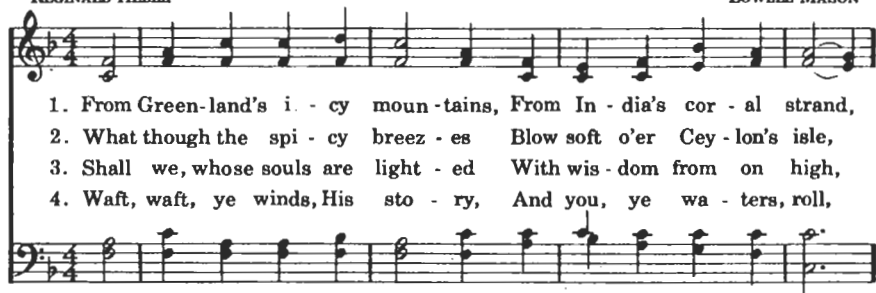


# 268 From Greenland's Icy Mountains

REGINALD HEBER

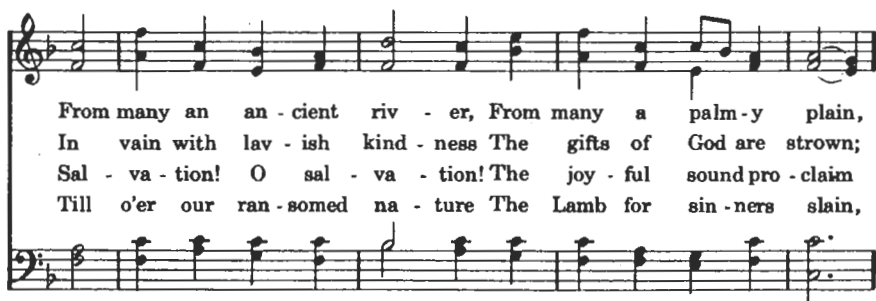
LOWELL MASON



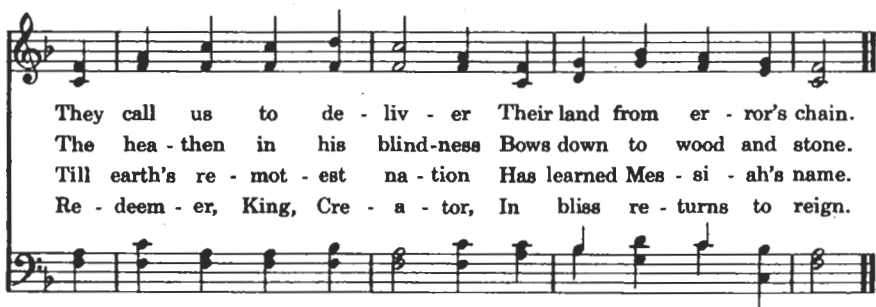
1. From Green-land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,  
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle,  
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,  
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand—  
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es And on - ly man is vile?  
Shall we 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 many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,  
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;  
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 hea - then 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.