

Hope is the thing with feathers - Words by Emily Dickinson, Music by Christopher Tin

SOPRANO

"Hope" is the thing with feathers that perches in the soul
And sings the tune, And sings the tune

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

That kept so many warm

And on the strangest Sea,
Yet never in extremity It asked a crumb

"Hope" is the thing, "Hope" is the thing with feathers, with feathers, with feathers,
"Hope," "Hope," "Hope," "Hope."

ALTO

"Hope" is the thing with feathers that perches in the soul
And sings the tune with-out the words

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

I've heard it in the chilliest land
And on the strangest Sea
Yet never in extremity It asked a crumb Of me

"Hope" is the thing with feathers, with feathers, with feathers, with feathers,
"Hope," "Hope," "Hope," "Hope."

TENOR

"Hope" is the thing with feathers that perches in the soul,
sings the tune without the words, And never stops at all,

That could abash the little Bird That kept so many warm

And on the strangest Sea
Yet never in extremity It asked a crumb of me

"Hope" is the thing the thing with feathers, with feathers, with feathers, feathers,
"Hope," "Hope," "Hope," "Hope."

BASS

"Hope" is the thing with feathers that perches in the soul,
sings the tune without the words, Oo

That could a-bash the little Bird That kept so many warm

And on the strangest Sea
Yet never in extremity It asked a crumb of me

"Hope" "Hope" with feathers, with feathers, with feathers,
"Hope," "Hope," "Hope," "Hope."