

Pastures Of Plenty(d)-crd

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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 deserts was hot and your mountains was cold.

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

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California, Arizona, I make all your crops,
 then its North up 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.

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Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground,
 from that Grand Coulee Dam where the waters run down.
 Every state in the Union us migrants have been,

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we'll work in this fight and we'll fight till we win,

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It's always we rambled, that river and I,
 all along your green valley, I will work till I die.
 My land I'll defend with my life if it be,

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cause my pastures of plenty must always be free.

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