

## THE OXEN

*Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock.*

*'Now they are all on their knees,  
An elder said as we sat in a flock  
By the embers in the hearthside ease.*

*We pictured the meek mild creatures where  
They dwell in their strawy pen,  
Nor did it occur to one of us there  
To doubt they were kneeling then.*

*So fair a fancy few would weave  
In these days! 'Yet, I feel,  
If someone said on Christmas Eve,  
'Come, see the oxen kneel*

*'In the lonely barton by yonder coomb  
Our childhood used to know,'  
I should go with him in the gloom,  
Hoping it might be so.*

1915

72

## ELS BOUS

Nit de Nadal. Les dotze en punt.

«Ara estan tots de genolls»,  
digué un vell, mentre seiem junts,  
i tranquils, a la llar de foc.

I imaginàrem les dòcils creatures  
a la palla del corral;  
a ningú se li acudí de dubtar-ho,  
que estarien agenollats.

Ben pocs, avui, s'empescarien  
una llegenda així! Però jo,  
si algú, la Nit de Nadal, em digués:  
«Vine a veure els bous de genolls

allà a la borda de la fondalada,  
per on corriem de vailets»,  
me n'aniria amb ell per la fosca  
esperant que fos cert.

1915

73