

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



Emma Lazarus  
1849-1887

Writer of the famous sonnet “**The New Colossus**”. Lazarus was a descendent of Portuguese Sephardic Jewish immigrants and lived in New York City. This poem, written by Lazarus in 1883, was an attempt by people of the arts to raise money for the completion of the Statue of Liberty’s pedestal. This poem did not initially receive much attention until 1903 when a bronze plaque of the poem was placed on the inner walls of the Statue of Liberty’s pedestal.

Emma Lazarus died of cancer in 1887.