

# Fotheringay

## Fairport Convention

How often she has gazed from castle windows all  
And watched the daylight passing within her captive wall  
With no one to heed her call  
The 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 flown  
Her 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

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