

Robert Herrick (baptized 24 Aug. 1591 – buried 15 Oct. 1674)

**Upon His Departure Hence**

Thus I  
Pass by,  
And die :  
As one  
Unknown  
And gone :  
I'm made  
A shade,  
And laid  
I' th' grave :  
There have  
My cave,  
Where tell  
I dwell.  
Farewell.

Thomas Hardy (2 June 1840 – 11 January 1928)

**The Robin**

When up aloft  
I fly and fly,  
I see in pools  
The shining sky,  
And a happy bird  
Am I, am I!

When I descend  
Towards their brink  
I stand, and look,  
And stoop, and drink,  
And bathe my wings,  
And chink and prink.

When winter frost  
Makes earth as steel  
I search and search  
But find no meal,  
And most unhappy  
Then I feel.

But when it lasts,  
And snows still fall,  
I get to feel  
No grief at all,  
For I turn to a cold stiff  
Feathery ball!