

A close-up, low-angle shot of the Statue of Liberty's head and crown against a clear blue sky. The statue's face is in profile, looking slightly upwards and to the right. The crown's spikes are visible behind her head.

"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!"

For many years, as immigrants made their way into New York Harbor, the first thing they beheld was the Statue of Liberty holding her torch up high. At the base of the statue is a poem, "The New Colossus" By Emma Lazarus. The final stanza, above, is particularly meaningful. Do you think this sentiment is still held today? Was it ever? Please explain in a paragraph or more.