

Spain: Cadiz Cadiz

Maria Lowell (1821–1853)

WE saw fair Cadiz gleam out suddenly,
White as if builded of the foam of Ocean;
White as a bride with orange blossoms free
Scattered upon her; and it seemed to me
Her sweet breath met us with the wind's least motion. 5

And by her side a cloudy mountain rose,
Its top enfolding soft a purple tower;
Such shapes sometimes our new-world sunset shows,
But thou, old mountain! on thy sides still flower
The very blooms of poor Zarifa's bower. 10