

By the Poor Widow's Oil and Meal  
Words: John Newton, 1779.  
Music: Edinburgh Psalter, 1615.

By the poor widow's oil and meal  
Elijah was sustained;  
Though small the stock it lasted well,  
For God the store maintained.

It seemed as if from day to day,  
They were to eat and die;  
But still, though in a secret way,  
He sent a fresh supply.

Thus to His poor He still will give  
Just for the present hour;  
But for tomorrow they must live  
Upon His word and power.

No barn or storehouse they possess  
On which they can depend;  
Yet have no cause to fear distress,  
For Jesus is their Friend.

Then let not doubts your mind assail,  
Remember, God has said,  
"The cruse and barrel shall not fail;  
My people shall be fed."

And thus though faint it often seems,  
He keeps their grace alive;  
Supplied by His refreshing streams,  
Their dying hopes revive.

Though in ourselves we have no stock,  
The Lord is nigh to save;  
His door flies open when we knock,  
And 'tis but ask and have.