1. Savior, sprinkle many nations, Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
2. Far and wide, tho' all un-know-ing, Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
3. Savior, 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:
Human tears for Thee are flow-ing, Human 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 stor-y, Be it to the na-tions told;
Thirst-ing, as for dews 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.