

Savior, sprinkle many nations

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,
pangs for thee each mortal breast,
human tears for thee are flowing,
human hearts in thee would rest.
Thirsting as for dew 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!

Words: Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1851

Music: Bethany, Hope

Meter: 87 87 D