

A LEGEND

Traduzzjonijiet ta' MAY BUTCHER mir-Russu ta'

A. PLESHCHEIEF.

A garden small as small had Christ.
He planted it with roses gay.
That He might, later, weave a wreath
He watered it three times a day.
Then when the roses blossomed forth
He called the Hebrew children there.
They plucked off every single flower
And left the little garden bare.
"How now wilt weave Thyself a wreath?
Thy garden is of all bereft."
"Ye have foregotten", answered Christ,
"The thorns for me have still been left."
And therefore from the thorns they wove
A wreath for Him, a prickly wreath.
Instead of roses, drops of blood
Adorned the childish Brow beneath.