

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott  
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel  
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen  
Weber Freiligrath Frey  
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel  
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas  
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach  
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil  
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London  
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Lichtenberg Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer  
Trackl Stevenson Lenz Hambrecht Doyle Gjellerup  
Mommssen Thoma Tolstoi Hanrieder Droste-Hülshoff  
Dach Thoma Verne Hägele Hauptmann Humboldt  
Karrillon Reuter Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier  
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder  
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer Bebel Proust  
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke George  
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot  
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy  
Storm Casanova Lessing Langbein Gilm Gryphius  
Chamberlain Schiller Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates  
Brentano Strachwitz Katharina II. von Rußland Bellamy Schilling Kralik Gibbon Tschchow  
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Wilde Gleim Vulpius  
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Morgenstern Goedicke  
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Kleist Mörike Musil  
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus  
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus  
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke  
Nestroy Marie de France  
Nietzsche Nansen Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht Ringelnatz  
Marx Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz  
von Ossietzky May vom Stein Lawrence Irving  
Petalozzi Platon Pückler Michelangelo Knigge Kock Kafka  
Sachs Poe Liebermann Kock Korolenko  
de Sade Praetorius Mistral Zetkin



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# **The Verse-Book of a Homely Woman**

Fay Inchfawn

# Imprint

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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



## 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 vexatious 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!

