The Kingston Trio, Pastures Of Plenty

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 col
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 spark

Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground from the Grand Coulee dam where the waters run
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.