

A Widow, Poor, Forlorn, Oppressed  
by Charles Wesley

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.