

Pastures Of Plenty

Woody Guthrie

[C] & **[Am]**

It's a mighty hard row that my poor hands have hoed,
My poor feet have traveled a hot dusty road,
Out of your dust bowl and westward we rolled
And your desert was hot and your mountains was cold.

I worked in your orchards of peaches and prunes,
I slept on the ground in the light of your moon;
On the edge of your city you've seen us, and then
We come with the dust, and we go with the wind.

California 'n' Arizona, I make all your crops,
It's northward to Oregon to gather your hops;
Dig the beets from your ground, cut the grapes from your vine
To set on your table your light sparkling wine.

Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground
From the Grand Coulee dam where the waters run down,
Every state in this union us migrants have been,
We'll work in this fight, and we'll fight till we win.

Well it's always we've rambled, that river and I,
All along your green valley I'll work till I die,
My land I'll defend with my life if need be;
'Cuz my pastures of plenty must always be free!