



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.

cut
out

cut
out

Fold the dotted lines forwards
Fold the other lines backwards

Glue inside
on the other side of
the poem

