O Happy Band of Pilgrims

Justin Heinrich Knecht, 1752-1817

Knecht (Kocher) 76.76





O happy band of pilgrims, If onward you will tread, With Jesus as your Fellow, To Jesus as your Head.

The cross that Jesus carried He carried as your due; The crown that Jesus weareth He weareth it for you.

The faith by which you see Him, The hope in which you yearn, The love that through all troubles To Him alone will turn. What are they but forerunners To lead you to His sight? What are they save the effluence Of uncreated Light?

The trials that beset you, The sorrows you endure, The manifold temptations That death alone can cure.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, The God Whom we adore, Be loftiest praises given, Now and for evermore.

John M. Neale

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