

# Fotheringay

[Anne Soldaat](#)

How often she has gazed from castle windows over  
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 moreTomorrow at this hour she will be far away  
Much farther than these islands  
Or the lonely Fotheringay

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