

# Count That Day Lost by George Eliot

by Mary Ann Evans

If you sit down at set of sun  
And count the acts that you have done,  
And, counting, find  
One self-denying deed<sup>1</sup>, one word  
That eased the heart of him who heard,  
One glance<sup>2</sup> most kind  
That fell like sunshine where it went --  
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if, through all the livelong day,  
You've cheered no heart, by yea<sup>3</sup> or nay<sup>4</sup> --  
If, through it all  
You've nothing done that you can trace<sup>5</sup>  
That brought the sunshine to one face --  
No act most small  
That helped some soul and nothing cost --  
Then count that day as worse than lost.

<sup>1</sup> מעשה של הקרבה עצמית

<sup>2</sup> מבט

<sup>3</sup> כן

<sup>4</sup> לא

<sup>5</sup> לאתר אותו