O PITY THE SLAVE MOTHER.

Words from the Liberator.  Air, Araby's Daughter.

I pity the slave mother, care-worn and weary, Who
You may picture the bounds of the rock-girdled ocean, But the

I lament her sad fate, all so hopeless and dreary, I la-
sighs as she presses her babe to her breast;

Who can imagine her heart's deep emotion, As she

You may picture the bounds of the rock-girdled ocean, But the

grief of that mother can never be known.

As she

Who can imagine her heart's deep emotion, As she

thinks of her children about to be sold;