

Kingston Trio, The

"Pastures Of Plenty"

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Woody Guthrie

It's a mighty hard road that my poor hands have hoed.
My poor feet have traveled a hot, dusty road.
Out of your dust bowls and westward we rode.
Your deserts were hot and your mountains were cold.
I've wandered all over this green growing land.
Wherever your crops were, I've lent you my hands.
On the edge of your city you'll see me and then,
I come with the dust and I go with the wind.

California, Arizona, I've worked all your crops.
Then it's North up to Oregon to gather your hops.
Dig the beets from your ground.
Cut the grapes from your vines to set on your table
that 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 this migrant has been.
I come with the dust and I go with the wind.
It's always we ramble that river and I all along your
green valley, I'll work 'til I die.
And I'll travel this road until death sets me free
for my pastures of plenty must always be green.

I come with the dust and I go with the wind.

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