

# The White Slave

Joe Hill

Leo Friedman

**Moderato** **Dreamily**

One lit - tle girl,  
Same lit - tle girl,  
Girls in this way,

11  
fair as a pearl, Worked eve - ry day in a laun - dry;  
no more a pearl, Walks all a - lone 'long the riv - er,  
fall eve - ry day, And have been fal - ling for ag - es,

17  
All that she made for food she paid, So she slept on a  
Five years have flown, her health is gone She would look at the  
Who is to blame? You know his name, It's the boss who pays

22

park bench so sound - ly; An old pro - cu - resspied her  
wa - ter and shiv - er, When - e'er she stopped to rest and  
star - va - tion wag - es. A home - less girl can al - ways

28

there, And whis - pered soft - ly in her ear:  
sleep, She'd hear a voice call from the deep:  
hear Temp - ta - tions call - ing eve - ry - where:

*rit.*

33

CHORUS

Come with me now, my girl - ie, Don't sleep out in the

*mf*

y

39

cold; Your face and tress - es

y

43

cur ly Will bring you fame and gold,

49

Au - to - mo - biles to ride in, dia - monds and silks to

55

wear, You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,

61

You'll make your for - tune there.