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Elizabeth Rebecca Ward, AKA Fay Inchfawn

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\*\*\* START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE VERSE-BOOK OF A HOMELY WOMAN \*\*\*

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# **THE VERSE-BOOK OF A HOMELY WOMAN**

**By Fay Inchfawn**  
**[Elizabeth Rebecca Ward]**

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Dedicated

TO

MY FIRST LOVE, MY MOTHER

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# PART I. INDOORS

# The Long View

Some day of days! Some dawning  
yet to be  
I shall be clothed with immortality!

And, in that day, I shall not greatly care  
That Jane spilt candle grease upon the  
stair.

It will not grieve me then, as once it did,  
That careless hands have chipped my  
teapot lid.

I groan, being burdened. But, in that  
glad day,  
I shall forget vexations of the way.

That needs were often great, when means  
were small,  
Will not perplex me any more at all  
A few short years at most (it may be less),  
I shall have done with earthly storm and  
stress.

So, for this day, I lay me at Thy feet.  
O, keep me sweet, my Master! Keep  
me sweet!

# Within my House

First, there's the entrance, narrow,  
and so small,  
The hat-stand seems to fill the tiny hall;  
That staircase, too, has such an awkward  
bend,  
The carpet rucks, and rises up on end!  
Then, all the rooms are cramped and close  
together;  
And there's a musty smell in rainy weather.  
Yes, and it makes the daily work go hard  
To have the only tap across a yard.  
These creaking doors, these draughts, this  
battered paint,  
Would try, I think, the temper of a saint,

How often had I railed against these  
things,  
With envies, and with bitter murmurings  
For spacious rooms, and sunny garden  
plots!  
Until one day,  
Washing the breakfast dishes, so I think,  
I paused a moment in my work to pray;  
And then and there  
All life seemed suddenly made new and  
fair;  
For, like the Psalmist's dove among the  
pots  
(Those endless pots, that filled the tiny  
sink!),  
My spirit found her wings.

"Lord" (thus I prayed), "it matters not  
at all  
That my poor home is ill-arranged and  
small:  
I, not the house, am straitened; Lord,  
'tis I!  
Enlarge my foolish heart, that by-and-by  
I may look up with such a radiant face  
Thou shalt have glory even in this place.  
And when I trip, or stumble unawares  
In carrying water up these awkward stairs,  
Then keep me sweet, and teach me day  
by day  
To tread with patience Thy appointed  
way.  
As for the house . . . . Lord, let it be  
my part  
To walk within it with a perfect heart."



# The Housewife

See, I am cumbered, Lord,  
With serving, and with small vexa-  
tious things.

Upstairs, and down, my feet  
Must hasten, sure and fleet.  
So weary that I cannot heed Thy word;  
So tired, I cannot now mount up with  
wings.

I wrestle—how I wrestle!—through the  
hours.

Nay, not with principalities, nor powers—  
Dark spiritual foes of God's and man's—  
But with antagonistic pots and pans:  
With footmarks in the hall,  
With smears upon the wall,  
With doubtful ears, and small unwashen  
hands,  
And with a babe's innumerable demands.

I toil with feverish haste, while tear-drops  
glisten,

(O, child of mine, be still. And listen—  
listen!)

At last, I laid aside  
Important work, no other hands could do  
So well (I thought), no skill contrive so  
true.

And with my heart's door open—open  
wide—

With leisured feet, and idle hands, I sat.  
I, foolish, fussy, blind as any bat,  
Sat down to listen, and to learn. And lo,  
My thousand tasks were done the better so.

# To Mother

I would that you should know,  
Dear mother, that I love you—love  
    you so!  
That I remember other days and years;  
Remember childish joys and childish fears.  
And this, because my baby's little hand  
Opened my own heart's door and made  
    me understand.

I wonder how you could  
Be always kind and good!  
So quick to hear; to tend  
My smallest ills; to lend  
Such sympathising ears  
Swifter than ancient seer's.  
I never yet knew hands so soft and kind,  
Nor any cheek so smooth, nor any mind  
So full of tender thoughts. . . . Dear  
    mother, now  
I think that I can guess a little how  
You must have looked for some response,  
    some sign,  
That all my tiresome wayward heart was  
    thine.

And sure it was! You were my first dear  
    love!  
You who first pointed me to God above;  
You who seemed hearkening to my lightest  
    word,  
And in the dark night seasons always  
    heard  
When I came trembling, knocking at your  
    door.  
Forgive me, mother, if my whims outwore  
Your patient heart. Or if in later days  
I sought out foolish unfamiliar ways;  
If ever, mother dear, I loosed my hold  
Of your loved hand; or, headstrong,  
    thought you cold,  
Forgive me, mother! Oh, forgive me,  
    dear!  
I am come back at last—you see me  
    here,  
Your loving child. . . . And, mother,  
    on my knee  
I pray that thus my child may think of  
    me!

# In Such an Hour

Sometimes, when everything goes  
wrong:

When days are short, and nights are long;  
When wash-day brings so dull a sky  
That not a single thing will dry.  
And when the kitchen chimney smokes,  
And when there's naught so "queer" as  
folks!  
When friends deplore my faded youth,  
And when the baby cuts a tooth.  
While John, the baby last but one,  
Clings round my skirts till day is done;  
When fat, good-tempered Jane is glum,  
And butcher's man forgets to come.

Sometimes, I say, on days like these,  
I get a sudden gleam of bliss.  
"Not on some sunny day of ease,  
He'll come . . . but on a day like this!"  
And, in the twinkling of an eye,  
These tiresome things will all go by!

And, 'tis a curious thing, but Jane  
Is sure, just then, to smile again;  
Or, out the truant sun will peep,  
And both the babies fall asleep.  
The fire burns up with roar sublime,  
And butcher's man is just in time.  
And oh! My feeble faith grows strong  
Sometimes, when everything goes wrong!

# The Daily Interview

Such a sensation Sunday's preacher  
made.  
"Christian!" he cried, "what is your stock-  
in-trade?  
Alas! Too often nil. No time to pray;  
No interview with Christ from day to day,  
A hurried prayer, maybe, just gabbled  
through;  
A random text—for any one will do."  
Then gently, lovingly, with look intense,  
He leaned towards us—  
"Is this common sense?  
No person in his rightful mind will try  
To run his business so, lest by-and-by  
The thing collapses, smirching his good  
name,  
And he, insolvent, face the world with  
shame."

I heard it all; and something inly said  
That all was true. The daily toil and press  
Had crowded out my hopes of holiness.  
Still, my old self rose, reasoning:  
How can you,  
With strenuous work to do—  
Real slogging work—say, how can you  
keep pace  
With leisured folks? Why, you could  
grow in grace  
If you had time . . . the daily Interview  
Was never meant for those who wash and  
bake.

But yet a small Voice whispered:  
"For My sake  
Keep tryst with Me!  
There are so many minutes in a day,  
So spare Me ten.  
It shall be proven, then,  
Ten minutes set apart can well repay  
You shall accomplish more  
If you will shut your door  
For ten short minutes just to watch and  
pray."

"Lord, if I do  
Set ten apart for You"  
(I dared, yes dared, to reason thus with  
Him)  
"The baker's sure to come;  
Or Jane will call  
To say some visitor is in the hall;  
Or I shall smell the porridge burning, yes,  
And run to stop it in my hastiness.  
There's not ten minutes, Lord, in all the  
day  
I can be sure of peace in which to watch  
and pray."

But all that night,  
With calm insistent might,  
That gentle Voice spake softly, lovingly—  
"Keep tryst with Me!  
You have devised a dozen different ways  
Of getting easy meals on washing days;  
You spend much anxious thought on  
hopeless socks;  
On moving ironmould from tiny frocks;  
'Twas you who found  
A way to make the sugar lumps go round;  
You, who invented ways and means of  
making  
Nice spicy buns for tea, hot from the baking,  
When margarine was short . . . and can-  
not you  
Who made the time to join the butter queue  
Make time again for Me?  
Yes, will you not, with all your daily  
striving,  
Use woman's wit in scheming and con-  
triving  
To keep that tryst with Me?"

Like ice long bound  
On powdered frosty ground,  
My erring will all suddenly gave way.  
The kind soft wind of His sweet pleading  
    blew,  
And swiftly, silently, before I knew,  
The warm love loosed and ran.  
Life-giving floods began,  
And so most lovingly I answered Him:  
"Lord, yes, I will, and can.  
I will keep tryst with Thee, Lord, come  
    what may!"

ENVOY.

It is a wondrous and surprising thing  
How that ten minutes takes the piercing  
    sting  
From vexing circumstance and poison-  
    ous dart  
Hurled by the enemy straight at my  
    heart.  
So, to the woman tempest-tossed and  
    tried  
By household cares, and hosts of things  
    beside,  
With all my strength God bids me say  
    to you:  
"Dear soul, do try the daily Interview!"

# The Little House

One yestereve, in the waning light,  
When the wind was still and the  
    gloaming bright,  
There came a breath from a far countrie,  
And the ghost of a Little House called  
    to me.

"Have you forgotten me?" "No!" I cried.  
"Your hall was as narrow as this is wide,  
Your roof was leaky, the rain came  
    through  
Till a ceiling fell, on my new frock too!

"In your parlour flooring a loose board hid,  
And wore the carpet, you know it did!  
Your kitchen was small, and the shelves  
    were few,  
While the fireplace smoked—and you  
    know it's true!"

The little ghost sighed: "Do you quite  
    forget  
My window boxes of mignonette?  
And the sunny room where you used to  
    sew  
When a great hope came to you, long ago?

"Ah, me! How you used to watch the  
    door  
Where a latch-key turned on the stroke  
    of four.  
And you made the tea, and you poured  
    it out  
From an old brown pot with a broken  
    spout

"Now, times have changed. And your  
    footman waits  
With the silver urn, and the fluted plates.  
But the little blind Love with the wings,  
    has flown,  
Who used to sit by your warm hearth-  
    stone."

The little ghost paused. Then "Away!"  
    I said.

"Back to your place with the quiet dead.  
Back to your place, lest my servants see,  
That the ghost of a Little House calls  
    to me."

# The House-Mother

Across the town the evening bell is  
    ringing;  
Clear comes the call, through kitchen  
    windows winging!

Lord, knowing Thou art kind,  
I heed Thy call to prayer.  
I have a soul to save;  
A heart which needs, I think, a double  
    share  
Of sweetnesses which noble ladies crave.  
Hope, faith and diligence, and patient  
    care,  
With meekness, grace, and lowliness of  
    mind.  
Lord, wilt Thou grant all these  
To one who prays, but cannot sit at ease?

They do not know,  
The passers-by, who go  
Up to Thy house, with saintly faces set;  
Who throng about Thy seat,  
And sing Thy praises sweet,  
Till vials full of odours cloud Thy feet;  
They do not know . . .  
And, if they knew, then would they greatly  
    care  
That Thy tired handmaid washed the  
    children's hair;  
Or, with red roughened hands, scoured  
    dishes well,  
While through the window called the  
    evening bell?  
And that her seeking soul looks upward  
    yet,  
THEY do not know . . . but THOU wilt  
    not forget

# A Woman in Hospital

I know it all . . . I know.  
For I am God. I am Jehovah, He  
Who made you what you are; and I can  
    see  
The tears that wet your pillow night by  
    night,  
When nurse has lowered that too-brilliant  
    light;  
When the talk ceases, and the ward grows  
    still,  
And you have doffed your will:  
I know the anguish and the helplessness.  
I know the fears that toss you to and fro.  
And how you wrestle, weariful,  
With hosts of little strings that pull  
About your heart, and tear it so.  
I know.

Lord, do You know  
I had no time to put clean curtains up;  
No time to finish darning all the socks;  
Nor sew clean frilling in the children's  
    frocks?  
And do You know about my Baby's cold?  
And how things are with my sweet three-  
    year-old?  
Will Jane remember right  
Their cough mixture at night?  
And will she ever think  
To brush the kitchen flues, or scrub the  
    sink?

And then, there's John! Poor tired  
    lonely John!  
No one will run to put his slippers on.  
And not a soul but me  
Knows just exactly how he likes his tea.  
It rends my heart to think I cannot go  
And minister to him. . . .

I know. I know.

Then, there are other things,  
Dear Lord . . . more little strings  
That pull my heart. Now Baby feels her  
    feet  
She loves to run outside into the street  
And Jane's hands are so full, she'll never  
    see. . . .  
And I'm quite sure the clean clothes won't  
    be aired—  
At least, not properly.  
And, oh, I can't, I really can't be spared—  
My little house calls so!

I know.  
And I am waiting here to help and bless.  
Lay down your head. Lay down your hope-  
    lessness  
And let Me speak.  
You are so weary, child, you are so weak.  
But let us reason out  
The darkness and the doubt;  
This torturing fear that tosses you about.

I hold the universe. I count the stars.  
And out of shortened lives I build the  
ages. . . .

But, Lord, while such high things Thy  
    thought engages,  
I fear—forgive me—lest  
Amid those limitless eternal spaces  
Thou shouldst, in the high and heavenly  
    places,  
Pass over my affairs as things of nought.  
There are so many houses just like mine.  
And I so earth-bound, and Thyself Divine.  
It seems impossible that Thou shouldst  
    care  
Just what my babies wear;  
And what John gets to eat; . . . and



can it be  
A circumstance of great concern to Thee  
Whether I live or die?

Have you forgotten then, My child, that I,  
The Infinite, the Limitless, laid down  
The method of existence that I knew,  
And took on Me a nature just like you?  
I laboured day by day  
In the same dogged way  
That you have tackled household tasks.

And then,  
Remember, child, remember once again  
Your own beloveds . . . did you really  
think-

(Those days you toiled to get their meat  
and drink,  
And made their clothes, and tried to under-  
stand  
Their little ailments)-did you think your  
hand,

Your feeble hand, was keeping them from ill?  
I gave them life, and life is more than meat;  
Those little limbs, so comely and so sweet.  
You can make raiment for them, and are glad,  
But can you add  
One cubit to their stature? Yet they grow!  
Oh, child, hands off! Hands off! And  
leave them so.

I guarded hitherto, I guard them still.

I have let go at last. I have let go.  
And, oh, the rest it is, dear God, to know  
My dear ones are so safe, for Thou wilt  
keep.

Hands off, at last! Now, I can go to  
sleep.

# In Convalescence

Not long ago, I prayed for dying  
    grace,  
For then I thought to see Thee face to  
    face.

And now I ask (Lord, 'tis a weakling's  
    cry)  
That Thou wilt give me grace to live, not  
    die.

Such foolish prayers! I know. Yet  
    pray I must.  
Lord help me—help me not to see the  
    dust!

And not to nag, nor fret because the blind  
Hangs crooked, and the curtain sags be-  
    hind.

But, oh! The kitchen cupboards! What a  
    sight!  
'T'will take at least a month to get them  
    right.

And that last cocoa had a smoky taste,  
And all the milk has boiled away to waste!

And—no, I resolutely will not think  
About the saucepans, nor about the sink.

These light afflictions are but temporal  
    things—  
To rise above them, wilt Thou lend me  
    wings?

Then I shall smile when Jane, with towzled  
    hair  
(And lumpy gruel!), clatters up the stair.

# Homesick

I shut my eyes to rest 'em, just a bit  
ago it seems,  
An' back among the Cotswolds I were  
wanderin' in me dreams.  
I saw the old grey homestead, with the  
rickyard set around,  
An' caught the lowin' of the herd, a  
pleasant, homelike sound.  
Then on I went a-singin', through the  
pastures where the sheep  
Was lyin' underneath the elms, a-tryin' for  
to sleep.

An' where the stream was tricklin' by, half  
stifled by the grass,  
Heaped over thick with buttercups, I saw  
the corncrake pass.  
For 'twas Summer, Summer, SUMMER!  
An' the blue forget-me-nots  
Wiped out this dusty city and the smoky  
chimbley pots.  
I clean forgot My Lady's gown, the  
dazzlin' sights I've seen;  
I was back among the Cotswolds, where  
me heart has always been.

Then through the sixteen-acre on I went,  
a stiffish climb,  
Right to the bridge, where all our sheep  
comes up at shearin' time.  
There was the wild briar roses hangin'  
down so pink an' sweet,  
A-droppin' o' their fragrance on the clover  
at my feet  
An' here me heart stopped beatin', for  
down by Gatcombe's Wood  
My lad was workin' with his team, as only  
my lad could!

"COME BACK!" was what the tricklin' brook  
an' breezes seemed to say.  
"'TIS LONESOME ON THE COTSWOLDS NOW THAT  
MARY DREW'S AWAY."

An' back again I'm goin' (for me wages  
has been paid,  
An' they're lookin' through the papers for  
another kitchen maid).  
Back to the old grey homestead, an' the  
uplands cool an' green,  
To my lad among the Cotswolds, where  
me heart has always been!

# On Washing Day

"I'm going to gran'ma's for a bit  
My mother's got the copper lit;  
An' piles of clothes are on the floor,  
An' steam comes out the wash-house door;  
An' Mrs. Griggs has come, an' she  
Is just as cross as she can be.  
She's had her lunch, and ate a lot;  
I saw her squeeze the coffee-pot.  
An' when I helped her make the starch,  
She said: 'Now, Miss, you just quick  
march!

What? Touch them soap-suds if you  
durst;

I'll see you in the blue-bag first!  
An' mother dried my frock, an' said:  
'Come back in time to go to bed.'  
I'm off to gran'ma's, for, you see,  
At home, they can't put up with me.

"But down at gran'ma's 'tis so nice.  
If gran'ma's making currant-cake,  
She'll let me put the ginger spice,  
An' grease the tin, an' watch it bake;  
An' then she says she thinks it fun  
To taste the edges when it's done.

"That's gran'ma's house. Why, hip,  
hooray!

My gran'ma's got a washing day;  
For gran'pa's shirts are on the line,  
An' stockings, too—six, seven, eight, nine!  
She'll let me help her. Yes, she'll tie  
Her apron round to keep me dry;  
An' on her little stool I'll stand  
Up to the wash-tub. 'Twill be grand!  
There's no cross Mrs. Griggs to say,  
'Young Miss is always in the way.'  
An' me and gran'ma will have tea  
At dinner-time—just her an' me—  
An' eggs, I 'spect, an' treacle rice.  
My goodness! Won't it all be nice?

"Gran'ma, I'm come to spend the day,  
'Cause mother finds me in the way.  
Gran'ma, I'll peg the hankies out;  
Gran'ma, I'll stir the starch about;  
Gran'ma, I'm come, because, you see,  
At home, they can't put up with me."



# When Baby Strayed

When Baby strayed, it seemed to  
me,  
Sun, moon and stars waned suddenly.

At once, with frenzied haste, my feet  
Ran up and down the busy street.

If ever in my life I prayed,  
It was the evening Baby strayed.

And yet my great concern was this  
(Not dread of losing Baby's kiss,

And Baby's soft small hand in mine,  
And Baby's comradeship divine),

'Twas BABY'S terror, BABY'S fears!  
Whose hand but mine could dry her  
tears?

I without Baby? In my need  
I were a piteous soul indeed.

But piteous far, beyond all other,  
A little child without a mother.

And God, in mercy, graciously  
Gave my lost darling back to me.

O high and lofty One!  
THOU couldst have lived to all eternity  
Apart from ME!  
In majesty, upon that emerald throne.  
Thou, with Thy morning stars,  
Thy dawns, with golden bars,  
And all the music of the heavenly train.  
Possessing all things, what hadst Thou to  
gain  
By seeking me?  
What was I? . . . and, what am I? . . .  
less than nought.  
And yet Thy mercy sought.  
Yea, Thou hast set my feet  
Upon the way of holiness, and sweet  
It is, to seek Thee daily, unafraid . . .

But (this I learnt the night that Baby  
strayed)  
Here was Thy chief, Thy great concern  
for me:  
My desolate estate, apart from Thee!

# If Only —

If only dinner cooked itself,  
And groceries grew upon the shelf;  
If children did as they were told,  
And never had a cough or cold;  
And washed their hands, and wiped their  
    boots,  
And never tore their Sunday suits,  
But always tidied up the floor,  
Nor once forgot to shut the door.

If John remembered not to throw  
His papers on the ground. And oh!  
If he would put his pipes away,  
And shake the ashes on the tray  
Instead of on the floor close by;  
And always spread his towel to dry,  
And hung his hat upon the peg,  
And never had bones in his leg.

Then, there's another thing. If Jane  
Would put the matches back again  
Just where she found them, it would be  
A save of time to her and me.  
And if she never did forget  
To put the dustbin out; nor yet  
Contrive to gossip with the baker,  
Nor need ten thunderbolts to wake her.

Ahem! If wishes all came true,  
I don't know what I'd find to do,  
Because if no one made a mess  
There'd be no need of cleanliness.  
And things might work so blissfully,  
In time—who knows?—they'd not need  
    me!

And this being so, I fancy whether  
I'll go on keeping things together.

# Listening

His step? Ah, no; 'tis but the rain  
That hurtles on the window pane.  
Let's draw the curtains close and sit  
Beside the fire awhile and knit.  
Two purl—two plain. A well-shaped  
    sock,  
And warm. (I thought I heard a knock,  
But 'twas the slam of Jones's door.)  
Yes, good Scotch yarn is far before  
The fleecy wools—a different thing,  
And best for wear. (Was that his ring?)  
No. 'Tis the muffin man I see;  
We'll have threepennyworth for tea.  
Two plain—two purl; that heel is neat.  
(I hear his step far down the street.)  
Two purl—two plain. The sock can  
    wait;  
I'll make the tea. (He's at the gate!)

The Dear Folks in  
Devon

Back in the dear old country 'tis Christ-  
    mas, and to-night  
I'm thinking of the mistletoe and holly  
    berries bright.  
The smoke above our chimbley pots I'd  
    dearly love to see,  
And those dear folks down in Devon,  
    how they'll talk and think of me.

Owd Ben'll bring the letters, Christmas  
    morn, and if there's one  
As comes across from Canada straight  
    from their absent son,  
My Mother's hands'll tremble, and my  
    Dad'll likely say:  
"Don't seem like Christmas time no more,  
    with our dear lad away."

I can see 'em carve the Christmas beef,  
    and Brother Jimmy's wife  
Will say her never tasted such, no, not in  
    all her life.  
And Sister Martha's Christmas pies melt  
    in your mouth, 'tis true,  
But 'twas Mother made the puddin', as  
    mothers always do!

Ah me! If I could just have wings, and  
    in the dimsey light  
Go stealing up the cobbled path this  
    lonesome Christmas night,  
Lift up the latch with gentle hand—My!  
    What a shout there'd be!  
From those dear folks down in Devon!  
    What a welcomin' for me!



# The Reason

"Why shouldest Thou be as a wayfaring man, that  
turneth aside to tarry for a night?"—Jer. xiv. 8.

Nay, do not get the venison pasty  
out;  
I shall not greatly put myself about  
Hungry, he may be; yes, and we shall  
spare  
Some bread and cheese, 'tis truly whole-  
some fare.  
We have to-morrow's dinner still to find;  
It's well for you I have a frugal mind.

Not the best bed! No, no. Whatever  
next?  
Why with such questionings should I be  
next?  
The man is naught to us; why should  
we care?  
The little attic room will do; 'tis bare,  
But he'll be gone before to-morrow's light;  
He has but come to tarry for a night.

I shall not speak with him. Oh, no, not I,  
Lest I should pity overmuch, or buy  
Some paltry ware of his. Nay, I'll to  
bed,  
And he can sup alone, well warmed and  
fed;  
'Tis much to take him in a night like this.  
Why should I fret me with concerns of  
his?

Grey morning came, and at the break of  
day  
The Man rose up and went upon his way

# Two Women

"I beseech Euodias, and beseech Syntyche, that they  
be of the same mind in the Lord"—Phil. iv. 2,

EUODIAS.

But if Paul heard her tattlings, I am  
sure  
He never would expect me to endure.  
There is a something in her very face  
Antagonistic to the work of grace.  
And even when I would speak graciously  
Somehow, Syntyche's manner ruffles me.

SYNTYCHE.

No, not for worlds! Euodias has no  
mind;  
So slow she is, so spiritually blind.  
Her tongue is quite unbridled, yet she  
says  
She grieves to see my aggravating ways  
Ah, no one but myself knows perfectly  
How odious Euodias can be!

EUODIAS.

Yet, "in the Lord." Ah, that's another  
thing!

SYNTYCHE.

Yet, "in the Lord." That alters it in-  
deed.

EUODIAS.

For His sake I'll endure her whispering

SYNTYCHE.

For His sake I'll consent to let her lead.

EUODIAS.

Lord, teach me to forbear; yes, day by  
day.

SYNTYCHE.

Lord, keep me gentle now, and all the  
way.

# The Prize Fight

"I am a boxer, who does not inflict blows on the air,  
but I hit hard and straight at my own body."—1 Cor.  
ix. 26 (WEYMOUTH'S Translation).

'T'was breakfast time, and outside in  
the street  
The factory men went by with hurrying  
feet.  
And on the bridge, in dim December light,  
The newsboys shouted of the great prize  
fight.  
Then, as I dished the bacon, and served  
out  
The porridge, all our youngsters gave  
a shout.  
The letter-box had clicked, and through  
the din  
The Picture News was suddenly pushed in.

John showed the lads the pictures, and  
explained  
Just how the fight took place, and what  
was gained  
By that slim winner. Then, he looked at me  
As I sat, busy, pouring out the tea:  
"Your mother is a boxer, rightly styled.  
She hits the air sometimes, though," and  
John smiled.  
"Yet she fights on." Young Jack, with  
widened eyes  
Said: "Dad, how soon will mother get a  
prize?"

We laughed. And yet it set me thinking,  
how  
I beat the air, because a neighbour's cow  
Munched at our early cabbages, and ate  
The lettuce up, and tramped my mignon-  
ette!  
And many a time I kicked against the  
pricks  
Because the little dog at number six  
Disturbed my rest. And then, how cross  
I got  
When Jane seemed discontented with her  
lot.  
Until poor John in desperation said  
He wearied of the theme—and went to  
bed!

And how I vexed myself that day, when he  
Brought people unexpectedly for tea,  
Because the table-cloth was old and  
stained,  
And not a single piece of cake remained.  
And how my poor head ached! Because,  
well there!  
It uses lots of strength to beat the air!

"I am a boxer!" Here and now I pray  
For grace to hit the self-life every day.  
And when the old annoyance comes once  
more  
And the old temper rises sharp and sore,  
I shall hit hard and straight, O Tender-  
Wise,  
And read approval in Thy loving eyes.

# The Home Lights

"In my father's house!" The words  
Bring sweet cadence to my ears.  
Wandering thoughts, like homing birds,  
Fly all swiftly down the years,  
To that wide casement, where I always see  
Bright love-lamps leaning out to welcome  
me.

Sweet it was, how sweet to go  
To the worn, familiar door.  
No need to stand a while, and wait,  
Outside the well-remembered gate;  
No need to knock;  
The easy lock  
Turned almost of itself, and so  
My spirit was "at home" once more.  
And then, within, how good to find  
The same cool atmosphere of peace,  
Where I, a tired child, might cease  
To grieve, or dread,  
Or toil for bread.  
I could forget  
The dreary fret.  
The strivings after hopes too high,  
I let them every one go by.  
The ills of life, the blows unkind,  
These fearsome things were left behind.

ENVOY.

O trembling soul of mine,  
See how God's mercies shine!  
When thou shalt rise,  
And, stripped of earth, shall stand  
Within an Unknown Land;  
Alone, where no familiar thing  
May bring familiar comforting;  
Look up! 'Tis but thy Father's  
House! And, see  
His love-lamps leaning out to welcome  
thee!

# To an Old Teapot

Now from the dust of half-forgotten  
things,  
You rise to haunt me at the year's Spring-  
cleaning,  
And bring to memory dim imaginings  
Of mystic meaning.

No old-time potter handled you, I ween,  
Nor yet were you of gold or silver molten;  
No Derby stamp, nor Worcester, can be  
seen,  
Nor Royal Doulton.

You never stood to grace the princely  
board  
Of monarchs in some Oriental palace.  
Your lid is chipped, your chubby side is  
scored  
As if in malice.

I hesitate to say it, but your spout  
Is with unhandsome rivets held together—  
Mute witnesses of treatment meted out  
In regions nether.

O patient sufferer of many bumps!  
I ask it gently—shall the dustbin hold  
you?  
And will the dust-heap, with its cabbage  
stumps,  
At last enfold you?

It ought. And yet with gentle hands I  
place  
You with my priceless Delft and Dresden  
china,  
For sake of one who loved your homely  
face  
In days diviner.

To a Rebellious  
Daughter

You call authority "a grievous thing."  
With careless hands you snap the  
leading string,  
And, for a frolic (so it seems to you),  
Put off the old love, and put on the new.

For "What does Mother know of love?"  
you say.  
"Did her soul ever thrill?  
Did little tendernesses ever creep  
Into her dreams, and over-ride her will?  
Did her eyes shine, or her heart ever leap  
As my heart leaps to-day?  
I, who am young; who long to try my  
wings!

How should she understand,  
She, with her calm cool hand?  
She never felt such yearnings? And,  
beside,  
It's clear I can't be tied  
For ever to my mother's apron strings."

There are Infinities of Knowledge, dear.  
And there are mysteries, not yet made  
clear  
To you, the Uninitiate. . . . Life's book  
Is open, yes; but you may only look  
At its first section. Youth  
Is part, not all, the truth.  
It is impossible that you should see  
The end from the beginning perfectly.

You answer: "Even so.  
But how can Mother know,  
Who meditates upon the price of bacon?  
On 'liberties' the charwoman has taken,  
And on the laundry's last atrocities?  
She knows her cookery book,  
And how a joint of English meat should

look.  
But all such things as these  
Make up her life. She dwells in tents,  
but I  
In a vast temple open to the sky."

Yet, time was, when that Mother stooped  
to learn  
The language written in your infant face.  
For years she walked your pace,  
And none but she interpreted your chatter.  
Who else felt interest in such pitter-patter?  
Or, weary, joined in all your games with  
zest,  
And managed with a minimum of rest?  
Now, is it not your turn  
To bridge the gulf, to span the gap be-  
tween you?  
To-day, before Death's angel over-lean  
you,  
Before your chance is gone?  
This is worth thinking on.

"Are mothers blameless, then?" Nay,  
dearie, nay.  
Nor even tactful, always. Yet there may  
Come some grey dawning in the by  
and by,  
When, no more brave, nor sure, nor strong,  
you'll cry  
Aloud to God, for that despised thing,  
The old dear comfort—Mother's apron  
string.

# For Mothering!

Up to the Hall, my lady there'll wear  
her satin gown,  
For little Miss and Master'll be coming  
down from town.  
Oh ay, the childern's coming! The  
CHILDERN did I say?  
Of course, they're man and woman grown,  
this many and many a day.  
But still, my lady's mouth do smile, and  
squire looks fit to sing,  
As Master John and Miss Elaine is coming  
Mothering.

Then down to Farmer Westacott's, there's  
doings fine and grand,  
Because young Jake is coming home from  
sea, you understand.  
Put into port but yesternight, and when  
he steps ashore,  
'Tis coming home the laddie is, to Somer-  
set once more.  
And so her's baking spicy cakes, and stir-  
ring raisins in,  
To welcome of her only chick, who's  
coming Mothering.

And what of we? And ain't we got no  
childern for to come?  
Well, yes! There's Sam and Henery,  
and they'll be coming home.  
And Ned is very nigh six foot, and Joe is  
six foot three!  
But childern still to my good man, and  
childern still to me!  
And all the vi'lets seem to know, and all  
the thrushes sing,  
As how our Kate, and Bess and Flo is  
coming Mothering.

# Little Fan

When little Fanny came to town, I  
felt as I could sing!  
She were the sprackest little maid, the  
sharpest, pertest thing.  
Her mother were as proud as punch, and  
as for I-well, there!  
I never see sich gert blue eyes, I never  
see sich hair!  
"If all the weans in Somerset," says I,  
"was standin' here,  
Not one could hold a candle light, 'long-  
side our little dear."

Now FANNY'S little Fan have come! She's  
clingin' round my knees,  
She's asking me for sups of tea, and bites  
of bread and cheese.  
She's climbing into grandma's bed, she's  
stroking grandma's face.  
She's tore my paper into bits and strawed  
it round the place.  
"If all the weans in all the world," says  
I, "was standin' here,  
Not one could hold a farthin' dip to  
Fanny's little dear!"  
For Fanny's little Fanny-oh, she's took  
the heart of me!  
'Tis childern's childern is the CROWN of  
humble folk like we!



# The Naughty Day

I've had a naughty day to-day.

I scrunched a biscuit in my hair,  
And dipped my feeder in the milk,  
And spread my rusk upon a chair.

When mother put me in my bath,

I tossed the water all about,  
And popped the soap upon my head,  
And threw the sponge and flannel out.

I wouldn't let her put my hand

Inside the arm-hole of my vest;  
I held the sleeve until she said  
I really never SHOULD be dressed.

And while she made the beds, I found

Her tidy, and took out the hairs;  
And then I got the water-can  
And tipped it headlong down the stairs.

I crawled along the kitchen floor,

And got some coal out of the box,  
And drew black pictures on the walls,  
And wiped my fingers on my socks.

Oh, this HAS been a naughty day!

That's why they've put me off to bed.  
"He CAN'T get into mischief there,  
Perhaps we'll have some peace," they  
said.

They put the net across my cot,

Or else downstairs again I'd creep.  
But, see, I'll suck the counterpane  
To PULP before I go to sleep!

# To a Little White Bird

Into the world you came, and I was  
dumb,  
Because "God did it," so the wise ones  
said;  
I wonder sometimes "Did you really  
come?"  
And "Are you truly . . . DEAD?"

Thus you went out—alone and uncaressed;  
O sweet, soft thing, in all your infant  
grace,  
I never held you in my arms, nor pressed  
Warm kisses on your face!

But, in the Garden of the Unfiled,  
My soul will claim you . . . you, and  
not another;  
I shall hold out my arms, and say "MY  
CHILD!"  
And you will call me "MOTHER!"

# Because

(PSALM CXVI.)

Because He heard my voice, and  
    answered me,  
Because He listened, ah, so patiently,  
In those dark days, when sorrowful, alone,  
I knelt with tears, and prayed Him for a  
    stone;  
Because He said me "Nay," and then in-  
    stead,  
Oh, wonderful sweet truth! He gave me  
    bread,  
Set my heart singing all in sweet accord;  
Because of this, I love—I love the Lord!

# When He Comes

"When He comes!  
My sweetest 'When'!"  
C. ROSSETTI.

Thus may it be (I thought) at some  
day's close,  
Some lilac-haunted eve, when every rose  
Breathes forth its incense. May He find  
me there,  
In holy leisure, lifting hands of prayer,  
In some sweet garden place,  
To catch the first dear wonder of His Face!

Or, in my room above,  
In silent meditation of His love,  
My soul illumined with a rapture rare.  
It would be sweet, if even then, these eyes  
Might glimpse Him coming in the East-  
ern skies,  
And be caught up to meet Him in the  
air.

But now! Ah, now, the days  
Rush by their hurrying ways!  
No longer know I vague imaginings,  
For every hour has wings.  
Yet my heart watches . . . as I work I  
say,  
All simply, to Him: "Come! And if to-day,  
Then wilt Thou find me thus: just as I  
am—  
Tending my household; stirring goose-  
berry jam;  
Or swiftly rinsing tiny vests and hose,  
With puzzled forehead patching some one's  
clothes;  
Guiding small footsteps, swift to hear, and  
run,  
From early dawn till setting of the sun."

And whensoever He comes, I'll rise and go,  
Yes, all the gladlier that He found me so.

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## **PART II. OUT OF DOORS**

# Early Spring

Quick through the gates of Fairyland  
The South Wind forced his way.  
'Twas his to make the Earth forget  
Her grief of yesterday.  
"'Tis mine," cried he, "to bring her joy!"  
And on his lightsome feet  
In haste he slung the snowdrop bells,  
Pushed past the Fairy sentinels,  
And out with laughter sweet.

Clear flames of Crocus glimmered on  
The shining way he went.  
He whispered to the trees strange tales  
Of wondrous sweet intent,  
When, suddenly, his witching voice  
With timbre rich and rare,  
Rang through the woodlands till it cleft  
Earth's silent solitudes, and left  
A Dream of Roses there!

# The Witness

The Master of the Garden said;  
"Who, now the Earth seems cold  
and dead,  
Will by his fearless witnessing  
Hold men's hearts for the tardy spring?"

"Not yet. I am but half awake,"  
All drowsily the Primrose spake.  
And fast the sleeping Daffodils  
Had folded up their golden frills.

"Indeed," the frail Anemone  
Said softly, "'tis too cold for me."  
Wood Hyacinths, all deeply set,  
Replied: "No ice has melted yet."

When suddenly, with smile so bright,  
Up sprang a Winter Aconite,  
And to the Master joyfully  
She cried: "I will the witness be."



# In Somerset

In Somerset they guide the plough  
From early dawn till twilight now.  
The good red earth smells sweeter yet,  
Behind the plough, in Somerset.  
The celandines round last year's mow  
Blaze out . . . and with his old-time vow  
The South Wind woos the Violet,  
In Somerset.

Then, every brimming dyke and trough  
Is laughing wide with ripples now,  
And oh, 'tis easy to forget  
That wintry winds can sigh and sough,  
When thrushes chant on every bough  
In Somerset!

Song of a Woodland  
Stream

Silent was I, and so still,  
As day followed day.  
Imprisoned until  
King Frost worked his will.  
Held fast like a vice,  
In his cold hand of ice,  
For fear kept me silent, and lo  
He had wrapped me around and about  
with a mantle of snow.

But sudden there spake  
One greater than he.  
Then my heart was awake,  
And my spirit ran free.

At His bidding my bands fell apart, He  
had burst them asunder.  
I can feel the swift wind rushing by me,  
once more the old wonder  
Of quickening sap stirs my pulses—I  
shout in my gladness,  
Forgetting the sadness,  
For the Voice of the Lord fills the air!

And forth through the hollow I go, where  
in glad April weather,  
The trees of the forest break out into  
singing together.  
And here the frail windflowers will cluster,  
with young ferns uncurling,  
Where broader and deeper my waters go  
eddying, whirling,  
To meet the sweet Spring on her journey  
—His servant to be,  
Whose word set me free!  
Luggage in Advance

"The Fairies must have come," I  
said,  
"For through the moist leaves, brown and  
dead,  
The Primroses are pushing up,  
And here's a scarlet Fairy-cup.  
They must have come, because I see  
A single Wood Anemone,  
The flower that everybody knows  
The Fairies use to scent their clothes.  
And hark! The South Wind blowing, fills  
The trumpets of the Daffodils.  
They MUST have come!"

Then loud to me  
Sang from a budding cherry tree,  
A cheerful Thrush . . . "I say! I say!  
The Fairy Folk are on their way.  
Look out! Look out! Beneath your feet,  
Are all their treasures: Sweet! Sweet!  
Sweet!  
They could not carry them, you see,  
Those caskets crammed with witchery,  
So ready for the first Spring dance,  
They sent their Luggage in Advance!"



# At the Cross Roads

There I halted. Further down the  
hollow  
Stood the township, where my errand lay.  
Firm my purpose, till a voice cried  
(Follow!  
Come this way—I tell you—come this  
way!)

Silence, Thrush! You know I think of  
buying  
A Spring-tide hat; my frock is worn and  
old.  
So to the shops I go. What's that you're  
crying?  
(Here! Come here! And gather primrose  
gold.)  
Well, yes. Some day I will; but time is  
going.  
I haste to purchase silks and satins fair.  
I'm all in rags. (The Lady's Smock is  
showing  
Up yonder, in the little coppice there.)

And wood anemones spread out their  
laces;  
Each celandine has donned a silken gown;  
The violets are lifting shy sweet faces.  
(And there's a chiff-chaff, soft, and slim, and  
brown.)

But what about my hat? (The bees are  
humming.)  
And my new frock? (The hawthorn's  
budding free!  
Sweet! Oh, so sweet!) Well, have your  
way. I'm coming!  
And who's to blame for that? (Why, me!  
Me! Me!)

# Summer met Me

Summer met me in the glade,  
With a host of fair princesses,  
Golden iris, foxgloves staid,  
Sunbeams flecked their gorgeous dresses.  
Roses followed in her train,  
Creamy elder-flowers beset me,  
Singing, down the scented lane,  
Summer met me!

Summer met me! Harebells rang,  
Honeysuckle clustered near,  
As the royal pageant sang  
Songs enchanting to the ear.  
Rainy days may come apace,  
Nevermore to grieve or fret me,  
Since, in all her radiant grace,  
Summer met me!

# The Carrier

"Owd John's got past his work," said  
they,  
Last week as ever was—"don't pay  
To send by him. He's stoopid, too,  
And brings things what won't never do.  
We'll send by post, he is that slow.  
And that owd hoss of his can't go."

But 'smornin', well, 'twas fun to see  
The gentlefolks run after we.  
Squire's lady stopped I in the lane,  
"Oh," says she, "goin' to town again?  
You'll not mind calling into Bings  
To fetch my cakes and buns and things?  
I've got a party comin' on,  
And nought to eat . . . so, DO 'ee, John."

Then, up the street, who should I see,  
But old Mam Bessant hail'n' me.  
And Doctor's wife, and Mrs. Higgs  
Was wantin' vittles for their pigs,  
And would I bring some? (Well, what  
nex'?)  
And Granny Dunn has broke her specs,  
And wants 'em mended up in town,  
So would John call and bring 'em down  
To-night . . . ? and so the tale goes on,  
'Tis, "Sure you will, now DO 'ee, John."

Well, 'tis a hevil wind that blows  
Nobody any good; it shows  
As owd John haves his uses yet,  
Though now and then he do forget.  
Gee up, owd gal. When strikes is on,  
They're glad of pore owd stoopid John.

The Lad's Love by the  
Gate

Down in the dear West Country,  
there's a garden where I know  
The Spring is rioting this hour, though  
I am far away—  
Where all the glad flower-faces are old  
loves of long ago,  
And each in its accustomed place is  
blossoming to-day.

The lilac drops her amethysts upon the  
mossy wall,  
While in her boughs a cheerful thrush  
is calling to his mate.  
Dear breath of mignonette and stocks!  
I love you, know you all.  
And, oh, the fragrant spices from the  
lad's love by the gate!

Kind wind from the West Country, wet  
wind, but scented so,  
That straight from my dear garden  
you seem but lately come,  
Just tell me of the yellow broom, the  
guelder rose's snow,  
And of the tangled clematis where  
myriad insects hum.

Oh, is there any heartsease left, or any  
rosemary?  
And in their own green solitudes, say,  
do the lilies wait?  
I knew it! Gentle wind, but once—  
speak low and tenderly—  
How fares it—tell me truly—with the  
lad's love by the gate?

# The Thrush

Across the land came a magic word  
When the earth was bare and  
lonely,  
And I sit and sing of the joyous spring,  
For 'twas I who heard, I only!  
Then dreams came by, of the gladsome  
days,  
Of many a wayside posy;  
For a crocus peeps where the wild rose  
sleeps,  
And the willow wands are rosy!

Oh! the time to be! When the paths  
are green,  
When the primrose-gold is lying  
'Neath the hazel spray, where the catkins  
sway,  
And the dear south wind comes sigh-  
ing.

My mate and I, we shall build a nest,  
So snug and warm and cosy,  
When the kingcups gleam on the meadow  
stream,  
Where the willow wands are rosy!

# In Dorset Dear

In Dorset Dear they're making hay  
In just the old West Country way.  
With fork and rake and old-time gear  
They make the hay in Dorset Dear.  
From early morn till twilight grey  
They toss and turn and shake the hay.  
And all the countryside is gay  
With roses on the fallen may,  
For 'tis the hay-time of the year  
In Dorset Dear.

The loaded waggons wend their way  
Across the pasture-lands, and stay  
Beside the hedge where foxgloves peer;  
And ricks that shall be fashioned here  
Will be the sweetest stuff, they say,  
In Dorset Dear!

# The Flight of the Fairies

There's a rustle in the woodlands,  
and a sighing in the breeze,  
For the Little Folk are busy in the bushes  
and the trees;  
They are packing up their treasures, every  
one with nimble hand,  
Ready for the coming journey back to  
sunny Fairyland.

They have gathered up the jewels from  
their beds of mossy green,  
With all the dewy diamonds that summer  
morns have seen;  
The silver from the lichen and the  
powdered gold dust, too,  
Where the buttercups have flourished and  
the dandelions grew.

They packed away the birdies' songs,  
then, lest we should be sad,  
They left the Robin's carol out, to make  
the winter glad;  
They packed the fragrance of the flowers,  
then, lest we should forget,  
Out of the pearly scented box they  
dropped a Violet.

Then o'er a leafy carpet, by the silent  
woods they came,  
Where the golden bracken lingered and  
the maples were aflame.  
On the stream the starlight shimmered, o'er  
their wings the moonbeams shone,  
Music filtered through the forest—and the  
Little Folk were gone!



# The Street Player

The shopping had been tedious, and  
the rain  
Came pelting down as she turned home  
again.

The motor-bus swirled past with rush and  
whirr,  
Nought but its fumes of petrol left for  
her.

The bloaters in her basket, and the cheese  
Malodorously mixed themselves with  
these.

And all seemed wrong. The world was  
drab and grey  
As the slow minutes wept themselves  
away.

And then, athwart the noises of the street,  
A violin flung out an Irish air.

"I'll take you home again, Kathleen."  
Ah, sweet,  
How tender-sweet those lilting phrases  
were!

They soothed away the weariness, and  
brought  
Such peace to one worn woman, over-  
wrought,

That she forgot the things which vexed  
her so:  
The too outrageous price of calico,

The shop-girl's look of pitying insolence  
Because she paused to count the dwindling  
pence.

The player stopped. But the rapt vision  
stayed.  
That woman faced life's worries unafraid.

The sugar shortage now had ceased to be  
An insurmountable calamity.

Her kingdom was not bacon, no, nor  
butter,  
But things more costly still, too rare to  
utter.

And, over chimney-pots, so bare and tall,  
The sun set gloriously, after all.

# On All Souls' Eve

Oh, the garden ways are lonely!  
Winds that bluster, winds that  
    shout,  
Battle with the strong laburnum,  
Toss the sad brown leaves about.  
In the gay herbaceous border,  
Now a scene of wild disorder,  
The last dear hollyhock has flamed his  
    crimson glory out.

Yet, upon this night of longing,  
Souls are all abroad, they say.  
Will they come, the dazzling blossoms,  
That were here but yesterday?  
Will the ghosts of radiant roses  
And my sheltered lily-closes  
Hold once more their shattered fragrance  
    now November's on her way?

Wallflowers, surely you'll remember,  
Pinks, recall it, will you not?  
How I loved and watched and tended,  
Made this ground a hallowed spot:  
Pansies, with the soft meek faces,  
Harebells, with a thousand graces:  
Dear dead loves, I wait and listen. Tell  
    me, have you quite forgot?

HUSH! THEY COME! For down the path-  
    way  
Steals a fragrance honey-sweet.  
Larkspurs, lilies, stocks, and roses,  
Hasten now my heart to greet.  
Stay, oh, stay! My hands would hold  
you . . .  
But the arms that would enfold you  
Crush the bush of lad's love growing in  
    the dusk beside my feet.

# The Log Fire

In her last hour of life the tree  
Gave up her glorious memories,  
Wild scent of wood anemone,  
The sapphire blue of April skies.

With faint but ever-strength'ning flame,  
The dew-drenched hyacinthine spires  
Were lost, as red-gold bracken came,  
With maple bathed in living fires.

Grey smoke of ancient clematis  
Towards the silver birch inclined,  
And deep in thorny fastnesses  
The coral bryony entwined.

Then softly through the dusky room  
They strayed, fair ghosts of other days,  
With breath like early cherry bloom,  
With tender eyes and gentle ways.

They glimmered on the sombre walls,  
They danced upon the oaken floor,  
Till through the loudly silent halls  
Joy reigned majestic once more.

Up blazed the fire, and, dazzling clear,  
One rapturous Spirit radiant stood.  
'Twas you at last! Yes, YOU, my dear.  
We two were back in Gatcombe Wood!

# God save the King

GOD SAVE OUR GRACIOUS KING. (It  
seems  
The Church is full of bygone dreams.)

LONG LIVE OUR NOBLE KING. (My own,  
'Tis hard to stand here all alone.)

GOD SAVE THE KING. (But, sweetheart, you  
Were always brave to dare and do.)

SEND HIM VICTORIOUS. (For then,  
My darling will come home again!)

HAPPY AND GLORIOUS ('Twill be  
Like Heaven to him—and what to me?)

LONG TO REIGN OVER US. (My dear!  
And we'd been wedded one short year!)

GOD SAVE OUR KING. (And Lord, I pray  
Keep MY King safe this very day.)

Forgive us, thou—great England's kingly  
King  
That thus do women National Anthems  
sing.

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