

# Pastures Of Plenty

Wyndham Baird

It's a mighty hard row that my poor hands have hoed  
My poor feet have traveled a hot dusty road  
Out of your Dust Bowl and Westward we rolled  
And your deserts were hot and your mountains 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'll see us and then  
We come with the dust and we go with the wind  
California, Arizona, I harvest your crops  
Well its 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

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