

# The Stranger

Words and Music by  
Eric Lynn Peterson

$\text{♩} = 88$

Voice

Piano

5

V.

I met a man on the street to-day. I've o - ften seen him 'round this way.

Pn.

9

V.

He looked so des - p'rate what could I do but turn to him and help him through?

Pn.

13

V.

I did not e - ven ask his name. I di - dn't care\_; I

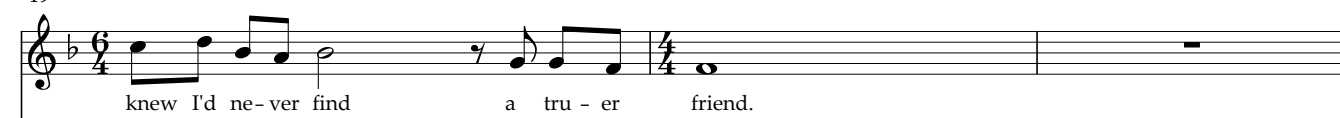
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16

V.  loved him just the same. Was just a stran - ger, but at the end I

Pn. 

19

V.  knew I'd ne-ver find a tru - er friend.

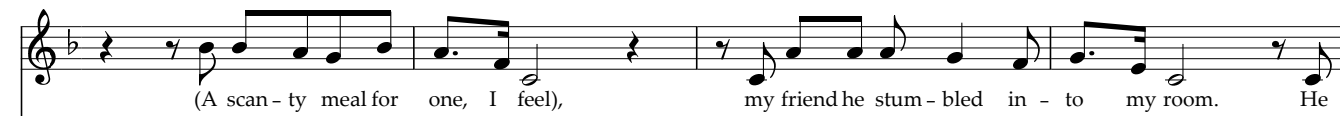
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22

V.  As I sat down one night to en - joy my meal,

Pn. 

26

V.  (A scan - ty meal for one, I feel), my friend he stum - bled in - to my room. He


Pn. 


30

V.  had no food; what else to do? I gave what lit - tle food I had to share, then

Pn. 

34

V.  stood in awe as I heard his grate - ful prayer. The lit - tle food that was

Pn. 

37

V.  left for me filled up my wea - ry soul with pure re - lief. This


Pn. 


40

V.  friend, I saw him ev - 'ry - where I went, and more, there al - ways was a rea - son I was


Pn. 


43

V.    
 sent. When wa-ter mocked his thirst I gave him mine to drink; he gave me <sup>3</sup>

Pn. 

46

V.    
 li - ving wa-ter in re - turn. When rains came down and floods came up I wel - comed him in -


Pn. 

49

V.    
 to my house; in Ed-en's gar - den that night I did dream. When woun - ded bea - ten

Pn. 

52

V.    
 nigh to death I nursed him back to health a - gain, and a mir - a - cle did hap - pen - all my


Pn. 

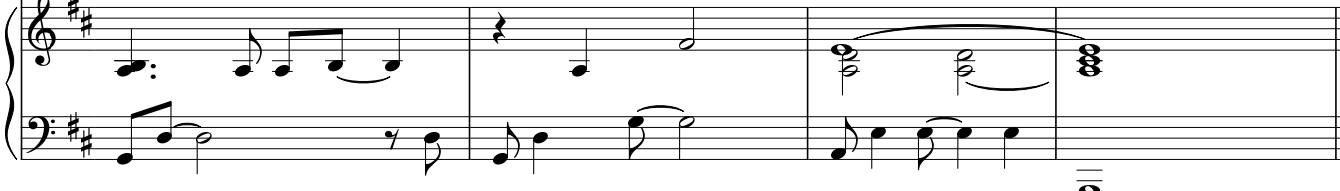
55

V.  wounds dis - a - peared; I di - dn't feel the pain a - gain. He had that kind of


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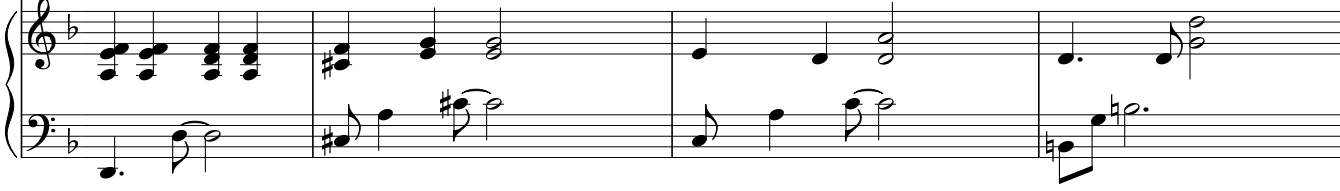
59

V.  pow'r in - side him, to help you lose your - self. But then one

Pn. 

63

V.  day I saw him in a line of com - mon cri - mi-nals; what did he do? And the

Pn. 

67

V.  crowd a - round me shou - ted and the lies and ru - mors flew. "But I know this man!" I told them, "Your

Pn. 

70

V.  ru-mors can't be true." But still they cried, "This man re-viles our law. For that he

Pn. 

73

V.  is to die." What could I do? So I ran and knelt be-side him as the


Pn. 


76

V.  crowd re-viled our names, and I plead, "Friend, let me help you. You don't de-serve this blame." And when I

Pn. 

79

V.  looked in-to his eyes my blood ran cold as ice as he asked of me his great-est sac-ri-

Pn. 

82

V.   
 fice: "Would you die? For me, would you

Pn.

85

V.   
 die?" Yes, I would die. For you, I would

Pn.

89

V.   
 die. I would die!

Pn.

93

V.

Pn.

97

V.  Im-ag-ine then, to my great sur - prise,


Pn. 

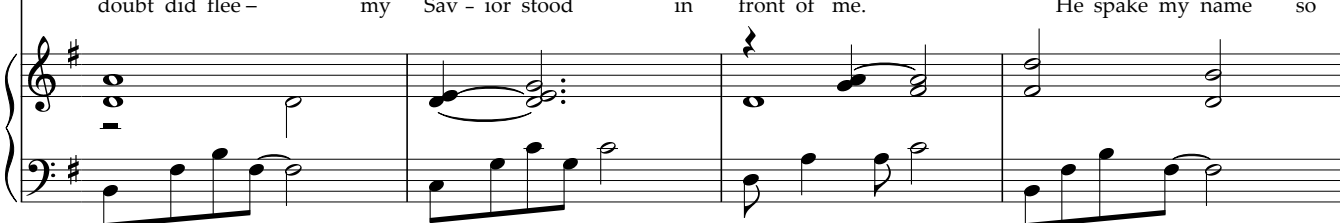
101

V.  my friend's ap-pear - ance changed be - fore my eyes. Those wounds fa - mil - iar; all

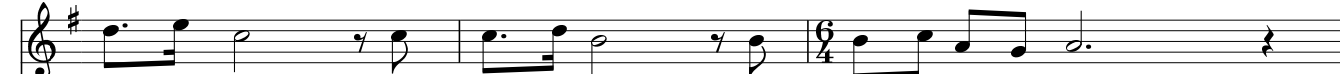
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104

V.  doubt did flee - my Sav - ior stood in front of me. He spake my name so

Pn. 

108

V.  ten - der - ly. "Your life," He said, "You spent it ser - ving me.

Pn. 

111

V.  You've been so faith - ful to the ve - ry end, and I can tru - ly call you as my

Pn. 





114

V.  friend. Come spend e - ter - ni - ty with me, my

Pn. 

118

V.  friend." 

Pn. 