

The River That Flows Both Ways

Pete Seeger

Once the Sachems
told a story
of a land the great spirits blessed.
And the people followed the legend
from the great waters in the West.
And they stopped where they found that the fishin' was good,
earth was fertile,
and game ran in the woods.
And now, I could be happy spending my days on the river that flows both ways.
I could be happy spending my days on the river that flows both ways.
First came the trappers,
next came the traders.
Their own fortunes
were fortified.
And the valley
treated them kindly,
so the farmers followed close behind.
Then the sloop sail was laden round the battery
with flour from Yonkers,
furs from Albany.
And I could be happy just spending my days on the river that flows both ways.
Yes, I could be happy spending my days on the river that flows both ways.
Writers and painters
have shown its beauty
in its waters and on the shore.
While musicians
sing its praises,
keep alive the rivers lure.
With the sunsetin' golden o'er the Palisades,
afternoon ends
the daylight fades.
And I could be happy spending my days on the river that flows both ways.
I could be happy spending my days on the river that flows both ways.
N' Maybe its the moonshine,
maybe its the starlight,
reflected off good old Haverstraw bay.
Maybe its the fog that rolls off the catskill mountains
at the break of a brand new day.
But apple cider and pumpkins,

strawberries and corn,
make the people of the river
glad they were born. And now I could be happy spending my days on the river that flows both ways.
I could be happy spending my days on the river that flows both ways.
I could be happy spending my days on the river that flows both ways.

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