



Listening to Immigrant Voices By the Waters of the Rio Grande

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By the waters of the Rio Grande,
 There we sat down and there
 We wept
 When we remembered Zion.
On the willows there
 We hung up our guitars
For there the Border Patrol
 Asked us for songs
And the vigilantes asked for laughter
 Saying, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion!"
How could we sing the Lord's song
 In a foreign land
By the waters we weep and we remember
 We remember Mexico and El Salvador
 We remember Honduras and Guatemala
 We remember Myanmar and Pakistan
 We remember Iraq and Afghanistan and Syria
 We remember South Sudan and Somalia
By the waters we remember
On the willows we hung up our guitars
 We hung up our hopes
 We hung up our homes, our land, our dreams
 We hung up our poverty, our hunger, and our thirst
 We hung up our friends, our traditions and our culture
 We hung up our family ties, our food, and our language
How shall we sing the Lord's song in a foreign land?
 We sing only the song of the homeless, the unemployed
 The laments of hunger and thirst, of death and destruction
 The songs of the songless, the hungry, the thirsty
 The songs of the dying.
How shall we sing the Lord's song in a foreign land?
We sing—only if you sing with us—