From Greenland's icy mountains
Preaching of the Gospel — The Nations' Call

(Guitar)

1. From Greenland's icy moun-tains, From India's cor-al strand, Where
   A-fric's sun-ny foun-tains Roll down their gold-en sand;
   Many an an-cient riv-er, From many a palm-y plain, They
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.

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