

Hope

By Tom Armitage

with a text by

Emily Dickinson.

"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 storms,
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.

For accompanied or unaccompanied soprano

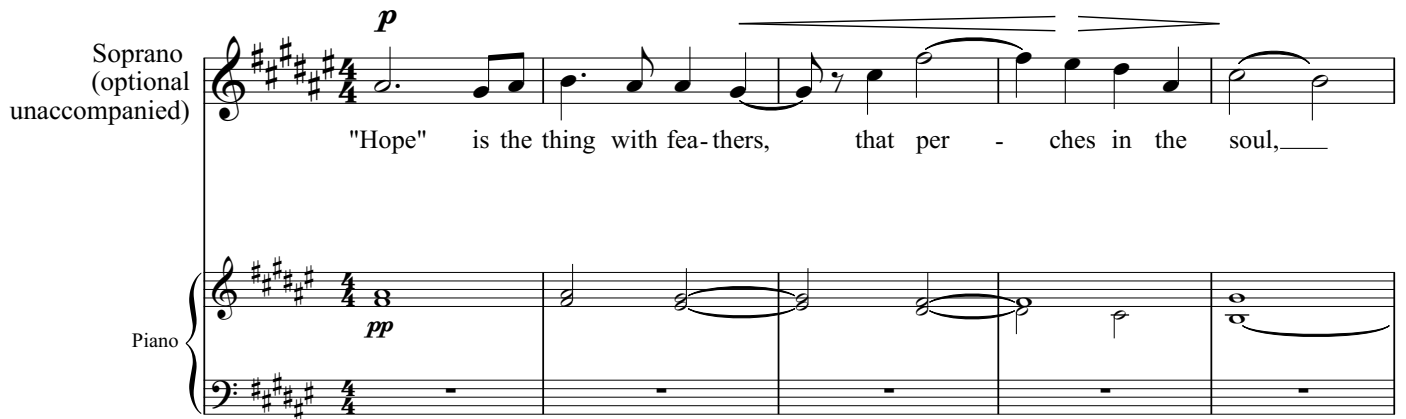
Hope

Very slow and delicate

By Tom Armitage
with words by Emily Dickinson

Soprano
(optional
unaccompanied)

p



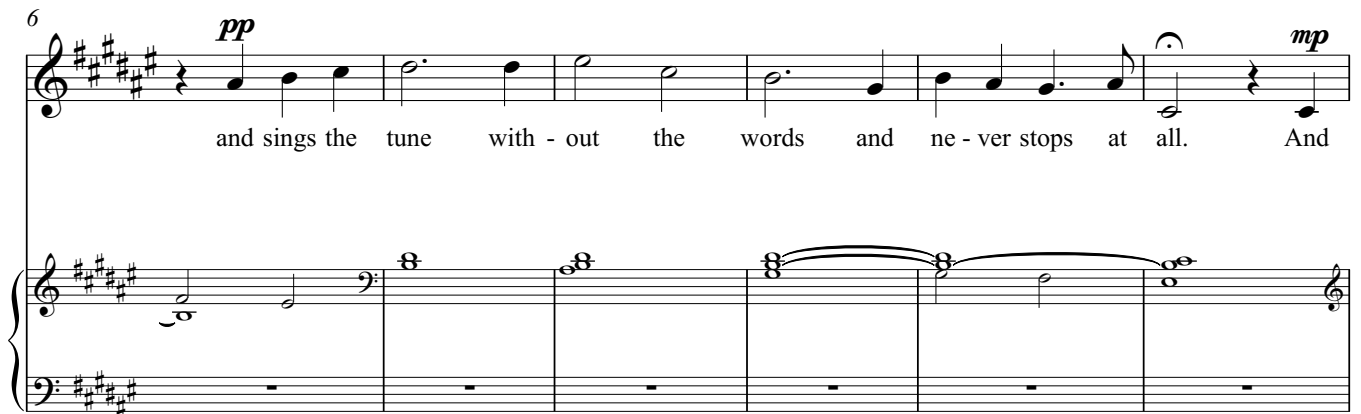
"Hope" is the thing with fea-thers, that per - ches in the soul, _

Piano

pp

6

pp

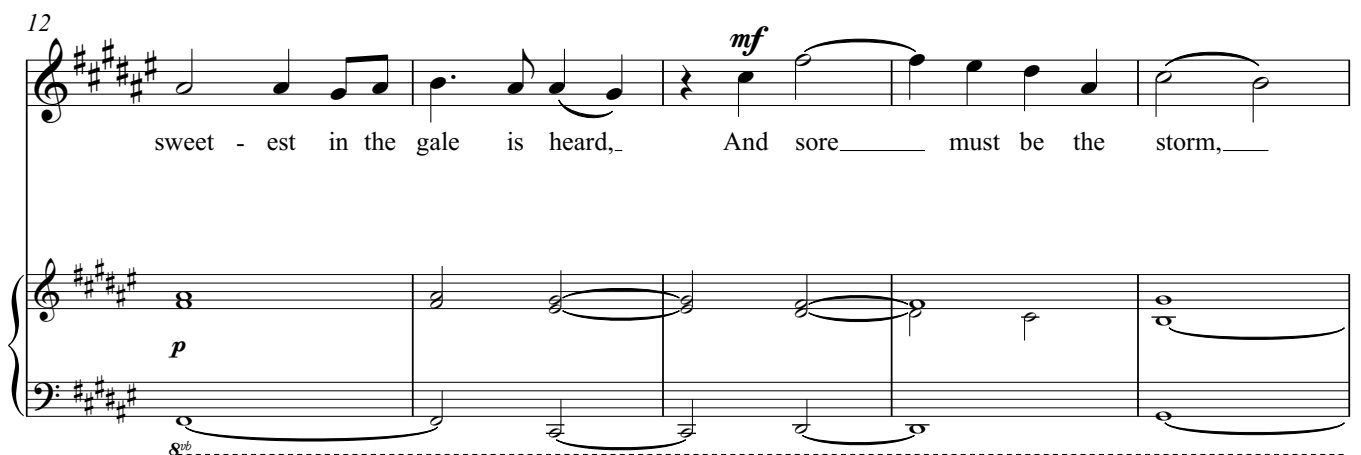


and sings the tune with - out the words and ne - ver stops at all. And

mp

12

mf



sweet - est in the gale is heard, And sore must be the storm, _

p

8vb

17

p That could a - bash the lit - tle bird That kept so ma - ny warm. I've *f*

senza accenti!

pp

(8).....!

23

Più Lento

heard it in the chill - est land, And on the stran - gest sea,

pp

f *p* *pp*

28

Yet ne - ver in ex - tre - mi - ty, it asked a crumb of me.

rit.

rit.