How Can I Keep From Singing

Robert Low'ry

My life flows on in endless song;
I hear the music above earth's lamentation.
Through all the tumult and the strife,
I hear the music in my soul.

What though my joys and comforts die?
The Lord my Savior springing!
What though the dark-ness gather round?
All things are mine since I am his!

Hails a new creation.
No storm can shake my inmost calm.
While can I keep from singing?
In the night he giveth.

To that Rock I'm clinging.
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?

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