

The New Colossus

Emma Lazarus

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame¹,
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
5 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!"² cries she
10 With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming³ shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost⁴ to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

¹ giant of Greek fame: The reference is to Colossus, a huge bronze (brazen) statue of the ancient Greek god Helios. It dominated the harbor of the Greek city of Rhodes from 280 to 224 B.C.

² pomp: splendor; magnificence

³ teeming: crowded

⁴ tempest-tost: upset by storm. *Tempest* here refers to other hardships as well.