

1.

I wandered lonely as a cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills

2.

Because I could not stop for Death – He kindly stopped for me – The Carriage held but just Ourselves – And Immortality.

3.

Hope is the thing with feathers — That perches in the soul — And sings the tune without the words — And never stops at all

4.

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood, And sorry I could not travel both And be one traveler, long I stood And looked down one as far as I could To where it bent in the undergrowth;

5.

You may write me down in history With your bitter, twisted lies, You may trod me in the very dirt But still, like dust, l'll rise.