



[C] This land is [F] your land and this land is [C] my land,
From Alms- [G7] cliffe Crag, to the Cow and Calf [C] Rocks
From the Otley [F] Che-vin to the Linton wa [C] ters,
[G7] Wharfedale Valley was made for you and [C] me.

As I went [F] a-walking that ribbon of [C] highway
I saw a [G7] bove me that endless [C] skyway
I saw be [F] low me that golden [C] valley
[G7] This land was made for you and [C] me.

I roamed and [F] rambled and I followed my [C] footsteps
To the Filey [G7] seashore to the Pennine [C] mountains
While all a [F] round me a voice was [C] sounding
[G7] This land was made for you and [C] me.

[C] This land is [F] your land and this land is [C] my land,
From the Old [G7] peculiar to the Saltaire [C] Blond beer
From the Ilkley [F] Brewery to the Black Sheep bit [C] ter
[G7] Yorkshire beers was made for you and [C] me.

When the sun came [F] shining, and I was [C] strolling
And the wheat fields [G7] waving and the storm clouds [C] rolling
A voice was [F] chanting and the fog was [C] lifting,
[G7] This land was made for you and [C] me.

Nobody [F] living can ever [C] stop me,
As I go [G7] walking that freedom [C] highway;
Nobody [F] living can ever make me [C] turn back
[G7] This land was made for you and [C] me.

[C] This land is [F] your land and this land is [C] my land,
From the Temple New-[G7] some to the Fountains Ab [C] bey
From the Skipton [F] Castle to the York [C] Minster
[G7] These Yorkshire places was made for you and [C] me.

Jez Quayle's
Hootenanny