

A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief

A

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Dijiridoo

A — poor way-far - ing Man of grief Hath of - ten crossed me on my way, Who

7

S

A

T

B

Dij.

sued so hum-bly for re-lief That I could nev - er an - swer nay. I — had not pow'r to ask his name, Where-

13

S

A

T

B

Dij.

to he went or whence he came; Yet there was something in his eye That won my love; I knew not why. —
Once,

A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief

B

S when my scant-y meal was spread, He en-tered; not a word he spake, Just per-ish-ing for want of bread, I

A

T

B

Dij.

25

S gave him all; He blessed it break, And ate, but gave me part a-gain. Mine was an an-gel's por-tion then, For

A

T

B

Dij.

C

31

S while I fed with ea-ger haste, The crust was man-na to my taste. _____

A

T

B I spied him where a fount-tain burst Clear

Dij.

37

S
A
T
B

from the rock; his strength was gone. The heed-less wa-ter mocked his thirst. He heard it, saw it hur-rying on. I—

Dij.

43

S
A
T
B

ran and raised the suf-f'r'er up; Thrice from the stream he drained my cup, Dipped and re-turned it run-ning o'er; I

Dij.

49

S
A
T
B

Interlude D **16** E

drank and nev-er thirst-ed more. ——— "Twas night, the floods were

Dij.

16

A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief

71

S out; it blew A win-ter hur-ri - cane a - loof. I — heard his voice a - broad and flew To bid him wel - come to my roof. I —

A

T

B

Dij.

78

S warmed and clothed and cheered my guest And laid him on my couch to rest, Then made the earth my bed and seemeth

A

T

B

Dij.

84

S Ed - den's gar - den while I dreamed. **F** Interlude **G** *f* Stript, wound - ed, beat - en nigh to death, I

A

T

B

Dij.

97

S found him by the high-way side. I roused his pulse brought back his breath, Re - vived his spir-it and sup-plied Wine,

A

T

B

Dij.

103

S oil, re-fresh-ment he was healed. I ___ had my self a wound con-cealed But from that hour for-got the smart, And

A

T

B

Dij.

H

109

S peace bound up my brok-en heart. In pris'n I saw him next, con-demmed To meet a trait-or's doom at morn. The

A

T

B

Dij.

115

S
A
T
B
Dij.

tide of ly-ing tongues I stemmed, And hon-ored him 'mid shame and scorn. My friendship's ut-most zeal to try, He

I

121

S
A
T
B
Dij.

asked if I for him would die. The flesh was weak; my blood ran chill, — But my free spir-it cried, "I will!"

127

S
A
T
B
Dij.

Interlude

2 9

2 9

2 9

2 9

2 9

J

138

S Then in a mo-ment to my view The stran-ger star-ted from dis-guise. The to - kens in his hands I knew The

A

T

B

Dij.

Adagio ♩ = 50

145

S Sav - ior stood be - fore mine eyes. He spake, and my — poor name he named,

A

T

B

Dij.

"Of me thou hast not

151

S

A These deed shall thy mem - or - ial be; Fear not, thou didst them un - to me."

T

B

Dij.

been a-shamed.