

April 15^T/70

Easter 1970

The throngs surge round the hockey rinks
The gambling dens are full
The bingo players laugh and call
No moment left is dull.
And when the Sunday service comes
The faithful few sit there
Some listen to the sermon
Some listen to the prayer.

Two thousand years ago
Took place a trial
At which 'een present heads do bow
What Pilate did unto the Christ
We copy even now.

High on the Cross they hung him
Two thousand years ago
No friendly hand to help him
On every side a foe.

With fear and laugh they gambled
As we do gamble now
No thought in their minds of an Easter
That would 'idown the centuries go.