

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

C F C
This land is your land, this land is my land

G7 C C7
From California to the New York Island,

F C
From the Redwood Forest, to the Gulf stream waters:

G7 C
This land was made for you and me

C F C
As I went walking that ribbon of highway

G7 C C7
And saw above me that endless skyway,

F C
And saw below me the golden valley, I said:

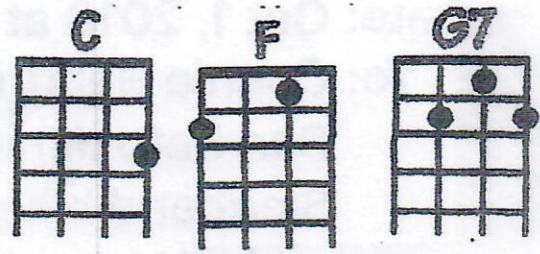
G7 C
This land was made for you and me

C F C
I roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps

G7 C C7
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,

F C
And all around me, a voice was sounding:

G7 C
This land was made for you and me



C F C
Was a high wall there that tried to stop me

G7 C C7
A sign was painted said: Private Property,

F C
But on the back side it didn't say nothing --

G7 C
That side was made for you and me

C F C
When the sun come shining, then I was strolling

G7 C C7
In wheat fields waving and dust clouds rolling;

F C
The voice was chanting as the fog was lifting:

G7 C
This land was made for you and me

C F C
One bright sunny morning in the shadow of the steeple

G7 C C7
By the Relief Office I saw my people --

F C
As they stood hungry, I stood there wondering if

G7 C
this land was made for you and me?

Woody Guthrie
Written February 23, 1940

Ukulele Club of Santa Cruz June 2004
and Apas 4th of July Parade Song