

Fairport Convention

"To Althea From Prison"

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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

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