

How Can I Keep From Singing?

There is an endless song
echoes in my soul
I hear the music ring
And though the storms may come
I am holding on
to the rock I cling

Refrain:

How can I keep
from singing Your praise
How can I ever say enough
How amazing is Your love
How can I keep
from shouting Your name
I know I am loved by the King
And it makes my heart want to sing

I will lift my eyes
In the darkest night
For I know my Savior lives
And I will walk with You
Knowing You'll see me through
And sing the songs You give

(Refrain)

I can sing in the troubled times
Sing when I win
I can sing when I lose my step
And fall down again

I can sing 'cause You pick me up
Sing 'cause You're there
I can sing 'cause You hear me, Lord
When I call to You in prayer

I can sing with my last breath
Sing for I know
That I'll sing with the angels
And the saints around the throne

I can sing with my last breath
Sing for I know
That I'll sing with the angels
And the saints around the throne

How can I keep
from shouting Your name
I know I am loved by the King
And it makes my heart...

I am loved by the King
And it makes my heart...
I am loved by the King
And it makes my heart want to sing

It Is Well With My Soul UMH 377

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
when sorrows like sea billows roll;
whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Refrain:

It is well with my soul,
it is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet,
though trials should come,
let this blest assurance control,
that Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
and hath shed his own blood for my soul.

(Refrain)

My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole,
is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

(Refrain)

And, Lord, haste the day when
my faith shall be sight,
the clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
the trump shall resound,
and the Lord shall descend,
even so, it is well with my soul.

(Refrain)

Lift Every Voice and Sing UMH 519

Lift every voice and sing, till earth and heaven ring,
ring with the harmonies of liberty;
let our rejoicing rise high as the listening skies,
let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that
hat the dark past has taught us;
sing a song full of the hope
that the present has brought us;
facing the rising sun of our new day begun,
let us march on till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod, bitter the chastening rod,
felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
yet with a steady beat, have not our weary feet
come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
We have come over a way
that with tears has been watered;
we have come, treading our path
thru the blood of the slaughtered,
out from the gloomy past, till now we stand at last
where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years, God of our silent tears,
thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;
thou who hast by thy might led us into the light,
keep us forever in the path, we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places,
our God, where we met thee;
lest our hearts drunk with the wine
of the world, we forget thee;
shadowed beneath thy hand,
may we forever stand,
true to our God, true to our native land.