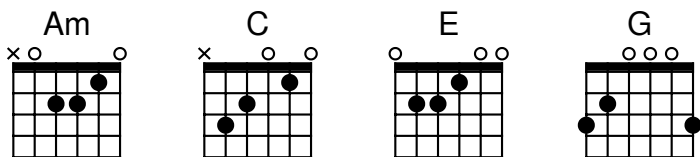


Pastures of Plenty

Woody Guthrie



Instrumental Intro: first line

[Am] It's a mighty hard row that my [C] poor hands have [Am] hoed.

Verse 1:

[Am] It's a mighty hard row that my [C] poor hands have [Am] hoed.

My [Am] poor feet have traveled a [C] hot dusty [E] road.

[Am] Out of your Dust Bowl and Westward we rolled.

[Am] Your deserts were hot and your [G] mountains were [Am] cold.

Verse 2:

I [Am] worked in your orchards of [C] peaches and [Am] prunes

I [Am] slept on the ground in the [C] light of the [E] moon

On the [Am] edge of the city you'll see us and then

We [Am] come with the dust and we [G] go with the [Am] wind

Verse 3:

[Am] California, Arizona, I [C] harvest your [Am] crops,

Then its [Am] North up to Oregon to [C] gather your [E] hops,

Dig the [Am] beets from your ground, cut the grapes from your vine

To [Am] set on your table your [G] light sparkling [Am] wine.

Instrumental Verse:

Green [Am] pastures of plenty from [C] dry desert [Am] ground

From the [Am] Grand Coulee Dam where the [C] waters run [E] down

Every [Am] state in the Union us migrants have been

We'll [Am] work in this fight and we'll [G] fight till we [Am] win

Verse 4:

Green [Am] pastures of plenty from [C] dry desert [Am] ground

From the [Am] Grand Coulee Dam where the [C] waters run [E] down

Every [Am] state in the Union us migrants have been

We'll [Am] work in this fight and we'll [G] fight till we [Am] win

Verse 5:

It's [Am] always we ramble, that [C] river and [Am] I.
All [Am] along your green valley, I'll [C] work till I [E] die.
These [Am] lands I will fight for with all that I can
'Til these [Am] pastures of plenty are [G] in our own [Am] hands.

Instrumental Tag: Last 2 lines

These [Am] lands I will fight for with all that I can
'Til these [Am] pastures of plenty are [G] in our own [Am] hands.