

Voice

When Our Heads Are Bowed with Woe

words by Rev. H. H. Milman

music by George Whitefield Chadwick

Andante molto espressivo

1. When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er - flow,
 2. When the heart is sad with - in With the thoughts of all its sin,



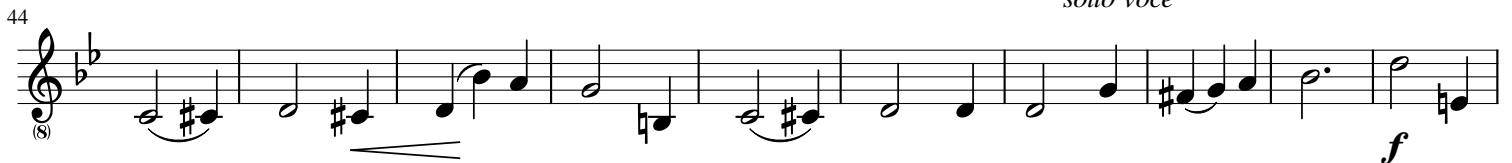
When we mourn the lost, the dear, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear. Thou our fee - ble
 When the Spir - it shrinks with fear, Thou the shame, the



flesh hast worn, Thou our mor - tal griefs hath borne, Thou hast shed the
 grief, hast known, Though the sins were not Thine own; Thou hast deigned their



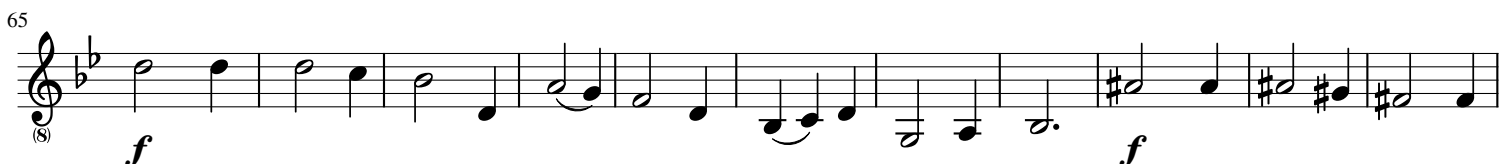
hu - man tear; Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear. 3. When our eyes grow dim in
 load to bear,



death, When we heave the pant - ing breath, When our sol - emn doom is near, Je - sus,



Son of Ma - ry, hear. Thou hast bowed the dy - ing head, Thou the blood of Life hast shed,



Thou hast filled a Mor - tal bier; Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear. Thou hast filled a Mor - tal

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bier; Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear.