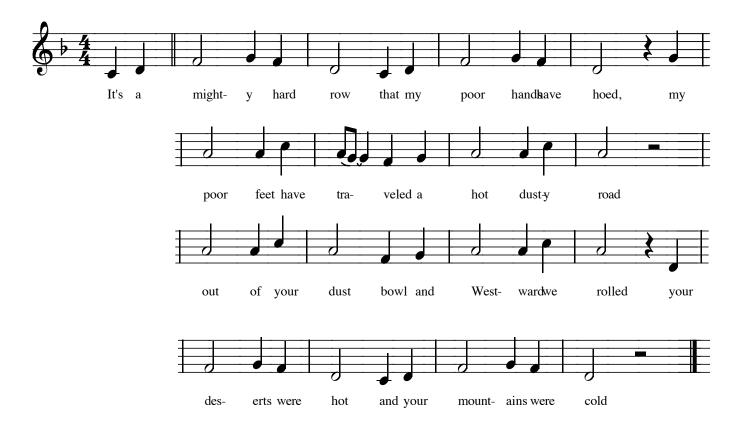
Pastures of Plenty WG: a variant of the melody to Pretty Polly. key of Dm



I worked in your orchards of peaches and prunes I slept on the ground in the light of the moon on the edge of the city you see us and then we come with the dust and we go with the wind

California, Arizona, I harvest your crops well it's north up to Oregon to gather your hops dig the beets from your ground cut the grapes from your vine to set on your table your 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 us migrants have been we'll work in this fight and we'll fight till we win

It's always we rambled that river and I all along your green valley I will work till I die my land I'll defend with my life if it be cause my pastures of plenty must always be free