

Marleys Ghost

"How Can I Keep From Singing"

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

What though the tempest loudly roars,
I know 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.
Since love is Lord of Heaven and Earth,
how can I keep from singing?

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?
In prison cell and dungeon vile,
our thoughts to them are winging.
When friends by shame are undefiled,
how can I keep from singing

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