

# 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