

## Hope is the thing with feathers

Emily Dickinson (1830–86)

Hope is the thing with feathers  
That perches in the soul,  
And sings the tune without the words,  
And never stops at all,

And sweetest in the gale is heard;                    5  
And sore must be the storm  
That could abash the little bird  
That kept so many warm.

I've heard it in the chillest land,  
And on the strangest sea;                    10  
Yet, never, in extremity,  
It asked a crumb of me.