

The New Colossus¹

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

¹ "The bronze plaque, located in the Statue of liberty exhibit on the second floor of the pedestal, is inscribed with the [sonnet "The New Colossus"](#) by [Emma Lazarus](#). It has never been engraved on the exterior of the pedestal, despite such depictions in editorial cartoons." Wikipedia, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Statue_of_Liberty.