

Pastures of Plenty

Peter, Paul and Mary

It's a mighty hard row that my poor hands have hoed
My poor feet have traveled that hot dusty road
Out of your dust bowl and westward we go
Your desert was hot and your mountain was cold

I've worked in your orchards of peaches and prunes
I've 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, Arizona, I make all your crops
Then north up to Oregon to gather your hops
Pull 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 water runs down
Every state in this union us migrants have been
We'll work in your fight and we'll fight til we win

Well it's always we ramble that river and I
All along your green valley I'll work til I die
This land I'll defend with my life if need be
Cause my pastures of plenty must always be free

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