

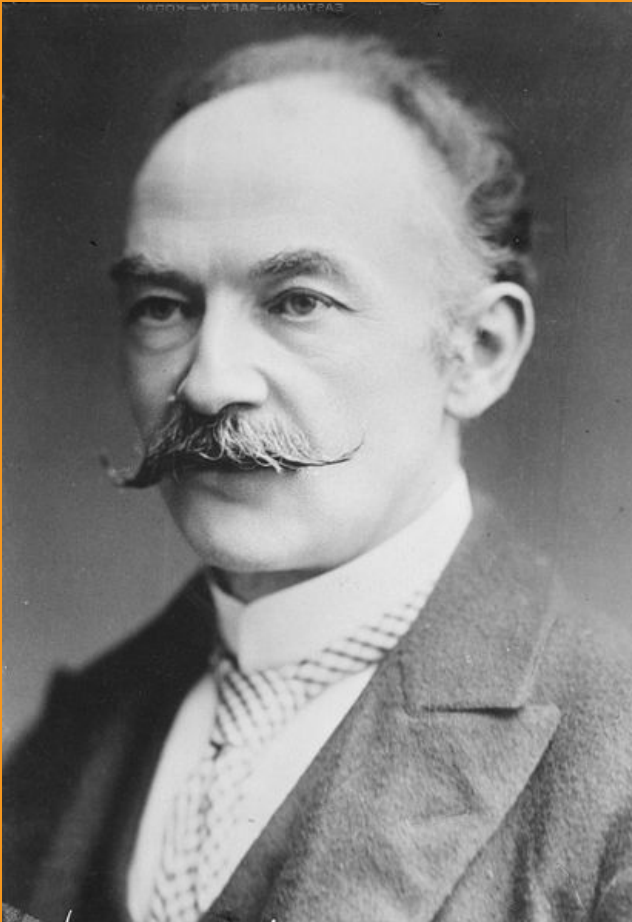


+HOMER HARDY

1840 — 1928

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 HEARTH-SIDE EDGE: 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 LASS 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 CHILD
HOOD USED TO KNOW:
I SHOULD GO WITH HIM
IN THE GLOOM HOP
ING IT MIGHT BE SO:

NOTES:



http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thomas_Hardy#Poetry