Migrant Song (Peter Krug)

D -> G, D -> G

D G

Up from El Centro & San Bernardino,

D A

From Bakersfield, Fresno, Madera Merced

D G

Salinas & Stockton, up to Sacramento

D A

Santa Rosa & Red Bluff & on back again.

D G

One hundred thousand men, women and children

D A

They flow on the highway the old & the young

D G

In an unending cycle of sowing & reaping

D A

The long valley’s labor can never be done.

G A D ->

**(Chorus:) And see how the land**

G A D ->

**Yields up her treasure**

G A D -> A -> D

**To man’s patient hand**

Up in the morning an hour before dawning

They’re stretching & yawning, rubbing sleep from their eyes.

With the last stars still quivering in the morning breeze shivering,

The sun is just lighting the easternmost skies.

Soon in the big open trucks they will travel

Crammed in together, crowded like cattle

Over pavement, over gravel, over dirt roll the wheels

Out to the orchards, the vineyards, the fields.

**(Chorus)**

Soon in the long rows the swift hands are toiling

In the day’s growing heat, in the dusty rows boiling

The sun presses down like a hot, heavy hand

At the backs of the laborers working the land

In the shade of the oak trees by the side of the field rows

Dirty & shoeless the young children play

While fathers & mothers, older sisters and brothers

Toil on their knees in the heat of the day

**(Chorus)**

Down from the highway come men in brown uniforms

Questioning, checking, searching, and soon

One or two whose papers are not in order

Are gone from the crew in the hot afternoon.

When the sun has descended and the long day has ended

It’s back to the trucks wiping sweat from their eyes.

Tired & weary & covered all over

With fruit juice, with brown dust, with sweat & black flies.

**(Chorus)**

When there's crops in the field rows & grapes in the vineyards

When the limbs in the orchards bow down to the grounds

There's food on the table, there's clothes for the children

There's singing & dancing, there's joy all around.

But with skies grey as iron & the icy winds whistling

And frost in the field & no work to be found

Through cold nights they huddle & hunger & struggle

Till spring brings back sweetness & life to the ground.

(Chorus x 2 & End)