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