

POEMS

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



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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

