**MY DIRTY STREAM**

By Pete Seeger

Sailing down my dirty stream

Still I love it and I’ll dream

That someday 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 a convenient place to drain

And each little city says “Who, me?

Do you think that sewage plants come free?”

Out near the ocean, they say the water’s clear

I live right in Beacon here

Halfway between the mountains and the sea

Tacking too and fro this thought returns to me

That it’s sailing up my dirty stream

Still I love it and I’ll dream

That someday, though maybe not this year

My Hudson River and my country will run clear.