

WHEN HOPE ITSELF SEEMS NEARLY GONE

When hope itself seems nearly gone,
in dark nights of your soul,
when terror strikes or pain contorts,
hope plays its loving role,
hope plays its loving role.

When offered love dies unreturned,
when anger, hate, and lies
defeat your spirit, rob your joy
a song of hope replies,
a song of hope replies.

To all those sleeping on the street,
the soldier on patrol,
the rich made homeless by the storm:
hope comes to fill your soul,
hope comes to fill your soul.

When death deprives you of a love
that caused your sun to shine,
continue through the night-like day,
see hope in Bread and Wine,
see hope in Bread and Wine.

This primal gift lives on in us;
sustains our tragic hour,
as One despairing on the cross
would know hope's risen power,
would know hope's risen power.

One glorious word is clearly "hope"
among those lofty three.
While "faith" and "love" may guide our lives,
hope springs eternally...
hope brings eternity.