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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