

From Greenland's Icy Mountains

"...you will be My witnesses...to the ends of the earth." (Acts 1:7)

REGINALD HEBER

LOWELL MASON

1. From Green - land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
 2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;
 3. Shall 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 ev - ery pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
 Shall 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 many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
 In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strewn;
 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 heath - en in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
 Till earth's 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.