

This Land Is Your Land

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CHORUS

D G D
This land is your land, this land is my land,
A D D⁷
From California to the New York Island.

G D A
From the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream waters,
A D
This land was made for you and me.

D G D
As I went walking that ribbon of highway,
A D D⁷
I saw above me that endless skyway.
G D A
I saw below me that golden valley;
A D
This land was made for you and me.

D G D
I roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps,
A D D⁷
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts.
G D A
While all around me a voice was sounding, saying,
A D
This land was made for you and me.

D G D
When the sun came shining, and I was strolling,
A D D⁷
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling.
G D A
A voice was chanting, as the fog was lifting,
A D
This land was made for you and me.

CHORUS

Thanks Giving Hymns and Songs as you go

Scripture and History

Hebrews 11:8-10 By faith Abraham obeyed when he was called to go out to a place that he was to receive as an inheritance; he went out, not knowing where he was to go. By faith he sojourned in the promised land as in a foreign country, dwelling in tents with Isaac and Jacob, heirs of the same promise; for he was looking forward to the city with foundations, whose architect and maker is God.

Woodrow Wilson Guthrie who wrote "**This Land Is Your Land**," was born on July 14, 1912, in Okemah, Oklahoma. He was the second-born son of Charles and Nora Belle Guthrie. His father – a cowboy, land speculator, and local politician – taught Woody Western songs, Indian songs, and Scottish folk tunes. His Kansas-born mother, also musically inclined, had an equally profound effect on Woody.

Slightly built, with an extremely full and curly head of hair, Woody was a precocious and unconventional boy from the start. Always a keen observer of the world around him, the people, music and landscape he was exposed to made lasting impressions on him.

During his early years in Oklahoma, Woody experienced the first of a series of immensely tragic personal losses. With the accidental death of his older sister Clara, the family's financial ruin, and the institutionalization and eventual loss of his mother, Woody's family and home life was forever devastated.

In 1920, oil was discovered nearby and overnight Okemah was transformed into an "oil boom" town, bringing thousands of workers, gamblers and hustlers to the once sleepy farm town. Within a few years, the oil flow suddenly stopped and Okemah suffered a severe economic turnaround, leaving the town and its inhabitants "busted, disgusted, and not to be trusted."

From his experiences in Okemah, Woody's uniquely wry outlook on life, as well as his abiding interest in rambling around the country, was formed. And so, he took to the open road.

"Okemah was one of the singingest, square dancingest, drinkingest, yellingest, preachingest, walkingest, talkingest, laughingest, cryingest, shootingest, fist fightingest, bleedingest, gamblingest, gun, club and razor carryingest of our ranch towns and farm towns, because it blossomed out into one of our first Oil Boom Towns."

excerpt from "Pastures of Plenty" by Woody Guthrie, Edited by Harold Leventhal & Dave Marsh

from woodyguthrie.org/biography/ find much more about Woody Guthrie at this site.



From left: Woody, Nora, Charley, & George Guthrie at their home in Okemah, Oklahoma, 1924.