

## Pastures of Plenty

The Brothers Four

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've wandered all over your green growing land  
Where ever your crops are I've lent you my hands  
On 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'd worked on your crops  
the North up to Washington to gather your hops  
I got beets from your ground  
I cut grapes from your vines  
To sat on our table's and light 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  
We come with the dust and we're gone, with the wind

We come with the dust and we're gone, with the wind

And we're gone.. with the wind...