

Moriah (or: The Three Tests of Abraham)

When Sarah, ninety years of age
Found she had conceived a child
She laughed and laughed, then jealous sent
Hagar her handmaid to the wild
Abraham, his heart was grieved
For Ishmael also was his son
He sent them to the wilderness
But wept in secret when they'd gone

She laid her boy beneath a bush
Then knelt a bowshot's length apart
I cannot bear to watch him die
For it would surely break my heart
An angel spoke to her and said:
Fear not—God hears your infant's cries
She dried her tears, looked up and found
Beersheba's well before her eyes

Take and bind your only son
The Lord said unto Abraham
And burn him as an offering
The old man whispered: Here I am (*BREAK: V 2nd half*)

They journeyed to Moriah's hills
He took fire and knife in hand
Strapped the wood on Isaac's back
And went to do the Lord's command
Alone together they walked on
The second test of Abraham
I see fire, knife and wood
Isaac asked: Where is the lamb?

Again we're on Moriah now
In this time of fear and grace
On the altar all we love
Exiled all we dare not face
What angel now will stay our hand?
With Isaac, stretched upon the stone
While Ishmael, banished from the tents,
Becomes an archer in Paran

What if the angel never comes?
What if this war is never won?
And the enemy we fight and fear
Reveals the face of our own son?
Will we fail this hardest test
And find, at last, that we have slain
The better angels of our souls
While Abraham, in secret, weeps again?

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