

Abraham's Daughter

Arcade Fire

Abraham took Isaac's hand
And led him to the lonesome hill
While his daughter hid and watched
She dare not breathe, she was so still
Just as an angel cried for the slaughter
Abraham's daughter raised her voice Then the angel asked her what her name was
She said, I have none
Then he asked, how can this be
My father never gave me one And when he saw her, raised for the slaughter
Abraham's daughter raised her bow
How dearest you, child, defy your father
You'd better let young Isaac go

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