

# This Land Is Your Land

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Written by: Woody Guthrie

*This land is your land,  
This land is my land,  
From California  
To the New York island,  
From the Redwood 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've 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

The sun comes shining  
As I was strolling  
The wheat fields waving  
And the dust clouds rolling  
The fog was lifting a voice come chanting  
This land was made for you and me

As I was walkin'  
I saw a sign there  
And that sign said no tress passin'  
But on the other side  
It didn't say nothin!  
Now that side was made for you and me!

In the squares of the city  
In the shadow of the steeple  
Near the relief office  
I see my people  
And some are grumblin'  
And some are wonderin'  
If this land's still made for you and me.

Nobody living can ever stop me  
As I go walking  
That freedom highway  
Nobody living can make me turn back  
This land was made for you and me

