

58 MY CASTLE

I have a beautiful castle,
With towers and battlements fair;
And many a banner, with gay device,
Floats in the outer air.

The walls are of solid silver;
The towers are of massive gold;
And the lights that stream from the windows
A royal scene unfold.

Ah! could you but enter my castle
With its pomp or regal sheen,
You would say that it far surpasses
The palace of Aladeen.

Could you but enter as I do,
And pace through the vaulted hall,
And mark the stately columns.
And the pictures on the wall;

With the costly gems about them,
That send their light afar,
With a chaste and softened splendor
Like the light of a distant star!

And where is this wonderful castle,
With its rich emblazonings,
Whose pomp so far surpasses
The homes of the greatest kings?

Come out with me at morning
And lie in the meadow-grass,
And lift your eyes to the ether blue,
And you will see it pass.

There! can you not see the battlements;
And the turrets stately and high,
Whose lofty summits are tipped with clouds,
And lost in the arching sky?

Dear friend, you are only dreaming,
Your castle so stately and fair
Is only a fanciful structure, --
A castle in the air.

Perchance you are right. I know not
If a phantom it may be,
But yet, in my inmost heart, I feel
That it lives, and lives for me.

For when clouds and darkness are round me,
And my heart is heavy with care,
I steal me away from the noisy crowd,
To dwell in my castle fair.

There are servants to do my bidding;
There are servants to heed my call;
And I, with a master's air of pride,
May pace through the vaulted hall.

And I envy not the monarchs
With cities under their sway;
For am I not, in my own right,
A monarch as proud as they?

What matter, then, if to others
My castle a phantom may be,
Since I feel, in the depths of my own heart,
That it is not so to me?

Sources:

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Alger Street, 1964.