

Kristina**"A Sunday In Battery Park"**

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Americans

How d'ye do? How are you?

It's a beautiful day

Here in Battery Park

Perfect, wouldn't you say?

Everybody is here

Nice to meet you again

Haven't seen you, my dear

Not since heaven knows when!

That's a beautiful dress

All done up with a bow

It's the gift of a man

But his wife doesn't know!

Yes there's many a man

Keeps his wife in the dark

As they go for a walk

On the shores of New York

Just an old-fashioned walk

On a Sunday in Battery Park

Danjel

I that you, Lord, on this day of deliverance

For all the suffering you've visited upon me

Tell me what I must do, please,

Help me conquer my fear

Fina-Kajsa

I have a son up in East Minnesota

Grindstones, he says, are no good in this country

Thousands of miles I have carried his stone

They don't know how to make them out here

Robert

Look at her, Arvid

That ship over there
Soon it sails for California!
Out to the goldfields
Imagine that, Arvid
To dig for gold and be rich!

Americans
How d'ye do, how are you?
What a heavenly day
Here in Battery Park
Look who's coming this way

It's that rich Mr. Clark
Leads a miserable life
Always under the thumb
On his Mexican wife

Here comes Sheriff O'Shea
Quite the cock of the walk
He'll be Mayor one day
He'll be boss of New York
He is making his name
He is making his mark
It's a thrill, don't you know
Just to walk to and fro
Make a bit of a show
On a Sunday in Battery Park

Immigrant Women
Look at that pretty skirt
Look at that yellow hat
Aren't they remarkable?
Who wears a hat like that?

Immigrants
Gibberish is their tongue
Can't catch the tang of it
Can't make no sense of it
Don't get the hang of it
We feel numb
Helpless and dumb

Americans
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