

# 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"