

A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief

Hymn #29 Simplified

James Montgomery

Peacefully ♩ = 96-112

George Coles

1. A poor way - far - ing Man of grief Hath of - ten crossed me
2. Once, when my scan - ty meal was spread, He en - tered; not a
3. I spied him where a foun - tain burst Clear from the rock; his
4. 'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew A win - ter hur - ri -

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
cane a - loof. I heard his voice a - broad and flew To

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
bid him wel - come to my roof. I warmed and clothed and

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 - frer up; Thrice from the stream he drained my cup, Dipped
cheered my guest And laid him on my couch to rest; Then

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Ab Eb Ab Eb7 Ab

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.
 made the earth my bed, and seemd In E - den's gar - den while I dreamed.

Matthew 25: 31-40
 Mosiah 2: 17

5. Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
 I found him by the highway side.
 I roused his puse, 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 hand 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."