

Grand Coulee Dam-crd
 Words and music Woody Guthrie
 Released on Columbia River Collection (1988)
 and The Asch Recordings, Vol.1;
 This Land Is Your Land (1997)

The song is strummed but with bass notes picked out in a rhythm.
 The bass pattern that is played along with each chord goes something like:

G	C	D
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-----	-----	-----
-----	-----	-----
---0---0-	---2---2-	-0---0---
-----	-3---3---	---0---0-
-3---3---	-----	-----

Intro:

-----	-----	G .
-----	-----	-3-----
-----	-----	-0-----
-----	-----	-0-----
-----0-	-----	-0-----
-----0-2-----2-0-----0-----	-----0-2-0-----	-2-----
-0h3-0h3-----3---0-0-	-0h3-0h3-----0-0-0-0-2-3-	-3-----

G

G		C
Well,	the world has seven wonders that	trav'lers always tell,
D		G
Some	gardens and some towers,	I guess you know them well,
	C	
But	now the greatest wonder in	Uncle Sam's fair land,
D		G
It's	the king Columbia River and the big	Grand Coulee Dam.

She heads up the Canadian Mountains where the rippling waters glide,
 Comin'a-rumblin' down the canyon just to meet the salty tide,
 Off the wide Pacific Ocean where the sun sets in the West
 And the big Grand Coulee country is the land I love the best.

At the Umatilla Rapids, the Dalles and at Cascades
 Men have carved a mighty history of the sacfrices made.
 In the thundering foaming waters of the big Celilo Falls
 In the big grand coulee country I love the best of all.

She winds down the Grand Canyon and bends across the lea,
 Like a prancin' dancin' stallion down her sea-way to the sea.
 Cast your eyes upon the biggest thing that's built by human hands,
 On the king Comlumbia River it's the big Grand Coulee Dam.

In the misty crystal glitter of that wild and windward spray,
 Men have fought the pounding waters and have met a watery grave,
 Yes it tore their boats to splinters but it gave men dreams to dream
 Of the day the Coulee Dam would cross that wild and wasted stream.

There at Bonneville on the river is a green and beautiful sight,
 See the Bonneville dam a-risin' in the sun so fair and white.
 The big king salmon playing on the ladders and the logs,
 A steamboat load of gasoline a whistlin' in the docks.

Uncle Sam took the challenge in the year of 'thirty-three,
 For the farmer and the factory and for all of you and me.
 He said, "Roll along, Columbia, you can ramble to the sea,
 But river, while you ramble, you can do some work for me."

Now in Washington and Oregon you hear the factories hum,
Making chrome and making manganese and light aluminum.
And roaring flying fortress wings her way for Uncle Sam,
Spawned upon the King Columbia by the big Grand Coulee Dam.

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