

Fotheringay

Susanna and the Magical Orchestra

How often she has gazed
From castle windows o'er
And watched the daylight passing
Within her captive wall
With no-one to heed her callThe evening hour is fading
Within the dwindling sun
And in a lonely moment
Those embers will be gone
And the last of all the young birds flownHer days of precious freedom
Forfeited long before
To live such fruitless years
Behind a guarded door
But those days will last no more
Tomorrow at this hour she will be far away
Much farther than these islands
Or the lonely Fotheringay

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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