

<p>“Hope” Emily Bronte, 1818-1848</p>	<p>“Hope is the thing with feathers” (254) or (314) Emily Dickinson, 1830 - 1886</p>
<p>Hope was but a timid friend; She sat without the grated den, Watching how my fate would tend, Even as selfish-hearted men.</p> <p>She was cruel in her fear; Through the bars, one dreary day, I looked out to see her there, And she turned her face away!</p> <p>Like a false guard, false watch keeping, Still, in strife, she whispered peace; She would sing while I was weeping; If I listened, she would cease.</p> <p>False she was, and unrelenting; When my last joys strewed the ground, Even Sorrow saw, repenting, Those sad relics scattered round;</p> <p>Hope, whose whisper would have given Balm to all my frenzied pain, Stretched her wings, and soared to heaven, Went, and ne'er returned again!</p>	<p>Hope is the thing with feathers That perches in the soul, And sings the tune without the words, And never stops at all,</p> <p>And sweetest in the gale is heard; And sore must be the storm That could abash the little bird That kept so many warm.</p> <p>I've heard it in the chillest land, And on the strangest sea; Yet, never, in extremity, It asked a crumb of me.</p>