The Prophets Sons, in Time of Old

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: ST. FLAVIAN

| d - | d - t, - d - m - | r - r - d - d - |
The prophets sons, in time of old, Though

| f - m - d - r - | m - - - - - m - |
to appearance poor; Were

| m - f - s - m - | d - r - m - m - |
rich without pos- sessing gold, And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
honored, though ob- scure.

The other verses

2 In peace their daily bread they eat,
By honest labor earned;
While daily at Elisha's feet,
They grace and wisdom learned.

3 The prophet's presence cheered their toil,
They watched the words he spoke;
Whether they turned the furrowed soil,
Or felled the spreading oak.

4 Once as they listened to his theme,
Their conference was stopped;
For one beneath the yielding stream,
A borrowed axe had dropped.

5 "Alas! it was not mine, he said,
How shall I make it good?"
Elisha heard, and when he prayed,
The iron swam like wood.

6 If God, in such a small affair,
A miracle performs;
It shows his condescending care
Of poor unworthy worms.

7 Though kings and nations in his view
Are but as motes and dust;
His eye and ear are fixed on you,
Who in his mercy trust.

8 Not one concern of ours is small,
If we belong to him;
To teach us this, the Lord of all,
Once made the iron swim.

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