

## THE GRAPES OF WRATH SUITE

Music by Ricky Ian Gordon

Libretto by Michael Korie

Narration by Kevin Doyle

Adapted from the novel by John Steinbeck

### 1. "The Last Time There Was Rain"

**"To the red country and part of the gray country of Oklahoma, the last rains came gently, and they did not cut the scarred earth. The clouds appeared, and went away, and in a while they did not try any more. The wind grew stronger and the dust lifted up out of the fields and drove gray plumes into the air. The people, lying in their beds, listened deep into the stillness. The dawn came, but no day, and the wind cried and whimpered over the fallen corn. The dust hung like fog, and the sun was red and ripe as new blood.**

#### CROPPERS

The last time there was rain  
I smelt it in the air,  
and filled a pail to wash my hair.  
My kids was in the yard.  
I made 'em play inside.  
My smallest one, the boy – he cried.  
The last time there was rain  
the rich red earth was soaked,  
'n up them baby corn shoots poked.  
The spill-off from the ditch  
made gullies in the ground,  
and birds which ate the bugs  
made such a pretty sound.

When the last rain came  
and the sky turned blue  
it was gone for good,  
only no one knew.  
We enjoyed the shade

with a cherry fizz  
when it's warm, like Oklahoma is ...

The last time there was rain  
my wash got soakin' wet.  
The final rinse them sheets'd get.  
It came right through the roof.  
"I'll fix it," I tol' her.  
No rush to patch it now, what fer?  
The pigs put up a squeal  
and wallowed in the trough.  
Them pigs today is all died off.  
I reckoned my old truck  
would hunker down and rust.  
It made it through the rain.  
What wrecked it was the dust!

When the wind rose up and the sun bore down  
as the earth turned hard and the corn went brown  
in a dust so thick and a sky so cloaked  
if the Lord was lookin', he'd've choked.

The dust was thick as stew  
but still kept pourin' in,  
and what was left to breathe was thin.  
We boarded up the house  
and stuffed the cracks with rags.  
The store ran out of burlap bags.  
It weighted down the trees,  
the fence posts 'n the signs,  
the phone and the electric lines.  
A man could take a walk  
and never see his feet.  
A train could raise a cloud  
enough to swamp a street!  
In the pitch black nights

not a star shone through!  
Not a light bulb lit  
more'n a yard or two!  
And when dawn would break,  
there would be no day,  
just a dull red glow behind the gray ...

At last the wind died down  
when everything was ruined,  
like bein' on the moon ... marooned.

The women watch the men  
to see what they can bear.  
The corn can go;  
The house can go;  
The fam'bly will still be there  
if something in their eyes,  
some sign of life remains ...  
If we're still here  
the next time it rains.  
The next time it rains.  
The next time it rains.  
The next time ...  
The next time ...  
The next time ...

## 2. "I Keep My Nose Clean"

**This was the world that greeted young Tom Joad on the other side of the prison gates on the day he was paroled. He'd served four years for killing a man in self-defense in a bar fight. Released from his handcuffs by a prison guard, Tom began his journey home by hitching a ride with a truck driver. The driver took in Tom's cheap, new prison-issue suit and shoes, and started sniffing around for a story. Tom saved him the trouble. "You know where I come from, Mister, don't you? I ain't keepin' quiet about it. Sure I been in McAlester -- I don't give a damn who knows**

**it. Seven years. Sprung in four for keepin' my nose clean."**

TOM  
So long, pal. Don't forget to send a card at Christmas.

GUARD  
You'll be back, Joad.

TOM  
Don't count on it.

I keep my nose clean o' trouble.  
Now with my clean nose free,  
what can trouble me?  
I've chopped enough rocks to rubble.  
Why fight?  
There ain't no stone so hard  
it cain't be split.  
And it's the man who acts unbreakable they hit.  
Ain't nobody git my goat,  
ain't got no goat to git,  
so's I won't be backin' in that Exit door.  
Feel my collar gittin' hot?  
I'll git a shirt that fit,  
and I won't wear prison issue anymore.  
I got a motto ...  
I leave the world to its worry,  
'n leave the world scott-free  
not to worry me.  
Life's in one heckuva hurry, all right ...  
Them four long years I lost behind that wall  
seems like I never lived a speck of 'em at all.

## 3. "Us"

**The owners of the land drove onto the parched farms in their big closed cars, and the tenant farmers watched warily from their sun-beaten dooryards. At last the owner men come to the point, and called out the car windows: "The**

**tenant system won't work any more. One man on a tractor can take the place of twelve or fourteen families. You people will have to go."**

**"What do you want us to do?" the tenant farmers asked. "We're half starved and the kids are hungry all the time. How will we eat? We got no money."**

**"It's not my fault," replied the owner men. "Blame the bank, not me. You'll have to get off the land. Why don't you go on west to California? There's work there, and it never gets cold."**

**And in a few days, the owner men sent in tractors to crumble the walls and wrench the little houses from their foundations so that they fell down sideways, crushed like a bug. "It's not my fault," said the men driving the tractors. "I got to feed my family, too. If not me, someone else'd be sitting up here."**

**When Tom Joad finally arrived home, all that was left of the Joad place was a toppled pile, and his family was gone.**

**They had moved in with his Uncle John down the road, but John was evicted, too. When Tom found them, they were in the yard with crates and boxes, packing to look for work in California. And there was little room left for any unnecessary thing on the wreck of a truck they were loading up for the journey.**

**Tom's mother, Ma Joad, had the job of deciding what few possessions they would take with them, and what had to be left behind. She stood alone in the emptied-out house, looking around at all the stuff that wouldn't fit in the truck.**

MA

We can start again, maybe ...  
though not like a baby can.

Grown men and women set in their ways,  
we're all that's been, the stuff of our days.

And now, how to decide what goes, what stays?...

This dead land – is us.

All its hardship – is us.

And the flood years.

And the drought years.

And the dust years – all us.

When the owner threw us off – is us.

When the tractor hit the house – is us.

The table that we sold.

The cupboard and the chairs.

The tubs and tanks, the piggybanks.

This corncob pipe that, Lord knows, I used to  
cuss.

A postcard from a fair.

A *Pilgrim's Progress* book.

Feathers for a hat I didn't wear.

A child's lock of hair ... that's us.

TOM

There ain't enough room in the truck, Ma.

MA

We can take things – that's also us.

Pots and pans and pillows.

Buckets, ropes and canvas.

A kerosene lamp, some clothes.

This, my mother's needlepoint – that stays.

This, the letter from my brother

the day before he died – this goes.

TOM

Ma ... it's time.

MA

Yes, it's time – that's us.

Time in boxes – that's it.

Times of sharing or despairing.  
 So much more than one ole truck can fit.  
 So we'll take along the things we'll need,  
 and we'll leave behind the things we won't.  
 But the unimportant things  
 we pick up in our lives,  
 they tell us who we are.  
 Can spoons and forks and knives?  
 Leaving our past behind us  
 suddenly stamped "Surplus,"  
 what will remind us our lives are us?  
 Our lives are us.  
 Our lives are us.

#### 4. "The Plenty Road/Okies"

**"I like to think how nice it's gonna be in California," Ma confided to Tom. "Fruit growin' ever'place, an' people just bein' in the nicest little white houses, an' the little fellas can go out an' pick oranges right off the tree."**

**Soon the old sagging truck was packed to overflowing with...**

- ┌ **Ma Joad and Pa Joad...**
- ┌ **Granma and Grampa...**
- ┌ **Uncle John, a drinker, whose wife and infant had died a long time ago in childbirth...**
- ┌ **Tom Joad, and his brothers... ┌ Noah, the firstborn, a calm and puzzled-looking man who seldom spoke, and...**
- ┌ **Al, Tom's younger brother, busy sowing his wild oats...**
- ┌ **Rosasharn, Tom's pretty and pregnant sister, and Connie Rivers, her new husband from down the road ┌ Little sister, Ruthie, and kid brother, Winfield...**
- ┌ **And Jim Casy, a former preacher who years before baptized Tom, but who had long since lost his calling.**

**And then, it began -- the great Exodus, families, tribes, tracted off their land. Carloads and caravans, one hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, they streamed over the mountains, hungry and restless—restless as ants, scurrying to find work to do—to lift, to push, to pull, to pick, to cut—anything, any burden to bear, for food. They were hungry, and they were fierce, and they were determined to find a home down Route 66, "The Plenty Road." But they found only hate."**

#### CROPPERS

Head down the plenty road.  
 Down where the plenty's grow'd.  
 Head where the handbill say:  
 For Californ-i-a.  
 Where grapes is pickin' sweet!  
 How sweet?  
 Sweet as a sugar beet.  
 Good pay!  
 Ten cents a box, ya' please!  
 Where?  
 Los Angel-eeze!  
 So start 'er up, Al -- let's roll!  
 Los Angel-eeze!  
 It's time to quit this dusty bowl!  
 Los Angel-eeze!  
 Where a man can lose his soul, so...

Head down the plenty road!  
 Head down! Head down!  
 Green beans fetch a penny a bean  
 in San Wa-keen!  
 Ripe nectarines  
 tumble-in' down!  
 Los Angel-eeze means "Angel Town."  
 Head down the plenty road!  
 Head down! Head down!  
 Peaches fetch a nickel a pail  
 in Cloverdale!

And bust the scale!  
Grapevines be north!  
Grapefruits be south!  
No one be goin' hand-to-mouth!  
Wolf at the door  
got no abode,  
not on the plenty road!

LOCALS

"Okies."

Clog up the highway.

Shame of Route 66.

Shit-heel hicks.

"Okies."

Beggin' for hand-outs.

ESSO don't pump free cash.

Poor white trash.

Road hogs, why can't they drive  
between the white lines?

Crawlin' at thirty-five.

Can't you bums read traffic signs?!

"Okies."

Accidents waitin'-to-be!

If they croak

it's "Okie-doke" by me.

AL

Need some gas, Mister.

PUMP GUY 1

Got any money?

TOM

We look like beggars to you?

PUMP GUY 2

One guy tried to give me his shoes for a gallon.

PUMP GUY 3

One guy tried to give me his kid's doll.

PUMP GUYS

I swear, what's this country comin' to?

TOM

You don't wanna know.

Fellas like you, that's just a song you sing:

TOM & AL

"What this country comin' to?"

You don't wanna know nothin'.

TOM

Al, gas it up and let's get goin'.

MA

Wait! Granma's nappin' in the ladies loo.

TOM

Well, wake her up, Ma.

We gotta make campsite by nightfall.

LOCALS

Halfwits, they're all inbred.

No wonder they're dense.

Shacked up ten to a bed,  
rabbits got more abstinence!

Squattin' in them squalid tents,  
retards got more common sense!

Government should build a fence!

A fence!

CROPPERS

Head down the plenty road!

Down where the bills ain't owed!

Where folks can earn their way  
in Californ-i-a!

Them hills o' purple shade!

The Sunkist Raisin Maid!

Jolly Green Giant Peas!

Los Angel-eeze!

So floor the gas, Pal -- heave ho!

Los Angel-eeze!

We got a thousand miles to go!  
Los Angel-eeze!  
If we clear New Mexico, so...

#### CROPPERS

Head down the plenty road!  
Head down! Head down!  
Heads up for the honeydew dime  
in Annaheim  
come harvest time!  
Winter through Spring,  
Summer through Fall,  
twelve months a year  
is work for all!  
Head down the plenty road!  
Head down! Head down!  
Damsons fetch a quarter a day  
in San Jo-zay!  
Plum good they pay.  
Wolf at the door  
got no abode,  
not on the plenty road.

#### LOCALS

"Okies."  
Clog up the highway  
Shame on Route 66  
Shit-heel hicks  
"Okies."  
Beggin' for hand-outs.  
ESSO don't pump free cash.  
Poor white trash.  
Halfwits, they're all inbred.  
No wonder they're dense.  
Shacked up ten to a bed.  
rabbits got more abstinence!  
Squattin' in them squalid tents,  
retards got more common sense!  
Government should build a fence!  
A fence!

#### CROPPERS

Head down the plenty road!  
Head down the plenty road!

Head down the plenty road!  
To hit the mother lode, head down...!

#### 5. "The Zephyr/One Star"

**"Hope dies hard in youth, and Rosasharn and Connie Rivers looked forward to the birth of their baby, and the good life they'd soon have in California. One night, sitting on a highway overpass, they watched the cars zooming by on Route 66, the headlamps making tunnels of light through the dusty black."**

#### CONNIE

Brother, look at that beauty purr.  
That's what I call power.  
The Lincoln Zephyr.  
The best damn car in America.  
How'd you like a spin in her?

#### ROSASHARN

Nice.

#### CONNIE

I'll say ... but likin' ain't havin'.

#### ROSASHARN

Maybe ...

#### CONNIE

If there's work in California ...

#### ROSASHARN

... after the baby's born.

#### CONNIE

... we might own a car some day.

#### ROSASHARN

A Lincoln Zephyr!

CONNIE  
You crazy, Rosasharn!  
A Zephyr cost as much as a house!  
I ruther have the house, fer the baby.  
Wouldn't you?

ROSASHARN  
I like to have the baby,  
the house ... an' the Zephyr!

CONNIE  
Likin' ain't havin'.  
Yer' wishin' fer a lotta stuff.

ROSASHARN  
A lotta stars to wish on, Connie.

CONNIE  
Only one.

ROSASHARN  
One's enough.  
One is more than none ...

One star is more than bright enough.  
One star can warm the dark.  
Like a candle in a dust storm,  
it'll fill the sky with silver sparkles.  
Sometimes when faith ain't quite enough,  
nights where the moon don't shine,  
when you can't see your nose  
in a maze of shadows,  
Heaven hangs out a sign.  
One star. One star.  
One small star that's mine.

CONNIE  
Yer' talkin' foolish.

ROSASHARN  
Am not.  
In a jar way up high

like a firefly,  
it shimmers in the air,  
and ev'ry time it glimmers  
is someone's answered prayer.

CONNIE  
Naw.  
Stars isn't some little cat's eye.  
They's big – big as a baseball!  
Weight 'em down with dreams, they'll fall.

ROSASHARN  
*(touching the unborn child inside her)*  
Mine don't weigh much at all ...  
Small dreams is more than light enough.  
Where will my own be born?  
In a rest stop or a lean-to,  
or a place a child can face the morning?  
One man to hold me tight enough...

CONNIE  
You got it, honey...

ROSASHARN  
Love me a lifetime through!

CONNIE  
Whatever happens ...

ROSASHARN  
Only one tiny ray  
on a pitch black highway  
makes make-believe seem true.  
One star.

CONNIE  
One star.

BOTH  
One small star will do.  
One star, one star ...  
One small star and you.

## 6. "Like They Promised"

Three hundred miles of the Mojave Desert stood between the Joads and their dream of a new life. They made the dangerous journey across at night, when the desert stars came out in the velvet sky -- stars stabbing and sharp.

On the back gate of the truck, Ma lay on a mattress beside Granma, and the old lady's sobbing breath was in her ear. And Ma said over and over, "All right. It's going to be all right... You know the family got to get across. You know that." Dawn finally came. And with it, spread out before them like a promise fulfilled, was a great flat valley of grain fields golden in the sun, of eucalyptus and peach trees set in straight rows, and of walnut and orange groves.

Pa said, "I never knowed they was anything like her."

And Ruthie whispered, "It's California." The family members climb out of the truck to gaze in wonder mingled with doubt at the promised land right in front of their eyes."

FAMILY

Rest your weary eyes on her,  
like they said she were:  
California – like they promised.  
Glowin' like a amethyst  
set in silver mist.  
California – like they promised.  
Milk 'n honey stretchin' out  
forever in the distance.  
Nature's power tamed  
by Man's persistence ...  
What them Chosen Folk of yore  
crost the Sinai for.  
California, like they promised, but more.

MA

Praise God we're across,  
alive, and we're still us ... or most of us.

TOM

Was Granma bad?

MA

Granma's dead.

TOM

When?

MA

The fam'bly had to get across.  
I didn't count the hours.  
I promised her a nice green place  
where she could lay her head down  
with willow trees, 'n wild flowers ...

FAMILY

She was old 'n so wuz he.  
They're the ones who'll see  
California – they're the promise.  
Pretty as a pi'ture show.  
No Lone Ranger, tho.  
California – like they promised.  
Rollin' mountains echo back  
a feller when he hollers.  
How much money's left?  
'Bout forty dollars.  
Forty dollars?!  
Forty dollars...  
Never know'd but one or two promises come  
true...  
Keep your promise, California, come through!  
Look what we come through for you.  
California – like they promised.

## 7. "The Creek: I Can Be a Help"

**"And the people without work continued to come drawn to the promise of California. Squatter camps sprang up on the edge of every farm community. The houses were tents and weed-thatched enclosures, paper shacks, a great junk pile.**

**A man drove his family in and became a citizen of Hooverville—always they were called Hooverville.**

**When the Joads ended up in a Hooverville, the family started to break apart like one of those paper houses. One day a Deputy Sheriff showed up with a Jobber promising good work. After being cheated out of their wages time and again, this time the croppers weren't falling for the lie. A fight broke out, Tom finally lost his temper, and knocked the Deputy Sheriff unconscious.**

**Back at the campsite, Ma was in a panic to get the family out before Tom was discovered hiding in the truck. She lost patience with the childlike Noah.**

**"For once in your life, Noah," she cried, "Think how to help your fam'b'ly." Handing Noah a bucket, she sent him down to the creek to fetch a pail of water.**

**There, looking at the moonlight reflected in the ripples,**

**Noah remembered the story of Noah and the ark, and it helped him think of how to help his family. He filled his bucket with heavy stones and waded deeper and deeper into the creek, holding tight to the bucket till it dragged him down to the bottom. As the water closed over his head, he remembered back to a kinder, time when his Ma sang him to sleep as a baby, and Noah was glad.."**

NOAH

Noah spoke to God.

God said: "Noah,  
you can be a help to me.

Fore I end the world,  
save the critters  
for a better world to be."

Noah built a ark  
filled with "ballast"  
Hollowed from a big ol' tree.

Noah saved the mice,  
the lambs 'n lions,  
two of ev'ry kind, not three.

Fer' forty days and forty nights  
they floated far 'n wide.

While rain come down like cats 'n dogs,  
all the cats 'n the dogs was inside.

So ...

I can be a help.

Save the fam'bly.

They'll be better off, they'll see.

Noah was a help,

'n my name's Noah.

I'm as big a help as he.

Fer' Tommy, Al 'n Rosasharn,

the kids 'n Uncle John.

So Casy, Connie, Pa 'n Ma  
will have one less mouth to feed  
when I'm gone.

Oh!

See what I can do, Tommy!

Oh!

I can build a ark, filled with "ballast,"  
hold to it 'n not let go.

Hidin' in the creek, bein' helpful.

This the only way I know...

UNSEEN VOICES

For forty days and forty nights  
he floated on the waves.

The Good Lord gives;  
the Good Lord smites

for the sake of the souls that He saves.

NOAH

He didn't help the fish.

Didn't need ta'.

Didn't help the birds, they free.

Noah got his wish.

Helped his loved ones.

Everyone's a help ... now me.

MA

Noah! Noah!

*Noah's dying memory is of his mother cradling him as a child.*

### "Simple Child"

MA

Dream beautiful,  
freely as a herd of horses runnin' wild.

No innocence.

No innocence

as the dream of a simple child.

Breathe easily,  
softly as a breeze's ripples on a stream.

No innocence.

No innocence

as a child with a simple dream.

No innocence.

No innocence

as the dream of a simple child.

Breathe easily,  
softly as a breeze's ripples on a stream.

No innocence.

No innocence

as a child with a simple dream.

NOAH

See what I can do, Tommy ...

See what I can do ...

MA

Noah! Noah!

### 8. "Square Dance"

**"Fleeing Hooverville in the dead of night, the Joads found a camp for the homeless set up by the Federal Government as an experiment. It was clean and had hot water showers, flush toilets, and, best of all, a weekly square dance.**

**Ma thought:**

**"Praise God, we come home to our own people. We was farm people till the debt. And then, them owners done somepin to us. Made me feel ashamed. An' now I ain't ashamed. These folks here in this camp is our folks. "Know what you an me's gonna do"? Ma said to Rosasharn. "We're a-goin' to that dance, and we're a gonna set there an' watch an' hear the music an' all like that. Maybe you wouldn't think it, but your Pa was as nice a dancer as I ever seen, when he was young. A square dance makes me think of ol' times."**

Swing your partner round an' round.

Lift her feet right off the ground!

Allemande and take her hand.

Promenade to beat the band!

Do-see-do an' 'round the ring.

Roosters crow and birdies sing!

Double back and circle south.

Get a little moonshine in yer' mouth!

Ducks in the mill pond, geese in clover.

Hide your gal 'cause I'm comin' over.

Hurry up boys and don't be laggin' ...

Pa's comin' over in a pretty red wagon!

Do-see-do an' 'round the ring.

Roosters crow and birdies sing.

Double back and circle south.

Get a little moonshine in yer' mouth!

Chicken in the bread pan ornery and cross.

You ladies show your boys who's boss!

Dogs in the corner a-diggin' at a bone.

Find you a lady or grow old alone!

Ah-ah! Ah-ah!

*Al Joad dances energetically with Cropper Girls, and then, more gentlemanly, with Ma Joad. The Croppers approve. Here is a son who respects his mother.*

Ah-ah! Ah-ah!

*Local Vigilantes enter to provoke a riot. The Croppers evict the intruders, making it seem like a part of the dance.*

All join hands an' circle wide!  
Spread out like an old cow hide...!  
Watch for the landlord and his gun...  
Circle round and have some fun!  
Have some fun! Have some fun!  
Have some fun! Have some fun...!  
Swing your partner round an' round!  
Lift her feet right off the ground!  
Allemande and take her hand!  
Promenade to beat the band!  
Swing your partner round an' round!  
Lift her feet right off the ground...!  
Allemande and take her hand...!  
Promenade to beat the band!

### **9. "The Fire in the Orchard"**

**"Spring is beautiful in California. The full green hills are round and soft as breasts, and all the time the fruit swells, and the flowers break out in long clusters on the vine. But the laws of economics are indifferent to the wealth of nature, and to human suffering. So the fruit of the trees must be destroyed to keep up the price.**

**The people without work come for miles to take the fruit, a million people hungry, needing the fruit, but this cannot be. The bumper crop is bad for business, and the people cannot have it for free. Truckloads of oranges are dumped on the ground, and kerosene sprayed over the golden mountains, and burnt. There is a crime here that goes beyond denunciation. There is a sorrow here that weeping cannot symbolize. There is a failure here that topples all our successes. And children... must die because a profit cannot be taken from an orange or a plum.."**

TOM

The fire in the orchard  
was not no act of God.  
No bolt of lightnin' bypassed the rod.  
No drunkard in a Packard  
tossed out a cigarette.  
The fire in the orchard was set.  
The owner told the foreman  
burn all the fallen fruit,  
and any cropper tek' it, you shoot.  
How many hungry children  
Will waste away and die  
Then vanish like the smoke in the sky?

CROPPERS

Ants on the highway,  
more every day.  
Nowhere to work.  
No place to stay.  
Ants on the highway  
lookin' for crumbs,  
droppin' quicker than the plums.

TOM

The fire in the orchard  
was over in a bit.  
The fire in my belly won't quit.  
My head so full of anger,

my heart so full of wrath,  
it burnin' such a fiery swath  
ain't nuthin' gonna stop  
ain't nuthin' gonna stop its path.

#### CROPPERS

Ants on the highway,  
more every day.  
Nowhere to work.  
No place to stay.  
Ants on the highway  
lookin' for crumbs ...

#### 10. "Dios Te Salve"

**With no work and no food, the Joads were forced to leave the government camp. They found work on a huge peach farm but didn't realize that the other pickers were on strike and they'd been hired on as scabs. One night, sneaking outside the fence that surrounded the farm, Tom ran into Casy, who had organized the strike. No sooner had they found each other than a group of vigilante strike busters arrived looking for violence. A man stepped toward Casy. He carried a new white pick handle. "Listen," Casy said. "You fellas don't know what you're doin'. You're helpin' to starve kids." "Shut up you red son-of-a-bitch," the man said, and swung the pick handle. It crashed into the side of Casy's head with a dull crunch of bone, and Casy fell sideways. Crazyed with rage, Tom picked up the same weapon and killed Casy's killer with it. Tom escaped, but not before having his nose broken and his face cut with a knife. At sunrise, a group of Mexican women—migrant workers—picked their way through a bean field, stooping to fill their sacks while singing a hymn to the Virgin Mary. As the sun cleared the horizon, they discovered the**

**bodies of Casy and his murderer, lying side by side in the dirt. The women continued to pick beans until the sun set, when their bags were full."**

#### BEAN-PICKERS

Dios te salve, bella aurora.  
Dios te salve, luz del día.  
Dios te salve, sol y doliente,  
y Dios te salve, María.  
Dios te salve, luna hermosa.  
Dios te salve, vida mía.  
Dios te salve, noche estrella,  
y Madre eres de gracia.  
Dios te salve, María.

Bienvenida, pájaro blanca.  
Hoy te vengo a saludar.  
Saludando a tu belleza,  
Virgen santo, celeste y calmar.  
Reluciente como el alba,  
pura y sensible sin mancha,  
qué gusto recibe mi alma.  
Bienvendia, pájaro blanca.

Dios te salve, bella aurora.  
Dios te salve, luz del día.  
Dios te salve, sol y doliente,  
y Dios te salve, María.  
Dios te salve, luna hermosa.  
Dios te salve, vida mía.  
Dios te salve, noche estrella,  
y Madre eres de gracia.  
Dios te salve, María.  
Dios te salve, María.

(Translation)

*God save thee, beautiful dawn.  
God save thee, light of day.  
God save thee, sun and suffering,  
and God save thee, Mary.*

*God save Thee, beautiful moon.  
God save Thee, my life.  
God save Thee, night star,  
and mother filled with grace.  
God save Thee, Mary.*

*Good morning, white dove.  
Today I come to greet you,  
welcoming your beauty.  
Virgin Holy and calming.  
resplendent like the dawn,  
pure and sensitive without stain.  
What pleasure my soul receives.  
Good morning, white dove.*

*God save thee, beautiful dawn.  
God save thee, light of day.  
God save thee, sun and suffering,  
and God save thee, Mary.  
God save Thee, beautiful moon.  
God save Thee, my life.  
God save Thee, night star,  
and mother filled with grace.  
God save Thee, Mary.  
God save Thee, Mary.*

### **11. "The Day the Rain Began"**

**"Over the high coast mountains and over the valleys the gray clouds marched in from the ocean. The wind blew fiercely and silently... The rain beat on steadily... And then the dirt dams broke, and the water rushed inside the growing fields, and washed everything out until nothing was left. Inside the barns, the people sat huddled together. Their faces were gray with terror. The children cried with hunger, and there was no food."**

**FARMER/CROPPERS/FAMILY**

**The day the rain began  
the sky was overcast.**

I told the hired hands:  
"Work fast."

You can't pick cotton wet.  
It swell up like a rag.  
Then no one's gonna weigh your bag.

An' when it rains it pours.  
The baby's water break.  
By then the field was like a lake.  
We shoveled through the night  
to dam the risin' creek.  
Her screamin' an' the wind  
made one infernal shriek!

Then the dam washed out  
when a tree crash down,  
an' the women shout  
'Better find high groun'  
while the fear of God  
was in ev'ry man  
as he hear them hungry children cry...  
'Cuz we knew a few was marked to die  
the day the rain began.  
The day the rain began.  
The day the rain began.

### **12. "Little Dead Moses"**

**"As the floodwaters rose, Rosasharn gave birth to her child, born still -- a blue shriveled little mummy that never even took its first breath. Ma put the tiny corpse in an apple box and asked Uncle John to bury it. John held the box against his chest. And then he leaned over and set the box down in the swollen stream, and said fiercely: "Go down the river. Pass through every town, and show 'em. Lay in the street, and rot. That's how you can talk. Maybe then they'll know..'"**

UNCLE JOHN

No! This child ain't goin' in the groun'!

Go down, little dead Moses.  
Float down the tide, the risin' river.  
Show ev'ry town the true price of silence.  
A quiet violence, a pall over this land ...

Eyes that never see'd the sky,  
starin' into space.  
Fears you had no words to cry,  
frozen on your face.  
Wash up on the riverbanks,  
fix 'em in the eye.  
Ask 'em all who done this, an' why?

CROPPERS

Why? Why? Why? Why?

UNCLE JOHN & CROPPERS

Go down, little dead Moses!  
float down the tide, the risin' river!  
Let people see the fruits of their blindness  
till human kindness be all over this land!  
Eyes that never see'd the sky,  
starin' into space.  
Fears you had no words to cry,  
frozen on your face.  
Wash up on the riverbanks,  
fix 'em in the eye.  
Ask 'em all who done this, an' why?  
Go down the river, an' show them what!  
Go down an' lay there!  
Go down an' rot!  
Go down an' rot!

### 13. "Us" (Reprise)

NARRATOR

As the darkness began to fall over the fields,  
Ma found Tom. He was hiding inside a mound  
of blackberry bushes.

**"I can't see you. Come clost, Tom, let me feel  
your face. You got a bad scar, Tom. An' your  
nose is all crooked. I want to remember, even if  
it's only my fingers that remember.... You got  
to go away Tom. Go away to a big city maybe.  
They wouldn' never look for you there. But  
how'm I gonna know 'bout you? They might  
kill ya, an' I wouldn' know.  
Tom laughed uneasily.**

TOM

Well, maybe like Casy says, a fella ain't got a soul  
of his own, but on'y a piece of a big one— an' then  
it don't matter.

This red land – is us.  
All its hardship – is us.  
And the flood years.  
And the drought years.  
And the dust years – all us.  
So we hold the ones we lose  
(*touches heart*) in here.  
And protect the ones we have  
(*makes a fist*) with this.  
Till we find a place to live,  
a home for us to stay,  
our home is where we are,  
'cause us...is U.S.A.  
Texaco is a gas pump.  
Greyhound's a goddamn bus.

ALL

Route 66, the highway-- is us.