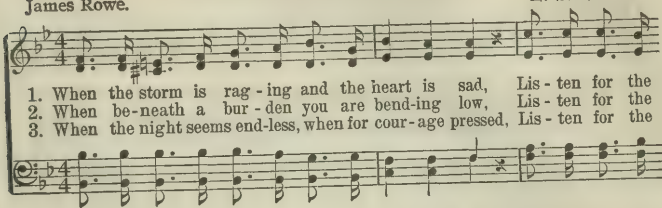
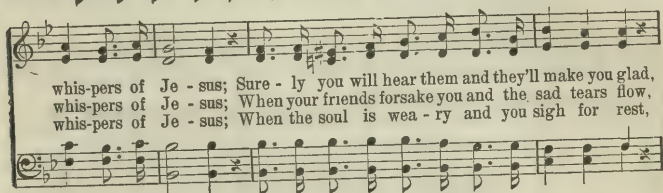


James Rowe.

E. S. Lorenz.

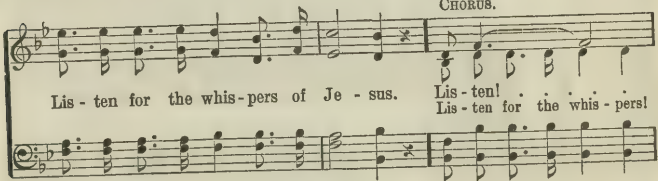


1. When the storm is rag - ing and the heart is sad, Lis - ten for the
 2. When be - neath a bur - den you are bend - ing low, Lis - ten for the
 3. When the night seems end - less, when for cour - age pressed, Lis - ten for the

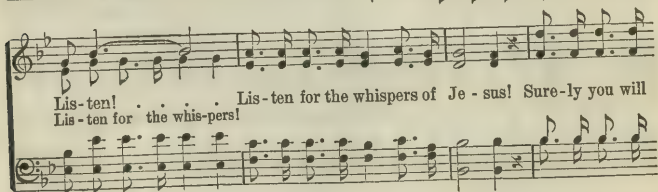


whis - pers of Je - sus; Sure - ly you will hear them and they'll make you glad,
 whis - pers of Je - sus; When your friends forsake you and the sad tears flow,
 whis - pers of Je - sus; When the soul is wea - ry and you sigh for rest,

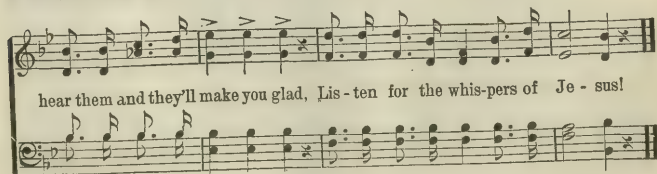
CHORUS.



Lis - ten for the whis - pers of Je - sus. Lis - ten! Lis - ten for the whis - pers!



Lis - ten! Lis - ten for the whis - pers of Je - sus! Sure - ly you will
 Lis - ten for the whis - pers!



hear them and they'll make you glad, Lis - ten for the whis - pers of Je - sus!