

Saviour, Sprinkle Many Nations  
by Charles Wesley

1 SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,  
Fruitful let thy sorrows be;  
By thy pains and consolations  
Draw the Gentiles unto thee:  
Of thy cross the wondrous story,  
Be to all the nations told!  
Let them see thee in thy glory,  
And thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,  
Pants for thee each mortal breast;  
Human tears for thee are flowing,  
Human hearts in thee would rest;  
Thirsting, as for dews of even,  
As the new-mown grass for rain,  
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,  
Thee, as man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,  
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,  
For thy Spirit, new creating,  
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light;  
Give the word, and of the preacher  
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,  
Till on earth by every creature  
Glory to the Lamb be sung.