

Reginald Heber

Original Parts by L. Mason

1. From Green-land's ic - y moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Af-ric's sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their gold-en sand;

2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle - Though ev-'ry pros-pect pleas-es, And on - ly man is vile?

3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high - 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, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

In vain with lav - ish kind-ness The gifts of God are strown; The hea - then, in - his blind-ness, Bows down to wood and stone.

Sal - va - tion! oh, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.