

# From Greenland's Icy

7 6 7 6 7 6

1. From Green-land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,  
 2. What though the spi - cy bree - zes Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle,  
 3. Shall we, whose souls are ligh - ted 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 gol - den sand;  
 Though ev - 'ry pros - pect plea - ses, And on - ly man is vile;  
 Shall we to men be - nigh - ted The lamp of life de - ny?  
 Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

From many an an - cient ri - ver, From many a pal - my plain,  
 In vain with la - vish 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 - li - ver Their land from er - ror's chain.  
 The hea - then in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.  
 Till earth's re - mo - test na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.  
 Re - dee - mer, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

Source: A Collection of Sacred Hymns, 1844 (no. 18)