



HOPE IS THE THING WITH FEATHERS
THAT PERCHES IN THE SOUL, AND
SINGS THE TIME WITHOUT THE WORDS
AND NEVER STOPS AT ALL

AND NESTS IN THE GALE OF DREAMS;
AND MUST BE THE THING THAT
CAN ASK THE LITTLE BIRD THAT
KEEPS SO MANY NESTS

I'VE HEARD IT IN THE
CHILLEST LAND, AND ON THE
STRANGEST SEA; YET, NEVER
IN EXTREMITY, IT ASKED
A CRUMB OF ME.

HOPE IS THE THING WITH
FEATHERS THAT PERCHES IN THE
SOUL, AND SINGS THE TIME
WITHOUT THE WORDS AND
NEVER STOPS AT ALL

AND SWEETEST
IN THE GALE IT
HEARS; AND SING MUST BE
THE STORM THAT LINGS
AGAIN THE LITTLE BIRD
THAT KEEPS SO MANY NESTS

I'VE HEARD IT IN THE CHILLEST
LAND, AND ON THE STRANGEST SEA;
YET, NEVER, IN EXTREMITY, IT
ASKED A CRUMB OF ME

HOPE IS THE THING WITH FEATHERS
EMILY DICKINSON