

# The Heart Bowed Down

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*Larghetto cantabile*

1. The heart bowed down by its weight of woe, To  
 2. The mind, will, in its worst de-spair, Still

weak - est hopes will cling; To thought and im - pulse  
 pon - der o'er the past, On mo - ments of de -

while they flow, That can no com - fort bring, that can, that  
 light, that were Too beau - ti - ful . . . to last, too beau - ti -

*rallent.*  
 can no com - fort bring, With those ex - ci - ting  
 ful, too beau-ti-ful to last. To long de - part - ed

*pp*

scenes will blend, O'er pleas - ure's path - way thrown; But  
 years ex-tend Its vis - ions with - them flown, For

mem - 'ry is the on - ly friend That grief can call . . . its

own; That grief can call its own; . . . That

grief can call its own. 1. The own. 2. The own.