

# Fairport Convention, To Althea From Prison

When love, with unconfined wings, hovers within my gates  
And my ?divine now fear? brings to whisper at my grates  
When I lie tangled in her hair and fettered with her eye  
Birds that wanton in the air know no such liberty  
When flowing cups run swiftly round with no allaying ?tense?  
Our careless heads with roses crowned, our hearts with royal flames  
When first decreeth in wine we steep when healths and rafts run free  
Fishes that tipple in the deep know no such liberty  
Stone walls do not a prison make not iron bars a gate  
Minds innocent and quiet take that as a hermitage  
If I have freedom in my love and in my soul am free  
Angels alone that soar above enjoy such liberty