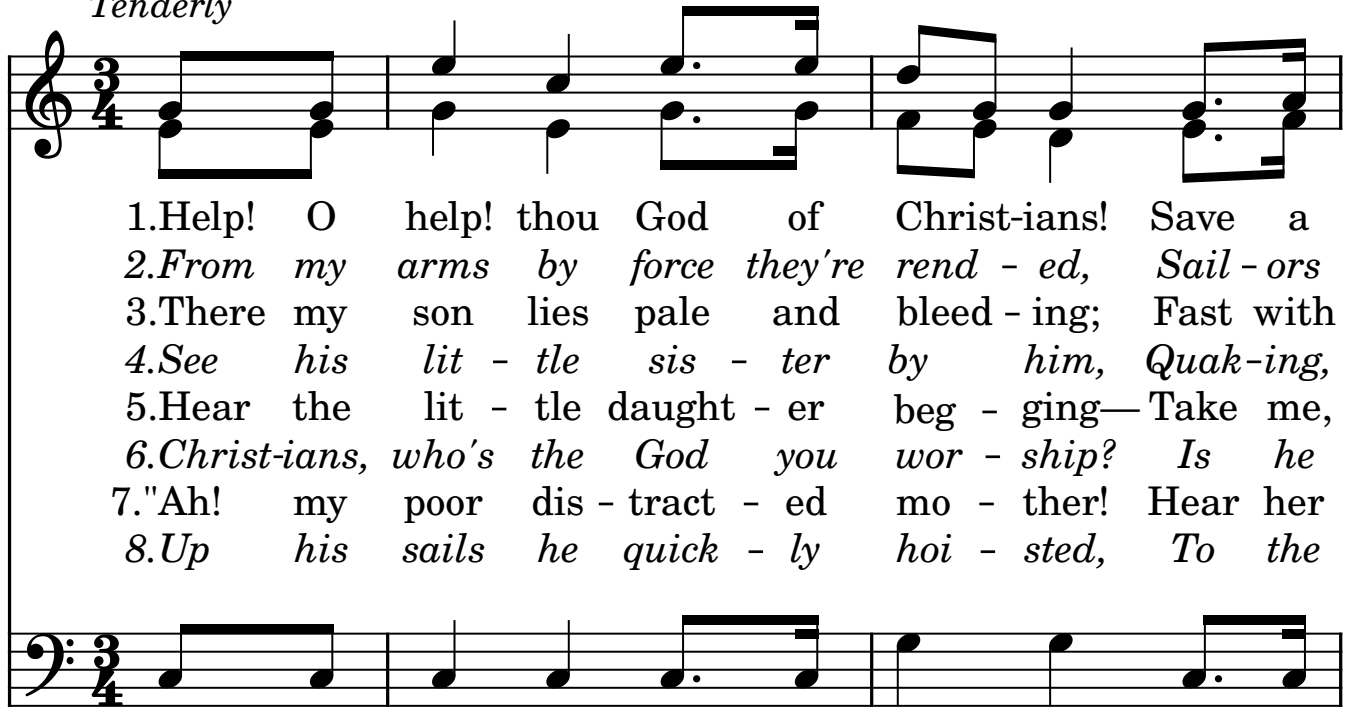


Help! O Help!

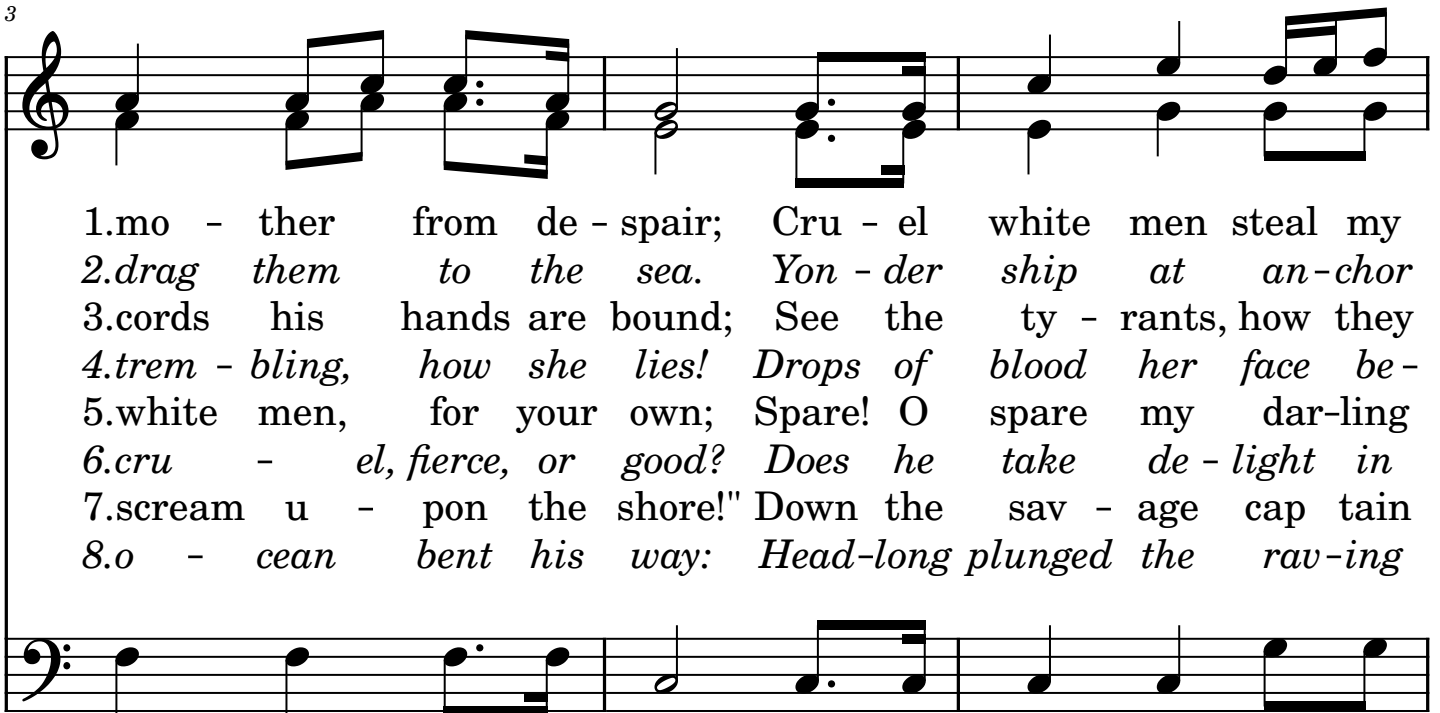
G.W.C.

Tenderly

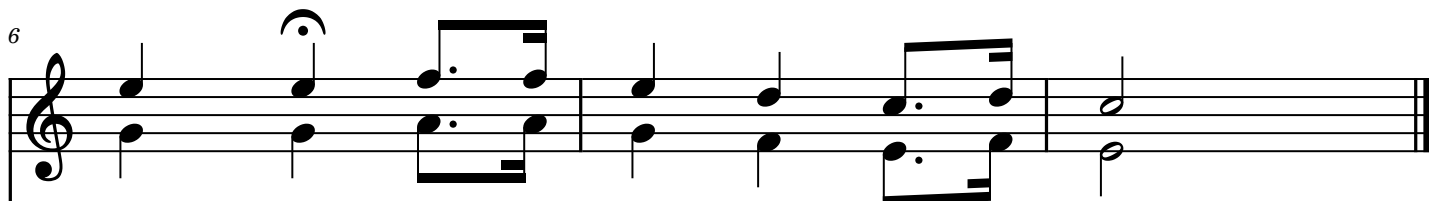


1.Help! O help! thou God of Christ-ians! Save a
2.*From my arms by force they're rend - ed, Sail - ors*
3.*There my son lies pale and bleed - ing; Fast with*
4.*See his lit - tle sis - ter by him, Quak - ing,*
5.*Hear the lit - tle daught - er beg - ging—Take me,*
6.*Christ-ians, who's the God you wor - ship? Is he*
7.*"Ah! my poor dis - tract - ed mo - ther! Hear her*
8.*Up his sails he quick - ly hoi - sted, To the*

3



1.mo - ther from de - spair; Cru - el white men steal my
2.*drag them to the sea. Yon - der ship at an - chor*
3.*cords his hands are bound; See the ty - rants, how they*
4.*trem - bling, how she lies! Drops of blood her face be -*
5.*white men, for your own; Spare! O spare my dar - ling*
6.*cru - el, fierce, or good? Does he take de - light in*
7.*scream u - pon the shore!" Down the sav - age cap tain*
8.*o - cean bent his way: Head - long plunged the rav - ing*



1. chil - dren, God of Christ - ians! Hear my prayer.
 2. rid - ing, Swift will car - ry them a - way.
 3. scourge him; See his sides a reek - ing wound.
 4. sprink - le— Tears of an - guish fill her eyes.
 5. bro - ther! He's my mo - ther's on - ly son.
 6. mer - cy. Or in spil - ling hu - man blood?
 7. struck her Life - less on the vess - el's floor.
 8. mo - ther from a rock in - to the sea.

