

# THE HEART BOWED DOWN

Michael William Balfe (1808–1870)

1. The heart bowed down by weight of woe, To weakest hopes will cling, To thought and impulse  
2. The mind will in its worst despair Still ponder o'er the past, On moments of de-

while they flow, That can no comfort bring, that can, that can no comfort bring; To  
light that were Too beautiful to last, that were too beautiful to last; To

those exciting scenes will blend, O'er pleasure's pathway thrown; But memory is the  
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.  
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