

WHISPERING HOPE

Soft as the voice of an an-gel,
Breath-ing a les-son un-heard,
Hope with a gen-tle per-sua-sion
Whis-pers her com-fort-ing word:
Wait till the dark-ness is o-ver, *—*
Wait till the tem-pest is done, *men*
Hope for the sun-shine to-mor-row,
Af-ter the show-er is gone.

Sals.

Chorus (Harmony in brackets):

**Whis - per-ing hope, O how wel - come thy voice,
Mak-ing my heart in its sor-row re-joice
(Whis-per-ing hope, Whis-per-ing hope, Wel-come thy voice,
O how wel-come thy voice, Mak-ing my heart, mak-ing my heart,
in its sor-row, its 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
Bright-en 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.

~~Hope, as an an-chor so stead-fast,
Rends the dark veil for the soul,
Whith-er the Mas-ter has en-tered,
Rob-bing the grave of its goal.
Come then, O come, glad fru-i-tion,
Come to my sad wea-ry heart;
Come, O Thou blest hope of glo-ry,
Nev-er, O nev-er de-part~~