HOPE IS THE THING WITH FEATHERS

Emily Dickinson

Daniel R. Mitchell

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 chillest land, And on the strangest sea; Yet, never, in extremity, It asked a crumb of me.



