Hope.

Words by ARCHER M. HUNTINGTON. Music by G. FERRATA, Op. 21, No. 2

Largamente.

Voice.

From my window I looked on the world

Piano.

Covered with snow. Then a tapping came at my door,

Faint and low. I opened and a child came out of the cold and snow.


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"I am Hope," said the child, I am come,

Out of the cold and the snow. Hungry and thin, and cold.

Hope came out of the snow, But I drove him forth a-

gain, Into the cold and the snow.
Under my window lies, Stark through the night and
day,
Hope,
Hope;
in the cold and snow.