Our Father's home eternal



Our Father's home eternal, O Christ, Thou dost prepare With many divers mansions, And each one passing fair; They are the victors' guerdon, Who, through the hard-won fight, Have followed in Thy footsteps, And reign with Thee in light.

Amidst the happy number The virgins' crown and queen, The ever-virgin mother Is first and foremost seen; The patriarchs in their triumph Thy praises nobly sing; The prophets of Thy wisdom Adore the nations' King. The apostles reign in glory, The martyrs joy in Thee; The virgins and confessors Thy shining brightness see; And every patient sufferer, Who sorrow dared contemn, For each especial anguish Hath one especial gem.

The holy men and women, Their earthly struggle o'er, With joy put off the armor That they shall need no more; For these, and all that battled Beneath their Monarch's eyes, The harder was the conflict, The brighter is the prize. And every faithful servant Made perfect in Thy grace, Hath each his fitting station 'Mid those that see Thy face; The bondsman and the noble, The peasant and the king, All gird one glorious Monarch In one eternal ring.

Thomas a Kempis