

Heart Bowed Down - song lyrics

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HEART BOWED DOWN.

The heart bowed down by weight of woe, to weakest hopes will cling;
To thought and impulse while they flow, they can no comfort bring;
That can, that can no comfort bring.
With those exciting scenes will blend, o'er pleasure's pathway thrown.
But memory is the only friend that grief can call its own;
That grief can call its own, that grief can call its own.

The mind will in its worst despair, still ponder o'er the past,
On moments of delight that were too beautiful to last;
That were too beautiful, too beautiful to last.
To long departed years extend, its visions with them flown,
For memory is the only friend that grief can call its own;
That grief can call its own, that grief can call its own.