Pastures of Plenty  
Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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  
And your deserts were hot and your mountains were cold

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'll see us and then  
We come with the dust and we go with the wind

California, Arizona, I harvest your crops  
Well its 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

Pretty Boy Floyd  
Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

If you'll gather 'round me, children,  
A story I will tell  
'Bout Pretty Boy Floyd, an outlaw,  
Oklahoma knew him well.  
  
It was in the town of Shawnee,  
A Saturday afternoon,  
His wife beside him in his wagon  
As into town they rode.

There a deputy sheriff approached him  
In a manner rather rude,  
Vulgar words of anger,  
An' his wife she overheard.

Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain,  
And the deputy grabbed his gun;  
In the fight that followed  
He laid that deputy down.

Then he took to the trees and timber  
Along the river shore,  
Hiding on the river bottom  
And he never come back no more.

Yes, he took to the trees and timber  
To live a life of shame;  
Every crime in Oklahoma  
Was added to his name.

But a many a starvin' farmer  
The same old story told  
How the outlaw paid their mortgage  
And saved their little homes.

Others tell you 'bout a stranger  
That come to beg a meal,  
Underneath his napkin  
Left a thousand-dollar bill.

It was in Oklahoma City,  
It was on a Christmas Day,  
There was a whole car load of groceries  
Come with a note to say:

"Well, you say that I'm an outlaw,  
You say that I'm a thief.  
Here's a Christmas dinner  
For the families on relief."

Yes, as through this world I've wandered  
I've seen lots of funny men;  
Some will rob you with a six-gun,  
And some with a fountain pen.

And as through your life you travel,  
Yes, as through your life you roam,  
You won't never see an outlaw  
Drive a family from their home.

Deportee   
(also known as "Plane Wreck at Los Gatos")  
Words by Woody Guthrie, Music by Martin Hoffman

The crops are all in and the peaches are rott'ning,  
The oranges piled in their creosote dumps;  
They're flying 'em back to the Mexican border  
To pay all their money to wade back again

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye, Rosalita,  
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria;  
You won't have your names when you ride the big airplane,  
All they will call you will be "deportees"

My father's own father, he waded that river,  
They took all the money he made in his life;  
My brothers and sisters come working the fruit trees,  
And they rode the truck till they took down and died.

Some of us are illegal, and some are not wanted,  
Our work contract's out and we have to move on;  
Six hundred miles to that Mexican border,  
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves.

We died in your hills, we died in your deserts,  
We died in your valleys and died on your plains.  
We died 'neath your trees and we died in your bushes,  
Both sides of the river, we died just the same.

The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon,  
A fireball of lightning, and shook all our hills,  
Who are all these friends, all scattered like dry leaves?   
The radio says, "They are just deportees"

Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards?   
Is this the best way we can grow our good fruit?   
To fall like dry leaves to rot on my topsoil  
And be called by no name except "deportees"?

Talking Dust Bowl Blues  
Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

Back in Nineteen Twenty-Seven,  
I had a little farm and I called that heaven.  
Well, the prices up and the rain come down,  
And I hauled my crops all into town --  
I got the money, bought clothes and groceries,  
Fed the kids, and raised a family.

Rain quit and the wind got high,  
And the black ol' dust storm filled the sky.  
And I swapped my farm for a Ford machine,  
And I poured it full of this gas-i-line --  
And I started, rockin' an' a-rollin',  
Over the mountains, out towards the old Peach Bowl.

Way up yonder on a mountain road,  
I had a hot motor and a heavy load,  
I's a-goin' pretty fast, there wasn't even stoppin',  
A-bouncin' up and down, like popcorn poppin' --   
Had a breakdown, sort of a nervous bustdown of some kind,  
There was a feller there, a mechanic feller,   
Said it was en-gine trouble.

Way up yonder on a mountain curve,  
It's way up yonder in the piney wood,  
An' I give that rollin' Ford a shove,  
An' I's a-gonna coast as far as I could --  
Commence coastin', pickin' up speed,  
Was a hairpin turn, I didn't make it.

Man alive, I'm a-tellin' you,  
The fiddles and the guitars really flew.  
That Ford took off like a flying squirrel  
An' it flew halfway around the world --  
Scattered wives and childrens  
All over the side of that mountain.

We got out to the West Coast broke,  
So dad-gum hungry I thought I'd croak,  
An' I bummed up a spud or two,  
An' my wife fixed up a tater stew --  
We poured the kids full of it,   
Mighty thin stew, though,  
You could read a magazine right through it.  
Always have figured  
That if it'd been just a little bit thinner,  
Some of these here politicians  
Coulda seen through it.

Union Burial Ground

I see they're lowering a right new coffin  
I see they're letting down a right new coffin  
Way over in that union burying ground

And the new dirt's falling on a right new coffin  
The new dirt's falling on a right new coffin  
Way over in that union burying ground

Oh, tell me who's that they're letting down, down  
Tell me who's that they're letting down, down  
Way over in that union burying ground

Another union organizer  
Another union organizer  
Way over in that union burying ground

A union brother and a union sister  
A union brother and a union sister  
Way over in that union burying ground

A union father and a union mother  
And a union father and a union mother  
Way over in that union burying ground

Well, I'm going to sleep in a union coffin  
I'm going to sleep in a union coffin  
Way over in that union burying ground

Every new grave brings a thousand new ones  
Every new grave brings a thousand members  
Way over in that union burying ground

Every new grave brings a thousand brothers  
Every new grave brings a thousand sisters  
To the union in that union burying ground

Do Re Mi  
Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

Lots of folks back East, they say, is leavin' home every day,  
Beatin' the hot old dusty way to the California line.  
'Cross the desert sands they roll, gettin' out of that old dust bowl,  
They think they're goin' to a sugar bowl, but here's what they find   
Now, the police at the port of entry say,  
"You're number fourteen thousand for today."

Oh, if you ain't got the do re mi, folks, you ain't got the do re mi,  
Why, you better go back to beautiful Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Georgia, Tennessee.  
California is a garden of Eden, a paradise to live in or see;  
But believe it or not, you won't find it so hot  
If you ain't got the do re mi.

You want to buy you a home or a farm, that can't deal nobody harm,  
Or take your vacation by the mountains or sea.  
Don't swap your old cow for a car, you better stay right where you are,  
Better take this little tip from me.  
'Cause I look through the want ads every day  
But the headlines on the papers always say:

If you ain't got the do re mi, boys, you ain't got the do re mi,  
Why, you better go back to beautiful Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Georgia, Tennessee.  
California is a garden of Eden, a paradise to live in or see;  
But believe it or not, you won't find it so hot  
If you ain't got the do re mi.

Hard Travelin'  
Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

I've been havin' some hard travelin', I thought you knowed  
I've been havin' some hard travelin', way down the road  
I've been havin' some hard travelin', hard ramblin', hard gamblin'  
I've been havin' some hard travelin', lord

I've been ridin' them fast rattlers, I thought you knowed  
I've been ridin' them flat wheelers, way down the road  
I've been ridin' them blind passengers, dead-enders, kickin' up cinders  
I've been havin' some hard travelin', lord

I've been hittin' some hard-rock minin', I thought you knowed  
I've been leanin' on a pressure drill, way down the road  
Hammer flyin', air-hose suckin', six foot of mud and I shore been a muckin'  
And I've been hittin' some hard travelin', lord

I've been hittin' some hard harvestin', I thought you knowed  
North Dakota to Kansas City, way down the road  
Cuttin' that wheat, stackin' that hay, and I'm tryin' make about a dollar a day  
And I've been havin' some hard travelin', lord

I've been working that Pittsburgh steel, I thought you knowed  
I've been a dumpin' that red-hot slag, way down the road  
I've been a blasting, I've been a firin', I've been a pourin' red-hot iron  
I've been hittin' some hard travelin', lord

I've been layin' in a hard-rock jail, I thought you knowed  
I've been a laying out 90 days, way down the road  
Damned old judge, he said to me, "It's 90 days for vagrancy."  
And I've been hittin' some hard travelin', lord

I've been walking that Lincoln highway, I thought you knowed,  
I've been hittin' that 66, way down the road  
Heavy load and a worried mind, lookin' for a woman that's hard to find,  
I've been hittin' some hard travelin', lord

Goin’ Down that Road Feeling Bad

I'm blowin' down this old dusty road,  
I'm a-blowin' down this old dusty road,  
I'm a-blowin' down this old dusty road, Lord, Lord,  
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way.  
  
I'm a-goin' where the water taste like wine,  
I'm a-goin' where the water taste like wine,  
I'm a-goin' where the water taste like wine, Lord,  
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way.  
  
I'm a-goin' where the dust storms never blow,  
I'm a-goin' where them dust storms never blow,  
I'm a-goin' where them dust storms never blow, blow, blow,  
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way.  
  
They say I'm a dust bowl refugee,  
Yes, they say I'm a dust bowl refugee,  
They say I'm a dust bowl refugee, Lord, Lord,  
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way.  
  
I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay,  
I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay,  
I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay, Lord, Lord,  
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way.  
  
My children need three square meals a day,  
Now, my children need three square meals a day,  
My children need three square meals a day, Lord,  
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way.  
  
It takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet,  
It takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet,  
It takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet, Lord, Lord,  
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way.  
  
Your a-two-dollar shoe hurts my feet,