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: Though the darkness gather round! Songs in the night He giveth: No day by day this pathway smoothes Since first I learned to love it: The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A fountain ever springing: All things are mine since I am His—How can I keep from singing?

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 storm can shake my inmost calm While to that refuge clinging: Since 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?

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 day by day this pathway smoothes Since first I learned to love it: The all the tumult and the strife I hear the music ringing: It finds an echo in my soul—How can I keep from singing?

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