People Of The Living God

CULFORD 7s D.

1. People of the living God, I have sought the world around,
2. Lonely I no longer roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;

Paths of sin and sorrow trod, Peace and comfort nowhere found,
Where you dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave;

Now to you my spirit turns, Turns, a fugitive un-bless’d;
Mine the God whom you adore, Your Redeemer shall be mine;

Brethren, where your altar burns, O receive me into rest.
Earth shall fill my heart no more, Ev’ry idol I resign.

Words: James Montgomery, 1819, abr.
Music: E. J. Hopkins