1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand,
   Where Africa's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand—
   From 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 o'er Ceylon's isle,
   Though ev'ry 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. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high,
   Shall we to men be nighted The lamp of life deny?
   Salvation! O salvation! The joyful sound proclaim
   Till earth's 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.