

# The Stranger and His Friend

1. A poor way-far - ing man of grief Hath of - ten crossed me on my way,  
 2. Once, when my scan - ty meal was spread, He en - tered, not a word he spake;  
 3. I spied him where a foun - tain burst Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;  
 4. 'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew A win - ter hur - ri - cane a - loof;  
 5. Stript, wound - ed, beat - en nigh to death, I found him by the high - way side:  
 6. In pris'n I saw him next, con - demned To meet a trai - tor's doom at morn;  
 7. Then in a mo - ment to my view The stran - ger dart - ed from dis - guise;

Who sued so hum - bly for re - lief, That I could nev - er an - swer, "Nay."  
 Just per - ish - ing for want of bread; I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,  
 The heed - less wa - ter mocked his thirst, He heard it, saw it hur - 'ying on;  
 I heard his voice a - broad and flew To bid him wel - come to my roof;  
 I roused his pulse, brought back his breath, Re - vived his spi - rit, and sup - plied  
 The tide of ly - ing tongues I stemmed, And ho - nored him mid' shame and scorn:  
 The to - kens in his hands I knew, My Sa - ior stood be - fore mine eyes.

I had not pow'r to ask his name, Where - to he went, or whence he came,  
 And ate, but gave me part a - gain; Mine was an an - gel's por - tion then,  
 I ran and raised the suf - frer up; Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,  
 I warmed and clothed and cheered my guest, And laid him on my couch to rest;  
 Wine, oil, re - fresh - ment; He was healed— I had my - self a wound con - cealed;  
 My friend - ship's ut - most zeal to try, He asked if I for him would die;  
 He spake; and my poor name he named, "Of me thou hast not been a - shamed:

Yet there was some - thing in his eye That won my love, I knew not why.  
 For while I fed with ea - ger haste, That crust was man - na to my taste.  
 Dipped and re - turned it run - ning o'er; I drank, and ne - ver thirst - ed more.  
 Then made the hearth my bed, and seemed In E - den's gar - den while I dreamed.  
 But from that hour for - got the smart, And peace bound up my bro - ken heart.  
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill, But my free spi - rit cried, "I will!"  
 These deeds shall thy me - mor - ial be; Fear not, thou didst them un - to me."

*Text:* James Montgomery (1771–1854), 1826

*Lyrics adapted from the original poem, the 1908 LDS version, and one word borrowed from the 1985 LDS rendition.*

*Music:* Unknown—first known to have been published in *Latter Day Saints Psalmody*, 1889 (no. 34)