

'Tis by Thy Strength the Mountains Stand

Isaac Watts, 1719.

John Herbert, 1890.

'Tis by Thy strength the mountains stand,

God of eternal power;

The sea grows calm at Thy command,

And tempests cease to roar.

Thy morning light and evening shade

Successive comforts bring;

Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,

Thy flowers adorn the spring.

Seasons and times, and moons and hours,

Heav'n, earth, and air are Thine;

When clouds distill in fruitful showers,

The Author is divine.

Those wandering cisterns in the sky,

Borne by the winds around,

With watery treasures well supply

The furrows of the ground.

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,

And ranks of corn appear;

Thy ways abound with blessing still,

Thy goodness crowns the year.