

# Joan Baez, Isaac Abraham

Hard times, hard times in Canaan land  
Trouble in the mind of a man  
A voice came whispering softly to him  
Go offer, offer up the lamb  
Abraham took his only son  
High up on a hill  
His test of faith had finally come  
As the wind, the wind begin to chill  
Cold steel, cold steel in the father's hand  
Tears falling from the sky  
The angels, the angels did not understand  
Why the righteous, the righteous boy should die  
Then Abraham most mysteriously  
Laid down that deadly knife  
Said "My darlin' son, I wish I was the one  
Who spared you, spared your precious life"  
Oh Isaac  
The light of all your days  
Will shine upon this mountain high  
And never, never fade away  
And never fade away