

Whips

Words and music by Keith Sanford

F m Bbm Ab Db Fm Bbm Gm C

Cloth-ing from cloth of cal - i - co cot - ton It ruled the world, e - con - o - my grand
Now on a scale, the slave hangs his cot - ton All these two hands could pick ___ in one day ___
Trem-ble with fear, the Geor - gia man com - ing Rips from a fam - ily some ___ to be sold

5 F m Bbm Ab Db Fm Bbm Gm C

And those who could, ig - nored what the cost ___ was On souls of slaves they sold ___ for their hands
And eve - ry night, still more is de - mand - ed Then when he fails, with blood, ___ he does pay ___
Cof - fles and chains and col - lars of i - ron Now, will we hear these words ___ to be told?

9 F m Bbm Ab Db

Hold this re - mem - brance in the break - ing of bread ___ For the

11 F m Bbm Gm C

poor and the cap - tive, for those now op - pressed ___

13 F m Bbm Ab Db

A wail - ing moth - er, a ba - by sto - len Blood

15 F m Bbm Gm C

___ from whips that tear the flesh For cot - ton grow - in'