

From Greenland's icy mountains

Preaching of the Gospel — The Nations' Call

915

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

Chords: D, G, D, A/E, D, A, D, A/E, D/F#, D, Bm, E7, A, A7/G, D/F#, D, G, D/F#, A/E, D, A, D, A/E, F#m7, Bm7, Em7/G, A7, D

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.