

### **The Faithful Swallow**

When summer shone  
Its sweetest on  
An August day,  
'Here evermore,'  
I said, 'I'll stay;  
Not go away  
To another shore  
As fickle they!'

December came:  
'Twas not the same!  
I did not know  
Fidelity  
Would serve me so.  
Frost, hunger, snow;  
And now, ah me,  
Too late to go!

*Thomas Hardy*