

Of The Dark Past (Ecce Puer)

Joan Baez

Of the dark past
A child is born
With joy and grief
My heart is torn

Calm in his cradle
The living lies
May love and mercy
Unclose his eyes!

Young life is breathed
On the glass
The world that was not
Comes to pass

A child is sleeping
An old man gone
O, father forsaken
Forgive your son!