





# Hope Sings Sweet Tune [SATB]

(Hope is the Thing with Feathers)

Emily Dickinson

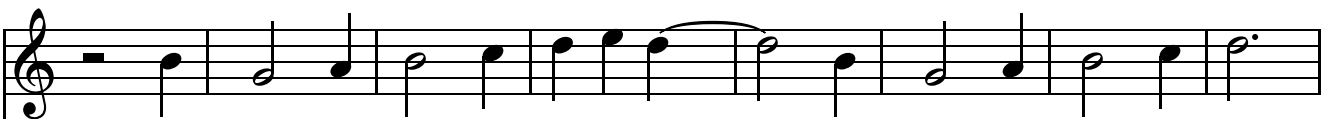

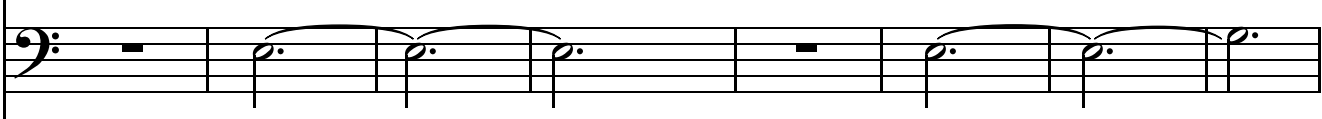
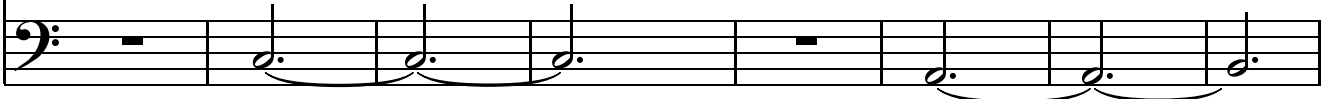
L Les Draeb

$\text{♩} = 160$

Sop.   
Alto   
Ten.   
Bass 


Hope is the thing with fea-thers That per - ches in the soul,  
Hope.. Soul...


9

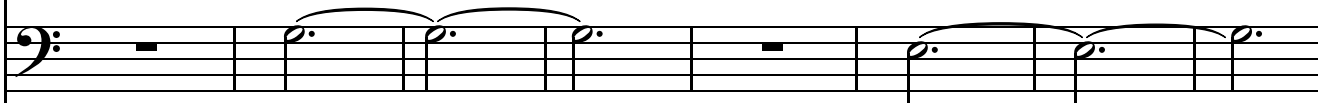
Sop.   
Alto   
Ten.   
Bass 

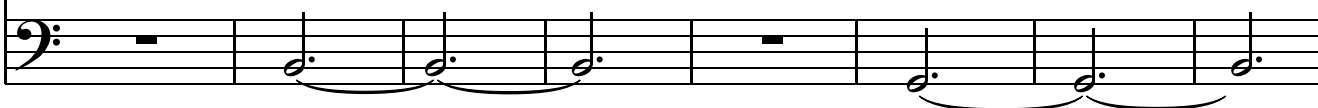
And sings the tune with - out the words \_ And nev - er stops at all  
Sings... Tune...

17

Sop.   
1&3:And sweet - est in the gale is heard; And sore must be the storm  
2:I've heard it in the chill - est land; And on the strang - est sea;

Alto 

Ten.   
Sweet... Storm...

Bass 

25

1.

Sop.   
1:That could a - bash the lit - tle bird — That kept so ma - ny warm.

Alto 

Ten.   
Bird... Warm...

Bass 

33 2.

Sop. 2: Yet, nev - er, in ex - trem - i - ty — It asked a crumb of me.

Alto

Ten. Bird... Warm...

Bass Bird... Warm...

41 3.

Sop. 3: That could a - bash the lit - tle bird — That kept so ma - ny warm. —

Alto

Ten. Bird... Warm...

Bass Bird... Warm...