

# FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAIN

1. From Green - land's i - cy 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. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;  
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile!  
Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?

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,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.  
The hea - then, in their blind - ness, Bow down to wood and stone.  
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has heard Mes - si - ah's Name.