PASTURES OF PLENTY
Woody Guthrie-

G       C       G        C
IT’S A MIGHTY HARD ROW THAT MY POOR HANDS HAVE HOED,
G       G       G        G
MY POOR FEET HAVE TRAVELED A HOT DUSTY ROAD;
G               G        G
OUT OF YOUR DUSTBOWL AND WESTWARD WE ROLLED
G       C       G        C
AND YOUR DESERTS WERE HOT AND YOUR MOUNTAINS WERE COLD.
G       G       G        G
I WORKED IN YOUR ORCHARDS OF PEACHES AND PRUNES
G       G       G        G
I SLEPT ON THE GROUND IN THE LIGHT OF YOUR MOON;
G       G       G        G
ON THE EDGE OF YOUR CITY YOU’LL SEE US AND THEN
G       C       G        D
WE COME WITH THE DUST AND WE GO WITH THE WIND.
G       C       G        C
CALIFORNIA, ARIZONA, I MAKE ALL YOUR CROPS
G               G        G
AND IT’S NORTH UP TO OREGON TO GATHER YOUR HOPS
G       G       G        G
DIG THE BEETS FROM YOUR GROUND, CUT THE GRAPES FROM YOUR VINE
G       C       G        C
TO SET ON YOUR TABLE YOUR LIGHT SPARKLING WINE
G       C       G        C
GREEN PASTURES OF PLENTY FROM DRY DESERT GROUND
G       G       G        G
FROM THE GRAND COULEE DAM WHERE THE WATER’S RUN DOWN
G       G       G        G
EVERY STATE IN THIS UNION US MIGRANTS HAS BEEN;
G       C       G        C
WE’LL WORK IN THIS FIGHT AND WE’LL FIGHT TILL WE WIN
G       C       G        C
IT’S ALWAYS WE RAMBLED, THAT RIVER AND I
G               G        G
ALL ALONG YOUR GREEN VALLEY I WILL WORK TILL I DIE
G       G       G        G
MY LAND I’LL DEFEND WITH MY LIFE IF IT BE
G       C       G        C
CAUSE MY PASTURES OF PLENTY MUST ALWAYS BE FREE

If you have corrections, or the chords to any of these songs, please send an e-mail and we will make the changes as soon as possible. Thanks.

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