

PASTURES OF PLENTY

Dust Bowl Ballad

Words and Music by
WOODY GUTHRIE

Moderately



I worked in your orchards of peaches and prunes,
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 and Arizona, I make all your crops,
And 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 water runs down,
Every state in this union us migrants have been,
We work in this fight, and we'll fight till we win.

Well, it's always we ramble, 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,
'Cause my pastures of plenty must always be free.