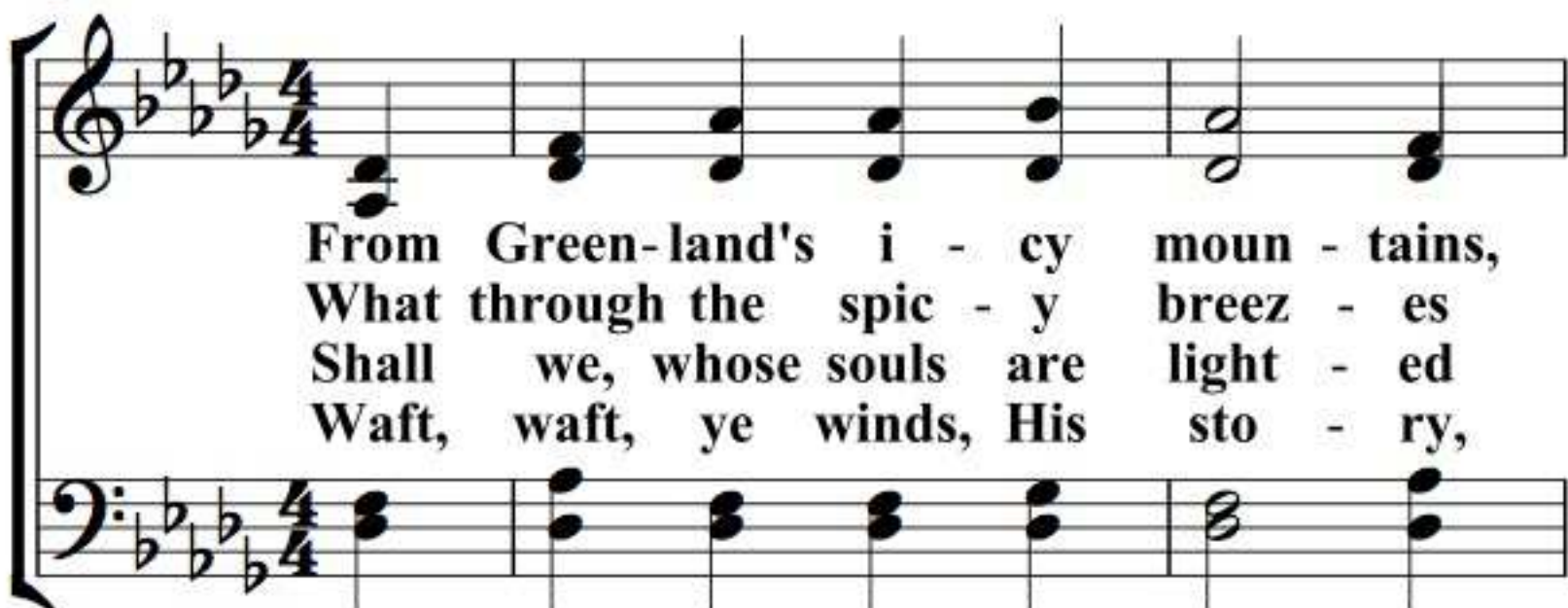


# From Greenland's Icy Mountains

Reginald Heber, 1819

Lowell Mason, 1823



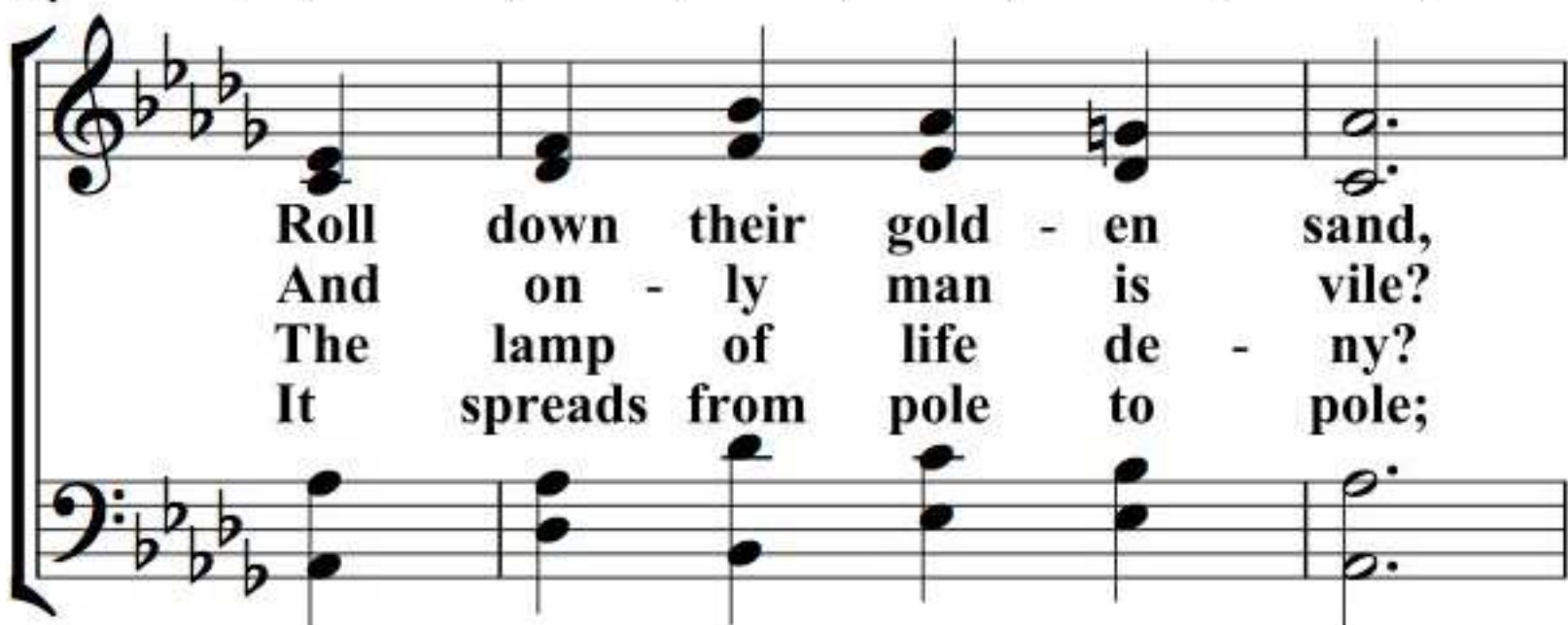
From Green-land's i - cy moun - tains,  
What through the spic - y breez - es  
Shall we, whose souls are light - ed  
Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry,



From In - dia's cor - al strand,  
Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle,  
With wis - dom from on high,  
And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains  
Though ev - ery pros - pect pleas - es,  
Shall we to men be - night - ed  
Till like a sea of glo - ry



Roll down their gold - en sand,  
And on - ly man is vile?  
The lamp of life de - ny?  
It spreads from pole to pole;

# From Greenland's Icy Mountains

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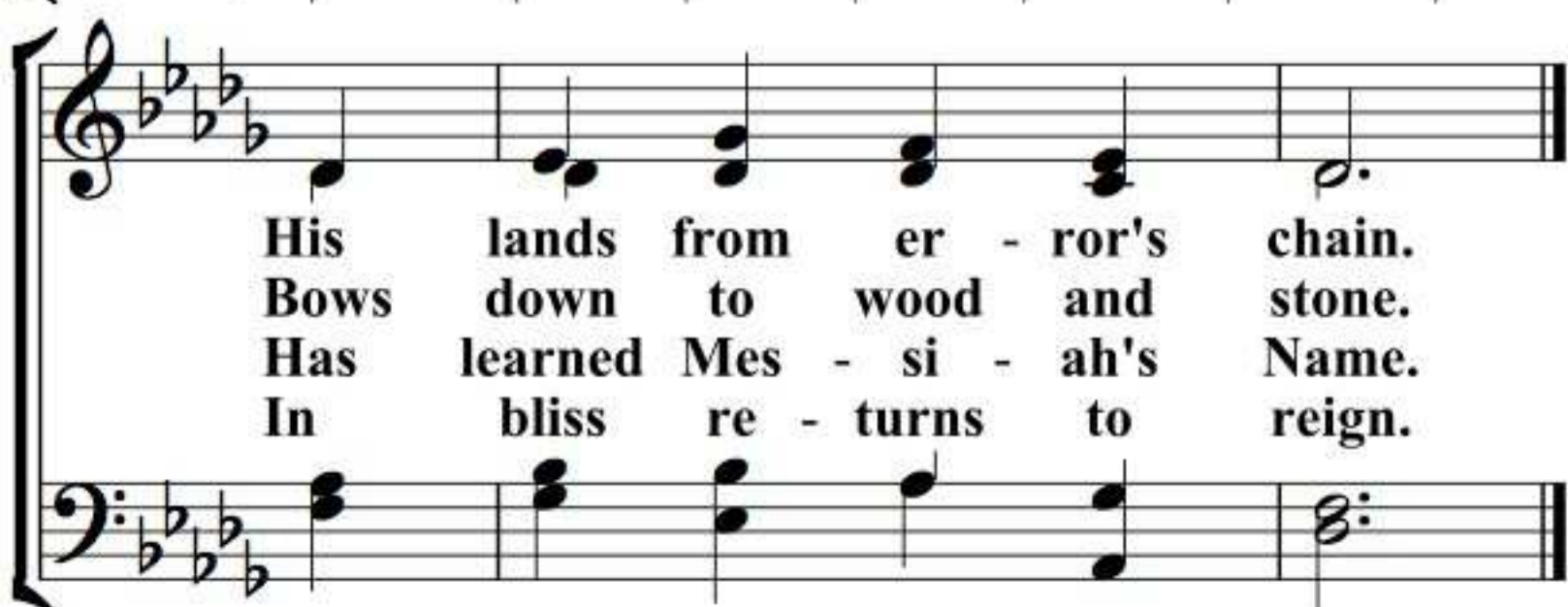
From many an an - cient riv - er,  
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness  
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion!  
Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture



From many a palm - y plain  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The joy - ful sound pro - claim,  
The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



Christ calls us to de - liv - er  
The hea - then in his blind - ness  
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion  
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor,



His lands from er - ror's chain.  
Bows down to wood and stone.  
Has learned Mes - si - ah's Name.  
In bliss re - turns to reign.