

*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.