aged playing
playing
nis
the
ends
they
home
net
still
be
them

## **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)

Fire and Ice Some say the world will end in fire, Some say in ice. From what I've tasted of desire I hold with those who favor fire. But if it had to perish twice, I think I know enough of hate To say that for destruction ice Is also great And would suffice. (Robert Frost)