

Peter LaFarge

"The Senecas"

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The Senecas are an Indian Tribe of the Iroquois nation,
Down on the New York-Pennsylvania line, you'll find
their reservation.

After the U. S. revolution, Cornplanter was a chief;
He told the tribe these men they could trust, that was
his true belief.

He went down to Independence Hall, and there a treaty
signed,

That promised peace with the USA, and Indian rights
combined.

George Washington gave his signature, the
Government gave its hand;

They said that now and forever more this was Indian
land.

CHORUS: As long as the moon shall rise,
As long as the rivers flow,
As long as the sun will shine,
As long as the grass shall grow.

On the Seneca reservation, there is much sadness now;
Washington's treaty has been broken, and there is no
hope, no how.

Across the Allegheny River, they're trowing up a dam;
It will flood the Indian country, a proud day for Uncle
Sam.

It has broke the ancient treaty with a politician's grin;
It will drown the Indian graveyards -- Cornplanter, can
you swim?

The earth is mother to the Senecas; they're trampling
sacred ground,

Change the mint-green earth to black mud flats, as
honor hobbles down...

The Iroquois Indians used to rule from Canada way
south;

But no one fears the Indians now, and smiles the liar's
mouth.

The Senecas hired an expert to figure another site;
But the great good Army engineers said that he had no
right.

Although he showed them another plan, and showed

them another way,
They laughed in his face and said, "No deal, Kinzua
dam is here to stay."
Congress turned the Indian down, brushed off the
Indians' plea;
So the Senecas have renamed the dam, they call it
"Lake Perfidy."

Washington, Adams, and Kennedy, now hear their
pledges ring,-

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