

A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief

Devoutly ♩ = 50-60

1. A poor way - far - ing Man of grief hath of - ten
 2. Once, when my scan - ty meal was spread, he en - tered;
 3. I spied him where a foun - tain burst clear from the
 4. 'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew a win - ter
 5. Stript, wound - ed, bea - ten nigh to death, I found him
 6. In pris'n I saw him next, con - demned to meet a
 7. Then in a mo - ment to my view the stran - ger

crossed me on my way, Who sued so hum - bly
 not a word he spake, Just per - ish - ing for
 rock; his strength was gone. The heed - less wa - ter
 hur - ri - cane a - loof. I heard his voice a -
 by the high - way side. I roused his pulse, brought
 tra - ritor's doom at morn. The tide of ly - ing
 star - ted from dis - guise. The to - kens in his

for re - lief that I could ne - ver an - swer nay. I
 want of bread. I gave him all; he blessed it, brake, And
 mocked his thirst; he heard it, saw it hur - rying on. I
 broad and flew to bid him wel - come to my roof. I
 back his breath, re - vived his spi - rit, and sup - plied Wine,
 tongues I stemmed, and ho - nored him 'mid shame and scorn. My
 hands I knew; the Sa - vior stood be - fore mine eyes. He

had not pow'r to ask his name, where - to he went, or
 ate, but gave me part a - gain. Mine was an an - gel's
 ran and raised the suf - frer up; thrice from the stream he
 warmed and clothed and cheered my guest and laid him on my
 oil, re - fresh - ment— he was healed. I had my - self a
 friend - ship's ut - most zeal to try, he asked if I for
 spake, and my poor name he named, "Of me thou hast not

whence he came; Yet there was some - thing in his
 por - tion then, For while I fed with ea - ger
 drained my cup, Dipped and re - turned it run - ning
 couch to rest; Then made the earth my bed, and
 wound con - cealed, But from that hour for - got the
 him would die. The flesh was weak; my blood ran
 been a - shamed. These deeds shall thy me - mo - rial

eye that won my love; I knew not why.
 haste, the crust was man - na to my taste.
 o'er; I drank and ne - ver thirst - ed more.
 seemed in E - den's gar - den while I dreamed.
 smart, and peace bound up my bro - ken heart.
 chill, but my free spi - rit cried, "I will!"
 be; fear not, thou didst them un - to me."

Text: James Montgomery, 1771-1854
 Music: J. Ingall's *Christian Harmony*, 1805; alt.

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