





# Born 'Mid The Storm

Words adapted from The Anti-Slavery Harp

Music by Carl Thomas Gladstone  
and the Abolitionist Hymnal Project

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. Chord symbols (G, D, Em, C) are placed above the staff to indicate harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff, with line numbers (5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, 33) marking the beginning of new lines of text. The text is a hymn about the abolitionist struggle, mentioning 'the slave mother', 'her babe', 'the Lord', and 'the storm'.

I pi - ty the slave mo - ther care - worn and  
 Her pa - rents her kin - dred all crushed by o -  
 5 O, slave mo - ther hope! See the na - tion is  
 wear - y Who sighs as she press - es her babe to her  
 pres - sion Her hus - band still doomed in its de - sert to  
 9 shak - ing the arm of the Lord is a - wake to thy  
 breast. I la - ment her sad fate, all so hope - less and  
 stay No arm to pro - tect from the ty - rant's a -  
 13 wrong! The slave hold - er's heart now with terr - or is  
 de - ar I la - ment for her woes, and her wrongs un - re -  
 17 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 -  
 dressed. Re - joice, O re - joice! For the  
 21 way. long!  
 child thou art rear - ing may one day lift up its un -  
 25 man - a - cled form, While hope to they heart, like a  
 29 rain - bow so cheer - ing is born, like the rain - bow, 'mid  
 33 temp - est and storm.

# There Is a Better Day

Words adapted from The Anti Slavery Harp

Music by Carl Thomas Gladstone  
and the Abolitionist Hymnal Project

D A



See these poor souls from Af - ri - ca  
See these poor souls from Bur - ma  
See wives and husbands sold a - part  
O gra - ious Lord when shall it be

5 Bm G



trans - por - ted to A - mer - i - ca  
trans - por - ted to bro - thers a - broad  
the child - ren scream it breaks the heart  
that we poor souls shall all be free

9 D Bm



We are sto - len and sold to Geor - gia  
We are sto - len and sold a - way  
We are sto - len and torn a - sund - er  
Lord break them Slave - er - y powers

13 A G



Will you go with me? Sound the Ju - bi -

17 D A



lee! Dear Lord, Dear Lord when will sla - ver - y cease?

21 A



Then we poor souls can have our peace;  
there's a bet - ter day com - ing there's a bet - ter day com - ing

25 Bm G



there's a bet - ter day.

29 D



# Get Off The Track

Words adapted from The Anti-Slavery Harp

Music by Carl Thomas Gladstone  
and the Abolitionist Hymnal Project

Em - - -



1)Ho! the car e - manc - i - pa - tion rides ma - je - stic thro' our na - tion,  
2)First of all the train, and great - er speeds the daunt - less Lib - er - a - tor  
5 4)Hear the migh - ty car wheelshumming Now Look Out! the en - gine's com - ing



Bear - ing on its train the stor - y, Li - ber - ty a na - tions's glo - ry  
On - ward cheered a - mid hos - ann - as and the wav - ing of free ban - ners  
Church an statesmen hear the thund - er Clear the track or you'll fall und - er

9 Em G A C



Roll it a - long thro' the na - tion Free - dom's car E - manc - i - pa - tion!  
Roll it a - long! Spread your ban - ners while the peop - le shout hos - ann - as.  
Get off the track! All are sing - ing while the Lib - er - ty bell is ring - ing

13 Em G A C Em G



3)Now a - gain the bell is toll - ing.  
5)All true friends of E - manc - i - pa - tion

17 -A C Em G



Soon you'll see the car - wheels roll - ing Hin - der not their dest - i - na - tion  
hast to Free - dom's rail - road sta - tion Quick in - to the cars get seat - ed

21 A C Em G



Chart - ered for E - manc - i - pa - tion Wood up the fire! Keep it flash - ing  
All is rea - dy and com - plete - d Put on the steam! All are cry - ing

25 A C Em



While the train goes on - ward da - shing.  
and the Li - ber - ty flags are fly - ing.

# Never More To Sleep

Words adapted from The Anti-Slavery Harp

Music by Carl Thomas Gladstone  
and the Abolitionist Hymnal Project

D C D(add2)/F#

Hark a voice from Heav'n\_\_ pro claim - ing Com fort to the mourn  
See the light of truth\_\_ is break - ing Full and clear on ev -  
Long to long have we\_\_ been dream - ing o'er our coun try's sin

5 C D C Em

ing slave\_ God has heard them long\_\_ com plain - ing and ext - ends his arm to save  
ery hand\_ and the voice of mer - cy speak ing now is heard through all\_ the land  
and shame Let us now the time\_\_ re - deem ing pres the help - less cap - tives' claims

9 D Em D C

Proud o - ppres sion soon\_\_ shall find\_ a shaem - ful grave\_\_  
Firm and fear - less see\_\_ the friends of Free - dom stand\_\_  
Till, ex - ult - ing, they\_\_ shall cast\_ a - side\_\_ their chains\_\_

13 G C

Lo! The na - tion\_\_ is\_\_ a - rous - ing\_\_

17 G C

from its slum - bers\_ lon - ng\_\_ and deep\_\_

21 G C

and the church\_\_ of God\_\_ is wak - ing\_\_

25 Em D C

Ne - ver more to sleep\_\_ while the bond - ed in\_\_ their chains re - main to weep.

29

# I Am An Abolitionist

Words adapted from The Anti-Slavery Harp

Music by Carl Thomas Gladstone  
and the Abolitionist Hymnal Project

E A(sus2)/E

I am an a - bo - li - tion - ist I glo - ry in the name  
I am an a - bo - li - tion - ist Then urge me not to pause  
I am an a - bo - li - tion - ist O - ppres - ion's dead - ly foe  
I am an a - bo - li - tion - ist no threats shall awe my soul.

5 Am E

— though now by sla - very's min - ion's hissed it's cov - ered o'er with shame  
— for joy - full - y do I en - list in free - dom's sac - red cause  
— In God's great name will I re - sist and lay the mon - ster low  
— no pe - rils cause me to de - sist no bribes my net's con - trol

9 E A(sus2)/E

— it is a spell of light and power the watch - word of the free  
— a no - bler strife the world ne'er saw th'en slaved to dis - en thrall  
— in god's great name do I de - mand to all be free - dom giv'n  
— in free - dom will I live and die in sun - shine and in shade

13 Am E

— that spurns it in the tri - al hour the cra - ven soul is he  
— I am a sol - dier for the war what - ev - er may be - fall  
— that peace an joy may fill the land and songs go up to heav'n  
— and raise my voice for li - ber - ty of nought on earth a - fraid

17 Chorus A(sus2)/E E A(sus2)/E

we'll lay the Mon - ster low my friends lay the mon -

23 E A(sus2)/E E

ster low with god we'll crush the sla - ver's sins

29 A(sus2)/E Am E

— we'll lay the mon - ster low

# Farewell

Words adapted from The Anti-Slavery Harp

Music by Carl Thomas Gladstone  
and the Abolitionist Hymnal Project

1 E<sup>5</sup> Bm/D#

The night is dark and keen the air  
One star shines in the heav'ns above

5 D<sup>5</sup> A<sup>5</sup> E<sup>5</sup>

and the slave is fly ing to be free His part ing word  
that guides him on his lone ly way Star of the north

10 Bm/D# D<sup>5</sup> A<sup>5</sup>

is on short pra - yer God but give me Li - ber -  
how deep his love For thee thou star of Li - ber -

16 Chorus A(SUS2) B(SUS4) E A(SUS2) B(SUS4)

ty ty Fare - well Fare -

23 C#m7 A(SUS2) E

well be - hind he leaves the whips the chains be - fore him spreads sweet

28 A(SUS2) B(SUS4) C#m7

free - dom's plains Fare - well Fare - well

32 A(SUS2) B(SUS4) E

Fare - well Fare - well



# My Country 'Tis Of Thee

(Abolitionist Version)

Arr. Abolitionist Hymnal Project

C G C Am

My count - ry 'tis of thee strong - hold of sla - ver - y  
Our fa - ther's God to thee, Au - thor of Li - ber - ty  
It comes the joy - ful day, when ty - ran - ny's proud sway  
Trump the glad ju - bi - lee! Ech - o o'er land and sea

5 F G C

of thee I sing  
to thee we sing  
stern as the grave  
Free - dom for all.

9 C Am Dm<sup>7</sup>

Land where my fa - thers died where men man's  
Soon may our land be bright with ho - ly  
shall to the ground be hurled and free - dom's  
Let the glad ti - dings fly, and ev - ry

13 G<sup>7</sup> C Am

rights de - ride from e - ver - y moun - tain side  
free - dom's right pro - te - ct us by thy might  
flag un - furled shall wa - ve thr - ough - out the world  
tribe re - ply, "Glo - ry to God on high

17 F G Am

th - y deeds shall ring  
Grea - t God, our King  
O' - er ev - ry slave  
at Slave ry's fall.

21 F G C

th - y deeds shall ring  
Grea - t God, our King  
O' - er ev - ry slave

# Toil On

Words adapted from The Anti-Slavery Harp

Music by Carl Thomas Gladstone  
and the Abolitionist Hymnal Project

C B $\flat$  F C Am G

With lux - ur - y and wealth sur - round - ed the slave - ing mast - ers proud - ly dare\_\_  
The fear - ful storm it threat - ens lower - ing which God in mer - cy long de lays\_\_

5 C B $\flat$  F C Am G

with thirst of gold and pow'r un - bound - ed to mete and vend God's light and air\_\_  
Slaves yet may see their mas - ters cower - ing while whole plant - a - tions smoke and blaze\_\_

9 F C G Am Dm $^7$  G

to mete and vend God's light\_\_ and air\_\_ to vend God's light and air\_\_  
while whole plant - a - tions smoke\_\_ and blaze\_\_ plant - a - tions smoke and blaze\_\_

13 **Chorus** C G F G C G F G

Have pit - y on the slave\_\_ take cour - age from God's word\_\_ toil

17 C G Fmaj $^7$  Am G Fmaj $^7$

on, toil on, all hearts re - solved\_ these cap - tives shall be free\_\_ these

21 Am G C G/B Am $^7$  F(add9) G

cap - tives shall be free\_\_ these cap - tives shall be

25 C **Bridge** Em F C

free Too long the slave has groaned\_ be - wail - ing\_ The pow'r these heart - less ty -

29 G Em F G(sus4)

- rants yield\_\_ For with men's hearts they're un - a - vail - ing Yet free them not by sword

33 **Back to Chorus**

or shield.

# Emancipation Hymn

Words adapted from The Anti-Slavery Harp

Music by Carl Thomas Gladstone  
and the Abolitionist Hymnal Project

C F

Praise we the Lord! Let songs re-sound to  
Praie we the Lord! Whose power hath rent the  
Praie we the Lord! Whose wrath a-rose, whose  
Then shall in-deed Mess-i-ah's reign through

5 F G C

Earth's chains re-mot-est shore!  
arm that held us long!  
all our fett-ers broke;  
9 the world ext-end;

9 C F

Songs of thank-giv-ing songs of praise for  
God's voice is migh-ty as of old, and to  
The ty-rant dropped the lash and we turned, and  
Then swords to plough-shares shall be turned, and

13 F G C Chorus

we are slaves no more. And cease we  
still are God's arm no is strong.  
li - ber - ty a - woke!  
Heav'n - and earth shall bland.

17 F C

not the fight of faith Till ev-ry -

21 F G Am

one be free; Till mer-cy

25 F C

o'er the Earth shall flow as wa-ters

29 Am G F

o'er the sea.

# Spirit Of Freedom, Wake!

Words adapted from The Anti-Slavery Harp

Music by Carl Thomas Gladstone  
and the Abolitionist Hymnal Project

Em Am

Spir - it of Free dom wake\_\_\_\_ No truce with Slave - ry make\_\_\_\_ Thy dead - ly  
What lov - er of her fame\_\_\_\_ feels not his coun try's shame\_\_\_\_ In this dark  
Those of the Free we call\_\_\_\_ on you, in field and hall\_\_\_\_ to rise as

5 Em Am<sup>7</sup> G/F#

foe;  
hour?  
one In fair dis guise es dre - ssed  
Where are the pa - triots now\_\_\_\_  
Your heav'n born rights main tain\_\_\_\_

9 Am<sup>7</sup> G/F# Am<sup>7</sup> G/F#

too long hast thou ca - ressed\_\_\_\_ the ser - pent to thy breast\_\_\_\_ now lay him  
of ho - nest heart and brow\_\_\_\_ who scorn the neck to bow\_\_\_\_ to Slave ry's  
nor let O - ppre sion's chain\_\_\_\_ on hu - man limbs re - main\_\_\_\_ Speak and 'tis

13 Em Am<sup>7</sup> G G/F#

low.  
power?  
done. Spi - rit of Free - dom wa - ke\_\_\_\_ no truce with

17 Am<sup>7</sup> G G/F# Am<sup>7</sup> D

Sla - very ma - ke\_\_\_\_ thy dead ly foe\_\_\_\_ thy dead ly foe\_\_\_\_ thy dead ly

21 Em

foe\_\_\_\_

# What Mean Ye

Words adapted from The Anti-Slavery Harp

Music by Carl Thomas Gladstone  
and the Abolitionist Hymnal Project

What mean ye that ye bruise and bind my peop - le says the Lord  
What mean ye that ye make them toil through long an drear-y years  
What mean ye that ye dare to rend the ten - der moth er's heart?  
What mean ye when God's grac - ious hand to you so much has giv'n

5 and starve your cra - ving bro - ther's mind who asks to hear my word?  
and shed like rain up - on your soil their blood and bit - ter tears?  
Brothers from sis - ters friend from friend how dare you bid them part?  
that from the slavewho tills your land ye keep both earthand heav'n?

9 When at the judge - ment God shall call

13 Where is my broth - er say

17 What mean ye to the judge of all

21 To an - swer on that day

25 Hey! Hey! Ah Ah

29 Ah Yeah!





# EMANCIPATION HYMN

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

C F  
Praise we the Lord! let songs resound  
F G C  
To earth's remotest shore!  
C F  
Songs of thanksgiving, songs of praise—  
G C  
For we are slaves no more.

F C  
And cease we not the fight of faith  
F G Am  
Till everyone be free;  
F C  
Till mercy o'er the earth shall flow,  
Am G F  
As waters o'er the sea.

Praise we the Lord! Whose power hath rent  
The chains that held us long!  
God's voice is mighty, as of old,  
And still God's arm is strong.

Praise we the Lord! Whose wrath arose,  
Whose arm our fetters broke;  
The tyrant dropped the lash, and we  
To liberty awoke!

Then shall indeed Messiah's reign  
Through all the world extend;  
Then swords to ploughshares shall be turned,  
And Heaven with earth shall blend.

# GET OFF THE TRACK

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

em  
Ho! the car Emancipation  
em  
Rides majestic thro' our nation,  
em  
Bearing on its train the story,  
em  
Liberty! a nation's glory.  
em G  
Roll it along, thro' the nation,  
A C  
Freedom's car, Emancipation!

First of all the train, and greater,  
Speeds the dauntless Liberator,  
Onward cheered amid hosannas,  
And the waving of free banners.  
Roll it along! spread your banners,  
While the people shout hosannas.

em G  
Now again the bell is tolling,  
A C  
Soon you'll see the car-wheels rolling;  
em G  
Hinder not their destination,  
A C  
Chartered for Emancipation.  
em G  
Wood up the fire! keep it flashing,  
A C  
While the train goes onward dashing.

Hear the mighty car-wheels humming!  
Now look out! the Engine's coming!  
Church and statesmen! hear the thunder!  
Clear the track or you'll fall under.  
Get off the track! all are singing,  
While the Liberty bell is ringing.

All true friends of Emancipation,  
Haste to Freedom's railroad station;  
Quick into the cars get seated,  
All is ready and completed.  
Put on the steam! all are crying,  
And the liberty flags are flying.

Hear the mighty car-wheels humming!  
Now look out! the Engine's coming!  
Church and statesmen! hear the thunder!  
Clear the track or you'll fall under.  
Get off the track! all are singing,  
While the Liberty bell is ringing.

# I AM AN ABOLITIONIST

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

Intro: C/G Em (repeat)  
C/G D/A E

E  
I am an Abolitionist!

A2  
I glory in the name:

am  
Though now by Slavery's minions hiss'd

E  
And covered o'er with shame,

E  
It is a spell of light and power—

A2  
The watchword of the free:—

am  
Who spurns it in the trial-hour,

E  
A craven soul is he!

A2 E  
We'll lay the monster low, my friends

A2 E  
We'll lay the monster low

A2 E  
With God we'll crush the Slaver's sins

A2 am E  
We'll lay the monster low [last line x2]

I am an Abolitionist!  
Then urge me not to pause;  
For joyfully do I enlist  
In FREEDOM'S sacred cause:  
A nobler strife the world ne'er saw,  
Th'enslaved to disenthral;  
I am a soldier for the war,  
Whatever may befall!

[Chorus]

[Hey Yeahs] C/G D/A E

I am an Abolitionist!  
Oppression's deadly foe;  
In God's great strength will I resist,  
And lay the monster low;  
In God's great name do I demand,  
To all be freedom given,  
That peace and joy may fill the land,  
And songs go up to heaven!

[Chorus]

[Hey Yeahs] C/G D/A E

I am an Abolitionist!  
No threats shall awe my soul,  
No perils cause me to desist,  
No bribes my nets control;  
In freedom will I live and die,  
In sunshine and in shade,  
And raise my voice for liberty,  
Of nought on earth afraid

[Chorus]

# NEVER MORE TO SLEEP

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

D C  
Hark! a voice from heaven proclaiming  
D2/F# C  
Comfort to the mourning slave;  
D C  
God has heard them long complaining,  
em D  
And extends his arm to save;  
em  
Proud Oppression  
D C  
Soon shall find a shameful grave.

G C  
Lo! the nation is arousing  
G C  
From its slumbers, long and deep;  
G C  
And the church of God is waking,  
em D  
Never more to sleep, While the bonded  
C  
In their chains remains to weep.

See! the light of truth is breaking  
Full and clear on every hand;  
And the voice of mercy, speaking,  
Now is heard through all the land;  
Firm and fearless,  
See the friends of Freedom stand!

Long, too long, have we been dreaming  
O'er our country's sin and shame;  
Let us now, the time redeeming,  
Press the helpless captives' claims,  
Till, exulting,  
They shall cast aside their chains.

# MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE (Abolitionist Version)

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

C G  
My country, 'tis of thee,  
C Am F G C  
Stronghold of slavery, of thee I sing;  
C Am  
Land where my fathers died,  
d7 G7  
Where men man's rights deride,  
C Am F G Am  
From every mountainside thy deeds shall ring!  
F G C  
thy deeds shall ring!

Our father's God! to thee,  
Author of Liberty, to thee we sing;  
Soon may our land be bright,  
With holy freedom's right,  
Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.  
Great God, our King.

It comes, the joyful day,  
When tyranny's proud sway, stern as the grave,  
Shall to the ground be hurl'd,  
And freedom's flag, unfurl'd,  
Shall wave throughout the world, O'er every slave.  
O'er every slave.

Trump of glad jubilee!  
Echo o'er land and sea freedom for all.  
Let the glad tidings fly,  
And every tribe reply,  
"Glory to God on high," at Slavery's fall.  
at Slavery's fall.

My country, 'tis of thee,  
sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing;  
land where my fathers died,  
land of the pilgrims' pride,  
from every mountainside let freedom ring!  
let freedom ring!

# 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!



# THERE IS A BETTER DAY

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

          D                  A  
See these poor souls from Africa,  
         bm                  G  
Transported to America:  
         D                  bm  
We are stolen, and sold to Georgia,  
         A  
will you go with me?  
         G  
sound the jubilee.

O, gracious Lord! when shall it be,  
That we poor souls shall all be free?  
Lord, break them Slavery powers  
will you go with me?  
go sound the jubilee.

          D  
Dear Lord! dear Lord!  
                  A  
when will Slavery cease  
          D  
Then we poor souls  
          A  
can have our peace;  
                  bm  
There's a better day coming  
                  G  
There's a better day coming,

See these poor souls from Burma,  
Transported to brothels abroad:  
We are stolen, and sold away,  
will you go with me?  
sound the jubilee.

See wives and husbands sold apart,  
The children's screams!—it breaks the heart;  
We are stolen, and torn asunder  
will you go with me?  
go sound the jubilee.

# FAREWELL

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

E5 BM(no 5)/D#  
The night is dark, and keen the air,  
D Asus4  
And the Slave is flying to be free;  
E5 BM(no 5)/D#  
His parting word is one short prayer;  
D Asus4  
O God, but give me Liberty!

A - B - E A - B - C#m  
Farewell—farewell!  
A B  
Behind I leave the whips and chains,  
E  
Before me spreads sweet Freedom's plains.  
A B C#m  
Farewell—farewell!  
A B E  
Farewell—farewell!

One star shines in the heavens above,  
That guides him on his lonely way;—  
Star of the North—how deep his love  
For thee, thou star of Liberty!

[Chorus]

[Round]  
A B E  
Fare ---- well.....(etc with parts)

[Chorus]

[Round to the End]

# SPIRIT OF FREEDOM, WAKE

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

em  
Spirit of Freedom, wake;  
am  
No truce with Slavery make,  
em  
Thy deadly foe;  
a min 7 G/F#  
In fair disguises dressed,  
a min 7 G/F#  
Too long hast thou caress'd  
a min 7 G/F#  
The serpent in thy breast,  
em  
Now lay him low.

Must e'en the press be dumb?  
Must truth itself succumb?  
And thoughts be mute?  
Shall law be set aside,  
The right of prayer denied,  
Nature and God decried,  
And man called brute?

Those of the Free! we call  
On you, in field and hall,  
To rise as one;  
Your heaven-born rights maintain,  
Nor let Oppression's chain  
On human limbs remain;—  
Speak! and 'tis done.

[CHORUS]

a min 7 G/F#  
Spirit of Freedom, wake;  
a min 7 G/F#  
No truce with Slavery make,  
a min 7 D em  
Thy deadly foe, thy deadly foe, thy deadly foe!

What lover of her fame  
Feels not his country's shame,  
In this dark hour?  
Where are the patriots now,  
Of honest heart and brow,  
Who scorn the neck to bow  
To Slavery's power?

# TOIL ON

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

Intro: C G/B Am7  
Fadd9 G C

C Bb F  
With luxury and wealth surrounded,  
C Am G  
The slaving masters proudly dare,  
C Bb F  
With thirst of gold and power unbounded,  
C Am G  
To mete and vend God's light and air!  
F C G Am  
To mete and vend God's light and air;  
Dm7 G7  
vend God's light and air;

C G F G  
Have pity on the slave;  
C G F G  
Take courage from God's word;  
C G Fmaj7 Am G Fmaj7  
Toil on, toil on, all hearts resolved — these captives shall be free.  
Am G C G/B Am7 Fadd9 G C  
These captives shall be free, These captives shall be free.

The fearful storm—it threatens lowering,  
Which God in mercy long delays;  
Slaves yet may see their masters cowering,  
While whole plantations smoke and blaze!  
While whole plantations smoke and blaze;  
plantations smoke and blaze;

Em F  
Too long the slave has groaned, bewailing  
C G  
The power these heartless tyrants wield;  
Em F  
For with men's hearts they're unavailing;  
Gsus4  
Yet free them not by sword or shield.

# WHAT MEAN YE?

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

G C  
What mean ye that ye bruise and bind  
F G  
My people, saith the Lord,  
G C  
And starve your craving brother's mind,  
F  
Who asks to hear my word

C G  
When at the judgment God shall call,  
F C  
Where is thy brother? say,  
C G  
What mean ye to the Judge of all  
Fmaj7 F  
To answer on that day?

What mean ye that ye make them toil,  
Through long and dreary years,  
And shed like rain upon your soil  
Their blood and bitter tears?

[Chorus]  
[Ahhs + Musical Interlude (8 Measures)]

What mean ye, that ye dare to rend  
The tender mother's heart?  
Brothers from sisters, friend from friend,  
How dare you bid them part?

[Chorus]

[V4 with hits]

What mean ye, when God's gracious hand  
To you so much has given,  
That from the slave who tills your land  
Ye keep both earth and heaven?

[Chorus]

Hey yaaaaaaaah...

[Road Map]

v1  
C  
(hey hey!)  
v2  
C  
(hey hey!)  
Ahhs + musical interlude (8 measures)  
rest (pause) >> Chorus  
V3 (light drums)  
C  
V4 (hits)  
C  
Hey yaaaaaaaah...

