1. My life flows on in endless song above earth's lamentation.
   Hear the real though far-off hymn that hails a new creation.

REFRAIN: No storm can shake my inmost calm, while to that rock I'm clinging. Since Love is Lord of heaven and earth, how can I keep from singing?

2. Through all the tumult and the strife, I hear that music ringing; it sounds and echoes in my soul; how can I keep from singing?

3. What though the tempest 'round me roar, I hear the truth, it liveth; what though the darkness 'round me close, songs in the night it giveth.

4. When tyrants tremble, sick with fear, and hear their death knells ringing; when friends rejoice both far and near, how can I keep from singing?

5. The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, a fountain ever springing. All things are mine since I am his; how can I keep from singing?