

A WIDOW, poor, forlorn, oppressed,

A Collection of Hymns:

L.M. Luke xviii. 7.

1 A WIDOW, poor, forlorn, oppressed,
Importunate her suit could gain;
And shall not we our joint request
By persevering prayer obtain?

2 A stranger to the judge she was,
But we God's chosen people are;
And, wishing us to gain our cause,
Himself doth all our burdens bear.

3 To an unrighteous judge she came,
But to a righteous Father we,
Who bids us confidently claim
His grace for needy sinners free:

4 The widow's and the orphan's Friend
Kindly commands us to draw nigh:
And lo, our hearts to heaven ascend,
And boldly Abba, Father, cry!

5 She had no promise to succeed,
And but at times could find access;
Encouraged we, and sure to speed,
Both day and night our suit may press.

6 Her vehemence did the judge provoke;
But God our earnestness approves,
Watches our every sigh and look,
And most the boldest suitor loves.

7 She had no friend or patron kind,
To enforce and make her suit his own;
But we a powerful spokesman find
Before us at the Father's throne.

8 Our Advocate for ever lives
For us in heaven to intercede,
For us the Comforter receives,
And sends him in our hearts to plead.