

Emily Dickinson

Hope

Thomas Bell

$\text{♩} = \text{c.}70$

Hope is the thing with feath-ers That per-ches in the

soul, And sings the tune with-out the words, And ne-ver stops at

all. And sweet-est in the

gale is heard and sore must be the storm That could a-bash the

19

lit - tle_bird That kept so ma - ny warm._____

24

I've heard it in the chill - est land And on the strang - est sea. Yet ne - ver in ex

31

trem - i - ty_____ it asked a crumb of me.

36

Hope is the thing with feath-ers That per-ches in the soul, And

Oo

40

And ne-ver stops at all.

And ne-ver stops at all.

no rit

44

p

p

47

ppp

A little slower

ppp

1'35"