

Consequence

"No More Samaritans"

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A man amidst thieves,
Lay lame and sickly,
As the passersby see
But all just keep moving

There priestly and pious,
Pass on the wayside.
Heedless and high
As all just keep moving

None wash them with wine,
Or dress their afflictions
There's no more oil to soothe,
Or give sweet benediction.

All hasten their feet
And quicken their breathing
There' re no more alms to catch up
With the pace they are keeping

We all walk like levities
And pass alongside of the fray
No more Samaritans
Ever'd be stopped on the way

No more inns for exposure
Or men with the means to defray
No more Samaritans
Ever'd be stopped on the way

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