knew— not why. I spied him where a fountain burst. Clear from the rock;-- his
strength was gone. The heedless water mocked his thirst;-- He heard it, saw-- it
hurrying on. I ran and raised the sufferer up;-- Thrice from the stream he
drained my cup, Dipped and returned it running o'er; I drank and never running o'er; I thirsted more. In pris'n I saw him next, condemned To meet a traitor's doom at morn. The tide of lying tongues I stemmed, and Ooh,
honored him 'mid shame and scorn. My friendship's utmost zeal to try. He asked if I for him would die. The flesh was weak; my blood ran chill. But Ooh, then my free spirit cried, "I will!"

mf cresc. f
in a moment to my view. The stranger started
from disguise. The tokens in his hands I knew; The

Savior stood before my eyes. He spake, and my poor
name he named, "Of me thou hast not been ashamed. These

deeds shall thy memorial be; Fear not, thou didst them

dimin.  p a tempo

un to me."

dimin.  p a tempo