

# Pastures of Plenty

WG : a variant of the melody to Pretty Polly. key of Dm



It's a might- y hard row that my poor hand have hoed, my



poor feet have tra- veled a hot dusty road



out of your dust bowl and West- ward we rolled your



des- erts were hot and your mount- ains were cold

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

California, Arizona, I harvest your crops  
well 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 the Grand Coulee Dam where the waters run down  
every state in the union us migrants have been  
we'll work in this fight and we'll fight till we win

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  
cause my pastures of plenty must always be free