

How Can I Keep From Singing (Anne Warner, 1864)

♩=120

My life goes on in end - less song A - bove earth's la - men - ta - tions, I
While though the temp - est loud - ly roars, I hear the truth, it liv - eth. And
When ty - rants trem - ble, sick with fear, And hear their death - knell ring - ing, When

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hear the real, though far - off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion. A -
though the dark - ness 'round me close, Songs in the night it giv - eth. No
friends re - joice both far and near, How can I keep from sing - ing? In

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bove the tu - mult and the strife I hear its mu - sic ring - ing, It
storm can shake my in - most calm While to that rock I'm cling - ing. Since
pri - son cell and dun - geon vile, Our thoughts to them go wing - ing; When

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rit. . . .

sounds an e - cho in my soul. How can I keep from sing - ing?
love is lord of heav'n and earth
friends by shame are un - de - filed,

Don't Stop, Believin' – Journey

Just a small town girl
Livin' in a lonely world
She took the midnight train goin' anywhere

Just a city boy
Born and raised in South Detroit
He took the midnight train goin' anywhere

A singer in a smoky room
The smell of wine and cheap perfume
For a smile they can share the night
It goes on and on, and on, and on

Strangers, waitin'
Up and down the boulevard
Their shadows
Searchin' in the night

Streetlights, people
Livin' just to find emotion
Hidin' somewhere in the night

Workin' hard to get my fill
Everybody wants a thrill
Payin' anything to roll the dice
Just one more time

Oh, the movie never ends
Some will win, some will lose
Some were born to sing the blues
It goes on and on, and on, and on

(Chorus)

Don't stop believin'
Hold on to that feelin'
Streetlight, people

(3x)

Wagon Wheel – Old Crow Medicine Show

Headin' down south to the land of the pines
I'm thumbin' my way into North Caroline
Starin' up the road and pray to God I see headlights
I made it down the coast in seventeen hours
Pickin' me a bouquet of dogwood flowers
And I'm a-hopin' for Raleigh, I can see my baby tonight

So, rock me mama like a wagon wheel
Rock me mama any way you feel
Hey... mama rock me
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain
Rock me mama like a southbound train
Hey... mama rock me

Runnin' from the cold up in New England
I was born to be a fiddler in an old time string band
My baby plays a guitar, I pick a banjo now
Oh, north country winters keep a-gettin' me down
Lost my money playin' poker, so I had to leave town
But I ain't a-turnin' back to livin' that old life no more

(Chorus)

Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke
I caught a trucker out of Philly, had a nice long toke
But he's a-headin' west from the Cumberland Gap
To Johnson City, Tennessee
And I gotta get a move on before the sun
I hear my baby callin' my name and I know that she's
the only one
And if I died in Raleigh, at least I will die free

(Chorus)

I'll Fly Away – Albert E. Brumley

Some glad morning when this life is over I'll fly away
To a home on God's celestial shore I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh, Glory I'll fly away (in the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by I'll fly away

When the shadows of this life have grown, I'll...
Like a bird that prison bars have flown, I'll...

Just a few more weary days and then...
To a land where joy shall never end...