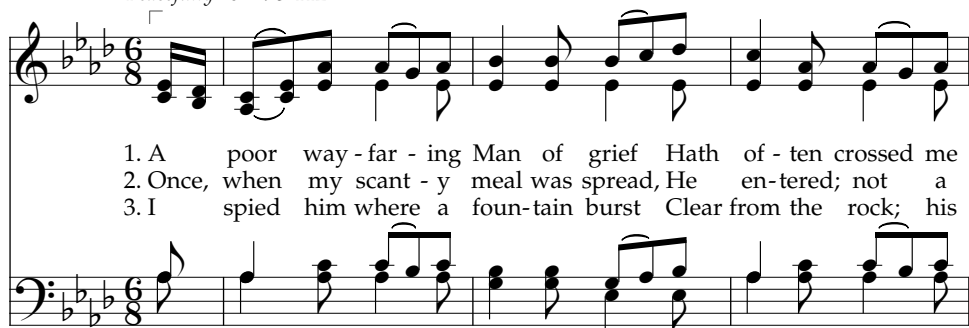
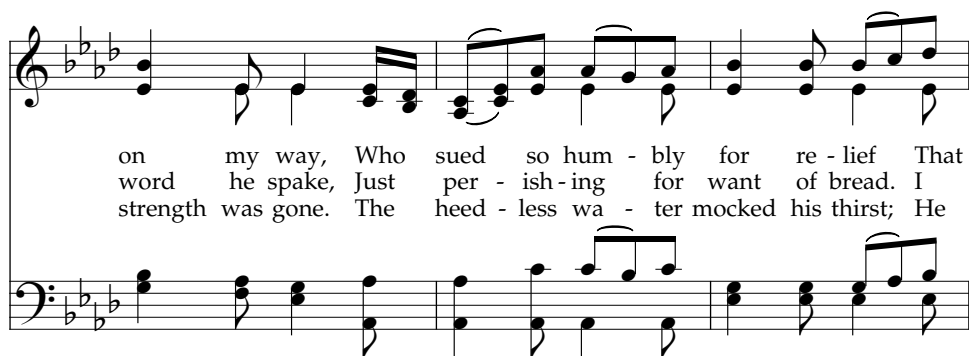


A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief

Peacefully ♩ = 96-112


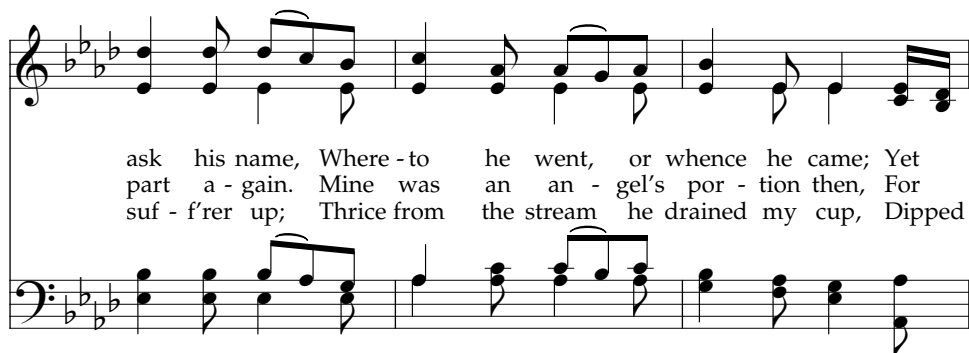
1. A poor way-far-ing Man of grief Hath of-ten crossed me
2. Once, when my scant-y meal was spread, He en-tered; not a
3. I spied him where a foun-tain burst Clear from the rock; his



on my way, Who sued so hum-bly for re-lief That
word he spake, Just per-ish-ing for want of bread. I
strength was gone. The heed-less wa-ter mocked his thirst; He



I could nev-er an-swer nay. I had not pow'r to
gave him all; he blessed it, brake, And ate, but gave me
heard it, saw it hur-rying on. I ran and raised the



ask his name, Where-to he went, or whence he came; Yet
part a-gain. Mine was an an-gel's por-tion then, For
suf-f'rer up; Thrice from the stream he drained my cup, Dipped

there was some-thing in his eye That won my love; I knew not why.
 while I fed with ea - ger haste, The crust was man - na to my taste.
 and re - turned it run - ning o'er; I drank and nev - er thirst-ed more.

4. 'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
 A winter hurricane aloof.
 I heard his voice abroad and flew
 To bid him welcome to my roof.
 I warmed and clothed and cheered my guest
 And laid him on my couch to rest,
 Then made the earth my bed and seemed
 In Eden's garden while I dreamed.
5. Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
 I found him by the highway side.
 I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
 Revived his spirit, and supplied
 Wine, oil, refreshment—he was healed.
 I had myself a wound concealed
 But from that hour forgot the smart,
 And peace bound up my broken heart.
6. In pris'n I saw him next, condemned
 To meet a traitor's doom at morn.
 The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
 And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
 He asked if I for him would die.
 The flesh was weak; my blood ran chill,
 But my free spirit cried, "I will!"
7. Then in a moment to my view
 The stranger started from disguise.
 The tokens in his hands I knew;
 The Savior stood before mine eyes.
 He spake, and my poor name he named,
 "Of me thou hast not been ashamed.
 These deeds shall thy memorial be;
 Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

Text: James Montgomery, 1771–1854

Music: George Coles, 1792–1858, alt.

Hymn sung prior to the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

See *History of the Church*, 6:614–15.

Matthew 25:31–40

Mosiah 2:17