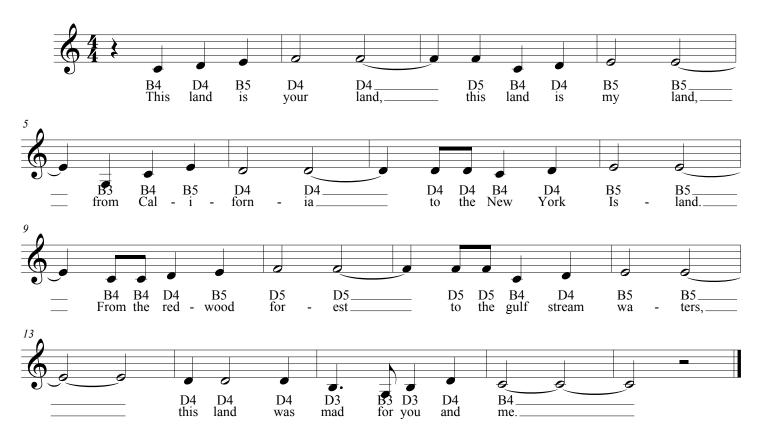
This Land Is Your Land

C Harmonica, First Position

Woody Guthrie, 1940



- 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*
- 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*
- 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*