

# Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor

1: *mf*  
2: *mp*

Irving Berlin

"Give me your tired, your poor. Your huddled masses  
yearning to breathe free. The wretched refuse of your teeming  
shore. (your teeming shore. Send) Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to  
shore, your teeming shore. Send

## *The New Colossus*

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame  
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;  
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand  
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame  
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name  
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand  
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command  
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame,  
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she  
With silent lips. "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-tossed to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

by Emma Lazarus, New York City, 1883  
Inscribed on the base of the Statue of Liberty

# Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor

last time to 2nd end

me. I lift my lamp be - side the gold - den door!

*f*  
I lift my lamp be - side the gol - den door! I lift my  
lift my lamp be - side the gol - den door! lift my

lamp be - side the gol - den I lift my  
lamp be - side the I lift my lamp be - side the

*ff*  
be - side the gol den door!  
lamp be side the gol - - - den door!  
be - side the gol - den door!  
go - - - den door!