

How Can I Keep from Singing?

Trad Quaker song

Arr. Lesley Lear

My life flows on in endless song above earth's lamentation
I hear the real though far off song that hails a new creation
Through all the tumult and the strife I hear that music playing
It sounds an echo in my soul: how can I keep from singing?

What though the tempest loudly roars I hear the truth, it liveth
What though the darkness round me close, songs in the night it giveth
No storm can shake my inmost calm while to that rock I'm clinging
While love is in the sky and earth: how can I keep from singing?

When tyrants tremble as they hear the bells of freedom ringing
When friends rejoice both far and near, how can I keep from singing?
In prison cell and dungeon vile our thoughts to them are winging
When friends by shame are undefiled: how can I keep from singing?