

# From Greenland's icy mountains

Preaching of the Gospel — The Nations' Call

915

*(Guitar)*

**D** **G** **D** **A**  
1. From Green - land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where  
**D** **G** **D** **E<sup>7</sup>** **A** **A<sup>7</sup>**  
A - fric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gol - den sand; From  
**D** **G** **D** **A**  
ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From ma - ny a palm - y plain, They  
**D** **G** **D** **A** **A<sup>7</sup>** **D**  
call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high;  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.