

Hope

by Emily Dickinson

Christina Chung

Alto *p* *mf*

Hope is the thing with feathers that perches in the soul

A. *mp*

and sings the tune without the words and never stops at all

A. *mp*

And sweetest in the Gale is heard and sore must be the storm

A. *mp*

that could abash the little bird that kept so many warm

A. *mf*

I've heard it on the chilliest land and on the strangest sea but never in ex -

A. *pp*

tremity it asked a crumb of me.