

**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

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