

## 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