

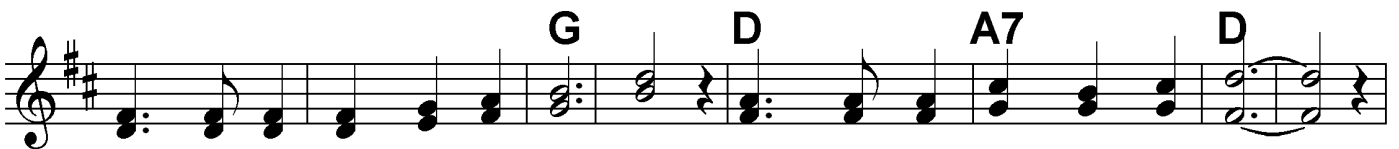
Whispering Hope

Words: Alice Hawthorne, 1868

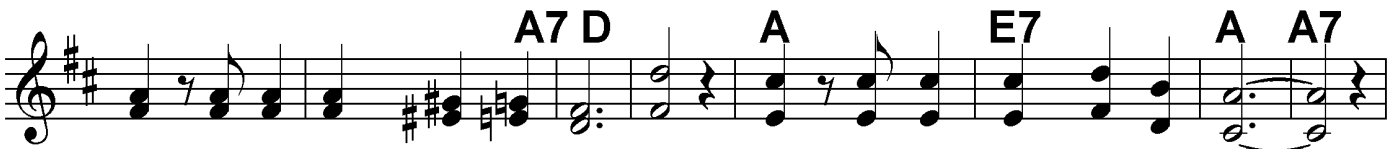
Music: Septimus Winner, 1868



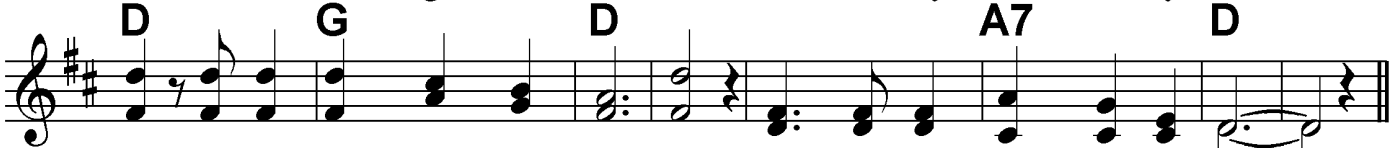
1. Soft, as the voice of an an-gel Breath-ing a les-son un-heard,
 2. If, in the dusk of the twi-light, Dim be the re-gion a-far,
 3. Hope, as an an-chor so stead-fast, Rends the dark veil for the soul,



Hope with a gen-tle per-sua-sion Whis-pers her com-fort-ing word:
 Will not the deep-en-ing dark-ness Bright-en the glim-mer-ing star?
 Whith-er the Mas-ter has en-tered, Rob-bing the grave of its goal.



Wait till the dark-ness is o-ver, Wait till the temp-est is done,
 Then, when the night is up-on us, Why should the heart sink a-way?
 Come then, O come, glad fru-i-tion, Come to my sad wear-y heart.



Hope for the sun-shine to-mor-row Af-ter the show-er is done.
 When the dark mid-night is ov-ver, Watch for the break-ing of day.
 Come, O Thou blest hope of glo-ry, Nev-er, O nev-er de-part.



Whis-per-ing hope, . . . O how wel-come thy voice, . . .
 Whis-per-ing hope, Whis-per-ing hope, Welcome thy voice, O how welcome thy voice,



Mak-ing my heart . . . in its sor-row re-joice.
 Mak-ing my heart, Mak-ing my heart in its sor-row, its sor-row re-joice.