From Greenland’s Icy Mountain

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

2. What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle,

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

Where Africa’s sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand;
Though every prospect pleases, And only man is vile!
Shall we to men be nighted The lamp of life deny?

From many an ancient river, From many a palm-y plain,
In vain, with lavish kindness, The gifts of God are strown;
Salvation! Salvation! The joyful sound proclaim,

They call us to deliver Their land from error’s chain.
The heathen, in their blindness, Bow down to wood and stone.
Till earth’s remotest nation Has heard Messiah’s Name.

Words: Reginald Heber
Music: Lowell Mason