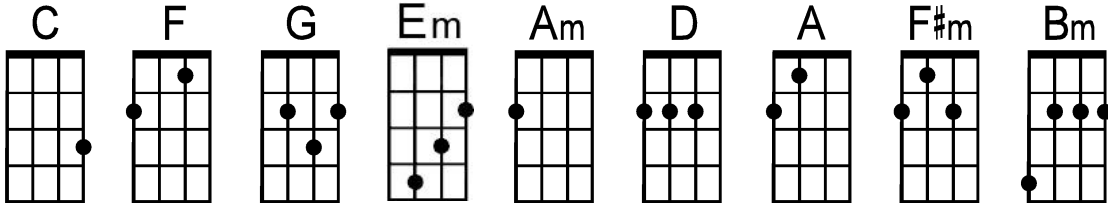


How Can I Keep From Singing?

by Robert Wadsworth Lowry (1868)



Intro: C . F . | C . G\

(sing g)

My life goes on— in endless song— a-bove— Earth's lamen-tations—
 I hear the real— though far off song— that hails— a new cre-ation—
 Through all the tu—mult and the strife— I hear— that music ring-ing
 It sounds an e—cho in my soul— How can I keep— from— sing-ing—?

But though the tem—pest loudly roars— I hear— the truth, it liv-eth—
 and though the dark—ness 'round me grows— songs— in the night it giv-eth—
 No storm can shake— my inmost calm— while to— that rock I'm cling-ing—
 How can I e—ver come to harm—? How can I keep— from— sing-ing?

(sing a)

When ty-rants trem—ble in their fear— and hear— their death knell ring-ing—
 When friends re-joice— both far and near— how can I keep— from— sing-ing—?
 In prison cell— and dungeon vile— our thoughts— to them are wing-ing—
 When friends, by shame— are un-de-filed— how can I keep— from— sing-ing?
 How can I keep— from— sing-ing—?