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# MY "CASTLES IN SPAIN."

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

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"I am the owner of great estates. Many of them lie in the West ; but the greater part are in Spain."—CURTIS.

Lovely, beneath the loveliest skies,  
Kissed by a young moon's tender beams,  
I saw their glittering spires arise  
And flash against a heaven of dreams.  
They seemed so fair and so serene,  
And bore so many a sweet device,  
I wondered had the angels seen  
Such splendors in their Paradise.

Enchanted music, rich and low,  
Was fainting in the perfumed air,  
And heaven was mirrored in the flow  
Of every murmuring streamlet there.  
And, by lone lakes, young myrtle trees  
Half shaded all the summer shore ;  
And song-birds met the rising breeze,  
And told their wild loves o'er and o'er.

I knew what lonely seas and deep  
Barred from me my enchanted towers ;  
Yet my deluded bark would keep  
Its fairy course through wasted hours.  
For, like the storied isle of old,  
Still as I neared they sank from sight—  
But I could rest me and behold  
In vivid glow their treasures bright.

And there were many forms to woo  
The worship of such heart as mine—  
Ay, I should say, to *win* it too—  
And brightest of them all was thine.  
Alas, thy blue and dreamy eyes  
Smiled on me through a distance dim,  
Until I left my God's own skies  
And murmured, I *must* gaze on him.

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Once glancing o'er my mystic plain  
I saw thee at thy wonted place,  
There in my heart's own castled Spain—  
But changed and gloomy was thy face—  
Farewell ! with cold and altered tone  
And scornful smile I heard thee say—  
And from my life a hollow moan  
Replied as thou didst pass away.

Then something wilder than the dash  
Of all the waves of ages swept  
Across my empire—and a crash  
Thundered and died—I bowed and wept.  
And when I raised my head again,  
In dust my towers and columns lay ;  
Above them wildly beat the rain,  
And thou—ah, thou wert gone for aye.

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Come wailing winds, come birds of night  
Come Time, and bring the ivy vine  
To wind in constant clasp and bright  
This desolated pride of mine.  
Come with your mildew and your mold  
For these rich draperies, these fair halls,  
Come with your mosses and enfold  
These humbled towers, these broken walls.

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