

“THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND” LYRICS

As Written and Performed by Woody Guthrie

Written in 1940 and recorded in 1944, “This Land is Your Land” is Woody Guthrie’s best-known song and has become something of a second national anthem. The popularized version of this song left out two of the original verses that offer political and social commentary on the Depression Era.

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 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.

As I went walking I saw a sign there,
And on the sign it said "No Trespassing."
But on the other side it didn't say nothing.
That side 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.

As Adapted and Performed by Pete Seeger

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 went 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 I rambled, and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
All around me a voice was sounding,
This land was made for you and me.

One bright sunny morning, in the shadow of the steeple,
By the relief office I saw my people,
As they stood there hungry, I stood there wondering if,
This land was made for you and me.

Was a big high wall there that tried to stop me,
Was a great big sign that said, "Private Property,"
But on the other side, it didn't say nothing,
That side was made for you and me.

This land is your land, but it once was my land,
Until we sold you Manhattan Island.
You pushed our Nations to the reservations;
This land was stole by you from me.

Woodland and grassland and river shoreline,
To everything living, even little microbes,
Fin, fur, and feather, we're all here together,
This land was made for you and me.

Sources

Woody Guthrie Publications, Inc. (n.d). *This land is your land*. Lyrics. Retrieved March 11, 2021, from https://www.woodyguthrie.org/Lyrics/This_Land.htm

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