Susquehanna Don’t Rise

Was the summer of 72

They said a hard rains coming through

But not one like this before

Boys stay true

Agnes picked its path

Wilkes Barre in the mighty grasp

A Hurricane to tear the charts

Sand bags stacked all night

Confidence in the fight

Can the dykes hold… despite

Wilkes barre’s a town in a bowl

Three hills, a river hole

Thousands think we’ll be fine, as long as…

**Susquehanna don’t rise, the levee won’t hold, not this time**

**Susquehanna don’t rise, the levee won’t hold, not this, not this time**

Then it rained for four days straight

Dancing on your window pane

The dykes can’t contain

The hanna’ rose 13 feet

Stayed over a week

Broken alarms howl

Like a heart off-beat

Pocono Downs in the east

Packed full of refugees

Flickering televisions showed the force released

In the town of Forty Fort

2,000 caskets afloat

Souls pulled from rest

Scattered and possessed

Cadavers lie

Downstream till July

Residents quiver and sigh

Looters pick in vein

What the mud already claimed

No one cared anyway

Mannequins outside the stores

Steel bridges ripped to eyesores

Who will answer for?

What we’ve lost…

**Susquehanna don’t rise, the levee won’t hold, not this time**

**Susquehanna don’t rise, the levee won’t hold, not this time**

**Not this time**

**I heard the water weaved, a web of souls grieve, Wilkes Barre besieged in 72**

**The sun sighed, hear the rain fly, my grandfather cried into the flood**

**The flood of 72**

Luzerne’s new benchmark

Valley life before

And after the dark

Victorian homes replaced

By boxes perfectly placed

That look all the same

Every photo is gone

Heirlooms washed on

Tomorrow managed a dawn

National Guard patrolled

Direct traffic at hold

An army of volunteers

Mend the hungry and cold

But the pride never strained

“The valleys heart remains”

The pride never strained

“The valleys heart remains”

**Susquehanna don’t rise, the levee won’t hold, not this time**

**Susquehanna don’t rise, the levee won’t hold, not this time**

**Not this time**

**I heard the water weaved, a web of souls grieve, Wilkes Barre besieged in 72**

**From an eagle’s eye, balance equalized, Wilkes Barre baptized in 72**

**The sun sighed, hear the rain fly, my grandfather cried into the flood**

**The flood of 72**

**The flood of 72**

**The flood of 72**

**The flood**