

Whispering Hope

Soft as the voice of an an-gel,
Breath-ing a les-son un-heard,
Hope with a gen-tle per-sua-sion,
Whis-pers her com-fort-ing word:

Wait till the dark-ness is o-ver,
Wait till the tem-pest is done,
Hope for the sun-shine to-mor-row,
Af-ter the show-er is gone.

Refrain:

Whis-per-ing hope,
oh, how wel-come thy voice,
Mak-ing my heart,
in its sor-row re-joice.

Sweet Hour of Prayer

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne,
Make all my wants and wish-es known!

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief,
My soul has oft-en found re-lief,
And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare,
By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy con-so-la-tions share
Till from Mount Pis-gah's loft-y height
I view my home and take my flight.

In my im-mor-tal flesh I'll rise
To seize the ev-er-last-ing prize.
And shout while pass-ing through the air,
"Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!"

Just a Closer Walk with Thee

I am weak, but Thou art strong;
 Je-sus, keep me from all wrong;
 I'll be sa-tis-fied as long
 As I walk, let me walk close to Thee.

Refrain:

Just a clos-er walk with Thee,
 Grant it, Je-sus, is my plea,
 Dai-ly walk-ing close to Thee,
 Let it be, dear Lord, let it be.

Through this world of toil and snares,
 If I fal-ter, Lord, who cares?
 Who with me my bur-den shares?
 None but Thee, dear Lord, none but Thee.

Refrain

When my fee-ble life is o'er,
 Time for me will be no more;
 Guide me gent-ly, safe-ly o'er
 To Thy king-dom shore, to Thy shore.

Refrain

For though He was crucified in weakness,
 yet He lives by the power of God.
 For we also are weak in Him, but we shall live with Him
 by the power of God toward you.

~2 Corinthians 13:4 (NKJV)

Sitting at the Feet of Jesus 13

Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus,
 Oh, what words I hear Him say!
 Hap-py place! so near, so pre-cious!
 May it find me there each day;
 Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus,
 I would look up-on the past;
 For His love has been so gra-cious,
 It has won my heart at last.

Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus,
 Where can mor-tal be more blest?
 There I lay my sins and sor-rows,
 And, when wear-y, find sweet rest;
 Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus,
 There I love to weep and pray;
 While I from His full-ness gath-er
 Grace and com-fort eve-ry day.

Bless me, O my Sav-ior, bless me,
 As I sit low at Thy feet;
 Oh, look down in love up-on me,
 Let me see Thy face so sweet;
 Give me, Lord, the mind of Je-sus,
 Keep me ho-ly as He is;
 May I prove I've been with Je-sus,
 Who is all my right-eous-ness.

And she had a sister called Mary,
 who also sat at Jesus' feet and heard His word. ~Luke 10:39 (NKJV)