

## Woody Herman

### "Blue Evening"

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This land is your land, this land is my land  
From [the] California to the [Staten] New York Island,  
From the Redwood Forest, to the Gulf stream waters,  
[God blessed America for me.]  
As I went walking that ribbon of highway  
And saw above me that endless skyway,  
And saw below me the golden valley, I said:  
[God blessed America for me.]

I roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,  
And all around me , a voice was sounding:  
[God blessed America for me.]

Was a high wall there that tried to stop me  
A sign was painted said: Private Property,  
But on the back side it didn't say nothing --  
[God blessed America for me.]

When the sun come shining, then I was strolling  
In wheat fields waving and dust clouds rolling;  
The voice was chanting as the fog was lifting:  
[God blessed America for me.]

One bright sunny morning in the shadow of the steeple  
By the Relief Office I saw my people --  
As they stood hungry, I stood there wondering if  
[God blessed America for me.]

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