

This Land is Your Land

5.2.3
g

This land is your land,
This land is my land,
From Bonavista
To Vancouver Island,
From the Arctic Circle,
To the Great Lake 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.

This is a Canadian version of the lyrics of a song written by Woody Guthrie, as performed by Canadian folk singers of the 1960s called The Travellers.
<http://www.tjff.com/2001/festival_films/the_travellers.html>