From Greenland’s Icy Mountains

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway. Mt. 28:19-20

1. From Greenland’s icy mountains, from India’s coral strand;
2. What though the spic-y breezes blow soft o’er Cey-lon’s isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are light-ed with wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, and you, ye wa-ters, roll,

From man-y an an-cient riv-er, from man-y a palm-y plain,
In vain with lav-ish kind-ness the gifts of God are strown;
Sal-va-tion! O sal-va-tion! The joy-ful sound pro-claim,
Till for His ran-somed peo-ple the Lamb for sin-ners slain,

They call us to de-liv-er their land from er-ror’s chain.
The heath-en in his blind-ness bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth’s re-mot-est na-tion has learned Mes-si-ah’s Name.
Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a-tor, in bliss re-turns a-gain.