Missionary Hymn 7s, 6s. D

1. From Greenland’s icy mountains, From India’s coral strand,
   When Africa’s sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand;
   They call us to deliver Their land from error’s chain.

2. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high,
   Shall we, to men be nighted, The lamp of life degenerate;
   Till earth’s remotest nation Has learn’d Messiah’s name.

3. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye waters, roll,
   Till, like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole;
   Redeemer, King, Creator, In bliss returns to reign! Amen.

Words: Reginald Herber
Music: Lowell Mason