

Yitzhak was a promise  
A natural wrong made right  
A child born of laughter  
And a child born of light  
One hundred years of love  
Wrapped up in one form  
And all the years there after  
Our love would keep him warm

Until the one day called upon  
To make a solemn pledge  
His father took him from our house  
Led up to mountain's edge  
I was not there, I did not know  
With bated breath waiting at the river below

Flames licked the alter, yet  
He did not falter  
The decision was made  
With a hand on the blade

One sweet sacrifice  
He demanded  
One sweet sacrifice  
A child born of laughter  
A promise brought to life  
Became one sweet sacrifice

Then suddenly a call to halt  
With death so very near  
The blood of ram instead was wrought  
His loyalty made clear  
Instead of a son to mourn  
From the ram the horn was torn  
Yitzhak lived with joyous shout  
Just as my last breath blew out

One sweet sacrifice  
I became his  
One sweet sacrifice  
Led to stiller waters  
Where I lay in greener pastures  
Where I fear no evil  
For I'll be remembered  
As one sweet