

# While At This Time My Head I Bow

Music and text by Nina Harris

**Thoughtfully** ♩ = 82

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

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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

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lamb of God who, sac - rif - iced, And died for me on Cal - v'ry'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.