

This Land Is Your Land (Standard Version)

Woody Guthrie

This land is your land This land is my land
From California to the New York island;
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and Me. 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. 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. When the sun came shining, and I was strolling,
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling,
A voice was chanting and the fog was lifting:
This land was made for you and me. This land is your land This land is my land
From California to the New York island;
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and Me. When the sun came shining, and I was strolling,
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling,
A voice was chanting and the fog was lifting:
This land was made for you and me.

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