

## **‘Hope’ is the Thing with Feathers** **by Emily Dickinson (1830–1886)**

“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.

# Dreams

by Langston Hughes (1867–1902)

Hold fast to dreams,  
For if dreams die  
Life is a broken-winged bird  
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams,  
For when dreams go  
Life is a barren field  
Frozen with snow.