This Land is Your Land
by Woody Guthrie (1944)

Intro: D . . . | . . .

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters,
This land was made for you and me.

As I went walking, that ribbon of highway
I saw above me, that endless skyway
I saw below me, that golden valley
This land was made for you and me.

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

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving, and dust clouds rolling,
A voice was chanting, as the fog was lifting,
This land was made for you and me.
This land is your land, this land is my land

From California to the New York Island

From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters,

This land was made for you and me.

This land was made for you and me.

San Jose Ukulele Club