

In a Glass Cage.

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Play w capo on f2?

♩=170

From

ice and frost and snow. From rough and work-scared hands.

From waves and stor-my seas. From

lone-ly is-land sands. Fa-ces so sad. Eyes full of woe.

Souls full of sor-row and heads full of heart ache.

What do you know?

Where did you come from? Where have you been?

Who did you meet? What did you do? What do you feel?

What have you seen? Locked safe and

still In your glass cas-tle cage

61

B \flat

C

D (omit 3)

From tooth and ivory born ... by axe and gouge and blade.
The court of the ivory king. The finest ever was made.
Helmet and sword. Mitre and mail.
Crozier and crown. Teeth upon your shield.
Facing the gale.

Who carved you from the void?
Whose strong and skilful hands?
Who hid you from the world
On lonely island sands?
Faces so sad. Eyes full of woe.
Souls full of sorrow
and heads full of heartache. What do you know?

Where did you come from? Where have you been?
Who did you meet? What did you do?
What do you see? What have you seen?
Locked safe and still. in your glass castle cage

Were you born where the black rocks lie?
Are you Jarls from Ragnar's land?
Were you made on the friendly heather isle?
And found in the white Lewis sand?
On the island shore. Tumbled and tossed. Families broken.
Armies forsaken. Loved ones lost.

To London and Edinburgh town. Traded like cattle and sold.
Bound in deceit and stealth. Stories and lies were told.
Behind a glass pane. Locked fast in time Life put on hold. Break the chain.

This one's for my new partner in crime - Dr David Caldwell. His writings about the chessmen have fascinated and inspired me for years and now I'm working with him to find out more about the regal boys and girls from Lewis!
Sometimes life is full of good surprises!