

445

From Greenland's Icy Mountains

Missionary Hymn. 7.6.7.6.D.

REGINALD HEBER, 1819

LOWELL MASON, 1823

1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,  
 2. What though the spic - y breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;  
 3. Can men, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,  
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sands,  
 Though ev - ery pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;  
 Can they to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?  
 Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

From man - y an an - cient riv - er, From man - y a palm - y plain,  
 In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strewn;  
 Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,  
 Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.  
 The heath - en in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.  
 Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.  
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.