Whispering Hope

Pat Boone

Soft as the voice of an angel, breathing a lesson unheard
Hope with a gentle persuasion, whispers her comforting word
Wait till the darkness is over, wait till the tempest is done
Hope for the sunshine tomorrow, after the darkness is gone
Whispering hope, oh, how welcome thy voice
Making my heart in its sorrow rejoice

If in the dusk of the twilight, dim be the region afar
Will not the deepening darkness brighten the glimmering star?
Then when the night is upon us, why should the heart sink away?
When the dark midnight is over, watch for the breaking of day
Whispering hope, oh, how welcome thy voice
Making my heart in its sorrow rejoice

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