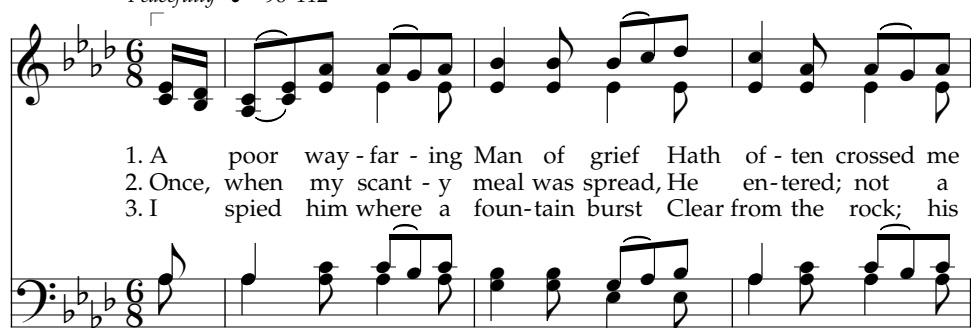
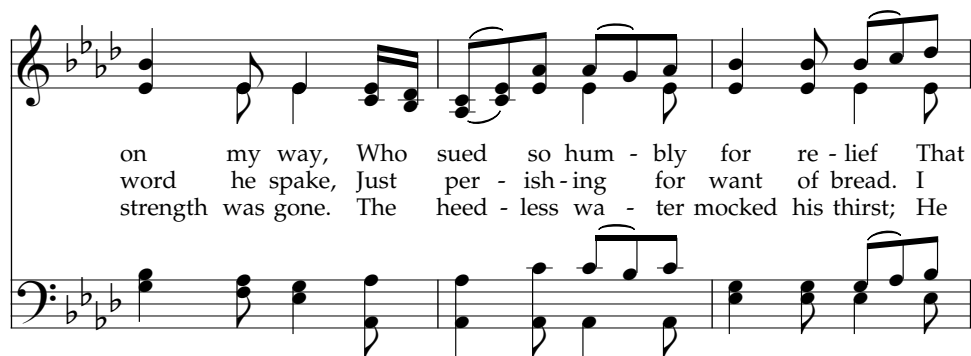


## A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief

*Peacefully* ♩ = 96-112


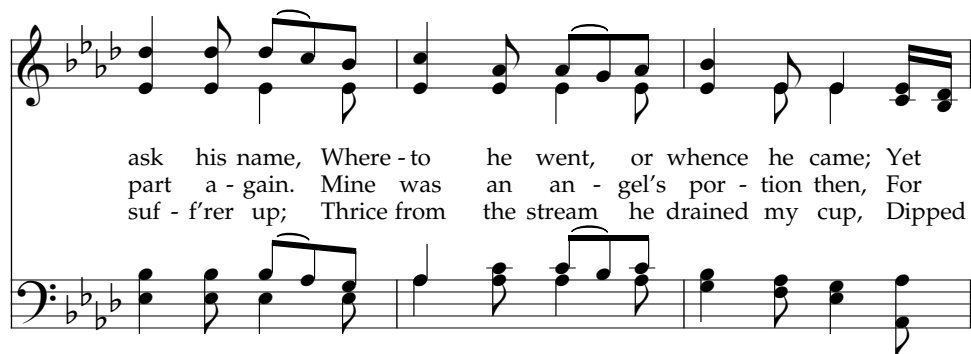
1. A poor way - far - ing Man of grief Hath of - ten crossed me  
2. Once, when my scant - y meal was spread, He en - tered; not a  
3. I spied him where a foun - tain burst Clear from the rock; his



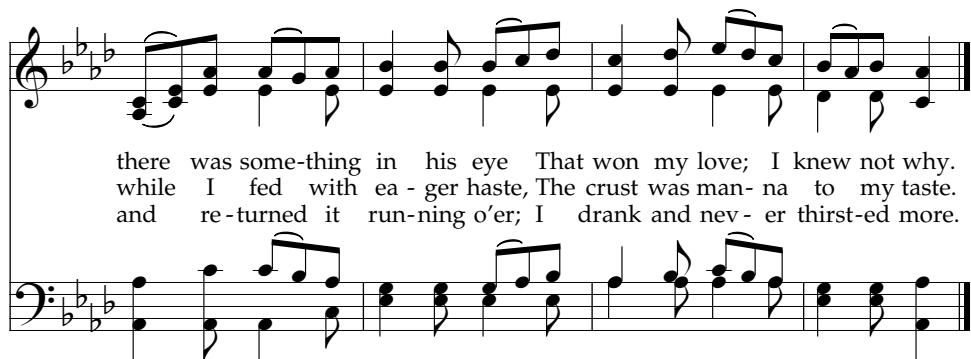
on my way, Who sued so hum - bly for re - lief That  
word he spake, Just per - ish - ing for want of bread. I  
strength was gone. The heed - less wa - ter mocked his thirst; He



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."