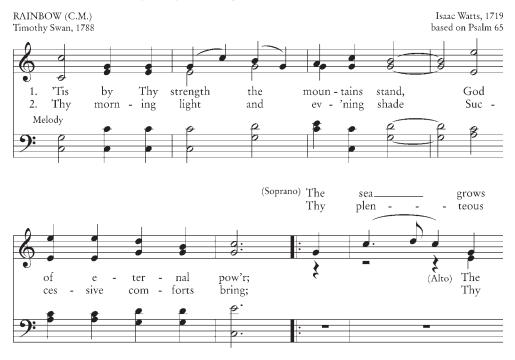
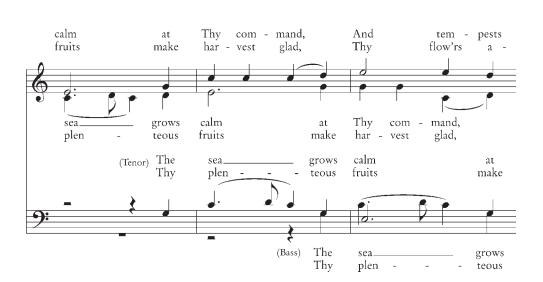
## 'Tis by Thy Strength the Mountains Stand







 The thirsty ridges drink their fill, And ranks of corn appear: Thy ways abound with blessings still, Thy goodness crowns the year.