

**UNTO THE DESIRED
HAVEN, AND OTHER
RELIGIOUS POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649493784

Unto the Desired Haven, and Other Religious Poems by Anson D. F. Randolph

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ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH

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ROCK," "THE CHAMBER OF PEACE," ETC.

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ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY,
300 Broadway, Cor. 20th St., New York.



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OTHER RELIGIOUS POEMS.

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CHAMBER OF PEACE," ETC.

*Randolph, Anson D. F. Randolph & Company
1820 - 1870*

NEW YORK:

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY,

900 BROADWAY, COR. 20th STREET.

1880.

Mrs. Eliz. Rathbone
1-16-1923

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ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY.

EDWARD O. JENKINS' PRINT,
20 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.

ROBERT RUTTER, BINDER,
84 BEEKMAN STREET, N. Y.

The Selections in this volume have been chiefly made from the religious newspaper and magazine. The compiler has sought to avoid the reproduction of poems already embraced in "The Changed Cross," "The Shadow of the Rock," "The Chamber of Peace," and in other similar collections. The names of the writers have been given so far as they could be ascertained.

October, 1879.

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UNTO THE DESIRED HAVEN,

AND OTHER

RELIGIOUS POEMS.

Unto the Desired Haven.

Psalm cvii.

WHAT matter how the winds may blow
Or blow they east, or blow they west
What reck I how the tides may flow,
Since ebb or flood alike is best,
No summer calm, no winter gale,
Impedes or drives me from my way ;
I steadfast toward the Haven sail
That lies, perhaps, not far away.

I mind the weary days of old,
When motionless I seemed to lie ;
The nights when fierce the billows rolled,
And changed my course, I knew not why.
I feared the calm, I feared the gale,
Foreboding danger and delay,
Forgetting I was thus to sail
To reach what seemed so far away.

I measure not the loss and fret
Which through those years of doubt I bore ;
I keep the memory fresh, and yet
Would hold God's patient mercy more.

What wrecks have passed me in the gale,
 What ships gone down on summer-day;
 While I, with furled or spreading sail,
 Stood for the Haven far away.

What matter how the winds may blow,
 Since fair or foul alike is best;
 God holds them in His hand, I know,
 And I may leave to Him the rest,
 Assured that neither calm nor gale
 Can bring me danger or delay,
 As I still toward the Haven sail
 That lies, I know, not far away.

My Heirship.

LITTLE store of wealth have I;
 Not a rood of land I own;
 Nor a mansion fair and high,
 Built with towers of fretted stone.

Stocks nor bonds, nor title deeds,
 Flocks nor herds have I to show;
 When I ride, no Arab steeds
 Toss for me their manes of snow.

I have neither pearls nor gold,
 Massive plate, nor jewels rare;
 'Broidered silks of worth untold,
 Nor rich robes a queen might wear.