

[“Hope” is the thing with feathers—”]

“Hope” is the thing with feathers— That perches in the soul— And sings the tune without the words— And never stops—at all—	1
And sweetest—in the Gale—is heard— And sore must be the storm— That could abash the little Bird That kept so many warm—	5
I’ve heard it in the chilliest land— And on the strangest Sea—	10
Yet, never, in Extremity, It asked a crumb—of Me.	12