*How Can I Keep from Singing?*

My life flows on in endless song, above earth’s lamentation. I hear the real though far off song, that hails a new creation.

No storm can shake my inmost calm, while to that rock I’m clinging; It sounds an echo in my soul, how can I keep from singing?

What through the tempest round me roars, I know the truth, It liveth. What though the darkness round me close, songs in the night it giveth.

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