



# *Count That Day*

George Eliot

If you sit down at set of sun  
And count the acts that you have done,  
And, counting, find  
One self-denying deed, one word  
That eased the heart of him who heard,  
One glance 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 or nay –  
If, through it all  
You've nothing done that you can trace  
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.