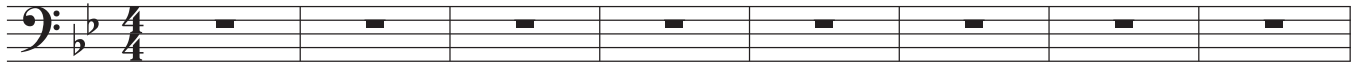


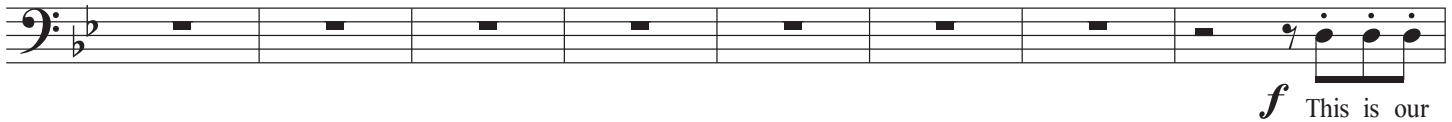
## This Is Our Land

Annette Mackey

Driving Forward, Agitated ♩ = 140



9



17



21



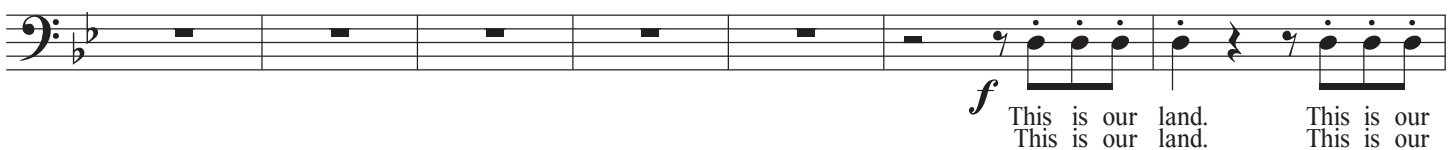
25



29



35



42



## This Is Our Land

46

just. And still leave you say we must. This is all your im - a - gi -  
toil, And now you tell us to go. How can you ask this of us

50

na - tion. It is - n't real, it's in your mind. You just cre - at - ed this fas - ci -  
Fa - ther? Your sons who've served you so well. You seem to cheap - en all our

54

na - tion. It is - n't them, it's you that's blind. *ff* How can you ask \_\_\_\_\_ of me to  
la - bors. Are we no more to you than soil? How can you ask \_\_\_\_\_ of us to

58

go \_\_\_\_\_ and leave my in - her - i - tance? How can you give \_\_\_\_\_ me no re - gard, \_\_\_\_\_ when I have  
go \_\_\_\_\_ and leave our in - her - i - tance? How can you give \_\_\_\_\_ us no re - gard \_\_\_\_\_ when we have

63

worked for you so hard? \_\_\_\_\_ hard? This is our  
worked for you so hard? \_\_\_\_\_

69

land. This is our home. How can you ask us to leave it? Our blood and

73

sweat, Our pain and toil, To you we are no more than soil. \_\_\_\_\_ To you we

79

are no more than soil. \_\_\_\_\_