

## 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](http://www.tjff.com/2001/festival_films/the_travellers.html)>