

A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief

Peacefully ♩=96-112

1. A poor way - far - ing Man of grief Hath
 2. Once, when my scant - y meal was spread, He
 3. I spied him where a foun - tain burst Clear

of - ten crossed me on my way, Who
 en - tered; not a word he spoke, Just
 from the rock; his strength was gone. The

sued - so hum - bly for re - lief That
 per - ish - ing for want of bread. I
 heed - less wa - ter mocked his thirst; He

I gave could nev - er an - swer nay. I
 heard him it, saw he it blessed it, brake, And
 I saw it hur - rying on. I

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had not pow'r to ask his name, Where -
 ate, but and gave raised me the part a - gain. Mine
 ran and raised the suf - frer up; Thrice

to he went, or whence he came; Yet
 was an an - gels por - tion then, For
 from the stream he drained my cup, Dipped

there was some - thing in his eye That
 while I re - turned with it run - ning haste, The
 and re - turned it run - ning o'er; I

won my love; I knew not why.
 crust was man - na I to my taste.
 drank and nev - er thirst - ed more.