

WHISPERING HOPE

Soft . . . as the voice of an an-gel
Breath-ing a les-son un-heard
Hope . . . with a gen-tle per-sua-tion
Whis-pers her com-fort-ing word.

Wait . . . till the dark-ness is o-ver
Wait . . . till the tem-pest is done
Hope for the sun-shine to-mor-row
Af-ter the show-er is gone.

(chorus)

Whis—per-ing hope . . . oh how wel—come Thy voice
Mak—ing my heart . . . in the sor—row re-joice.

If . . . in the dusk of the twi-light
Dim be the re-gion a-far
Will . . . not the deep-en-ing dark-ness
Brighten the glim-mer-ing star?

Then . . . when the night is up-on us
Why should the heart sink a-way?
When the dark mid-night is o-ver
Watch . . . for the break-ing of day.

(chorus)