

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 tinkle 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