Mother of Exiles
The New Colossus

Emma Lazarus

\[=120\text{ triplet swing}\]

Soprano

Gareth Loy

Alto

Gareth Loy

Baritone

Gareth Loy

Acoustic Guitar

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

The wretched refuse of

Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe

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Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe

The wretched refuse of
your teeming shore. Send these, the

home-less tem-pest toss-ed to me, I

C G C

A Gtr.
lift my lamp beside the golden door!

like the brazen giant of Greek fame,

lift my lamp beside the golden door!

like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
con-quering limbs a-stride from land to land; Here

fame, With con-quering limbs a-stride from land here

con-quering limbs a-stride from land to land; Here

on our sea-washed, sun-set gates shall stand A mi-ghty

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on our sea-washed, sun-set gates shall stand A mi-ghty
A woman with a torch, whose flame Is the imprisoned lighting and her name Mother of Ex-i-les. From her beacon hand Glows
world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command

The air-bridged harbor that twin cities

frame. "Oh keep, ancient lands your storied pomp!" cries she with silent lips.

C

Am

Em

D7
Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses

Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses

Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses

yearning to breathe free, The wretched

yearning to breathe free, The wretched

yearning to breathe free, The wretched

yearning to breathe free, The wretched

yearning to breathe free, The wretched

yearning to breathe free, The wretched

The wretched
Send refuse of your teeming shore.

Send refuse of your teeming shore.

Send refuse of your teeming shore.

these, the homeless tempest tossed to me,

these, the homeless tempest tossed to me,

these, the homeless tempest tossed to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!

Give me your door!

C  C  C  Fœ  C  C  C  Fœ  C  C  C  Fœ  C  C  C  Fœ  C  C  C  Fœ  C  C  C  Fœ  C  C  C  Fœ