

The prophet in his hunger asked for bread.
He asked the poor and famine was their guest.
They saw starvation walking in the street,
the doomed who thought to eat their last and die.

It is the Lord Who lights the blinded eyes,
Who lends the poor His wealth, the weak His strength,
Who feeds us with His everlasting love,
and pours for us His justice like strong wine.

Because the widow offered of her last,
and opened to his need her empty hand,
Elijah promised her: 'You shall not want.
Your larder never shall be clean of food.'

The widow and the orphan are His care;
whom none will else defend, He will defend:
He puts the strutting pride of tyrants down,
and raises up the lowly from the dust.

See, in the temple, how high with gestures wide,
the rich men cast their casual gold to God,
the widow offers all her dwindling purse,
the pence of poverty - a richer gift.