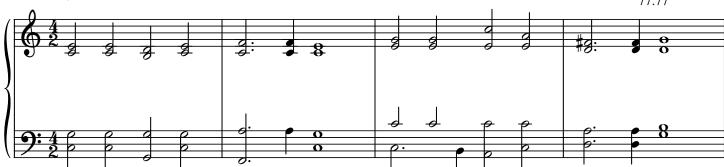
When our heads are bowed with woe

R. Redhead, 1820-1901 Redhead No. 47 77.77





When our heads are bowed with woe, when our bitter tears o'erflow, when we mourn the lost, the dear, Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

When the heart is sad within with the though of all its sin, when the spirit shrinks with fear, Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn, thou our mortal griefs hast borne, thou hast shed the human tear, Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

Thou hast bowed the dying head, thou the blood of life hast shed, thou hast filled a mortal bier; Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

Henry H. Milman

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