

Immigrant

John McCutcheon

IV-67

Intro: D D/F# G A

I am an immigrant. I am a stranger in this place
Here but for the grace of God go I.

D D/F# G D
 G E_m A

I am an immigrant. I have left everything I own
 To everything I've known I say goodbye

D D/F# G D
 G E_m A

Chorus: She said, "Give me your tired," Lord, you know I'm weary
 When she said "Give me your poor," she's talking to me
 One of your huddled masses yearning to breathe free
 And I never have lost sight of what this journey has been for
 See how she lifts her lamp beside that golden door?

G A D
 G F#_m D
 G E_m A
 D G E_m
 G A D

D D/F# G A D D/F# G A

I am an Irishman. The famine put us to the test
Away into the West like wild birds flying

D D/F# G D
 G E_m A

We put our backs to the wheel, with a heart that always yearned for home
 We made this place our own and about died trying

D D/F# G D
 G E_m A

Chorus

I am Chinese. I worked your mills, your yards, your mines
Laid your railroad lines with my two good hands

D D/F# G D
 G E_m A

I am a Chicano in your orchards and your fields
 I have gathered in the yield for this hungry land

D D/F# G D
 G E_m A

Chorus

I am Nigerian. I am Iranian, a Jew

D D/F# G D
 G E_m A

From Laos, Katmandu; I am your story

I am a long, long line, one you have forgotten that is true

D D/F# G D
 G E_m A

I am everything you knew; I am your glory

She said, "Give me your tired." Lord, you know we're weary
 When she said, "Give me your poor," she's talking to you and me
 We are the huddled masses yearning to breathe free
 And we never will lose sight of what this journey has been for
 As we lift her lamp beside the golden door

G A D
 G F#_m D
 G E_m A
 D G E_m
 G A D

D D/F# G A

I I I am an immigrant. I am!
 (repeat)

D D/F# G A