

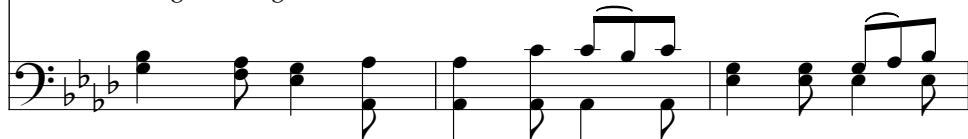
A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief

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



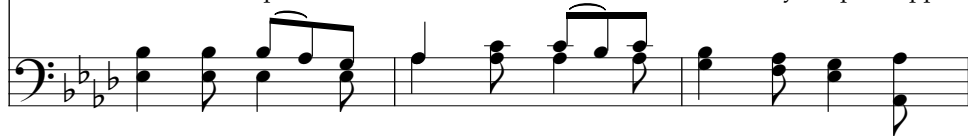
on my way, Who sued so hum - bly for re - lief That
 word he spake, Just per - ish - ing for want of bread. I
 strength was gone. The heed - less wa - ter mocked his thirst; He

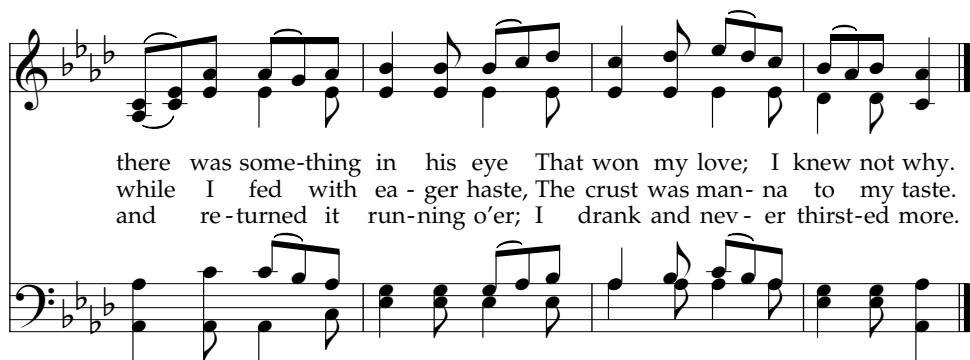


I could nev - er an - swer nay. I had not pow'r to
 gave him all; he blessed it, brake, And ate, but gave me
 heard it, saw it hur - rying on. I ran and raised the



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