

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

Emma Lazarus

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