

POEMS

By Dorothy L. Warne

My Dream Baby

Oh, have you seen my baby son,—
My wee bit heaven on earth ?
God sent him to us yesterday,
Just at the pale dawn's birth.
He isn't mighty big as yet,
And not a single hair,
But my glad heart just throbs with pride
To feel him nestling there.
He's rather pink, and cries a bit,
And crumples up his nose,
Then sleeps a space, and wakes again
As sweet as some June rose.
But shall I tell you what it is
That most in him I prize ?
Although he's only one day old
He's got his Daddy's eyes.

Sleep

I fain would sleep,
Your eyes once strangely tender,
Their lovelight magical no longer keep.
Your woman's heart,
Once given in sweet surrender,
Is mine no more,—
Then—let me sleep.
But if you change,
And scorning end in weeping,
And love rekindle for dear memory's sake;
If healing Time
Restore you to my keeping,
Life, robed and crowned,
Will bid me—wake.