

# The Liberty Star



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.

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Fold the dashed lines forwards  
.....  
Fold the dotted lines backwards

Glue inside  
on the other side of  
the poem



"Adrideri Et Oblectare"