

# Hymn Lyrics

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## Our Father's home eternal

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O Christ, thou dost prepare  
with many diverse mansions,  
and each one passing fair:  
they are the victor's guerdon  
who, through the hard-won fight,  
have followed in thy footsteps  
and reign with thee in light.

Amid the happy number  
the virgins' crown and queen,  
the ever-Virgin Mother,  
is first and foremost seen:  
her one and only gladness,  
that undefiled one,  
to gaze in adoration,  
the Mother, on the Son.

There Adam leads the chorus,  
and tunes the joyous strain  
of all his myriad children  
that follow in thy train:  
victorious over sorrow,  
the countless band to see,  
destroyed through his transgression,  
but raised to life through thee.

The patriarchs in their triumph  
thy praises nobly sing,  
of old their promised offspring,  
and now their Victor-King:  
the prophets harp their gladness  
that, whom their strains foretold,  
in manifested glory  
they evermore behold.

And David calls to memory  
his own especial grace  
in such clear prophet-vision  
to see thee face to face:  
the apostolic cohort,  
thy valiant and thine own,  
as royal co-assessors  
are nearest to thy throne.

Thy martyrs reign in glory  
who triumphed as they fell,  
and by a thousand tortures  
defeated death and hell;  
and every patient sufferer,  
who sorrow dared contemn,  
for each especial anguish  
hath one especial gem.

The valiant-souled confessors  
put on their meet array,  
who bare the heat and burden

of many a weary day:  
the scornors of life's pleasures,  
their self-denial ceased,  
sit down with thee and banquet  
at thy eternal feast.

The virgins walk in beauty  
amidst their lily-bowers,  
the coronals assuming  
of never-ending flowers;  
and innocents sport gaily  
through all the courts of light,  
to whom thou gav'st the guerdon  
before they fought the fight.

The soldiers of thine army,  
their earthly struggles 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.

The penitent, attaining  
full pardon in thy sight,  
leave off the vest of sackcloth  
and don the robe of white:  
the bondsman and the noble,  
the peasant and the king,  
all gird one glorious Monarch  
in one eternal ring.