

# She Is More To Be Pitied Than Censured - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

SHE IS MORE TO BE PITIED THAN CENSURED.

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Words and Music by Wm. B. Gray

At the old concert hall on the Bow'ry,  
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 exclaim:

Chorus.

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'er 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:- Chorus.