

Jay D Weaver

# Life Goes On

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Tempo = 90

The sun breakforth in East - ern skies; Cold  
A child is born and with a cry it  
God's Son is born, in man - ger laid. The  
The Son breakforth in East - er skies. Our

dark - ness yields to warmth and light. It  
seeks the warmth of Moth - er's breast. It  
inn is full, there is no room. Too  
Lord is raised, the bat - tle done; He

runs its course, and then it dies as  
grows and learns to say good - by; Too  
soon the ran - som must be paid; His  
con - quers death, our Sav - iour lives! E -

day - light fades to com - ing night. And life goes on.  
soon its life is laid to rest. But life goes on.  
bod - y laid in bor - rowed tomb. Will life go on?  
ter - nal Glor - y has been won. New life goes on!