

## **Pete Seeger**

# **"My Dirty Stream"**

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Sailing down my dirty stream  
Still I love it and I'll keep the dream  
That some day, though maybe not this year  
My Hudson River will once again run clear

It starts high in the mountains of the north  
Crystal clear and icy trickles forth  
With just a few floating wrappers of chewing gum  
Dropped by some hikers to warn of things to come

At Glens Falls, five thousand honest hands  
Work at the consolidated paper plant  
Five million gallons of waste a day  
Why should we do it any other way?

Down the valley one million toilet chains  
Find my Hudson so convenient place to drain  
And each little city says, "Who, me?"  
Do you think that sewage plants come free?"

Out in the ocean they say the water's clear  
But I live right at Beacon here  
Half way between the mountains and sea  
Tacking to and fro, this thought returns to me

Well it's Sailing up my dirty stream  
Still I love it and I'll dream  
That some day, though maybe not this year  
My Hudson and my country will run clear

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