

# Hope is the Thing with Feathers

Poem by Emily Dickinson

Noah Klinger

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Cello

I^ VI%3 IV%3 VI^3 I%3 V%3

5

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

I%3 VI%3 II^ V%3 IV^ III%3 V%3

Hope is the Thing with Feathers

9

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

VI%3 I%#

VI%3 VI^ IV^ V^3 III%3

13

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

VI%3 IV%3 VI%3 I%3 III^ IV^4 I%3 V%3

17

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

I%3 III%3 IV%3 VI%3 V%3 IV%3 V%3

21

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

V%3 IV^ I%3 V%3 II%3 V%3 I%3

Hope is the Thing with Feathers  
 that Perches in the Soul  
 An sings the tune without the words  
 And never stops at all

And Sweetest in the Gale is heard  
 and Sore must be the Storm  
 That could abash the little bird  
 that kept so many warm

I've heard it in the chilliest land  
 and on the strnagest Sea  
 and never in extremity  
 it asked a Crumb of me