

She Is More To Be Pitied Than Censured - song lyrics

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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 the 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 tierce 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:- Cho.