

A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief

50



out; it blew - a win - ter hur - ri - cane a - loof; I - heard___ his voice - a -

54



broad and flew - to bid him wel - come to - my roof. I - warmed and clothed - and

58



cheered my guest - and laid him on - my couch to rest, then - made - the earth___ my

62



bed and seemed - in E-den's gar - den as - I dreamed. woun-ded beat-en nigh to death,

67



found him by the high-way side; roused his pulse brought back his breath re-vived spi-rit,

72



and sup-plied oil, re - fresh-ment he was healed; had my - self a would con-cealed;

77



from that hour for - got the smart; and peace bound up my bro-ken heart. 6.In Pri - son I

82



saw him next con - demned to meet a trai - tor's doom at

88



morn' The time of ly - ing tongues I stemmed and ho - nored him 'mid shame and scorn. My

93



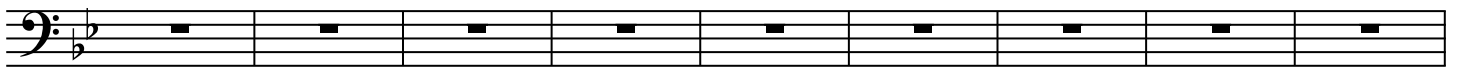
friend-ship's ut-most zeal to try, he asked if I for him would die; for him would die! The

98



flesh was weak; my blood ran chill; but the free spi - rit cried, "I will!"

103



112



these deeds shall thy me - mo-rial be fear not, thou didst them un - to me. 2.Once

118



not, thou didst them un - to me!