Bruce Springsteen, How Can I Keep From Singin

My life flows on in endless song Above earth's lamentation I hear the real, thought far off hymn That hails the new creation Above the tumult and the strife, I hear the music ringing; It sounds an echo in my soul How can I keep from singing?

What through the tempest loudly roars, I hear the truth, it liveth What through 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-knell 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?