

Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief

descant by Loralee Leavitt

Descant

Melody

Then in a mo ment to my view the

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3
strang - er start - ed from dis - guise. The to - kens in his

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6
hands I knew; The Sa - vior stood be - fore mine eyes. He

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9
spake, and my poor name he named, "Of me thou hast not

12
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been a - shamed. These deeds shall thy mem - o - ri - al be; Fear

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15
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not, thou didst them un - to me."

Melody