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a round face near the top of the stairs
speaks in his kind sweet big voice:
then a slender face(on the mantelpiece
of a bedroom)begins to croon

more particularly at just
midnight this hearty fellow'll exist
—whereas that delicate creature is **most**
herself while uttering one

a third face,away in the sky
finally faintly(higher than high
in the rain in the wind in the dark)whispers.
And i and my love are alone