

Crown Him with Many Crowns

Crown him with many crowns, the Lamb upon his throne.
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns all music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,
and hail him as the matchless King through all eternity.

Crown him the Lord of peace, whose power a scepter sways from
pole to pole, that wars may cease, and all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end, and round his pierced feet fair
flowers of paradise extend their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown him the Lord of love; behold his hands and side,
those wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified.
All hail Redeemer, hail! For thou hast died for me;
thy praise and glory shall not fail throughout eternity.

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

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 as praise to God we yield;
wheat and tares together sown are in 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 the harvest home;
from the 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 the 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 presence to abide; come, with
all thine angels, come, raise the glorious harvest home.