

# He Lies In The American Land

Pete Seeger

Ah, my God what is this land of America?  
So many people travelling there  
I will go too for I am still young  
God the Lord will grant me good luck there

You, my wife stay here 'til you hear from me  
When you get my letter, put everything in order  
Mount a raven black steed, a horse like the wind  
Fly across the ocean to join me here

Ah, but when she arrived in this strange land  
Here in McKeesport, this valley, this valley of fire  
Only his grave, his blood did she find  
Over it, bitterly she cried

Ah, my husband, what've you done to this family of yours?  
What can you say to these children, to these children you've orphaned?  
Tell them my wife not to wait, not to wait, not to wait for me  
Tell them I lie here, in the American land