

The New Colossus

Emma Lazarus



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The New Colossus

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

Shared Inquiry Discussion

Name: _____

Text: _____

Focus question: _____

Your answer before the discussion: _____

How did the discussion affect your answer? Did it change your mind? Provide additional support for your answer? Make you aware of additional issues? _____

Your answer after the discussion: _____

What in the text helped you decide on this answer? _____
