

# THE WANDERER'S GRAVE C. M.

"The Lord preserveth the strangers." – Psa. 146:9

Key of G Major

W. L. Williams, 1859; Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911

1. A - way from home, a - way from friends, And all the heart holds dear, A wea - ry wan - d'rer

3. Nor wait - ing friends stood round his couch A heal - ing to im - part, Nor hu - man voice spoke

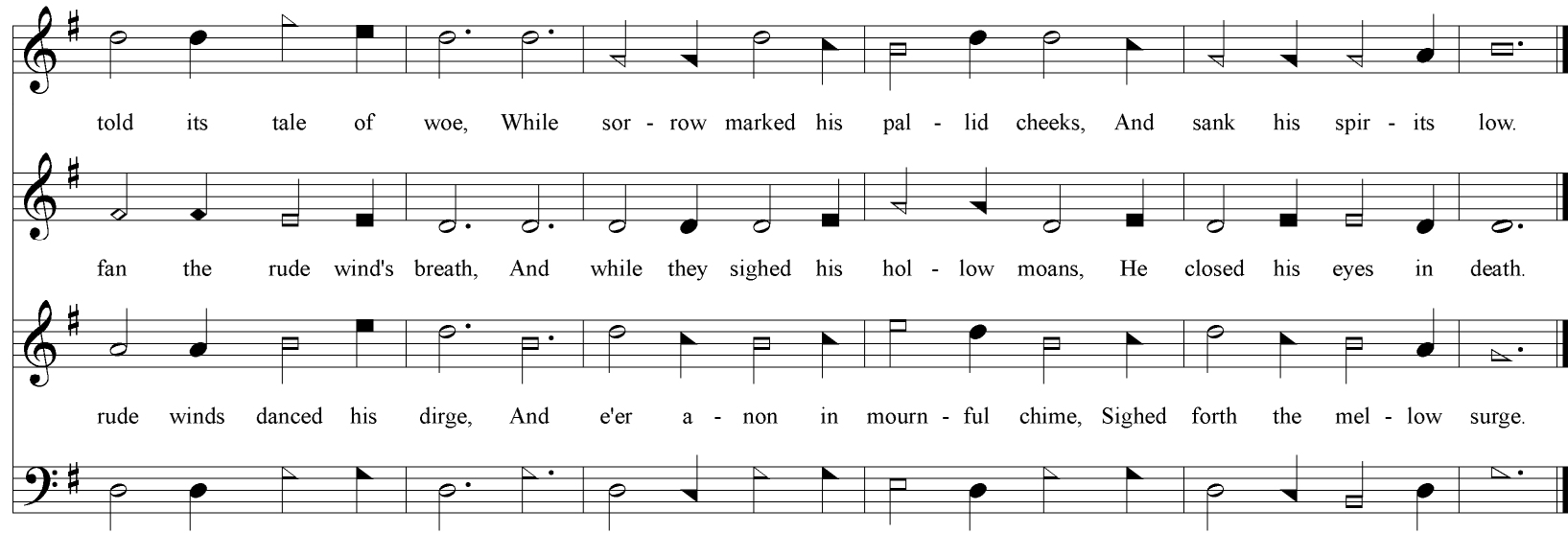
5. No will - ing grave re - ceived the corpse Of this poor lone - ly one, His bones, a - las, were

laid him down. Nor kind - ly aid was near. 2. And sick - ness prey'd up - on his frame, And

sym - pa - thy, To soothe his ach - ing heart. 4. The stars of night his watch - ers were, His

left to bleach, And mould - er 'neath the sun. 6. The night wolf howl'd his req - ui - em, The

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told its tale of woe, While sor - row marked his pal - lid cheeks, And sank his spir - its low.  
fan the rude wind's breath, And while they sighed his hol - low moans, He closed his eyes in death.  
rude winds danced his dirge, And e'er a - non in mourn - ful chime, Sighed forth the mel - low surge.