

**THE UPLANDS OF  
GOD AND OTHER  
RELIGIOUS POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649728022

The Uplands of God and Other Religious Poems by Anson D. F. Randolph

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

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**ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH**

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# THE UPLANDS OF GOD

AND

OTHER RELIGIOUS POEMS.

SELECTED AND EDITED

By THE COMPILER OF "THE CHANGED CROSS," "THE  
SHADOW OF THE ROCK," "THE CHAMBER  
OF PEACE," ETC.

*Randolph, Anson, Davis*

"God hath His uplands bleak and bare,  
Where He doth bid us rest awhile."

NEW YORK:

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY,

900 BROADWAY, COR. 20th STREET.

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ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.

EDWARD O. JENKINS,  
*Printer,*  
80 North William St.

NEW YORK: ROBERT RUTTER,  
*Binder,*  
116 and 118 East 14th Street.

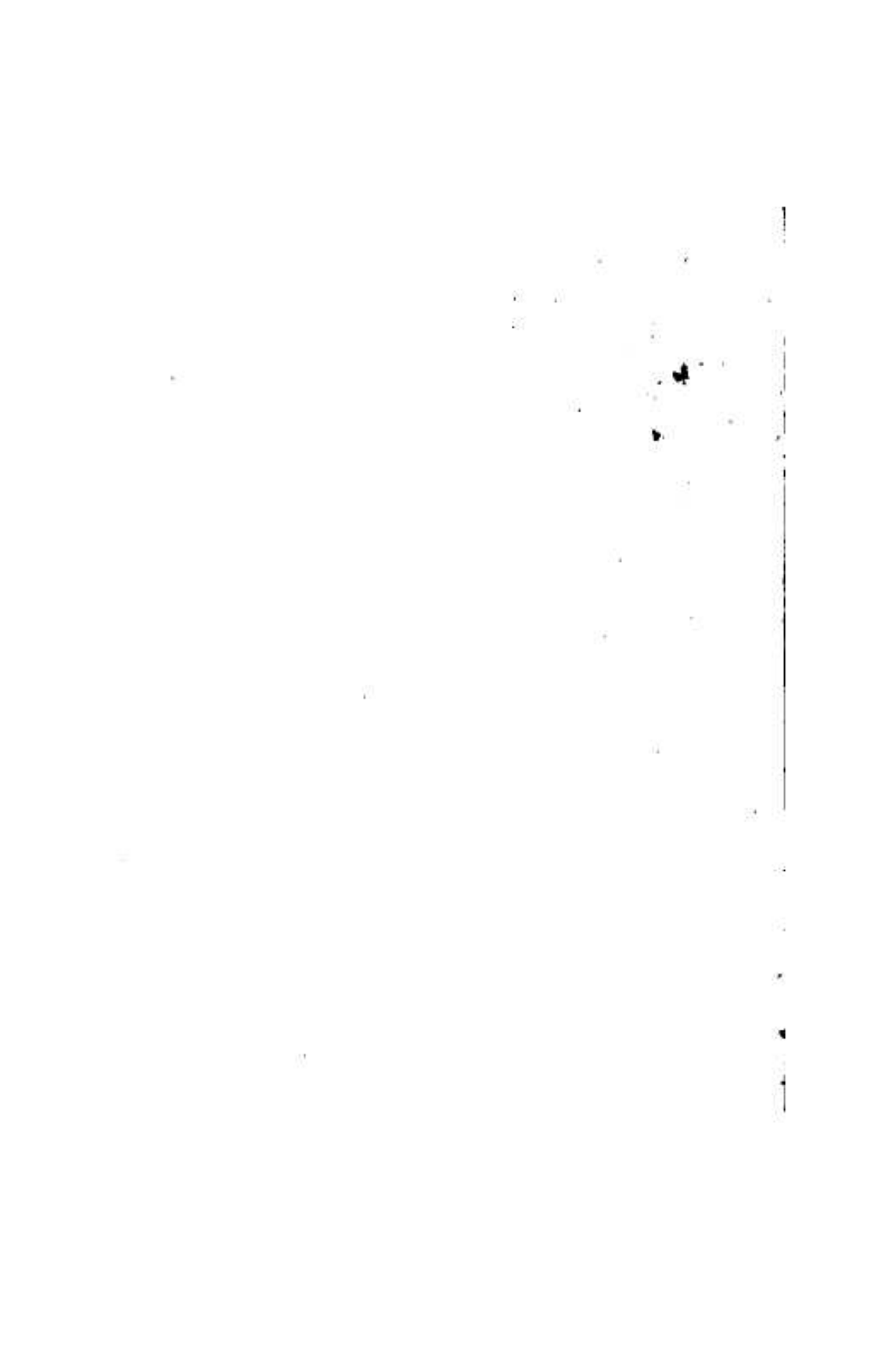
2-16-26 54170

## PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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THIS collection of Poems, selected and arranged by the compiler of "The Changed Cross," "The Shadow of the Rock," and "The Chamber of Peace," it is hoped will prove acceptable to those with whom the other volumes have so long been favorites.

The Poems have been largely gathered from the newspaper and the magazine, and the names of the authors, so far as they could be ascertained, will be found in the Index.





*AT LAST.*

**W**HEN on my day of life the night is falling,  
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay,  
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,  
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,  
And flows forever through Heaven's green expansions,  
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing,  
The life for which I long.

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# THE UPLANDS OF GOD

AND

OTHER RELIGIOUS POEMS.

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## *THE UPLANDS OF GOD.*

"Come ye yourselves apart unto a desert place and rest awhile."

GOD hath His uplands bleak and bare,  
Where He doth bid us rest awhile;  
Crag, where we breathe a purer air,  
Lone peaks that catch the day's first smile;  
Earth's hurrying feet are far away;  
Awe-struck we wait what God may say.

God hath His desert broad and brown,  
A solitude—a sea of sand,  
On which He lets Heaven's curtains down,  
Unknit by His almighty hand.  
By day a sapphire tent unfurls;  
By night an arc of burning worlds.

Here doth He bid us muse and pray  
Half-uttered, half-forgotten prayers;  
Let thoughts expand, which yesterday  
Were stifled by the world's rank cares;  
Behind creation's throbbing screen  
Catch movements of the great Unseen.