

Hayley Westenra, Whispering Hope

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 shower is gone.

Whispering hope, whispering hope
Oh, how welcome, welcome thy voice,
Making my heart
In its sorrow rejoice.

Whispering hope, whispering hope
Oh, how welcome, welcome thy voice,
Making my heart
In its sorrow rejoice.