How Can I Keep from Singing?

SATB 1860

Robert Lowry (1826-1899) = 150 Sopran 1. My life flows on in end - less a bove earth's men song; 2. What though my com - forts die? The Lord Sav joys and my ior 3. I lift mine eyes; the cloud grows thin; I the blue see a -Alt 1. My life on end - less bove earth's flows in song; a la men -2. What though my joys and com - forts die? The Lord my Sav ior 3. I lift mine the cloud grows thin; the blue eyes; I see a -Tenor 1. My life flows on in end - less song; bove earth's la men 2. What though my joys and com - forts die? The Lord my Sav ior 3. I lift mine eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a -Bass flows 1. My life on in end - less song; bove men -2. What though joys die? The my and com - forts Lord my Sav ior 3. I lift mine the cloud grows thin; I the blue eyes; see a -S tion. I hear the sweet far - off hails ta though hymn, that a new cre -What liv - eth; though the dark ness ga - ther round! Songs in the night He bove it; day by day this path - way smoothes since first I learned to the far - off ta tion. hear sweet though hymn, that hails a cre new liv - eth; What though the dark ga - ther ness round! in the night He Songs bove it; and day by day this path - way smoothes since first I learned to T ta tion. I hear the sweet though far - off hymn, that hails a new cre liv - eth; What though the dark ga - ther round! in the night Не ness Songs day day bove it; and by this path - way smoothes since first I learned to В ta tion. I hear the sweet though far - off hymn, that hails a new cre ga - ther liv - eth: What though the dark ness round! Songs in the night He bove it; day path - way smoothes I and by day this since first learned to



