

When amid life's busy thronging

Septimus Winner

Whispering Hope

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When amid life's busy thronging
Wearied and lonely you sigh,
When for your soul's deepest longing
Naught to bring comfort is nigh;
Hark, on the list'ning ear falling,
Comes a word tender and true;
List to a gentle voice calling,
Bringing a message for you.

All the world's glamouring pleasures
Only deceive and enchain;
True and unperishing treasures
There seek ye ever in vain.
Come, lift your eyes to the mountains
And your soul's yearning shall cease;
Drink at the life-giving fountains,
There to find rest and sweet peace.

Refrain

Refrain

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

Alice Hawthorne