

And all a-round me, a voice was sou-ou-nding
This land was made for you and me

CHORUS:

This land is your land, this land is my land
From Bona-vista, to Vancouver Island
From the Arctic Circle, to the Great Lake wa-a-ters
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 cha-a-nting,
This land was made for you and me

CHORUS:

This land is your land, this land is my land
From Bona-vista, to Vancouver Island
From the Arctic Circle, to the Great Lake wa-a-ters
This land was made for you and me