

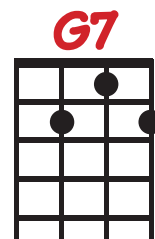
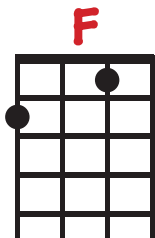
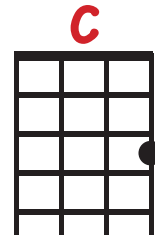
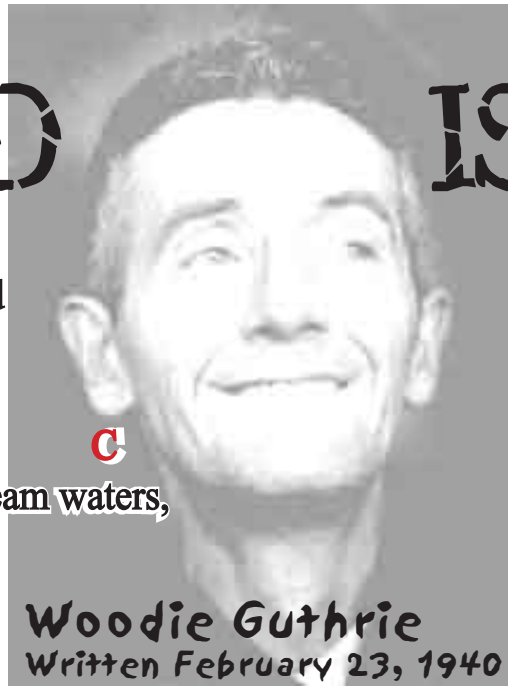
THIS LAND

IS YOUR LAND

C F C
This land is your land, this land is my land
G7 C
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
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
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
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
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
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 ?

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