FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

1. From far north cold mountains,
   From many nations and seas,
   Where Africa's bright fountains
   Roll down their golden sand;
   From many old rivers,
   From many tree lands,
   They call us to deliver
   Their nation from sins chains.

2. No-matter sweet smelling winds
   Over warm islands
   No-matter everything is beautiful
   And only man is sinful;
   To all with loving kindness
   Gifts from God are given;
   Sinner is blind
   And bows-down to idols wood and stone.

3. ?Can we with souls make light
   With wisdom from heaven,
   Can we to people in darkness light
   For life deny? (refuse)
   Salvation! Oh, Salvation!
   Joyful sound shout
   Until each far nation
   Learns our Savior's Name.

4. O all winds carry HIS story,
   And all waters roll,
   Until like sea belong glory
   It spreads from north to south;
   Until over saved people
   Lamb for sinners slain,
   Redeemer, King, Maker,
   In victory come-again to reign. Amen

TLH 495
LW 322
SBH 310