

Indifference

By G. A. Studdert-Kennedy



**When Jesus came to Golgatha,
They hanged Him on a tree,
They drove great nails through hands
and feet, And made a Calvary.
They crowned Him with a crown of
thorns, Red were His wounds and deep,
For those were crude and cruel days,
And human flesh was cheap !**

**When Jesus came to Washington
They simply passed Him by,
They never hurt a hair of Him,
They only let Him die;
For men have grown more tender,
And they would not give Him pain,
They only just passed down the street,
And left Him in the rain.**

**Still Jesus cried, "Forgive them,
For they know not what they do!"
And still it rained the winter rain
That drenched Him through and
through;
The crowd went home and left the
streets, Without a soul to see,
And Jesus crouched against a wall
And cried for Calvary.**

