

People of the living God, I have sought the world around, Now to you my spirit turns,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod, Peace and comfort nowhere found.

Mine the God whom you adore, Your Redeemer shall be mine. Lonely I no longer roam,
Earth can fill my soul no more, Every idol I resign.

Turns, a fugi- tive unblest; Brethren, where your altar burns, O receive me into rest.

Like the cloud, the wind, the wave; Where you dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave.