \]

From California, to the New York Island,

\[ \text{F C A\textsuperscript{m}} \]

From the redwood forests, to the Gulfstream waters,

\[ \text{G G7 C} \]

This land was made for you and me.

\[ \text{C F C} \]

1. As I went walking that ribbon of highway,

\[ \text{G C C7} \]

I saw above me that endless skyway,

\[ \text{F C A\textsuperscript{m}} \]

I saw below me that golden valley,

\[ \text{G G7 C C7} \]

This land was made for you and me. / . . .

CHRORUS:

\[ \text{C F C} \]

2. I roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps

\[ \text{G C C7} \]

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:**

3. 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: This land is your land, this land is my land

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From the redwood forests, to the Gulfstream waters,

This land was made for you and me.

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