

O Happy Band of Pilgrims  
Joseph the Hymnographer, ca. 840.  
Justin Knecht and Edward Husband.

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

O happy if you labor,  
As Jesus did for men;  
O happy if you hunger  
As Jesus hungered then.

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.

What are they but His jewels  
Of right celestial worth?  
What are they but the ladder  
Set up to heaven on earth?

O happy band of pilgrims,  
Look upward to the skies,  
Where such a light affliction  
Shall win you such a prize.

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