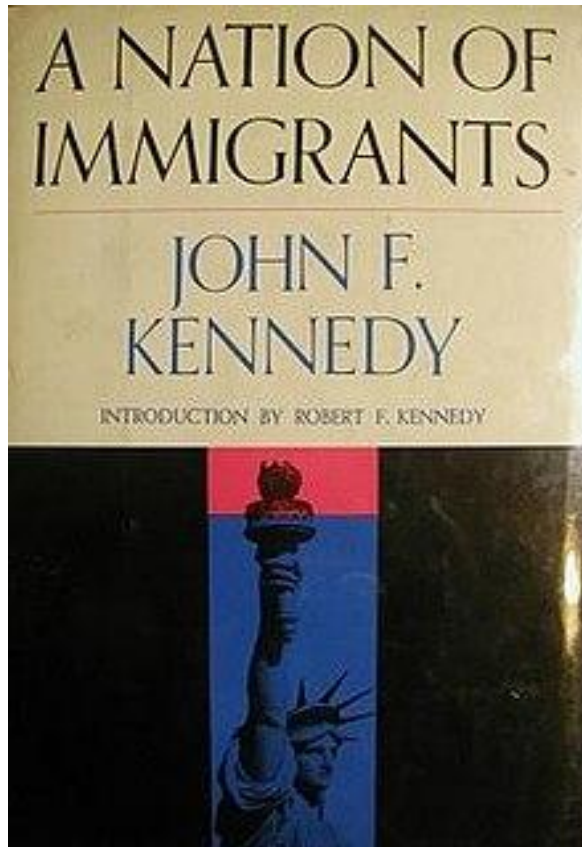


## Handout #1: “The New Colossus”



*A Nation of Immigrants* by John F. Kennedy

**Excerpt from Emma Lazarus’s “The New Colossus,” 1883**

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 ...

“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!”

**Vocabulary Assistance:**

**pomp:** (noun) cheap, boastful, or vain display

**wretched:** (adjective) (of a person) in a very unhappy or unfortunate state.

**Refuse:** (noun) something thrown aside, or left as worthless.

**teeming:** (verb) be full of or swarming with.

**tempest-tost:** (adjective) pounded or hit repeatedly by storms or adversities.