

Pastures of Plenty-crd

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

1960 Renewed 1988 TRO-Ludlow Music, Inc. (BMI)

C (Am)
 It's a mighty hard row that my poor hand has hoed,
 My poor feet has traveled a hot dusty road.
 Out of your Dust Bowl and Westward we rolled,
 And your desert was hot and your mountains was cold.

{Harp interlude}

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'll see us and then,
 We come with the dust and we go with the wind.

California n' Arizona, I make all your crops,
 Then it's 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.

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

G C
 We'll work in this fight and we'll fight till we win.

Well It's always we 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 it be,

G C
 Cause my pastures of plenty must always be free.