

Anne Murray, Whispering Hope

Soft as the voice of an angel
Breathing a lesson unheard
Hope with a gentle persuasion
Whispers a 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
Oh, how welcome, thy voice
Making my heart
In its sorrow rejoice
If in the dusk of the twilight
Dimmed be the region afar
Willn't 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
Whispering hope,
Oh, how welcome, thy voice
Making my heart
In its sorrow rejoice