

For the Strength of the Hills

Felicia D. Hemans, 1793 – 1835

For the strength of the hills we bless
thee,
Our God, our fathers' God;
Thou hast made thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod.
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge,
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless
thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
Midst the silence of the sky;
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by Thy rod;
For the strength of the hills we bless
thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

For the dark resounding caverns,
Where Thy still, small voice is heard;
For the strong pines of the forest,
That by Thy breath are stirred;
For the storms, on whose free pinions,
Thy spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the hills we bless
thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

The royal eagle darteth
O'er his quarry from the heights,
And the stag, that knows no master,
Seeks there his wild delights;
But we, for Thy communion,
Have sought the mountain sod,
For the strength of the hills we bless
thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

The banner of the chieftain,
Far, far below us waves;
The war-horse of the spearman
Cannot reach our lofty caves.
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
Of freedom's last abode;
For the strength of the hills we bless
thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

For the shadow of Thy presence,
Round our camp of rock outspread;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead;
For the snows and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial sod;
For the strength of the hills we bless
thee.
Our God, our fathers' God.