

to Atthea from Prison

by Bayony Tadjer
Words by Colonel Laek

Ad lib.

when Love with un-confined wings Ho-----vers within my

gates, And my divine Al-the-a brings To whis-per at the grates

when I lie tangled in her hair And fetter'd to her eye, —

The gods that wan-ton in the air Know no

such li-ber-ty. — stone walls do not a prii-son make

Nor in-on bars a cage; Minds in-no-cent and quiet take