

While At This Time My Head I Bow

By Nina Harris

Thoughtfully $\text{J} = 70$



1.While at this time my head I bow, I pray that I may worth - y be To
2.Up - on the hill of Cal - va - ry, Where he who had no sin was slain. The
3.In - stil in me a grate - ful heart, For in thy debt I'll ev - ver be. Thou
4.Yet, as they laid thee in the tomb, There still was scrip - ture to ful - fil. For



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5



take this wat - er and this bread, The sym - bols of thy love for me. Thy
blood that soaked the an - cient earth Has washed a - way my sin, my stain. Thou
bought me with thy pre - cious blood, A - toned for my in - i - quit - y. I
three days thou would lie in death, Then rise and do thy Fa - ther's will. Be -



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bod - y that was scorned and scourged, Thy blood that was so free - ly spilled. O
 shrank not from the bit - ter cup. Thy Fa - ther's will thou didst o - bey. Thou
 kneel and con - tem - plate the love, The love thou hast for such as I. For
 cause thou liv - est, I shall live. Through thee I might re - turn and dwell In

Lamb of God, who sac - rif - iced, Who died for me on Cal - vary's hill,
 suf - fered in Geth - sem - an - e In sol - i - tude, that fate - ful day.
 thy a - ton - ing sac - ri - fice A great - er law did sat - is - fy.
 hal - lowed halls with God on high, And fam - ly that I know so well.