



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

\* *Written in aid of Bartholdi Pedestal Fund, 1883.*



The poet, Emma Lazarus, engraved by Thomas Johnson from a photograph by William Kurtz. Originally published in *The Century Magazine* in 1888. Now available digitally via the [Library of Congress](#).

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This text is taken from *The Poems of Emma Lazarus: Volume 1*, published in 1889. The [original, public domain edition](#) can be viewed in its entirety via Google Books.