

Pastures Of Plenty

Solas

It's a mighty hard row that my poor hands have hoed
My poor feet have traveled this hot dusty road
Out of your Dust Bowl and Westward we rolled
through deserts so hot and through mountains so cold

I've wandered all over your green growing land
Where ever your crops are I lent you my hand
On the edge of your cities, you see me and then
I come with the dust and I'm gone with the wind

California, Arizona, I'd worked on your crops
the North up to Oregon to gather your hops
I got beets from your ground, I cut grapes from your vine
To sat at our table that white sparkling wine

Green pastures of plenty from the dry desert ground
From the Grand Coulee Dam where the waters run down
Every state on this Union we migrants have been
We worked on the land and we'll fight untill we win

It's always we rambled, that river and I
All along your green valleys, I work till I die
Tramble this road untill death sets me free
pastures of plenty must always be free