

## God Bless America Word Search and Hidden Message

After you download and print out the puzzle, hi-lite each word or phrase listed below. (Ignore spaces and punctuation.) Unused letters in the puzzle can be transferred in order to the lines below the word list to reveal part of a famous American quote. You will find the hidden message on the second page of the download.

G M I T O T H E P V T A H T D N A L  
 W E A M E E Y R O F U A B O V E R M  
 A I T O I E A R E R D E E M O H O O  
 M Y T O F I W U R O G P M O O U R R  
 E Y O H R H U S R M H O U O N D E F  
 R D L I T D T T E T D M D T H H A S  
 I S E G N H H I H H E S A B T Y Y A  
 C S E A U R E T W E A I R O L N M I  
 A N R O O I H T G T N O T B R E E A  
 T E H U C G D E I S F I R E R D S E  
 H I G L I E I E F H T M G I Y I T S  
 L H A L M P A B H E W S C H I S A D  
 E V O L I E T N H E E A G O T E N L  
 D G O D B L E S S E R N D O O B D R

God bless  
beside  
with the  
mountains  
white  
sweet

America,  
her and  
light  
to the  
with foam  
home.

land that  
guide her  
from  
prairies  
God bless

I love.  
Through  
above.  
To the  
America,

Stand  
the night  
From the  
oceans  
my home

" \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_,  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_."

Note: "God Bless America" was written by Irving Berlin and sung for the first time in 1938.

Hidden message:

"Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
...I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

Emma Lazarus  
November 2, 1883

Here's the entire poem, inscribed on a plaque on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty:

### **The New Colossus**

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,  
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;  
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; her mild eyes command  
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.  
"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!"

Emma Lazarus  
November 2, 1883

<https://www.nps.gov/stli/learn/historyculture/colossus.htm>