

A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief #29

vocal counter melody - suggested for verses 6 and/or 7
for soprano or tenor voices - tenors sing one octave lower than written

Text: James Montgomery, 1771-1854
Music: George Coles, 1792-1858, alt.

Peacefully

vocal
counter
melody

6. In pris'n I saw him next, con - demned To meet a trai - tor's ed
in a mo - ment to my view ___ The stran - ger start - ed

5
doom at morn. The tide of ly - ing tongues I stemmed And hon - ored him 'midst be -
from dis - guise. The to - kens in his hands I knew; The Sav - ior stood ___ be -

9
shame and scorn. My friend - ship's ut - most zeal to try, He asked if I for him would die. The
fore mine eyes. He spake, and my poor name he named, "Of me thou hast not been a - shamed. These

14
flesh was weak; my blood ran chill, But my free spir - it cried, "I will!" 7. Then un - to me."
deeds shall thy me - mor - ial be; ___ Fear not, thou didst them

1. 2.

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Verses 1-5

1. A poor, wayfaring Man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer nay.
I had not pow'r to ask his name,
Whereto he went, or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love; I knew not why.

2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered; not a word he spake,
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

3. I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone.
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up'
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped and returned it running o'er;
I drank and never thirsted 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 sid.
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.