

Captivity

Stoa

Caged in old woods, whose reverend echoes wake
When the henn screams along the distant lake,
Her little heart oft flutters to be free,
Oft sighs to turn the unrelenting key. In vain the nurse that rusted relic wears,
Nor moved by gold - nor to be moved by tears;
And terraced walls their black reflection throw
On the green-mantled moat that sleeps below. [Samuel Rogers]

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