DUANE STREET L. M. D.

"For I hungered and ye gave me meat; 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

James Montgomery, 1826  Key of A Major  Rev. George Cole, about 1835. Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911

1. A poor way-faring man of grief hath ten crossed me on my way; Who
2. I spied him where a fountain burst Clear from the rock: his strength was gone; The
3. In prison I saw him next condemned To meet a traitor's doom at morn,
4. Then in moment to my view The stranger started from disguise: The

sued so humbly for relief That I could never answer nay.
heedless water mocked his thirst; he heard it, saw it hurry'ng on.
The tide of lying tongues stemmed, and honored him mid shame and scorn.
tokens in his hands I knew—my Savior stood before my eyes.
DUANE STREET L. M. D.

Chorus

I had no pow'r to ask his name, Whither he went or whence he came; yet
I ran and raised the sufferer up, Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,

My friendship's utmost zeal to try, He asked if I for him would die: The
He spake and my poor name he named: "Of me thou hast not been ashamed; These

there was something in his eye That won my love I knew not why. why.
Dipped and returned it running o'er: I drank and never thirsted more.

flesh was weak, my blood ran chill, But the free spirit it cried, "I will." will.
deeds shall thy memorial be: Fear not, thou didst it unto me." me.

DO-RE-MI