

## 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.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>4. 'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew<br/>       A winter hurricane aloof.<br/>       I heard his voice abroad and flew<br/>       To bid him welcome to my roof.<br/>       I warmed and clothed and cheered my guest<br/>       And laid him on my couch to rest,<br/>       Then made the earth my bed and seemed<br/>       In Eden's garden while I dreamed.</p>            | <p>6. In pris'n I saw him next, condemned<br/>       To meet a traitor's doom at morn.<br/>       The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,<br/>       And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.<br/>       My friendship's utmost zeal to try,<br/>       He asked if I for him would die.<br/>       The flesh was weak; my blood ran chill,<br/>       But my free spirit cried, "I will!"</p> |
| <p>5. Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,<br/>       I found him by the highway side.<br/>       I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,<br/>       Revived his spirit, and supplied<br/>       Wine, oil, refreshment—he was healed.<br/>       I had myself a wound concealed<br/>       But from that hour forgot the smart,<br/>       And peace bound up my broken heart.</p> | <p>7. Then in a moment to my view<br/>       The stranger started from disguise.<br/>       The tokens in his hands I knew;<br/>       The Savior stood before mine eyes.<br/>       He spake, and my poor name he named,<br/>       "Of me thou hast not been ashamed.<br/>       These deeds shall thy memorial be;<br/>       Fear not, thou didst them unto me."</p>                 |

*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