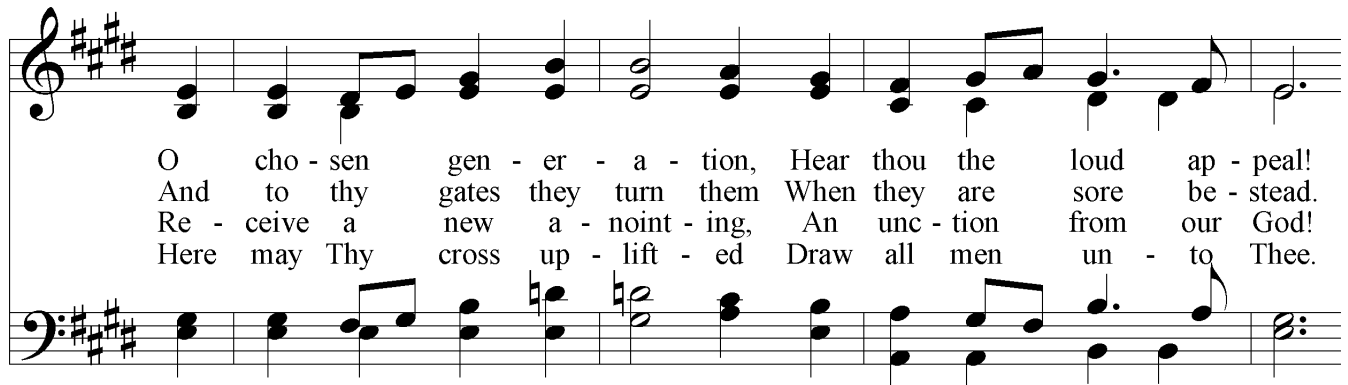


O Highly Favored People



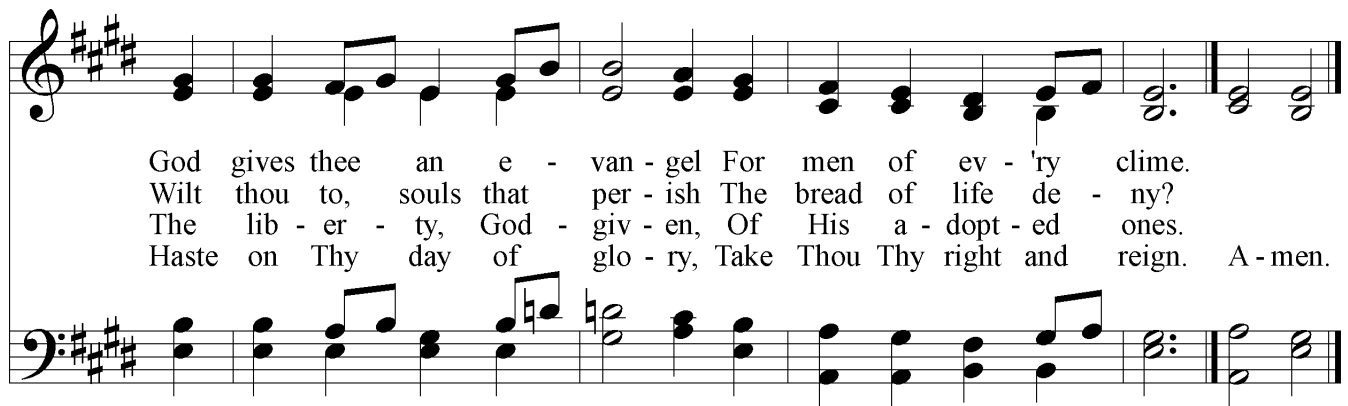
1. O high - ly fa - vored peo - ple On whom God sets His seal,
2. Thou al - mon - er of na - tions, All come to thee for bread,
3. O na - tion, that for bond - men Wast once bap - tized in blood,
4. Here in this land, O Sav - ior, Thy soul's sore tra - vail see;



O cho - sen gen - er - a - tion, Hear thou the loud ap - peal!
And to thy gates they turn them When they are sore be - stead.
Re - ceive a new a - noint - ing, An unc - tion from our God!
Here may Thy cross up - lift - ed Draw all men un - to Thee.



A - mer - i - ca - thy mis - sion Is sa - cred, high, sub - lime;
But, oh, for needs e - ter - nal There comes a deep - er cry;
Pro - claim a grand - er free - dom, Tell slaves they may be sons,
May o'er the world, Lord Je - sus, Thy name great glo - ry gain;



God gives thee an e - van - gel For men of ev - 'ry clime.
Wilt thou to, souls that per - ish The bread of life de - ny?
The lib - er - ty, God - giv - en, Of His a - dopt - ed ones.
Haste on Thy day of glo - ry, Take Thou Thy right and reign. A - men.

Words: Mrs. Duncan McGregor

Music: Justin H. Knecht, 1709 & Rev. Edward Husband, 1871: et. al.