487  From Greenland’s Icy Mountains

"...you will be My witnesses...to the ends of the earth." (Acts 1:8)

REGINALD HEBER

1. From Greenland’s icy mountains, From India’s coral strand,
2. What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high,
4. Wait, wait, ye winds, His story, And you, ye waters, roll,

Where Afric’s sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand,
Though every prospect pleases, And only man is vile,
Shall we to men be nighted The lamp of life deny?
Till, like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole;

From many an ancient river, From many a palm-y plain,
In vain with lavish kindness The gifts of God are strewed;
Salvation! O salvation! The joy-ful sound proclaim,
Till o’er our ransom’d nature The Lamb for sinners slain;

They call us to deliver Their land from error’s chain.
The heathen in his blindness Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth’s remotest nation Has learned Messiah’s name.
Re-deemer, King, Creator, In bliss returns to reign.

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Pr. Marcelo Augusto de Carvalho