

A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief #29

with enhanced piano accompaniment - and instrumental countermelody

Peacefully

Text: James Montgomery, 1771-1854

Music: George Coles, 1792-1858, alt.

Instr.

Optional instrumental countermelody - use with flute, violin, oboe, organ, etc. - 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

Pno. 1

SATB

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A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief

Note: Flautists may wish to play the countermelody one octave higher.

7

Pno. 1

SATB

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

10

Pno. 1

SATB

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

A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief

13

Pno. 1

SATB

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

16

Pno. 1

SATB

an — swer — nay. I — had not pow'r — to ask his name, — Where —
 blessed — — it, brake, I — ate, but and gave raised — me the part a — gain. — Mine
 hur — — rying on. I — ran and raised — the suf — f'r — up; — Thrice

A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief

19

Pno. 1

SATB

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

22

Pno. 1

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. 7.

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

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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