

# 381 From Greenland's icy mountains

Reginald Heber

Lowell Mason

1. From Green - land's i - cy moun - tains, from  
2. What though the spic - y breez - es blow  
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed with  
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, and

In - dia's co - ral strand; Where Af - ric's sun - ny  
soft o'er Cey - lon's isle; Though eve - ry pros - pect  
wis - dom from on high, Shall we to those be -  
you, ye wa - ters, roll Till, like a sea of

foun - tains roll down their gold - en sand: From  
pleas - es, and on - ly man is vile? In  
night - ed the lamp of life de - ny? Sal -  
glo - ry, it spreads from pole to pole: Till

many an an - cient riv - er, from many a palm - y  
vain with lav - ish kind - ness the gifts of God are  
va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro -  
o'er our ran - somed na - ture the Lamb for sin - ners

plain, They call us to de - liv - er their  
 strown; The hea - then in his blind - ness bows  
 claim, Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion has  
 slain, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, in

land from er - ror's chain.  
 down to wood and stone.  
 learned Mes - si - ah's Name.  
 bliss re - turns to reign.