

## **Susanna And The Magical Orchestra "Fotheringay"**

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How often she has gazed  
From castle windows o'er  
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  
Or the lonely Fotheringay

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