

My Dirty Stream (The Hudson River Song)

[Pete Seeger](#)

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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