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Name: _____ Class: _____ Date: _____

Liberty Poem

Directions: Each line in "The New Colossus" by Emma Lazarus creates an image. Thinking about each line can help you figure out the poem's meaning. In this activity, you will write about what the images in this poem mean to you.

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, 1883

What Emma Lazarus Wrote	The Image I See	What This Means to Me
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.		
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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!"		