Long Chain on

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One night as I lay on my pillow,
moonlight as bright as the dawn,
I saw a man come a-walking,
He had a long chain on.

I heard his chains a-clanking,
They made a mournful sound,
Welded around his body,
Dragging along the ground.

Cho: He had a long chain on,
He had a long chain on,
He had a long chain on.

He stood beside my window,
He looked at me and he said,
"I am so tired and hungry,
Give me a bite of your bread."

He didn't look like a robber,
He didn't look like a thief.
His voice was as soft as the moonlight,
A face full of sorrow and grief.

(cho)

I went into my kitchen,
fetched him a bowl full of meat,
A drink and a pan of cold biscuits,
That's what I gave him to eat.

Though he was tired and hungry,
A bright light came over his face.
He bowed his head in the moonlight,
He said a beautiful grace.

(cho)
I got my hammer and chisel,
Offered to set him free.
He looked at me and said softly,
"I guess we had best let it be."

When he had finished his supper,
He thanked me again and again.
Though it's been years since I've seen him,
Still hear him draggin' his chain.

DP

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