1. For the strength of the hills we bless thee, Our God, our fathers’ God;
2. At the hands of foul oppressors We’ve borne and suffered long;
3. Thou hast led us here in safety Where the mountain bulwark stands
4. We are watchers of a beacon Whose light must never die;

Thou hast made thy children mighty By the touch of the mountain sod.
Thou hast been our help in weakness, And thy pow’r hath made us strong,
As the guardian of the loved ones Thou hast brought from many lands.
We are guardians of an altar ‘Midst the silence of the sky.

Thou hast led thy chosen Israel To freedom’s last abode;
Among ruthless foes outnumbered In wearness we trod;
For the rock and for the river, The valley’s fertile sod,
Here the rocks yield fountains of courage, Struck forth as by thy rod;

For the strength of the hills we bless thee, Our God, our fathers’ God.

Text: Felicia D. Hemans, 1793–1835; adapted by Edward L. Sloan, 1830–1874
Music: Evan Stephens, 1854–1930