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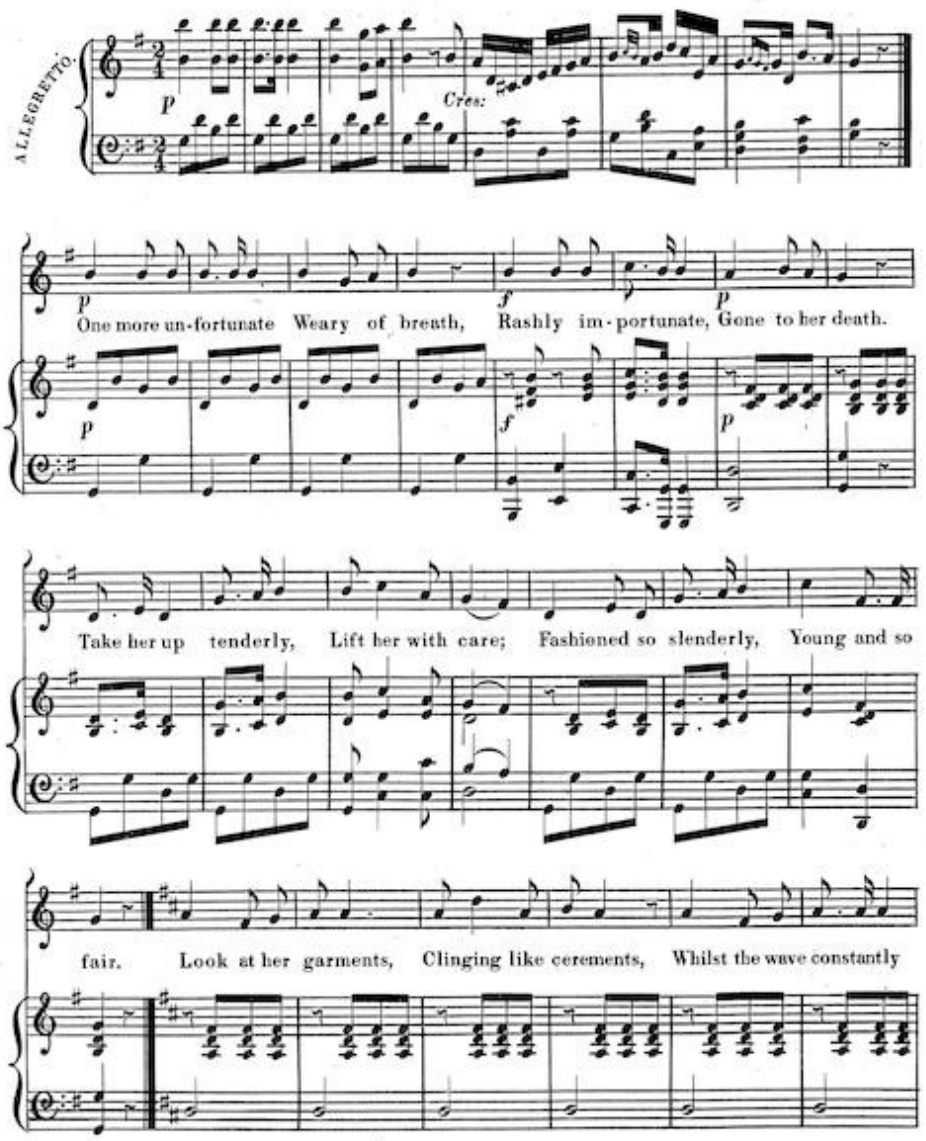

Drips from her clothing; Take her up instantly, Loving not loathing. Touch her not

scornfully, Think of her mournfully, Gently and humanly; Not of the stains of her,

Ad lib: *A Tempo*

All that re-mains of her, Now is pure womanly. Loop up her tresses, Es-caped from the

Colla voce

Ad lib:

comb, Her fair auburn tresses, While wonderment guesses Where was her home!

Colla voce

A Tempo

Who was her father! Who was her mother! Had she a sister! Or

had she a brother! Or was there a dearer one Still, and a nearer one

Yet than all other! A - las! for the rarity Of christian charity Under the

sun; Oh! it was pitiful, Near the whole city full, Home she had none. The

Cres

bleak winds of March Made her tremble and shiver, But not the dark arch Or the

black flowing river; Mad from life's history, Glad to death's mystery

Cres

Cres

f Swift to be hurl'd, *p* Anywhere, anywhere, Out of the world. *f* In she plunged

f *p* *f*

boldly, No matter how coldly The rough river ran! Over the brink of it,

Picture it, think of it, Dissolute man! Lave in it, drink of it, Then if you

can. Lave in it, drink of it, Then if you can. *p* Take her up tenderly,

p

Lift her with care, Fashioned so slenderly, Young and so fair. Owning her

Ad lib

weakness, Her e - vil be- haviour; And leaving with meekness, Her sins to her Sa - viour.

Colla voce