

Savior, Sprinkle Many Nations
Arthur Coxe, 1851.
Arthur Sullivan, 1867.

Savior, 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 it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

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.

Savior, 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!