

# From Greenland's Icy Mountains

400

*Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Psalm 2:8*

7.6.7.6.D.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1819

Missionary Hymn  
Lowell Mason, 1823

1. From Green-land's ic - y moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,  
 2. What though the spic - y breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;  
 3. Can 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 eve - ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile:  
 Can 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 man - y'an an - cient riv - er, From man - y'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 each 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. A - men.