

Last Words of an Airman

Clara Bernhardt

If I should no more waken on this earth,
To greet the daily miracle of dawn,
I shall have known much of deepest worth –
Then do not weep for me when I am gone;
High service has been mine, and prayer, and
dreaming
Of that new world which sacrifice should bring;
Oh, I have soared to realms where stars are
gleaming
And raced translucent clouds on silverer wing.

I perish if I perish, well aware
That life is not too great a price to give
For truth and freedom. Do not then despair
When I am gone – but lift your heart and live!
I shall have conquered earth's confiding god
And Willingly gone forth to be with God.