

## Letter to America

Words and music by Cindy Kallet

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Published by Sleepy Creek Music, BMI

I left the rubble of my native shore  
Twice broken from my home  
We are the tired, we are the huddled, poor  
With nowhere else to go

Washed to shore on gasoline-soaked rafts  
Months parched on desert sand  
Across barbed wire, walls, and mortars' path  
For just a nest of land, for just a nest of land

Who holds that lamp beside the golden door,  
True land of the free?  
Across the snows of America  
It's Canada I see, it's Canada I see

Millions more have traveled paths like mine  
From famine, floods and war  
Able, feeble, sick, and newborn child  
The wealthy and the poor

We are doctors, teachers, daughters, sons  
Can you hear the beating of our hearts  
That are breaking, each and every one  
As our families torn apart, as our lands are pulled apart                      chorus

There was once a flame we held so dear  
It shone 5,000 miles  
I see it flicker in the dark of fear  
I watch it almost die

We see ourselves in your country's worth  
Our families are your own  
But for now we'll travel to the north  
Where we'll be welcomed home, where we'll be welcomed home                      chorus

*"Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,*

*The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!" Emma Lazarus*