

SHE IS MORE TO BE PITIED, THAN CENSURED.

PATHETIC SONG and CHORUS.

Words and Music by WM. B. GRAY.

Moderato.

mf

1. At the old con - cert hall on the Bow - 'ry, . . .
2. There's an old fashioned church round the cor - ner, . . .

rall.

p

. . . 'Round a ta - ble were seat - ed, one night, . . . A crowd of young
. . . Where the neigh - bors all gath - er - ed one day, While the par - son was

fel - lows ca - rous - ing, . . . With them life seemed cheer - ful and bright, . . .
preach - ing a ser - mon, . . . O'er a soul that had just passed a - way,

At the ve - ry next ta - ble, was seat - ed, . . . A girl who had
 'Twas this same way - ward girl from the Bow - 'ry, . . . Who a life of ad -

fal - len to shame, All the young fel - lows jeered at her
 - ven - ture had led, Did the cler - gy - man jeer at her

weak - ness, 'Till they heard an old wo - man ex - claim;
 down - fall? No, he asked for God's Mer - cy and said.

CHORUS.

She is more to be pit - ied than cen - sured, . . . She is more to be

helped than des - pised, She is on - ly a las - sie who ven - tured, . . . On

life's storm - y path, ill ad - vided, Do not scorn her with words fierce and

bit - ter, Do not laugh at her shame and downfall, For a mo - ment just

rall,
stop and con - sid - er, That a man was the cause of it all,