

Singing songs of expectation, onward goes the pilgrim band, through the night of doubt and sorrow, marching to the promised land. Clear before us through the darkness gleams and burns the guiding light: trusting God we march together stepping fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own presence, o'er his ransomed people shed, chasing far the gloom and terror, brightening all the path we tread: one the object of our journey, one the faith which never tires, one the earnest looking forward, one the hope our God inspires.

One the strain the lips of thousands lift as from the heart of one; one the conflict, one the peril, one the march in God begun: one the gladness of rejoicing on the far eternal shore, where the one almighty Father reigns in love for evermore.

Words: Bernard Severin Ingemann (1789-1862), translated by Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-1924) Music: Thomas John Williams (1869-1944)