She's More to Be Pitied Than Censured

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(William B. Gray)

At the old concert hall on the Bowery,
'Round a table were seated one night,
A crowd of young fellows carousing
With them life seemed cheerful and bright.
At the very next table was seated
A girl who had fallen to shame,
All the young fellows jeered at her weakness,
Till they heard an old woman explain:

cho: She is more to be pitied than censured,
She is more to be helped than despised.
She is only a lassie who ventured
On life's stormy path, ill-advised;
Do not scorn her with words fierce and bitter
Do not laugh at her shame and downfall.
For a moment, just stop and consider
That a man was the cause of it all.

There's an old-fashioned church 'round the corner
Where the neighbors all gathered one day,
While the parson was preaching a sermon
O'ere a soul that had just passed away;
'Twas this same wayward girl from the Bow'ry
Who a life of adventure had led.
Did the clergyman jeer at her downfall?
No! He asked for God's mercy, and said: