

The White Slave

By: Joe Hill

Music by Leo Friedman

One little girl, fair as a pearl,
Worked every day in a laundry;
All that she made for food she paid,
So she slept on a park bench so soundly;
An old procuress spied her there
And whispered softly in her ear:

"Come with me now, my girlie.
Don't sleep out in the cold.
Your face and tresses curly
Will bring you fame and gold,
Automobiles to ride in,
Diamonds and silks to wear.
You'll be a star bright
Down in the red light;
You'll make your fortune there."

Same little girl, no more a pearl,
Walks all alone 'long the river.
Five years have flown;
Her health is gone.
She would look at the water and shiver.
Whene'er shed stop to rest and sleep,
Shed hear a voice call from the deep:

"Come with me now, my girlie.
Don't sleep out in the cold.
Your face and tresses curly
Will bring you fame and gold,
Automobiles to ride in,
Diamonds and silks to wear.
You'll be a star bright
Down in the red light;
You'll make your fortune there."

Girls in this way fall every day
And have been falling for ages.
Who is to blame?
You know his name.
It's the boss who pays starvation wages.
A homeless girl can always hear
Temptations calling everywhere:

"Come with me now, my girlie.
Don't sleep out in the cold.
Your face and tresses curly
Will bring you fame and gold,
Automobiles to ride in,
Diamonds and silks to wear.
You'll be a star bright
Down in the red light;
You'll make your fortune there."