Hope Is the Thing with Feathers

Poem • Read it, then copy it neatly. Keep going on the back.

"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 –

— Emily Dickinson

Hope Is the Thing with Feathers (continued)