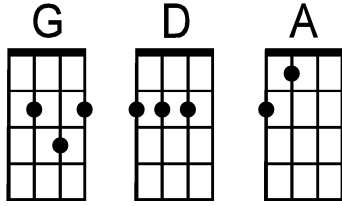


# This Land is Your Land

by Woody Guthrie (1944)



**Intro:** D . . . | . . .

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 wat-ers,  
A This land was made for you and me.

As I went walk-ing, that ribbon of high-way  
I saw a-bove me, that endless sky-way  
I saw be-low me, that golden val-ley  
A This land was made for you and me.

I roamed and ramb-led and I followed my foot-steps  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond de-serts  
While all a-round me, a voice was sound-ing  
A 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,  
A This land was made for you and me.

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 wat-ers,

This land was made for you and me.

This land was made for you and me.

**San Jose Ukulele Club**