How Can I Keep from Singing?

Robert Lowry, 1860

1. My life flows on in endless song; Above earth's lamentation I hear the sweet though far off hymn That hails a new creation: Through

2. What though my joys and comforts die? The Lord my Savior liveth; What though the darkness gather round! Songs in the night He giveth: No day by day this path-way smoothes Since first I learned to love it: The

3. I lift mine eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue above it; And hear the sweet though far off hymn That hails a new creation: Through all the tumult and the strife I hear the music ringing; It finds an echo in my soul— How can I keep from singing? Christ is Lord of Heav'n and earth, How can I keep from singing? things are mine since I am His— How can I keep from singing? Peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A fountain ever springing: All