

# The New Colossus

1. Adjective
2. Adjective
3. Adjective
4. Adjective
5. Adjective
6. Adjective
7. Adjective
8. Adjective
9. Noun - Plural
10. Adjective

# The New Colossus

Not like the \_\_\_\_\_ giant of Greek fame,

With \_\_\_\_\_ limbs astride from land to land;

Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand

A \_\_\_\_\_ woman with a torch, whose flame

Is the \_\_\_\_\_ lightning, and her name

Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand

Glowes world-wide welcome; her \_\_\_\_\_ eyes command

The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.

"Keep

ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she

With silent lips. "Give me your \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_, your \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_,

Your \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural \_\_\_\_\_ yearning to breathe free,

The \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ refuse of your teeming shore.

Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,

I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"