

Whispering Hope

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

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1. When a-mid life's bus-y throng-ing Wea-ried and lone-ly you sigh,
2. All the world's glamouring pleasures On-ly de-ceive and en-chain;

When for your soul's deep-est long-ing Naught to bring comfort is nigh;
True and un-per-ish-ing treas-ures There seek ye ev-er in vain.

Hark, on the lis-t'ning ear fall-ing, Comes a word tender and true;
Come, lift your eyes to the mountains, And your soul's yearning shall cease;

List to a gen-tle voice call-ing, Bring-ing a mes-sage for you.
Drink at the life-giv-ing fountains, There to find rest and sweet peace.

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

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