

# Hope

by Emily Dickinson

Christina Chung

Alto *p* *mf*

Hope is the thing with fea - thers that per - ches in the soul

A. *mp*

and sings the tune with - out the words and nev - er - stops at all

A. *mp*

And sweet - est in the Gale is heard and sore must be the storm

A. *mp*

that could a - bash the litt - le bird that kept so ma - ny warm

A. *mf*

I've heard it on the chill - est - land and on the strang - est sea but nev - er in ex -

A. *pp*

tre - mi - ty it asked a crumb of me.