

# Whispering Hope

Cristy Lane

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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