

# INDIFFERENCE

A POEM

BY FATHER G.A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY

When Jesus came to Golgotha,  
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 Birmingham  
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.