

A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief #29

with enhanced piano accompaniment - and vocal counter melody

Peacefully

Text: James Montgomery, 1771-1854

Music: George Coles, 1792-1858, alt.

Vocal

Optional vocal counter melody - suggested for verses 6 and 7

Piano 1

Enhanced accompaniment - or use with organ SATB as a piano/organ accompaniment - check organ tuning dial

SATB

Piano 2 or Organ - as in current hymnbook of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

4

Pno. 1

4

SATB

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A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief

7

Pno. 1

SATB

6. In pri'n I saw him
in in a mo - ment

A — poor — way - far - ing
when — my him scant - y
spied — where — a

10

Pno. 1

SATB

next, con - demned To meet a trai - tor's doom from at morn. The
to my view — The stran - ger start - ed from dis - guise. The

man of grief — Hath of - ten - crossed me on my way, Who —
meal was tain spread, — He en - tered; the not a his word strength he was, spake, Just —
foun - tain burst — Clear from the rock; — his on word strength he was, spake, Just —
The —

A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief

13

tide to - of kens ly in - ing his tongues I I stemmed And hon - ored ior him 'midst be -

13

sued per heed - so ish less hum ing wa - bly for ter for want mocked re of his lief bread. thirst; that I He I gave heard could him it, ne all; saw ver he it

Pno. 1

SATB

16

shame fore and mine eyes. My friend spake, ship's and ut my most poor zeal name to he try, He "Of

16

an blessed - swer it, naye, brake, on. I And had ate, not but pow'r gave raised to me the ask part suf his a - f'rer name, gain. up; Where Mine Thrice

Pno. 1

SATB

A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief

19

asked if I for him would die. The flesh was weak; my
me thou hast not been a - shamed. These deeds shall thy me -

Pno. 1

19

to was he went or whence he came; Yet there was some - thing
from an the an - stream gel's he tion my then; cup, For Dipped while I re - turned it

SATB

22

blood ran chill, But my free spir - it cried, "I will!" 7. Then un - to me."

mor - ial be; Fear not, thou didst them

Pno. 1

22

in his eye That won my love; I knew not why. Once, thirst - ed more.
ea - ger ning haste, The I crust drank was and man nev - na er to my taste. I

SATB

Last Four Verses

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.

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!"

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.

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."

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