

When Our Heads Are Bowed With Woe
by Charles Wesley

1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, Son of David, hear.

2 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of David, hear.

3 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesu, Son of David, hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesu, Son of David, hear.