

At the City.

ἤχος ᾠᾶς ἰσχυροῦ.

O be-liev-ers, u-sing words of Dav-
id, let us hon-or in hymns
the Lord's Prop-het E-li-as the Tish-
-bite, the il-lus-tri-ous zeal-
-ot. He is the one who with his tongue made
the sky hard-like iron,
and made the fruit-ful earth to be un-fruit-
-ful. What a mir-a-cle! A cor-rupt-
-ti-ble man is garbed in in-cor-rupt-ion,
and he dash-es to the heav-ens,
in a fier-y char-i-ot,
and he grants dou-ble grace to E-

sha - by - giv - ing
 him - his men - tel. 9 He re - bukes -
 Kings. with fam - ine he
 pun - ish - es the dis - o - bed - i -
 ent - peop - le. He em -
 bar - rassed - all the shame - ful priests - of
 Baal, 22 and with a word he re - sur - rect -
 ed the wid - ow's
 son. 9 O Christ our God, at his en - treat -
 ies pre - serve our e - lect - ed of - fi - c - i - als
 in - peace, 22 and keep us safe from for - eign
 e - ne - mies. 9

Pencil draft copied from rough draft in
 notebook by me, Richard Barrett, 17 July 2019,
 St Louis, MO.