

This Land Is Your Land

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 went a-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 roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts;
All around me a voice was a-sounding;
This land was made for you and me. There was a high wall there that tried to stop me
A sign was painted said "Private Property"
But on the backside it didn't say nothin'
This land was made for you and me. When the sun came shining, and I was strolling;
the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling.
A voice was chanting, 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.

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