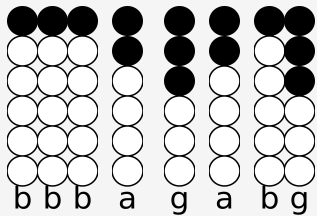


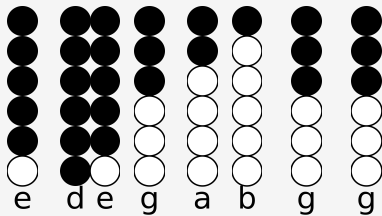
# Tin whistle tabs for: I Pity the Poor Immigrant

Categories: Folk

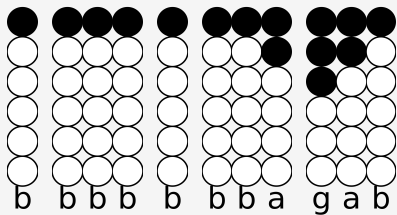
Author/Performer: Bob Dylan



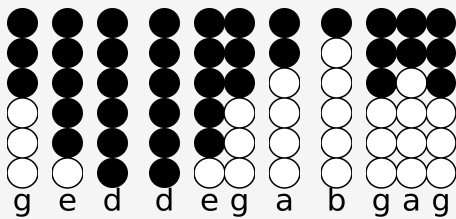
I- pity- the poor immigrant



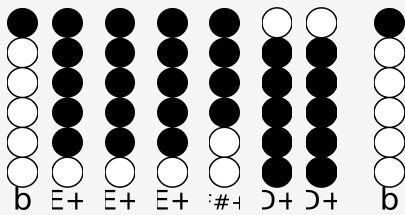
Who wishes he would've stayed home,



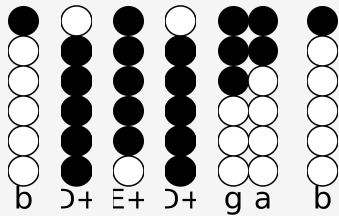
Who uses- all his power to do evil



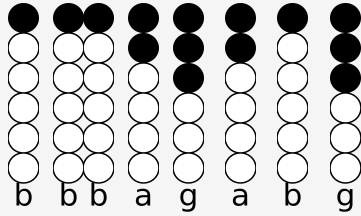
But in the end is always left so alone.



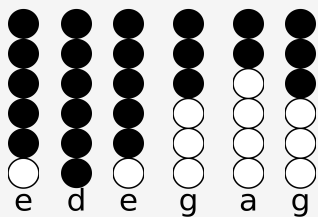
That man whom with his fingers cheats



And who lies with ev'ry breath,



Who passionately hates his life



And likewise, fears his death.

I pity the poor immigrant  
 Whose strength is spent in vain,  
 Whose heaven is like Ironsides,  
 Whose tears are like rain,  
 Who eats but is not satisfied,  
 Who hears but does not see,  
 Who falls in love with wealth itself  
 And turns his back on me.

I pity the poor immigrant  
 Who tramples through the mud,  
 Who fills his mouth with laughing  
 And who builds his town with blood,  
 Whose visions in the final end  
 Must shatter like the glass.  
 I pity the poor immigrant  
 When his gladness comes to pass.