

# 510 Savior, Sprinkle Many Nations

A. C. Cox

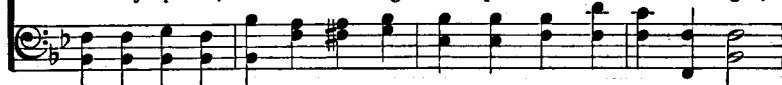
John Zundel



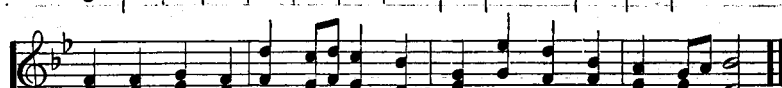
1. Sav-ior, sprin-kle man-y na-tions, Fruit-ful let Thy sor-rows be;
2. Far and wide, tho' all un-know-ing, Pants for Thee each mor-tal breast;
3. Sav-ior, lo, the isles are wait-ing, Stretched the hand, and strained the sight;



By Thy pains and con-so-la-tions Draw the Gen-tiles un-to Thee:  
Hu-man tears for Thee are flow-ing, Hu-man hearts in Thee would rest,  
For Thy Spir-it, new cre-at-ing Love's pure flame and wis-dom's light;



Of Thy cross the won-drous sto-ry, Be it to the na-tions told;  
Thirst-ing, as for dew's of e-ven, As the new-mown grass for rain;  
Give the word, and of the preach-er Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,



Let them see Thee in Thy glo-ry And Thy mer-cy man-i-fold.  
Thee, they seek, as God of heav-en, Thee as man for sin-ners slain.  
Till on earth by ev-ry crea-ture Glo-ry to the Lamb be sung.

