

David Phelps, Love Goes On

A shooting star tumbles down,
Its flame cannot endure.
A scarlet rose withers brown
To lose its fragrant lure.
The moon illuminates the night
To vanish at the dawn.
Oh, but love, love goes on.

Fortunes fail and disappear,
Like castles in the sand.
Power spoils and causes fear,
But yields to stronger hands.
Fame lasts for a moment,
Then, in a moment, it is gone.
Oh, but love, love goes on.

Beauty fades, and passion wanes,
And faces show their years.
Death steals a lover's touch away,
But time dries up the tears.
Tunes are soon forgotten,
And singers lose their song,
But love goes on.

A baby Boy, a starlit night,
Kings on bended knee.
Healing hands giving sight,
Then tortured on a tree.
A woman sings, rejoicing,
"He is risen, He is gone!"
Because love, love goes on.
Oh, love goes on.