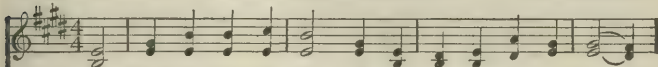


13 from Greenland's Icy Mountains.

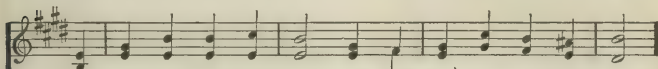
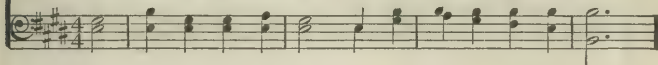
Reginald Heber.

Missionary Hymn. 7s. 6s. D.

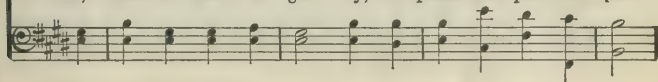
Lowell Mason.



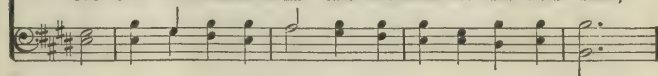
1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand; *
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand:
 Though ev - 'ry 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 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 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. A-MEN.

