

Fairport Convention, Fotheringay

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, for the lonely Fotheringay