

Name: _____

Email: _____

“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-tossed to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!”

- 1) What words, phrases or images from the poem stood out to you? Why?
- 2) What human characteristics does the poem give to the Statue?
- 3) To what extent does the poem render the Statue as powerful; as powerless?
- 4) How does the author depict the immigrants?
- 5) How does “The New Colossus” influence the way you view the Statue of Liberty?
- 6) In your opinion, how is the poem relevant today?

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