

RENDERING RESPECT AND HONOR

“Give everyone what you owe him: If you owe taxes, pay taxes; if revenue, then revenue; if respect, then respect; if honor, then honor.” (Rom 13:7)

This article is to render respect and honor to Henry Alford, the Dan of Canterbury. He was born in 1810 and died in 1871. He was a distinguished poet, preacher, painter, musician biblical scholar, critic, and philologist. He came from a family that for five generations produced preachers of distinction in the Anglican Church. Here is a brief resume of some of his accomplishments.

- At age 6 wrote a manuscript on the travels of St. Paul.
- At age seven began the round of three academies at Charmouth and Hammersmith.
- At eight he had penned a collection of Latin odes in miniature.
- At nine he compiled a compendious history of the Jews.
- At ten he produced a series of sermons, titled “Looking Unto Jesus”.
- At seventeen he won a scholarship at Cambridge.
- At twenty six he wrote a sixty page elementary Greek grammar so his betrothed wife could read the New Testament Scriptures in their original language.
- In 1835 he published two volumes of poems, and reissued a compilation of minor poems and sonnets. In 1838 he edited the works of Donne in six volumes.
- In 1839 he began editing a monthly magazine called *Dearden’s Miscellany*.
- In 1841 and 1844 he published more poems and hymns.
- From 1841 to 1861 he worked on a four volume running commentary on the Greek N.T.
- In order to receive benefit from German scholars he learned their language.
- After preacher for four years in London he published seven volumes of his sermons.
- In 1866 he published a book of family devotions.
- It is said that throughout the entirety of his life he was his own severest taskmaster. He made it his goal to never indulge in the “luxury of inaction”.
- He died peacefully on Jan. 12, 1871
- Most will know him by the words of his famous hymn

Come, ye thankful people, come, raise the song of harvest home;
All is safely gathered in, ere the winter storms begin.
God our Maker doth provide for our wants to be supplied;
Come to God’s own temple, come, raise the song of harvest home.

All the world is God’s own field, fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown unto joy or sorrow grown.
First the blade and then the ear, then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest, grant that we wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day all offenses purge away,
Giving angels charge at last in the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store in His garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come, bring Thy final harvest home;
Gather Thou Thy people in, free from sorrow, free from sin,
There, forever purified, in Thy garner to abide;
Come, with all Thine angels come, raise the glorious harvest home.