

DUANE STREET. L.M.D.

"I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me." -- Matt. 25:35, 36.

A Major Anonymous, 1826.

George Coles, 1835.

1. A poor way-far - ing man of grief Hath of-ten crossed me on my way; Who sued so hum-bly for re - lief That I could nev - er an - swer nay.
 2. I spied him where a foun-tain burst Clear from the rock; his strength was gone; The heedless water mocked his thirst; He heard it, saw it hur - rying on.

3. In pris'n I saw him next, condemned To meet a traitor's doom at morn, The tide of ly - ing tongues I stem'd And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.

4. Then in a mo - ment to my view The stran-ger start-ed from dis-guise: The to -kens in his hands I knew -- my Sav-ior stood be - fore my eyes.

I had no pow'r to ask his name, Whith-er he went or whence he came; Yet there was something in his eye That won my love, I knew not why. I ran and rais'd the suf-f'rer up; Thrice from the stream he drained my cup, Dipped and returned it running o'er: I drank and nev - er thirst - ed more.

My friend-ship's ut-most zeal to try, He asked if I for him would die: The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill, But the free spir - it cried, "I will."

He spake and my poor name he named: "Of me thou hast not been a-shamed; These deeds shall thy me-morial be: Fear not, thou didst it un - to me."