

Harry Belafonte

"Pastures Of Plenty"

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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
Blue deserts so hot and your mountains so cold
I wandered all over this green growing land
Where ever your crops are I lend you my hands
At the edge of your cities, you'll see me and then
I come with the dust and I'm gone with the wind
California, Arizona, I worked on your crops
North up to Oregon to gather your hops
I got beets from your ground
I cut grapes from your vines
To sat on our table's that light that sparkling wine
Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground
From the grand Coulee Dam where the water runs
down
Every state of this Union us migrants have been
Oh we come with the dust and we're gone, gone, gone
with
the wind
It's always we rambled that river and I
All along your green Valley's I'd work till I die
I traveled this road until death lets me be
Cause pastures of plenty must always be free
It's a mighty hard row that my poor hands have hoed
My poor feet have traveled a hot dusty road
Edge of your cities you see me and then
I come with the dust and I'm gone, gone, gone with the
wind

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