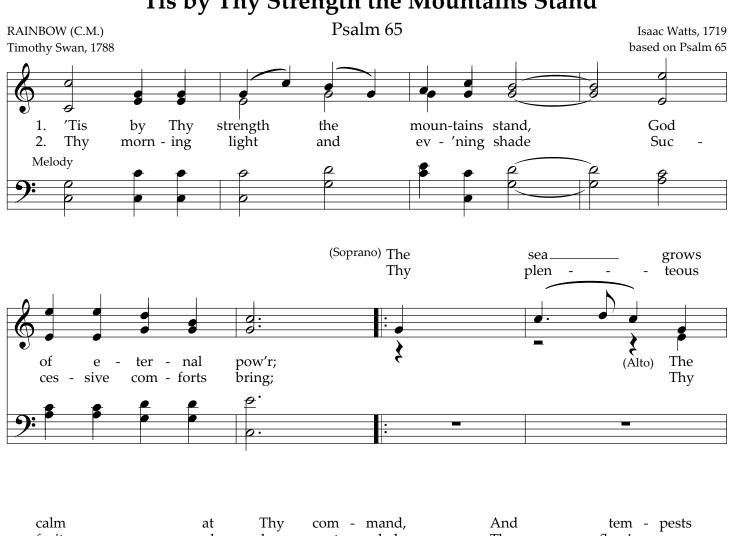
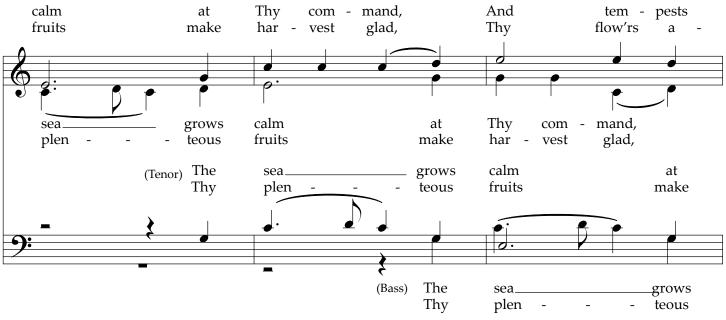
## 'Tis by Thy Strength the Mountains Stand







 Seasons and times, and moons and hours, Heav'n, earth, and air are thine;
 When clouds distill their fruitful showers, The Author is divine.

- Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
   Borne by the winds around
   With wat'ry treasures well supply
   The furrows of the ground.
- The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
   And ranks of corn appear:
   Thy ways abound with blessings still,
   Thy goodness crowns the year.