

Guthrie Woody

"The Grand Coulee Dam"

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Now the world holds seven wonders that the travelers
always tell
Some gardens and some towers, I guess you know
them well.
But now the greatest wonder is in Uncle Sam's fair land
It's the big Columbia River and the big Grand Coulee
dam.

She heads up the Canadian Rockies where the rippling
waters glide
Comes roaring down the canyon to meet that salty tide;
From the big Pacific Ocean where the sun sets in the
west
It's the big Grand Coulee cuntry, in the land that I love
best.

In the misty crystal glitter of the wild and windward
spray
I fought the pounding waters and met a watery grave,
When she tore their boats to splinters and she gave
men dreams to dream
On the day the Coulee dam was crossed by the wild
and wasted stream.

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

Now from Washington and Oregon you can hear the
factories hum
Making chrome and making manganese and white
aluminum.
Now roars the Flying Fortress, for the fight for Uncle
Sam
On the howling King Columbia, by the big Grand Coulee
Dam.

note: Originally sung to Wabash Cannonball. When
copyright holders for
the Cannonball complained, Guthrie wrote a modified
tune.
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