

Holy, Holy, Holy aria from the dance-opera JESUS' DAUGHTER

Written by Burton Beerman

Hush, little baby
That can't be free
Hush, baby hush
Don't cry
Your daddy takes your life
As your mother watches you die
So hush, little baby
Life was never yours to be
And you don't know why.

Holy, holy, holy
Daddy is God's messenger
And touches you
Touches you with the light
Yet you sit so melancholy
My holy child
How many get to be Jesus' Daughter?
This is your birthright,
Yet you sit so melancholy.
Holy, holy, holy
By all that is holy
forced to be his wife
At the cost of your life.