My life flows on in endless song above earth's lamentation.

I hear the real, though far off hymn that hails a new creation.

No storm can shake my
in most calm while to that rock I'm cling-ing. It

sounds an echo in my soul. How can I keep from

Ah

What

A Tempo

sing-ing.

A Tempo

rit...
A Tempo

though the tempest round me roars, I

know the truth, it liveth. What through the darkness

round me close, songs in the nights it giveth. No
storm can shake my in-most calm while to that rock I'm clinging.

cling-ing._ Since love is lord of_ Heav'n and earth, How

can I keep from sing-ing?_ Keep from sing-ing How
can I keep from singing—Though hunger, war, and
sickness rage And race or creeds divide us, my
faith is firm: I still believe a child's sweet song can
guide us.
A mother's kiss, a father's touch can

send all evil winging. No weapon wields the

pow'r of love How can I keep from singing?
And time keeps ever tolling on. It

Faster ($\sigma=72$)

Faster ($\sigma=72$)
rings and chimes its (its) (chang-es,)— From sum-mer light to

au-tumn dusk, our lives it re -(ar-rang-es)— All

For Perusal Only
sea-sons shall be sweet to me—though win-ter's breath be

sting-ing The child in me will—spring and dance. How

For Perusal Only

For Perusal Only
can I keep from singing?

singing

singing

singing

Ah

singing, singing
My life flows on in singing, singing, singing!

* high c if desired for a few sopranos

endless Song...