

# Hope Is a Thing with Feathers

Emily Dickinson

“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  
And sore must be the storm  
That could abash the little Bird  
That kept so many warm

I’ve heard it in the chilliest land  
And on the strangest Sea  
Yet – never – in Extremity,  
It asked a crumb – of me.