

THE OX'S CAROL

I am the Ox
who ploughs the field,
who treads the corn
and drags the straw
inside the door,
all for a baby to lie in,
all for a baby to lie in.

I am the Ox
who lifts the branch,
who hauls the logs
and lays them down
upon the ground,
all for a baby to lie in,
all for a baby to lie in.

I am the Ox
who guards the stall,
who joins the Ass,
my friend of old
in winter's cold,
all for a baby to lie in,
all for a baby to lie in.

We are the friends
who warm the crib
with breaths of love
and songs of joy --
songs of joy
for the infant boy,
all for a baby to lie in,
all for a baby to lie in.

All through the night
I wrapped the straw
around his head

in his tiny bed
where the animals fed,
all for the baby to sleep in,
all for the baby to sleep in.