

## **Margaret Becker** **"Immigrant's Daughter"**

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Grandma sailed the Irish coast  
When she was barely thirteen  
She was young enough  
To believe in her dreams

Working at a sweatshop  
Down on Bleeker Street  
Staring out the window  
She could see Miss Liberty

The price didn't seem too steep

She believed in a nation  
She believed in love  
She believed in loyalty  
And she put her fate in the hands of God

I believed in a nation  
That's got more than land and water  
I hope, I have the simple faith  
The silent strength of the immigrant's daughter

She could not be halted  
By famine or disease  
She married America  
And she scrubbed it on her knees

Fiercely devoted  
To who was yet to be  
She gladly gave her reverence  
To the high authority

The price didn't seem too steep

She believed in a nation  
She believed in love  
She believed in loyalty  
And she put her fate in the hands of God

I believed in a nation  
That's got more than land and water  
I hope, I have the simple faith

The silent strength of the immigrant's daughter

I look at the photographs  
([Incomprehensible])  
On my naked wall  
([Incomprehensible])  
The gallery of legacy  
([Incomprehensible])  
Has such a haunting call  
([Incomprehensible])

Falling down on my knees  
([Incomprehensible])  
The calling comes to me  
([Incomprehensible])  
I'm gonna run to the land of the living  
And take everyone that I can with me

I believe in a nation  
I believe in love  
I believe in loyalty  
And I put my fate in the hands of God

I believe in a nation  
That's got more than land and water  
I hope, I have the simple faith  
The silent strength of the Immigrant's daughter  
I hope, I have that simple faith

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