

# From Greenland's Icy Mountains

Reginald Heber (1783-1826)

Lowell Mason, 1870 (1832-1915)

C F C F G<sup>7</sup> C F C G<sup>7</sup> C

1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, 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 on, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa-ters roll, Till,

Bass clef, common time.

C F C G<sup>7</sup> Am G D<sup>7</sup> G G<sup>7</sup> C F C F C G<sup>7</sup>

Africa's sun-ny fountains Roll down their golden sand, From many an an-cient riv - er, From  
 ev-'ry prospect pleas-es And on - ly man is vile; In vain with lav - ish kindness The  
 we to men be-night-ed The lamp of life de-ny? Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The  
 like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransomed na-ture The

C G<sup>7</sup> C G<sup>7</sup> C F C G F G<sup>7</sup> CFC

man-y a palm - y plain, That call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.  
 gifts of God are strown, The hea-then in his blindness Bows down to wood and stone.  
 joy - ful sound pro-claim, Till earth's re-mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.  
 Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re - deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss returns to reign.