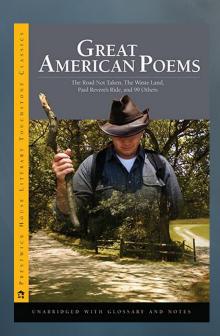
"'Hope' is the thing with feathers"

By 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.





ECHO3S FROM LITERATURE