

This Land Is Your Land

C Harmonica, First Position

Woody Guthrie, 1940

B4 D4 B5 D4 D4 D5 B4 D4 B5 B5
 This land is your land, this land is my land,

5 B3 B4 B5 D4 D4 D4 D4 B4 D4 B5 B5
 from Cal - i - forn - ia to the New York Is - land.

9 B4 B4 D4 B5 D5 D5 D5 D5 B4 D4 B5 B5
 From the red - wood for - est to the gulf stream wa - ters,

13 D4 D4 D4 D3 B3 D3 D4 B4
 this land was mad for you and me.

1. As I was 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.
Chorus
2. I've roamed and rambled and I 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
3. When the sun comes shining then I was strolling,
and the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling.
A voice was chanting as the fog was lifting,
this land was made for you and me.
Chorus
4. In the squares of the cities, by the shadow
of the steeples,
In the relief office, I saw my people.
And some were stumbling, and some were
wondering if
this land was made for you and me.
Chorus
5. As I went rambling that dusty highway,
I saw a sign that said, "Private Property."
But on the other side it didn't say nothing.
That side was made for you and me.
Chorus
6. Nobody living can ever stop me,
as I go walking my freedom highway.
Nobody living can make me turn back.
This land was made for you and me.
Chorus