

Whispering Hope

[Alice Hawthorne](#)

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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