

# THE FALLEN ONES.

(Written by an Irish Jesuit ; first appeared in a Dublin Magazine  
in 1875.)

Have we then no tears to shed ?  
Are our hearts seared or dead,  
Humankind, womankind saved from the snare,  
Shall we crush the fallen reed  
Sisters with all their need,  
Hideously, piteously, crazed with despair.

Alas ! they are a shameless set,  
But are ye blameless yet ?  
Blighting them, slighting them, cankering their youth,  
Forget not who spurn them now—  
Many's the burning vow  
Winningly, sinningly stole them from truth.

A deeply degraded lot,  
Abject and aided not,  
Weary hearts, dreary hearts lost to fair fame.  
Unpitied ills harden them--  
Bless God and pardon them—  
Healthy folks, wealthy folks spotless *in name*.

Ignoble and low 'tis true,  
Blotting our social view,  
Paining us, straining us e'en with their sight.  
But think ye displacing them,  
Serves for effacing them—  
Hiving them, driving them far from the light.

Oh ! what's to become of them ?  
Try to save some of them,  
Healingly, feelingly shaping their days,  
Afford them a biding place,  
Home, *not a hiding place*—  
Readily, steadily, teaching God's ways.