

"Give Us Barabbas"*

There was a man—a Jew of kingly blood,
But of the people—poor and lowly born,
Accused of blasphemy of God, he stood
Before the Roman Pilate, while in scorn
The multitude demanded it was fit
That one should suffer for the people,
while
Another be released, absolved, acquit,
To live his life out virtuous or vile.

"Whom will ye have—Barabbas or this Jew?"
Pilate made answer to the mob, "The choice
Is yours; I wash my hands of this, and you,
Do as you will." With one vast ribald
voice

The populace arose and, shrieking, cried,
"Give us Barabbas, we condone his deeds!"
And He of Nazareth was crucified—
Misjudged, condemned, dishonored for
their needs.

*NOTE.—Written after Dreyfus was exiled.