Grand Coulee Dam

Ramblin' Jack Elliott

Well the world has seven wonders, the travelers always tell:
Some gardens and some towers, I guess you know them well.
But the greatest wonder is in Uncle Sam's fair land.
It's that King Columbia River and the Great Grand Coulee Dam.

She heads up the Canadian Rockies where the rippling waters glide,
Comes a-rumbling down the canyon to meet that salty tide
Of the wide Pacific Ocean where the sun sets in the west,
And the big Grand Coulee country in the land I love the best.

Uncle Sam took up the challenge in the year of '33
For the farmer and the factory and all of you and me.
He said, "Roll along Columbia. You can ramble to the sea,
But river while you're ramblin' you can do some work for me."

In the misty crystal glitter of that wild and windward spray,
Men have fought the pounding waters and met a watery grave.
She tore their boats to splinters but she gave men dreams to dream
Of the day the Coulee Dam would cross that wild and wasted stream.

Now in Washington and Oregon you hear the factories hum,
Making chrome and making manganese and light aluminum.
And there roars a mighty furnace now to fight for Uncle Sam,
Spawned upon the King Columbia by the Great Grand Coulee Dam.

Lyrics submitted by V Hue.

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