1. A poor, way-faring Man of grief Hath often crossed me on my way, Who sued so humbly for relief That I could never answer. I had not pow’r to ask his name, Where to he went, or whence he came; Yet
2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread, He entered; not a word he spake, Just perish 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
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 suf-ferer up. Thrice from the stream he drained my cup, Dipped Peacefully \( \text{\( \text{\( \text{\( j = 96–112 \}} \)\)}} \)
there was some-th ing in his eye That won my love; I knew not why.
while I fed with ca - ger haste, The cr ust was man - na to my taste.
and re-turned it run-ning o'er; I drank and nev - er thirst - ed 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 side.
   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.

6. In pris'n I saw him next, condemned
   To meet a traitor’s doom at morn.
   The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
   And honored him ‘mid shame and scorn.
   My friendship’s utmost zeal to try,
   He asked if I for him would die,
   The flesh was weak; my blood ran chill,
   But my free spirit cried, “I will!”

7. Then in a moment to my view
   The stranger started from disguise.
   The tokens in his hands I knew;
   The Savior stood before mine eyes.
   He spake, and my poor name he named,
   “Of me thou hast not been ashamed.
   These deeds shall thy memorial be;
   Fear not, thou didst them unto me.”

Text: James Montgomery, 1771–1854
Music: George Coles, 1792–1858, alt.
Hymn sung at the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Matthew 25:31–40
Mosiah 2:17