

O PITY THE SLAVE MOTHER.

Words from the Liberator.

Air, Araby's Daughter.

I pi - ty the slave mother, care - worn and wear - y, Who
I la - ment her sad fate, all so hope - less and drear - y, I la -

You may pic - ture the bounds of the rock - gir - dled o - cean, But the

sighs as she pres - ses her babe to her breast;
ment for her woes, and her wrongs un - re - dressed. } O
grief of that moth - er can nev - er be known.

who can im - a - gine her heart's deep e - mo - tion, As she

thinks of her chil - dren a - bout to be sold; **D.C.**