

**THE CHANGED  
CROSS AND OTHER  
RELIGIOUS POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649412273

The Changed Cross and Other Religious Poems by Anson D. F. Randolph

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH**

**THE CHANGED  
CROSS AND OTHER  
RELIGIOUS POEMS**





*The great favor which the following Selections have met in the form of "Leaflets for Letters," has induced the Publisher to issue them in a volume. They are still published on separate sheets.*

*New-York, November, 1831.*

## THE CHANGED CROSS

---

It was a time of sadness, and my heart,  
Although it knew and loved the better part,  
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,  
And all the needful discipline of life,

And while I thought on these as given to me—  
My trial tests of faith and love to be—  
It seemed as if I never could be sure  
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus no longer trusting to His might,  
Who says, "we walk by faith, and not by sight,"  
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,  
The thought arose—My cross I can not bear.

Far heavier its weight must surely be  
Than those of others which I daily see;  
Oh! if I might another burden choose,  
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around—  
E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound;  
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,  
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause, and then a heavenly light  
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight  
Angels on silvery wings seemed every where,  
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see—  
One to whom all the others bowed the knee—  
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,  
And, "Follow me," He said, "I am the way"

### THE CHANGED CROSS.

---

Then speaking thus, He led me far above  
And there, beneath a canopy of love,  
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,  
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold—  
A little one, with jewels set in gold ;  
Ah ! this, methought, I can with comfort wear,  
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,  
But all at once my frame beneath it shook ;  
The sparkling jewels fair were they to see,  
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

This may not be, I cried, and looked again,  
To see if there was any here could ease my pain ;  
But one by one I passed them slowly by,  
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye ;

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,  
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined ;  
Wondering, I gazed, and still I wondered more  
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But, oh ! that form so beautiful to see  
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me ;  
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair :  
Sorrowing, I said, " This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around—  
Not one to suit my need could there be found ;  
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,  
As my Guide gently said, " No cross, no crown !"

At length to Him I raised my saddened heart :  
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart.  
" Be not afraid," He said, " but trust in me—  
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

THE CHANGED CROSS.

---

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,  
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet,  
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,  
For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And there, in the prepared, appointed way—  
Listening to hear and ready to obey—  
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,  
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,  
And joyfully acknowledged it the best—  
The only one of all the many there  
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confessed,  
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;  
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,  
I recognized my own old cross again!

But, oh! how different did it seem to be  
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!  
No longer could I unbelieving say,  
Perhaps another is a better way.

Ah, no! henceforth my own desire shall be,  
That He who knows me best should choose for me;  
And so whate'er His love sees good to send,  
I'll trust it's best, because He knows the end.

---

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, saith the Lord."—ISAIAH 55: 8.

"For I know the thoughts that I think towards you—thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end."—JER. 29: 11.

And when that happy time shall come, of endless peace and rest,  
We shall look back upon our path, and say—It was the best.

## THE MEETING PLACE.

---

Where the faded flower shall freshen,  
Freshen never more to fade ;  
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,  
Brighten never more to shade ;  
Where the sun-blaze never scorches ;  
Where the star-beams cease to chill ;  
Where no tempest stirs the echoes  
Of the wood, or wave, or hill ;  
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,  
And the moon the joy prolong ;  
Where the daylight dies in fragrance  
'Mid the burst of holy song—  
    Brother, we shall meet and rest  
    'Mid the holy and the blest !

Where no shadow shall bewilder ;  
Where life's vain parade is o'er ;  
Where the sleep of sin is broken,  
And the dreamer dreams no more ;  
Where the bond is never severed—  
Partings, claspings, sobs, and moan,  
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,  
Heavy noontide—all are done ;  
Where the child has found its mother,  
Where the mother finds the child ;

THE MEETING PLACE.

---

Where dear families are gathered  
That were scattered on the wild—  
Brother, we shall meet and rest  
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where the hidden wound is healed ;  
Where the blighted light re-blooms ;  
Where the smitten heart the freshness  
Of its buoyant youth resumes ;  
Where the love that here we lavish  
On the withering leaves of time,  
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,  
In an ever spring bright clime ;  
Where we find the joy of loving,  
As we never loved before ;  
Loving on unchilled, unhindered,  
Loving once and evermore—  
Brother, we shall meet and rest  
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where a blasted world shall brighten  
Underneath a bluer sphere,  
And a softer, gentler sunshine  
Shed its healing splendor here ;  
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,  
Putting on their robe of green,  
And a purer, fairer Eden  
Be where only wastes have been ;  
Where a King in kingly glory,  
Such as earth has never known,  
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,  
Claim and wear the heavenly crown—  
Brother, we shall meet and rest  
'Mid the holy and the blest!