

# A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief

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1. A\_ poor\_ way - far - ing Man of grief\_ Hath of - ten crossed me on my way, Who sued\_ so

10 hum - bly for re - lief\_ That I could nev - er an - swer nay. I\_ had not pow'r to ask his

20 name, \_ Where - to he went, \_ or whence he came; Yet\_ there\_ was

26 some - thing in his eye\_ That won my love;\_ I knew\_ not why.

2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread,  
He entered; not a word he spake,  
Just perishing for want of bread.  
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,  
And ate, but gave me part again,  
Mine was an angel's portion then,  
For while I fed with eager haste,  
The crust was manna to my taste.

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.

3. I spied him where a fountain burst  
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone.  
The heedless water mocked his thirst;  
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.  
I ran and raised the sufferer up;  
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,  
Dipped and returned it running o'er;  
I drank and never thirsted more.

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!"

4. 'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew  
A winter hurrican 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.

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."