

Story Of Isaac

Judy Collins

The door it opened slowly
And my father he came in
I was nine years old

And he stood so far above me
And his blue eyes they were shining
And his voice was very cold

He said, "I've had a vision
And you know I'm strong and holy
I must do what I've been told"

So he started up the mountain
I was running, he was walking
And his axe was made of gold

You who build these altars now
To sacrifice these children
You must not do it anymore

For you never had a vision
And you never have been tempted
By the Devil or the Lord

Yes, you who stand above them now
Your hatchets blunt and bloody
You were not there before

When I lay upon a mountain
And my father's hand was trembling
With the beauty of the word

And if you call me brother now
Forgive me if I ask
"According to whose plan?"

When it all comes down to dust
I will kill you if I must
I will love you if I can

And may I never learn to scorn
The body out of chaos born
The woman and the man

And mercy on our uniform
Man of peace, man of war
The peacock spreads his fan