

"CASTLES IN THE AIR"

Far from the busy throbbing world,
Far from its torturing care,
Are those entrancing mansions
"The castles in the air."

Alas but few are strongly built,
Few have foundations laid,
Their one-time splendour vanishes,
They crumble and they fade.

The castles of the mighty,
The castles of the low,
Are brought to earth; their glory
Is lessened, fast or slow.

Think of the hopes that on them rest,
The hopes which all must fall.
The bricks decay, the mortar rots,
They crumble one and all.