

THE HEART BOW'D DOWN.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

Larghetto.

1. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe, To weak - est hopes will cling; To thought and im - pulse while they flow, That
2. The mind will, in its worst despair, Still pon - der o'er the past; On mo - ments of de - light that were, Too

can no com - fort bring, that can, that can no com - fort bring - With these ex - cit - ing
beau - ti - ful to last, that were too beautiful, too beautiful to last. To long de - part - ed

rallent.

scenes will blend, O'er pleas - ure's path - way thrown; But mem - ry is the on - ly friend That
years ex - tend, Its vis - ions with them flow; 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.