

A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief #29

enhanced piano accompaniment

Peacefully

Text: James Montgomery, 1771-1834

Music: George Coles, 1792-1858

Melody

Piano

4

Pno.

7

Pno.

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

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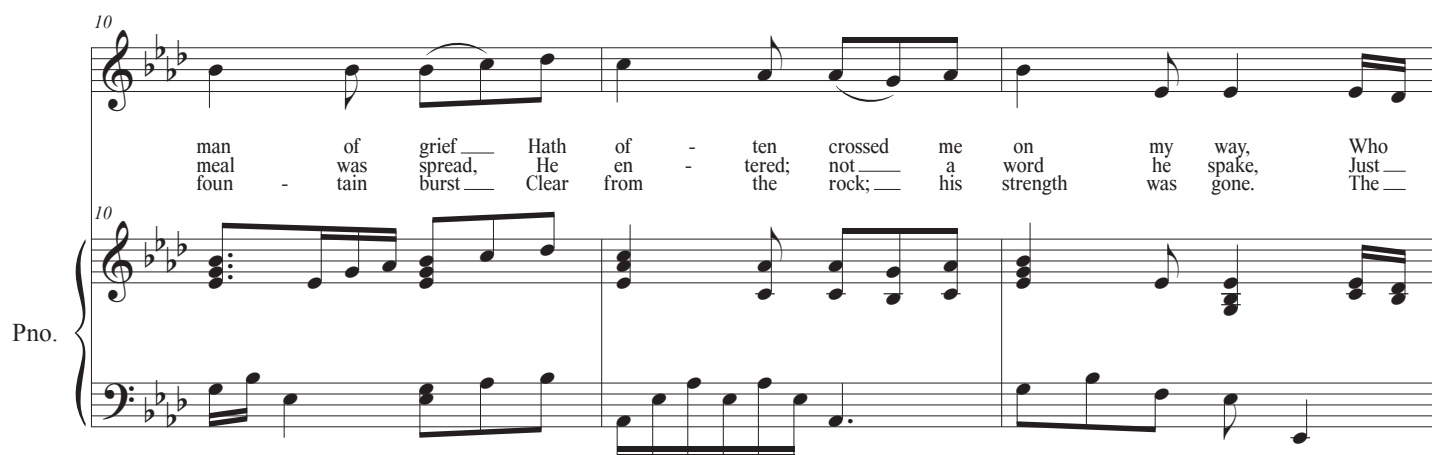
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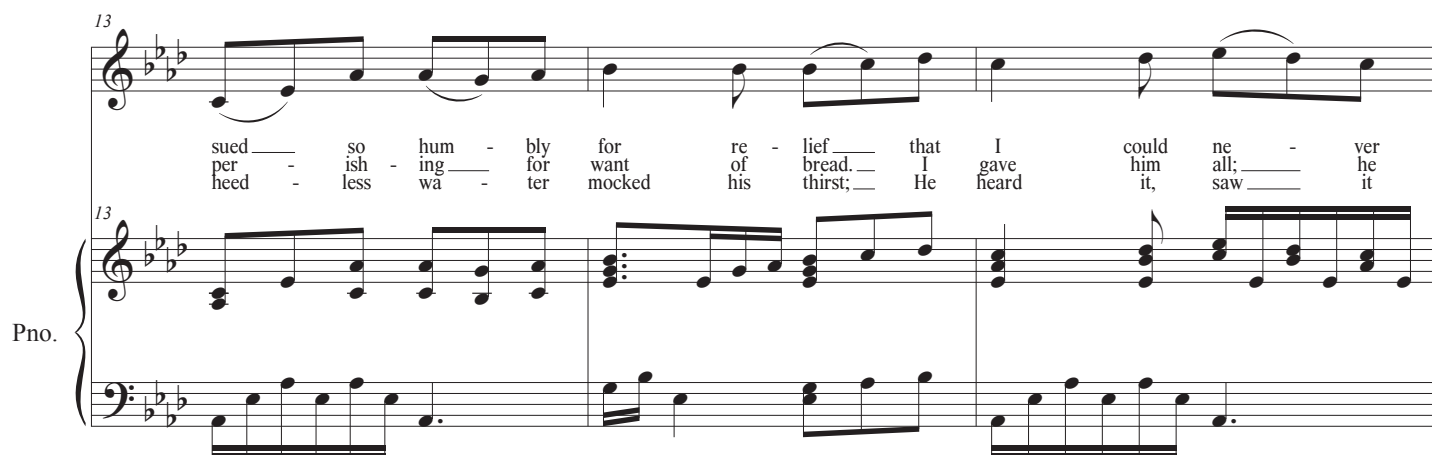
10



man meal of grief Hath of - ten - tered; crossed me on my way, Who
foun - tain burst, He Clear from the rock; a his strength he was spake, gone. The Just The

Pno.

13



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

Pno.

16



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

Pno.

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19

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

22

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

1, 2. 3.

Pno.

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."

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