

From Greenland's icy mountains

From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand;
where Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river, from many a palmy plain,
they call us to deliver their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Java'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!

Can we, whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high,
can we to those benighted the lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation! The joyful sound proclaim,
till earth's remotest nation has learned Messiah's Name.

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.