



A
NATION
OF
OTHERS

COMPLETE LIBRETTO
BY MARK CAMPBELL

A NATION OF OTHERS

Music

Paul Moravec

Libretto

Mark Campbell

A Nation of Others takes place in and around the Ellis Island immigration inspection station on a single day in 1921. As a group of immigrants arrive and are processed, personal stories emerge about their lives in Ireland, Poland, Croatia, Ukraine, Sweden, Turkey and Spain.

Commissioned and premiered by the Oratorio Society of New York Orchestra and Chorus through the generous support of Joanne Spellun.

This libretto is dedicated to Kent Tritle and all the members of the Oratorio Society of New York Orchestra and Chorus, Joanne Spellun, and everyone who continues to carry possibilities to this strange new land.

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1. CALTAGIRONE/WE ARE HERE

TOMMASO (SOLO TENOR)/CHORUS + SOLOISTS

TOMMASO

In no time,
No time at all,
Antonia,
You will be
Where I am now.
Standing on
The deck of a boat,
Approaching a strange new land,
Approaching...
America.
In no time,
No time at all,
Antonia,
You'll have bid farewell
To Caltagirone,
Boarded a boat
In Palermo,
With our four daughters—
Our beautiful daughters—
Sailed two seasick weeks,
To join me
In this strange new land,
Our strange new home.
America.
Will you feel what I feel now?
Will you feel the fears of those two weeks
Falling away?
Will you feel the joy rising
In your soul
As the boat grows closer?
What can we hope for
In Caltagirone?
What can we hope for there?
What can we hope for?
We have no future.
In that village,
We are born poor,
Live poor,
Die poor,
As do our children.
But in the new land,
The strange new land,
There are such possibilities.
There she is!
There she is!
The lady with the lamp.
The lady with the flame.

Ha! What a funny hat!
And such a long arm!
And why is she so green?
Is she seasick, too?
My dear Antonia,
Will you feel what I feel now?
Will you breathe in
The air of fresh hope?
Will your eyes see
The giant city rise before you,
Like a new god—
Taller and taller,
Taller and taller?
We are near...
People run to the deck,
Pointing, cheering,
Sobbing, singing, dancing.
The seagulls laugh.
We are here.

WE ARE HERE

CHORUS/SOLOISTS

CHORUS/SOLOISTS

We are here.
We've arrived.
We've arrived.
We are here.
Made our way from...
Glasgow,
Lucca,
Pilsen,
Bergen,
Salamanca,
Kosice,
Kalamata,
Tirana,
Hamburg,
Odessa,
Minsk,
Gdansk,
Granada,
Killarney,
Almada.
Palermo.
In steerage on...
The King Alexander,
The Aquitania,
The Campania,
The Esperanza,
The Pesaro,
The Bergensfjord,

The Mongolia,
The Giuseppe Verdi.

MALE SEXTET

Move up the stairs.
Move up the stairs!
Don't stand,
Don't dawdle.
One line.

SOPRANOS/TENORS

All these people—
Where do they all come from?

MEZZO-SOPRANOS/BARITONES

All these voices...

MALE SEXTET

Up the stairs!

SOPRANOS

So many stairs.
What will happen?
Where are we?
What is up ahead?
Keep on moving.
Keep on moving up.
Keep on.

MEZZO-SOPRANOS [*With above.*]

What line are we in?
Terrifying.
This is chaos.
Who are all these men?
Don't let go of my hand.
Keep on moving.
Keep on moving up.
Keep on moving.
We cannot, cannot look back.
We cannot look back.

TENORS [*With above.*]

Utter chaos.
Suffocating.
Who are all these men?
A madhouse!
Are we nearly there?
Keep on moving,
Keep on moving,
Moving up,
Keep on moving.
We cannot, cannot look back.
We cannot look back.

BARITONES *[With above.]*

Where will this line take us?
What will happen?
Such a stench!
Are we nearly there?
Keep on moving,
Keep on moving,
Moving up,
Keep on moving.
We cannot look back.
We cannot look back.

MALE SEXTET

Up the stairs!
What are you waiting for?

SOPRANOS *[With above.]*

The noise!
The stench!
When will it end?
We cannot turn around.
Keep moving,
Moving on.

MEZZO-SOPRANOS *[With above.]*

What will happen?
This could be longest staircase
In the world!
Madhouse,
We are in a madhouse!
But can't look back.
Keep moving,
Moving on.

TENORS *[With above.]*

We are nearly there.
Very nearly there.
What will happen to us then?
We must continue on.
Keep moving,
Moving on.

BARITONES *[With above.]*

When we reach the top,
Will it be over?
Will it be over?
We cannot look back.
We must continue on.
Keep moving,
Moving on.

CHORUS

Welcome to America.

2. TRALEE

CONNOR (SOLO BARITONE)

CONNOR

They come to Tralee,
They come to Tralee,
They come to Tralee,
The bloody cowards.
The Black and Tans.
They come to Tralee,
Their fat British rumps
On their fine British horses.
They raise their fancy guns
And brutal clubs,
In the name of the Crown.
They come to Tralee,
And destroy our town.
They set the houses ablaze,
And shutter my mum's shop,
Cut off our food,
Bloody my brother.
Lessons to those
Who might get uppity,
Who might want freedom,
Lessons to us bastard Irish.
They come to Tralee.
Then a letter,
A letter comes to me.
Uncle Quinn in Boston...
He says,
"Come to America, Connor.
Come to America.
You can work on the boats
In Boston harbor—
Infinitely bigger than Fenit."
In this strange new land,
I will not be owned.
In this strange new land,
My life will be mine.
No lessons to those
Who might get uppity,
Who might want freedom,
And in no time,
No time at all.
I'll send for my Mum,
And my brother.

3. INSPECTION 1

OFFICIALS (MALE SEXTET)

MALE SEXTET

Heart defects: H

Feet defects: F

Eye defects: E

Trachoma: TR

Mental defects: X

4. PRZEMYŚL

MR. + MRS. NOWAK (BASS + MEZZO-SOPRANO)

MRS. NOWAK

A strange new land.

MR. NOWAK

At our age.

MRS. NOWAK

A strange new village...

MR. NOWAK

Pittsburgh.

In where?

MRS. NOWAK

Penn—syl—va—ni—a.

MR. NOWAK

To live with a cousin...

MR. + MRS. NOWAK

We both hate.

MR. NOWAK

But what was the choice?

MRS. NOWAK

To stay in Przemyśl?

MR. + MRS. NOWAK

To live every day with the war

That took our sons?

The war that took our sons,

Our friends, our work,

Our lives?

What was the choice?

That war didn't end with surrender.

It will go on.

It will go on.

Not with guns and knives
But what it has done to our lives.
And what it may do again.

MRS. NOWAK

A strange new land.

MR. NOWAK

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

MRS. NOWAK

I'll get a new hat.
With a big bow.
If I dare...

MR. NOWAK

Yes, you dare.

MRS. NOWAK

Are there cowboys there?

5. I CARRY

CHORUS/SOLOISTS

SOPRANOS

I carry...
A bundle,
A tablecloth,
Some candles,
My mother's shawl,
Three coats on my back,
Our set of plates,

MEZZO-SOPRANOS *[With above.]*

I carry...
My basket,
My wedding veil,
Some clothing.
I carry...
Two pillows
A stockpot,
A ladle,
Our menorah,
A little money,
Documents,
My daughter's doll,

TENORS *[With above.]*

I carry...
Our old leather trunk,
I carry...
A set of knives,

The crucifix,
A featherbed,
An English phrasebook,
A deck of cards,
My violin,

BARITONES [*With above.*]

I carry...
A pillowcase,
I carry...
I carry a compass,
My wife's picture,
A small suitcase,
My woolen gloves.

CHORUS

I carry...
Nothing to my name,
Little of the past,
Something of a dream,
Something of a dream.
I carry...
Possibilities.

6. INSPECTION 2/ZAGREB

OFFICIALS (MALE SEXTET)/MIRJANA (SOLO SOPRANO)

MALE SEXTET

Heart defects: H
Feet defects: F
Eye defects: E
Trachoma: TR
Mental defects: X

MIRJANA

Don't forget, my little man.
Walk straight.
Straight as you can.
The stone I slipped in your shoe
Will help you.
Comes all the way from Zagreb.
When you walk,
Lean into it.
And no one will know,
No one will know.
About your one bad foot—
It's our little secret,
Hold Mama's hand tight,
Do not stare,
Do not stop,
Do not stand,
And tell no one, no one,

That your Mama
Slipped a stone in your shoe.

MALE SEXTET

Heart defects: H

MIRJANA

Stay in line, my only son.

MALE SEXTET

Feet defects: F

MIRJANA

Do not stop,
Do not stare...

MALE SEXTET

Eye defects: E

MIRJANA

Do not stand...

MALE SEXTET

Trachoma: TR

TENOR

That man drew a "G" in chalk
On my jacket.
What does that mean?

MALE SEXTET

Hernia: K

TENOR

Quick! Wipe off the chalk!

SOPRANO

They stuck a needle in my eye.

MALE SEXTET

Feet defects...

MIRJANA

Don't be afraid,
Keep on, my brave little man.

MALE SEXTET

Severe mental defects:
Circled X.

MIRJANA/SOPRANOS/TENOR

We're nearly there.
Nearly there...

MIRJANA

We did it.
 We made it through.
 No chalk marks on your shirt.
 We made it through.
 Once we're done here,
 You'll get a lollipop,
 A spinning top—brand-new!
 And not another,
 Never another,
 Stone in your shoe.

7. THE STRANGE NEW LAND—QUARTET

**TOMMASO, CONNOR, MR. + MRS. NOWAK (TENOR, BARITONE,
 BASS + MEZZO-SOPRANO)**
TOMMASO

The new land,
 The strange new land,
 Here in the new land,
 The strange new land,
 In the strange new land.
 There are such possibilities.
 The old land,
 The dead land,
 Or a new land,
 A strange new land.
 And very soon
 My family will join me here,
 And we'll make a better life.
 In the strange new land.
 A better life.
 For us all.
 In the strange new land,
 In the strange new land.

CONNOR *[With above.]*

I will not be owned.
 My life will be mine.
 I'll be my own man.
 The sad land,
 The dead land—
 Or a new land,
 A strange new land.
 Far from Tralee.
 My mum and brothers
 Will soon be with me.
 And I will find a home for them
 In the strange new land.
 A better life for us.
 For us, in the strange new land,
 The strange new land.

MR. + MRS. NOWAK [*With above.*]

The war didn't end
With surrender.
What was the choice?
The scarred land,
The old land,
The dead land,
Or a strange new land.
There was no choice,
We could not live there
Anymore,
We are sure to find
A better life
In the strange new land,
We'll find a better life
In the strange new land.
The strange new land.

8. MOVE ALONG

SOLOISTS/CHORUS/MALE SEXTET

SOLOISTS + CHORUS

Move along,
Move along,
Stay in line,
Do not stop,
Do not stop,
Move along.

MALE SEXTET

Stand over there,
Stand over there.
One line.
Move.
Move over there,
Move over here.
Don't stop.
Don't stand.

SOPRANO 1 [*With above.*]

Move along.
Don't cough.
Don't yawn.
Don't blink.
Don't limp.
Don't get out of breath.
Don't stare!
Don't stop.
Don't stand.
It will be over soon.
Move along.

SOPRANO 2 [*With above.*]

Look strong.
Look bright.
Look clean.
Look healthy and well.
Smile sweetly.
Be polite to these men,
No matter what they say.
And keep moving.
Don't stand.
Keep on moving,
Keep moving.
It will be over soon.
Move along.

MEZZO-SOPRANO [*With above.*]

Do not utter a word,
Look straight ahead.
Do not look in their eyes.
Don't let them see fear.
Be polite to these men.
We cannot turn around.
Keep on moving.
Don't cry.
Keep on moving,
Keep moving.
It will be over soon.
Move along.

TENOR [*With above.*]

Keep on moving,
And show how strong you are,
How healthy you are,
How ambitious you are.
And ready to work.
Don't show your fear.
You're unafraid.
Look straight ahead.
Keep on moving,
Keep moving.
Keep moving,
In no time it will be over.
Move along.

BARITONE [*With above.*]

You're not out of breath.
You are well and alert.
Not trembling with fear,
But calm.
Decent, honest.
A man in charge.
And unafraid.
Look straight ahead.

Keep on moving,
Keep moving.
Keep on moving,
In no time it will be over.
Move along.

BASS *[With above.]*

Will we get there?
Will we get past this line?
Will we see this new land
That we've seen in our dreams?
We can't turn back.
It's too late now.
Look straight ahead,
Keep on moving,
Keep moving.
Keep moving,
Keep on moving,
In no time it will be over.
Move along.

CHORUS *[With above.]*

Move along,
Move along.
Look straight ahead,
Keep on moving.
Keep moving,
Keep moving.
In no time it will be over.
Move along.

MALE SEXTET

Move.
Wait.
Move.

CHORUS

Only the sound,
Only the normal,
Only the sane,
Only the strong,
Are welcome in America.

SOLOISTS *[With above.]*

Those who are blind,
Those who are feeble,
Those who are deaf,
Those who are lame,
Those who aren't able to work,
Those who are weak,
Those slow of mind,
Those with disease,
Turn around.

CHORUS + SOLOISTS

Only the healthy,
Only the able,
Only the normal,
Are welcome in America.
Welcome to America.

9. PROSKUROV**MASHA (SOLO SOPRANO)****MASHA**

The big bright blast
Of the military band...
The soldiers stomping
In their brilliant uniforms...
Boots lacquered to a blinding shine.
A parade!
And then they shout...
"Kill the Jews,
Save the Ukraine."
Gunshots...
Running...
Screams...
From old men,
Murdered.
Children,
Murdered.
From young women,
Taken and used.
The parade in Proskurov.
Bundle up your belongings,
Wrap them with a rope,
Hoist them on your back,
Travel a million miles,
To a strange new land.
And still they live,
Those days.
Those days.
As present as shadows,
All the time,
All the time.
Even here,
Trudging up these stairs,
Step after step,
Toward a new life,
In this new land,
This strange new land,
It's everywhere,
Everywhere:
Those days,
Those men,
The parade in Proskurov.

10. INTERVIEW 1

OFFICIALS (MALE SEXTET)

MALE SEXTET

Your full name?
What is your age?
Male or female?
Married, single, widowed or divorced?
Occupation?
Can you read and write?
Home country?
What is your race?
Last permanent residence?
Relative's name and address?
What is your final destination?

11. KVARNBERG

KARIN, ANNA, HANNA (TWO SOPRANOS, MEZZO-SOPRANO)

KARIN

Again...
[To Anna, in an officious voice.]
"Are you male or female"?

ANNA

Mama, are you blind?

KARIN

I told you,
No smart talk.
These men can send us back.
[To Hanna, in an officious voice.]
"Where are you from?"

HANNA

China.

KARIN

Stop it!
This is serious.
Where are you from?

HANNA

Sweden.

HANNA/ANNA

Kvarnberg.

KARIN

And where are you going?

ANNA

Garden City, Kansas.

KARIN

And who paid for your passage?

HANNA/ANNA

Papa.

KARIN

And what brings you to America?

HANNA/ANNA

"Better dirt."

That's what Papa says,

"Better dirt..."

HANNA/ANNA/KARIN

Better dirt,

Richer soil,

Brighter sun,

Ampler rain,

Bigger land,

Bluer skies.

All of it green...

And not a speck of dust.

HANNA/ANNA

Thank you, Papa.

KARIN

Are you an anarchist?

ANNA

Yes.

KARIN

No!

Have you ever been in an insane asylum?

HANNA/ANNA

Yes.

It's called Ellis Island.

And we were put here by Papa!

12. INTERVIEW 2

OFFICIALS (MALE SEXTET, CHORUS)

MALE SEXTET

Your full name?

Age?

Male/female?

Married, single, widowed or divorced?

Occupation?
Read or write?
Home country?
What is your race?
Last permanent residence?
Relative's name and address?
Final destination?

CHORUS

In these few minutes,
In these few minutes,
My life is yours...

MALE SEXTET

Where's your ticket?
Who paid your passage?
Have any money?
What is your age?
Been here before?
Meeting a relative?

CHORUS

One wrong word,
Wrong look,
One misstep,
And back I go...

MALE SEXTET *[With above.]*

Been in a prison, poorhouse,
Or insane asylum?
Are you a polygamist?
An anarchist?
Who paid for your passage?
Have you been here before?
Where will you work?

CHORUS

You can undo a future,
Upend a dream.
Divide a family,
Condemn a man to death,
In these minutes...

MALE SEXTET *[With above.]*

Where is your ticket?
Who paid for your passage?
Have any money?
What is your age?
Meeting a relative?
Been in prison,
A poorhouse,
Or insane asylum?
Where will you work?
Are you a polygamist?
Who paid for your passage?

Have you been here before?
State of health?
What will your work be?
Divorced or married?
Skin color?
What is your height?
Any identifying marks?
Eye and hair color?
Place of birth?
What is your name?
Home country?
Are you deformed or crippled?
Are you an anarchist?
Have you ever been convicted of a crime?
Where is home?

CHORUS

In these few minutes,
These too few minutes,
I ask that you
Use your power wisely.
And look on me.
Look on me.
Look on me,
Kindly,
Kindly,
As you would another person.

13. DETAINMENT—QUINTET

DETAINEES (TENOR, TWO SOPRANOS, BASS, BARITONE)

SOLOISTS

How long?
How long?
How many more hours?
How many more days, weeks?
How long?
In this cage,
In this filth,
With these strangers?
How long
Before I'm let in?

TENOR

Yes, I have a bad foot,
But I can still work.
I can still work.
I want to work,
I want to work

Don't send me back.
He looked away.
What did he whisper to that guard?
He looked away.
Do I have to go back?

SOPRANO 2 *[With above.]*

He'll be here soon.
He's my husband,
And their father.
He wouldn't leave us behind.
He'll be here soon.
He won't look at me.
He won't look at me.
Can I stay?
Can I stay?

SOPRANO 1 *[With above.]*

What can I do?
Not have this child?
Just make him disappear?
Don't send me back,
What is he writing?
Not another form.
Do I have to go back?

BASS *[With above.]*

That wasn't a cough.
I haven't got a cough.
The doctor is wrong.
The doctor is wrong.
Don't send me back.
He won't look at me.
He won't look at me.
The answer is no.
I know the answer is no.
I know the answer is no.
Can I stay?

BARITONE *[With above.]*

I'm not an anarchist.
They were only pamphlets.
Don't send me back.
What did he whisper to that guard?
What did he whisper to the guard?
He looked away.

SOLOISTS

Will I have to wait again?
How long
Before I'm let in?

14. TRABZON/MADRID/PRAYER

ARAM, CONSTANZA (BARITONE + MEZZO-SOPRANO)

ARAM

Not here.
I can't die here.
Not in this room,
Not in this qtal.
Not before I see...
America.

CONSTANZA

He won't last the night.
We all know that—
Every nurse in this ward.
All we can do
Is smile gently,
Look on him kindly,
Hold his hand,
Ease the pain.
Armenian...

ARAM

They also went by boat...

CONSTANZA

No one to notify.

ARAM/CONSTANZA

My family/No family.

ARAM

My family.
From Trabzon.
They also went by boat,
Out to the Black Sea,
With hundreds of others,
To the deepest part.
The Turks set it on fire,
And laughed as it sank.
They also went by boat.
And didn't return.

CONSTANZA

How lucky I was...

ARAM

How lucky I was...

CONSTANZA

How lucky we were...

ARAM

I escaped...

CONSTANZA

When we arrived in this country.
Twenty years ago.
How lucky we were,
As we trudged up the stairs.
Papa shook like a madman,
Kept praying to Jesus,
Loudly,
Until Mama told him to shut up.
But our papers were in order,
We were healthy,
Had work here.
We breezed right through.
Who could have guessed
Then and there,
That silly, scared Madrileña,
Would end up as a nurse here?

ARAM

What kind of God—?

CONSTANZA

"I was hungry
And you gave me bread...

ARAM

What kind of God—?

CONSTANZA

I was thirsty
And you gave me drink.

ARAM

Would let me
Escape the horror of
That day in Trabzon...

CONSTANZA

I was a stranger
And you welcomed me."

ARAM

What kind of God
Would let me seek a new life
In a land faraway,
Journey many miles,
In a boat across the sea,
Then fill my lungs with fluid,
Just before I arrived—
What kind of God?
Not here.
Not in this bed.

The nurse is kind...
Not in this room...
She's dressed all in white...
Not here...
Such gentle eyes.
Not now.
Not before I see...

PRAAYER

CONSTANZA, TWO NURSES (MEZZO-SOPRANO + TWO SOPRANOS)

CONSTANZA

May your next journey
Be a better one,
A kinder one,
A sweeter one.
When you get to
The other side,
May a bright smile
Greet you,
And arms open
To hold you.
May you be asked in,
Given a seat at the table,
And a bountiful plate.
And may everyone there
Be someone you love,
Or have loved.

CONSTANZA, SOPRANO 2

And may they each look on you
As you would be looked on.
May they each look on you...
As another person.

CONSTANZA, SOPRANO 1 + 2

May your next journey
Be a better one,
A kinder one,
A sweeter one.
When you get to
The other side,
May a bright smile
Greet you,
And arms open
To hold you.

15. AND SO, IT IS DONE

CHORUS/SOLOISTS

CHORUS

And so, it is done.
And so, we begin.
The journey continues,
Our story goes on.
It will soon be a memory:
The noise.
The shouting,
The confusion,
The crowds,
The fear.
Our story goes on.
The line's moving forward.
Papers are stamped
Money is exchanged,
Train tickets are bought,
Wires are sent out,
Relatives are met,
The golden door opens,
The golden door opens,
The golden door opens.
We go to...
Chicago,
Memphis,
Minneapolis,
Boston,
California,
Charleston,
Seattle,
Atlanta,
Omaha,
San Antonio,
Milwaukee,
Cleveland,
Baltimore,
Fayetteville...

ANNA/HANNA

Garden City.
In the state of Kansas.
We went to Kansas.
The farm did well.
For some years.
Then the dust came.
The dust came.
Papa never did recover.
Mama got ill.

ANNA

I married a wealthy man
And moved to Santa Barbara.

HANNA

I answered telephones
At Hallmark Cards
In Kansas City,
And took care of mama.

CHORUS

We go on...
To start a family,
To forget the past,
To make a living,
To start a new life,
To achieve a dream,
To find a decent trade,
To start a new life,
To start a future,
To make a home again,
To raise our children,
To have a better life,
To find work,
To make home
To start a new life.

MASHA

To get a law degree.
Georgetown.
Immigration.
Helped hundreds get here.
From towns like Proskurov.
They were my family.
Never wanted another.

MR. + MRS. NOWAK

Pittsburgh was...

MR. NOWAK

Pittsburgh.

MRS. NOWAK

Good to us.

MRS. NOWAK

I only saw a cowboy
In the movies.

MR. + MRS. NOWAK

Died one hour apart
From each other.

CONNOR

Went to Boston,
Worked on the boats.
Married,
Made some money,
Bought a house,
Raised three children.
When the war came,
I enlisted.
Was killed in the Pacific.
I fight your battles...

SOPRANO SOLO (MASHA)

I plead your cases...

SOPRANO 1 (WITH SOPRANOS)

I set your tables...
I teach your students...
I sew your garments...
I file your records...
I tend your aging...
I judge your trials...

SOPRANO 2 (WITH SOPRANOS)

I keep your schedules...
I write your letters...
I clean your houses...
I sew your garments...
I file your records...
I tend your aging...
I judge your trials...

MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO (CONSTANZA)

I tend your ailing...

MEZZO-SOPRANO (WITH MEZZO-SOPRANOS)

I keep your schedules...
I wash your laundry...
I count your money...
I cook your dinners...
I place your orders...
I guide your traffic...
I run your switchboards...
I weave your textiles...
I plant your orchards...
I train your teachers...
I work your factories...
I watch your children...
I lead your prayers...
I feed the needy...

TENOR SOLO (TOMMASO)

I bake your bread...

TENOR (WITH TENORS)

I watch your holdings...
I carry out your laws...
I steer your barges...
I clear your tables...
I herd your cattle...
I wash your windows...
I dig your coal mines...
I fell your lumber...
I build your towers...

BARITONE (WITH BARITONES)

I pave your highways...
I till your wheat fields...
I supervise your schools...
I drill your oil wells...
I weld your girders...
I drive your tractors...
I guard your prisons...
I douse your fires...
I fix your engines...
I heal your patients...

BASS (WITH BASSES)

I run your railroads...
I lay your cables...
I till your wheat fields...
I operate your mills...
I drill your oil wells...
I weld your girders...
I drive your tractors...
I guard your prisons...
I douse your fires...
I fix your engines...
I heal your patients...

CHORUS

We are here.
And continue on,
Like the others here.
Live our lives here.
Build our dreams here,
And make our home,
Make our home
Here.

TOMMASO

My wife and daughters
Arrived from Caltagirone,
A month later.
We moved to Buffalo.
Opened a bakery.
In Caltagirone,
We are born poor,
Die poor,
As do our children.
But in the new land,
There are such possibilities.
We will be happy here,
Here...
In this strange new land.

THE END.