

Roy Orbison, This Is My Land

The sun on the rim of the hill overlooking all that I love
Lights up every leaf and blade, birds circling high above
With trembling hand I reach down and say "This is my land"

This land will pass on to my child, when he's grown
To love it as much as I, for all the sons gone by
And when he's a man he'll do what he can
For this my land, this is my land

When young men die in glory and for freedom take their stand
May they sing this same proud story, this is my land

When life fades away, and my body is laid to rest in the ground
May this comfort fill my soul here on the land, I know
That those after me say with much dignity
"This is my land, this is my land"