

**ANGELS AND  
MEN, A POEM**

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Angels and Men, a Poem by Wellen Smith

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**WELLEN SMITH**

**ANGELS AND  
MEN, A POEM**



ANGELS AND MEN.

DEDICATION

TO

ALFRED TENNYSON, ESQ.

Poet Laureate.

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I'VE seen a lark, warm-brooding in her nest  
Amid the laughing corn, grow rapturous,  
And flutter almost humanly with joy,  
To watch her minstrel-mate go up the sky  
So merrily, while pent-up melodies  
Would warble in her throat ;—her life below ;—  
Her love above ;—and all between them song.  
So I to thee—my tuneful Tennyson !  
Thou dwellest in the mountains, next the stars ;  
Thou swayest in the shout of worshippers,—  
Singing upon the topmost bough of life,—  
Higher than thrones of kings or temple-spires.

The loves of aching hearts toil up to thee ;  
And bruised souls, sigh-burdened, try to climb  
Into the gladsome presence of thy song.  
But I, who watch thy raptures far below,  
Find my short summer in the blossom-land,  
Meandering with the streams, or nestling in the  
grass ;—

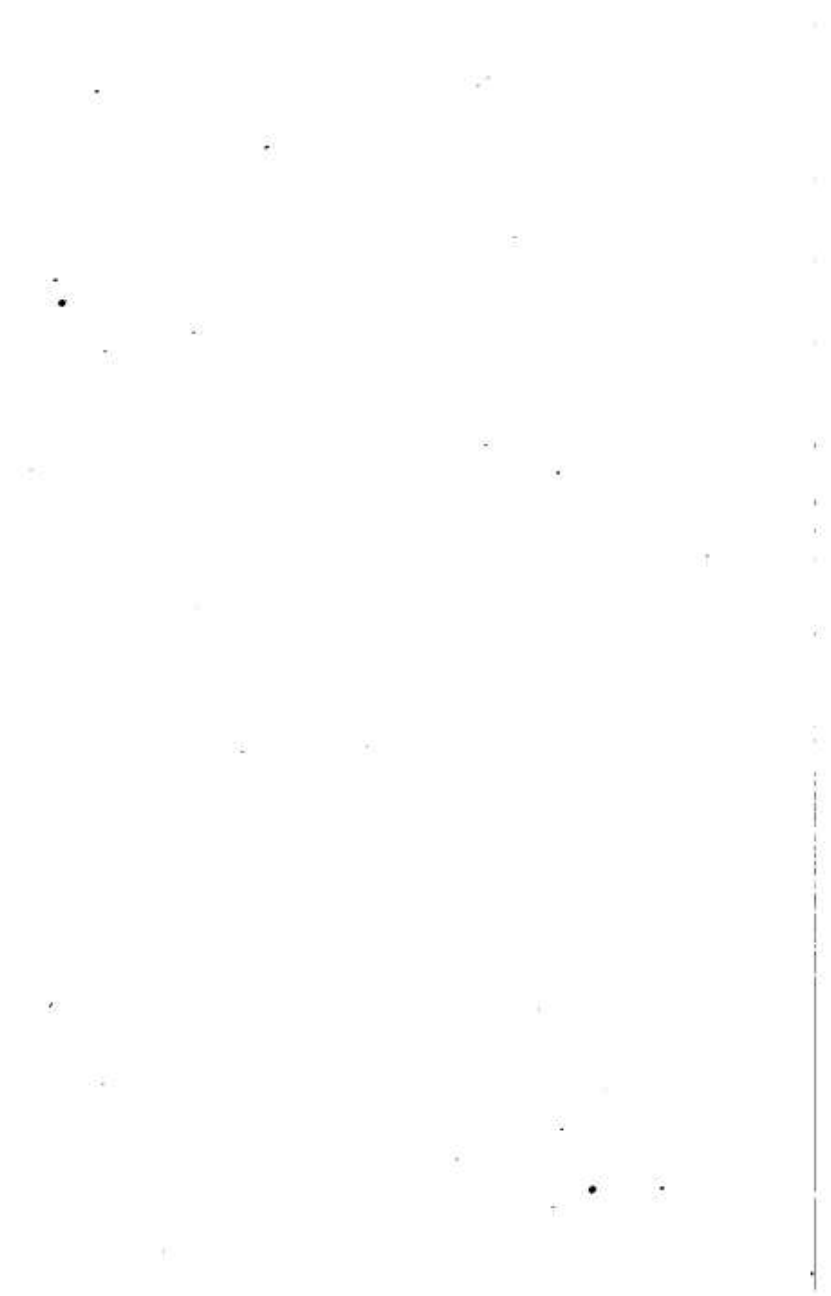
Or, perched upon a lowlier bough, am pleased  
To rock my musings into drowsy rest,—  
With fragrant pastures underneath, and thou,  
The sweetest song-bird of our native land,  
Above me hovering, morning, noon, and night.  
My Tennyson ! hush thy loud throat awhile,  
And, patient, listen to my song of life.  
The thoughts that came and would find utterance,  
At early dawn or midnight, will be blest,  
If, trembling with the music learnt from thee,  
They give one spirit rest, or set one free.

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# ANGELS AND MEN.

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## BOOK I.

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Of angels who, at rest, still seek to know,—  
Of men who, knowing, seek for rest, I sing :—  
I trembling sing, who erst have sung unheard,  
Except by willing audience at eve,  
Reclining in the calm of innocence  
Beneath the shade of some song-haunted oak ;—  
Or when, low crouched on rude, uneasy seats,  
They fenced the glowing hearth, and forward leaned  
With eager faces propped upon their knees,  
And thus drank in the pleasure of my song :—  
Rough-handed, hearty children of the soil !  
So much at home with nature, that their lives  
Were all a-field ;—their children and their flocks,  
Contented with the blossom and the fruit,

The honey and the milk, the quiet sky  
And Sabbath-keeping meads :—they lived one life ;  
But I, who loved the fragrance of old books—  
Old cloisters, where the incense of the past  
Still hung about the place—lived many lives ;  
Grew restless as my knowledge grew, and sung  
As one that heeds not song nor audience,  
But lets the numbers and the notes flow on  
Adown the lazy hours, while yet the soul  
Is wrapt in deeper dreams. So did I sing  
Of hills and woods, of stars and flowers ; and now  
I sing of Life—that motion in the heart of God  
Which gave e'en Him, when resting all alone  
Within the dumb and dark abyss of old,  
An outward yearning and a silent joy ;—  
Then leapt into a strong, resistless stream,—  
Flowed glittering in the joyousness of light ;—  
Then strengthened to a river broad and full,  
And then outwidened to a shoreless deep,  
Where float the joys and treasures of all worlds,  
With merry crews and solitary waifs,—  
Gay, beautiful, and music-laden ships,  
And black crime-burdened hulks, whose heavy holds