

BARRIN

(Mill-Ingliz ta' Thomas Hardy.)

Lejliet il-Milied ; nofs-il-lejl,
 "Da' l-waqt għar-rkobtejhom qegħdin"
 Qal wieħed mill-kbar hemm kif konna
 Mal-maġmar fid-dar miġburin.

Sthajjilna naraw dawk il-gwejjed
 Oħġiela fil-maqiel mifrux ;
 Hadd min'na m'għaddielu minn rasu
 Li hekk il-barrin ma kinux.

Fi żmienna ffit huma li jfanstu
 Di' d-dehra sabiħa ! Imma jien
 Infoss li 'kk xi fiadd f'dik il-lejla
 Jgħid : "Imxu narawhom flimkien

L-ifrat għar-rkobtejhom fil-għiura
 Li, tfal, konna nżuru", hemmhekk
 Jien miegħu immur qalb id-dalma
 Fit-tama li jista' jkun hekk.

DUN KARM.

THE OXEN

Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock,
 "Now they are all on their kness",
 An elder said as we sat in a flock
 By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where
 They dwelt 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 years ! Yet, I feel,
 If some one 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.

THOMAS HARDY.