This Land Is Your Land    
Words and Music by 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,    
As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting:    
This land was made for you and me.

In the shadow of the steeple I saw my people,    
By the relief office I seen my people;    
As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking    
Is this land made for you and me?

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