From Greenland’s Icy Mountains

Reginald Heber, 1819

Lowell Mason, 1823

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, - and you, ye waters, - roll Till,

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted - with wisdom from on high, Shall

2. What though the spicy - breezes - blow soft o’er Ceylon’s - isle; Though

1. From Greenland’s - icy - mountains, - from India’s - coral - strand; Where

Af-ric’s sun-ny foun-tains roll down their gold-en sand: From many an an-cient

ev-ery prospect 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

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.