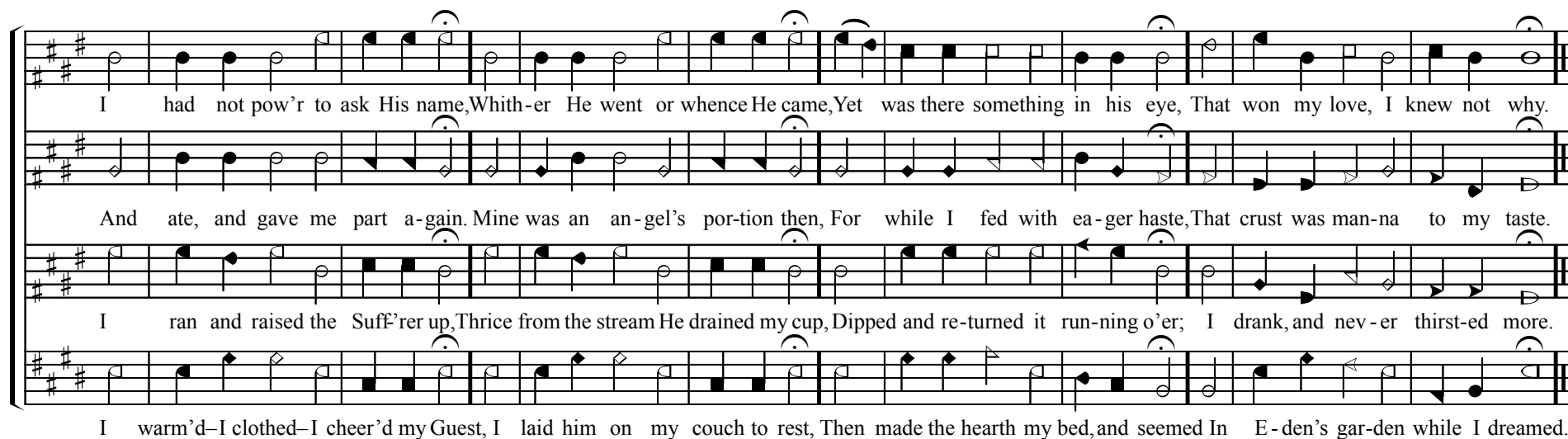


1. A poor way-faring Man of grief Has oft-en cross'd me on my way, Who sued so hum-bly for re-lief, That I could nev-er an-swer nay.

2. Once when my scan-ty meal was spread He en-ter'd; not a word he spake; Just per-ish-ing for want of bread; I gave him all,— He bless'd it, brake.

3. I spied Him where a fountain burst Clear from the Rock, His strength was gone; The heedless wa-ter mock'd His thirst, He heard it, saw it hurr-ying on;

4. 'Twas night, the floods were out; it blew A win-ter hur-ri-cane a-loof— I heard His voice a-broad, and flew To bid Him welcome to my roof;



I had not pow'r to ask His name, Whith-er He went or whence He came, Yet was there something in his eye, That won my love, I knew not why.

And ate, and gave me part a-gain. Mine was an an-gel's por-tion then, For while I fed with ea-ger haste, That crust was man-na to my taste.

I ran and raised the Suff'rer up, Thrice from the stream He drained my cup, Dipped and re-turned it run-ning o'er; I drank, and nev-er thirst-ed more.

I warm'd—I clothed—I cheer'd my Guest, I laid him on my couch to rest, Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd In E-den's gar-den while I dreamed.