Whispering Hope

"...how faint the whisper we hear of Him." (Job 26:14)

Alice Hawthorne

R. E. Wessett

1. When amid life's bus- y throng- ing Wea- ried and lone- ly you sigh,
   When for your soul's deep- est long- ing Naught to bring comfort is nigh;
   Hark, on the lis- t'ning ear fall- ing, Comes a word tender and true;
   List to a gen- tle voice call- ing, Bringing a mes- sage for you.

2. All the world's glamor- ous pleasures On- ly de- ceive and en- chain;
   True and un- per- ish- ing treas- ures There seek ye ev- er in vain,
   Come, lift your eyes to the mountains, And your soul's yearning shall cease;
   Drink at the life- giv- ing foun- tains, There to find rest and sweet peace.

Whis- per- ing hope, Oh, how wel- come thy voice,
   Whis- per- ing hope, Oh, how wel- come thy voice,
   Whis- per- ing hope, Oh, how wel- come thy voice,
   Whis- per- ing hope, Oh, how wel- come thy voice,

Making my heart in its sor- row re- joice.

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Pr. Marcelo Augusto de Carvalho