

H. H. Milman, 1791-1868.

WHEN our heads are bowed with wee, When our bitter tears o'erflow, When we mourn the lost, the dear, Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn, Thou our mortal griefs hast borne, Thou hast shed the human tear; Gracious Son of Mary, hear.
- 3 When the sullen death-bell tolls For our own departed souls, When our final doom is near, Gracious Son of Mary, hear.
- 4 Thou hast bowed the dying head, Thou the blood of life hast shed, Thou hast filled a mortal bier; Gracious Son of Mary, hear.
- 5 When the heart is sad within With the thought of all its sin, When the spirit shrinks with fear, Gracious Son of Mary, hear.
- 6. Thou the shame, the grief, hast known, Though the sins were not thine own; Thou hast deigned their load to bear; Gracious Son of Mary, hear.





Bishop W. W. How, 1823-97.

WHO is this so weak and helpless, Child of lowly Hebrew maid, Rudely in a stable sheltered, Coldly in a manger laid?

Tis the Lord of all creation, Who this wondrous path hath trod; He is God from everlasting, And to everlasting God.

2 Who is this—a Man of Sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?

'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour, Who above the starry sky Now for us a place prepareth Where no tear can dim the eye.

- 3 Who is this—behold Him raining
  Drops of blood upon the ground?
  Who is this—despised, rejected,
  Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
  'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
  On his Church now poureth down;
  Who shall smite in holy vengeance
  All his foes beneath his throne.
- 4. Who is this that hangeth dying,
  With the thieves on either side?
  Nails his hands and feet are tearing,
  And the spear hath pierced his side.
  'Tis the God who ever liveth
  'Mid the shining ones on high,
  In the glorious golden city
  Reigning everlastingly.

