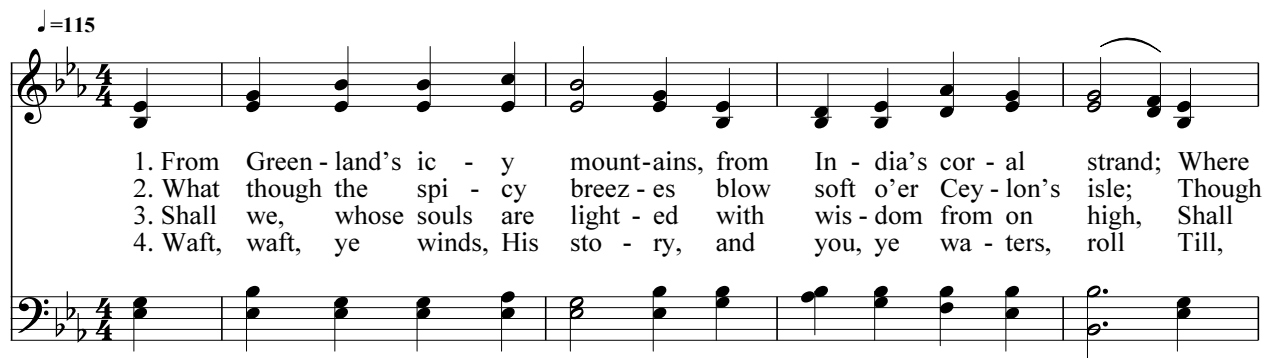


From Greenland's Icy Mountains

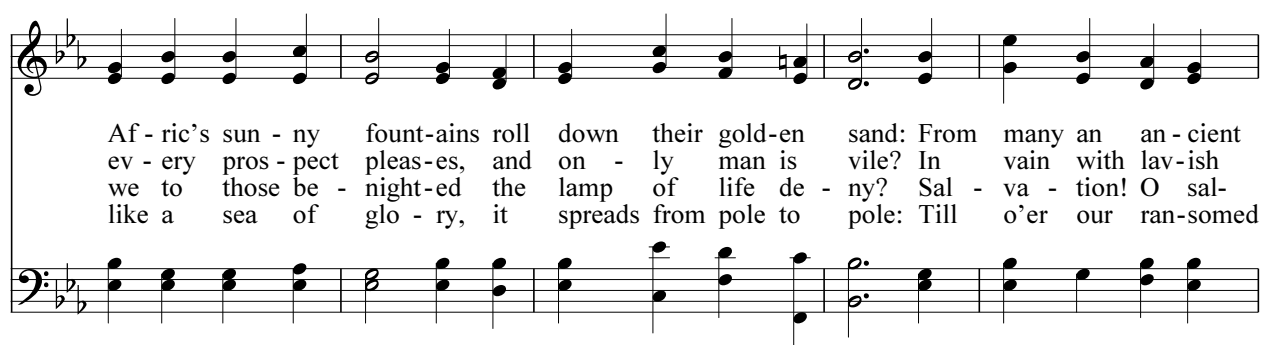
Reginald Heber, 1819

Lowell Mason, 1823

$\text{♩} = 115$




1. From Green-land's ic - y mount-ains, from In - dia's cor - al strand; Where
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle; Though
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed with wis - dom from on high, Shall
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, and you, ye wa - ters, roll Till,



Af - ric's sun - ny fount-ains roll down their gold-en sand: From many an an - cient
ev - ery pros - pect pleas-es, and on - ly man is vile? In vain with lav-ish
we to those be - night-ed the lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! O sal -
like a sea of glo - ry, it spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ran-somed



ri - ver, from many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er their
kind-ness the gifts of God are strown; The heath - en in his blind-ness bows
- va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion has
na - ture the Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re - deem - er, king, cre - at - or, in



land from err - or's chain.
down to wood and stone.
learned Mes-si - ah's name.
bliss re - turns to reign.