

# THE NEW COLOSSUS

By Emma Lazarus

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  
Glow 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-tost to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

## No Soy Criminal

preguntas por que?  
porque estoy aquí?  
mi voz puede decirlo.

alguna razón,  
una explicación,  
yo puedo darte.

*Coro:*

la razón es sencilla,  
tengo hambre y sed  
de justicia y amor.  
la razón es humana,  
necesito paz,  
igualdad y libertad.

es que en mi país  
ya no puedo vivir,  
un vacío es mi vida,  
necesito de ti.

es que en mi país  
ya no puedo vivir,  
me mata la pobreza,  
me tengo que marchar.

dame, un lugar,  
junto a ti, para vivir.

*Coro*

es que en tu país  
no quieren verme más,  
que soy un criminal,  
merezco algo más.

es que en tu país  
yo soy un ilegal,  
no soy un criminal,  
merezco libertad.

dame, un lugar,  
junto a ti, para vivir.

## I Am Not A Criminal

You ask why?  
Why am I here?  
My voice can say it.

A reason,  
An explanation,  
I can give you.

*Chorus:*

The reason is simple,  
I'm hungry and thirsty  
For justice and love.  
The reason is human,  
I need peace,  
Equality and liberty.

In my country  
I can no longer live,  
My life is an emptiness,  
I need you.

In my country  
I can no longer live,  
Poverty kills me,  
I have to leave.

Give me a place,  
Next to you, to live.

*Chorus*

In your country  
They don't want to see me anymore,  
They say I'm a criminal,  
I deserve something more.

In your country  
I am an illegal,  
I am not a criminal,  
I deserve liberty.

Give me a place,  
Next to you, to live.

*Original lyrics and musical composition by two K'iche' migrants, born in Mexican refugee camps, who are now day laborers in San Francisco. Performed in Berkeley on April 11, 2006.*