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

1. From Greenland’s icy mountains, From India’s coral strand, Where
   D A/E D/F# D Bm E7 A A7/G
   A — fric’s sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From
   D/F# D G D/F# A/E D Fm7 Bm7 Em7/G A7 D
   many an ancient river, From many a palm-y plain, They
call us to deliver Their land from error’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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