

# HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING?

ROBERT WADSWORTH LOWMY, 1869

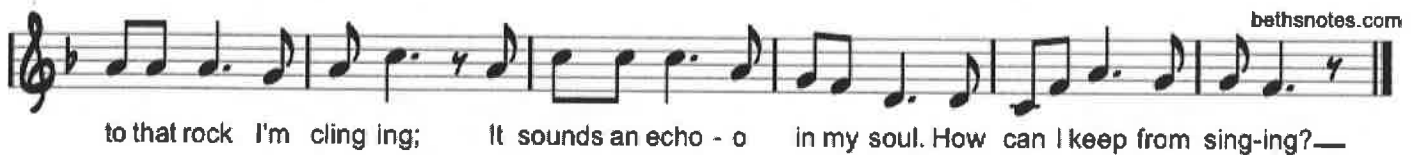


1. My life flows on in end-less song, a - bove earth's la - men - ta - tion. I hear the real though

Refrain



far off song that hails a new cre - a - tion. No storm can shake my in most calm, while



to that rock I'm cling ing; It sounds an echo - o in my soul. How can I keep from sing-ing?—

2. What though the tempest round me roars, I know the truth, it liveth.  
What though the darkness round me close, songs in the night it giveth.  
No storm can shake my in-most calm, while to that rock I'm clinging;  
Since love is lord of heaven and earth, How can I keep from singing?