

1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand, Where Af-ric's sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their gold-en sand;

2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle; Though eve-ry pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;

3. Shall we whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high— Shall we, to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?

4. Waft, waft ye winds the sto - ry, And you, ye wa-ters, roll, Till, like the sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

From man - y an-cient riv - ers, From man-y a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

In vain with lav - ish kind-ness The gifts of God are strown; The heath-en in his blind-ness Bows down to wood and stone.

Sal - va-tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till earth's re - mo - test na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.

Till o'er our ran-som'd na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re - deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.