

Poems By Dorothy L. Warne

Song of the Aeroplane

As light

As song-b'rd in flight,
I circle and soar in the face of the sun,
Far through infinite space,
In the life-wearing race,
Man's passionate longing for progress begun.

I fly where the tall chimneys vomit their fumes,
Where in squalor and smoke
God's children must choke,
And life's fairest beauty in sorrow consumes.

I fly where the old-fashioned towns are at rest,
(Time has passed on his way),
And at close of the day,
Where corn fields flame out as the sun-gilded west.

As light

As song-bird in flight,
Inanimate object that science engirds,
A triumph for man, but—his God made the birds.

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Riches

I do not ask for jewels of flaming splendour,
That in their depths a thousand hues unfold,
Give me the dawn, and glistening dews from Heaven,
That, clear and pure, the op'ning flower-cups hold.

I do not ask for wealth of boundless surfeit,
Nor richest treasure culled from East and West :
Give me the gold of childhood's tumbled tresses,
A baby's head to nestle at my breast.

I do not crave for mighty lands nor glory,
Success that men achieve in this world's mart,
I only pray that God above may grant me
The shelt'ring kingdom of a faithful heart.