

## BORN 'MID THE STORM

Music by Carl Thomas Gladstone and the Abolitionist Hymnal Project  
Words adapted from *The Anti-Slavery Harp*

G D  
I pity the slave mother, careworn and weary,  
em C  
Who sighs as she presses her babe to her breast;  
G D  
I lament her sad fate, all so hopeless and dreary,  
C G D G  
I lament for her woes, and her wrongs unredressed,

O who can imagine her heart's deep emotion,  
As she thinks of her children about to be sold;  
You may picture the bounds of the rock-girdled ocean,  
But the grief of that mother can never be known.

D C G  
Rejoice, O rejoice! for the child thou art rearing,  
D C  
May one day lift up its unmanacled form,  
D C G  
While hope, to thy heart, like the rain-bow so cheering,  
em G D G  
Is born, like the rain-bow, 'mid tempest and storm.

Her parents, her kindred, all crushed by oppression;  
Her husband still doomed in its desert to stay;  
No arm to protect from the tyrants aggression—  
She must weep as she treads on her desolate way.

O, slave mother, hope! see—the nation is shaking!  
The arm of the Lord is awake to thy wrong!  
The slave-holder's heart now with terror is quaking,  
Salvation and Mercy to Heaven belong!

# Born 'Mid The Storm

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The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of ten staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes, and guitar chords (G, D, C, Em) are indicated above the staff. The score includes a chorus section starting at measure 21. The lyrics describe the suffering of a slave mother and her child, and end with a hopeful message about a rainbow appearing in the storm.

5 I pi - ty the slave mo - ther care - worn and  
Her pa - rents her kin - dred all crushed by o -  
O, slave mo - ther hope! See the na - tion is

9 wear - y Who sighs as she press - es her babe to her  
pression Her hus - band still doomed in its de - sert to  
shak - ing the arm of the Lord is a - wake to thy

13 breast. I la - ment her sad fate, all so hope - less and  
stay No arm to pro - tect from the ty - rant's a -  
wrong! The slave - hold - er's heart now with terr - or is

17 drear - y I la - ment for her woes, and her wrongs un - re -  
gress - ion She must weep as she treads on her de - so - late  
quak - ing Sal - va - tion and mer - cy to Hea - ven be -

21 dressed. Re - joice, O re - joice! For the  
way. long!

25 child thou art rear - ing may one day lift up its un -

29 man - a - cled form, While hope, to they heart, like a  
rain - bow so cheer - ing is born, like the rain - bow, 'mid

33 temp - est and storm.