

Story of Isaac by Leonard Cohen (1967)

Am(3) G(1) F(3) G(1) Am(3) G(1) F(3) G(1)

Am(3) G(1) F(3) G(1) Am(3) G(1) F
The door it opened slowly, my father he came in,
G(2) F(2) E E
I was nine years old.

Am(3) G(1) F(3) G(1) Am(3) G(1) F
And he stood so tall above me, his blue eyes they were shining
G(2) F(2) E E
and his voice was very cold.

C C C C
He said, "I've had a vision and you know I'm strong and holy,
D(2) C(2) B B
I must do what I've been told."
F Bb, F Bb
So he started up the mountain, I was running, he was walking, and his
F G A A
axe was made of gold.
Am(3) G(1) F(3) G(1) Am(3) G(1) F(3) G(1)

Well, the trees they got much smaller, the lake a lady's mirror,
we stopped to drink some wine.
Then he threw the bottle over. broke a minute later
and he put his hand on mine.

Thought I saw an eagle but it might have been a vulture,
I never could decide.
Then my father built an altar, he looked once behind his shoulder,
he knew I would not hide.

You who build these altars now, to sacrifice these children,
you must not do it anymore.
A scheme is not a vision and you never have been tempted
by a demon or a god.

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 inquire,
"Just according to whose plan?"
When it all comes down to dust, I will kill you if I must,
I will help you if I can.

And may I never learn to scorn, the body out of chaos born;
The woman and the man.
Have mercy on our uniform, man of peace or man of war,
the peacock spreads his fan.