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in
The Literary Gazette
1824

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STANZAS.—HE NEVER SMIL'D AGAIN.

- - - "Henry I. (after the loss of Prince William) entertained hopes, for three days, that his son had put into some distant port of England; but when certain intelligence of the calamity was brought him, he fainted away; and it was remarked, that he never afterwards was seen to smile, nor ever recovered his wonted cheerfulness."—*Hume*.

The bark that held a Prince went down,
The sweeping waves roll'd on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a Son?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain!
Why comes not Death to those that mourn?
—He never smil'd again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave;
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave?
Before him pass'd the young and fair
In Pleasure's reckless train;
But seas dash'd o'er his son's bright hair,—
He never smil'd again!

He sat where festal bowls went round,
He heard the minstrel sing;
He saw the tourney's victor crown'd
Amidst the knightly ring.
A murmur of the restless deep
Seem'd blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
He never smil'd again!

Hearts, in that time, clos'd o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly pour'd,
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board.
Graves which true love had wash'd with tears
Were left to Heaven's bright rain;
Fresh hopes were born for other years—
He never smil'd again!

F.

SONG FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

O lovely voices of the sky,
Which hymn'd the Saviour's birth!
Are ye not singing still on high—
Ye that sang "Peace on earth?"
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith, in time gone by,
Ye bless'd the Syrian swains—
O voices of the sky!

O clear and shining Light, whose beams
That hour Heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head;
Be near, thro' life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, and joy, and faith—
O clear and shining Light!

O Star, which led to Him, whose love
Brought down man's ransom free,
Where art thou? Midst the host above,
May we still gaze on thee?
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth may not dim!
Send them to guide us yet,
O Star which led to Him! F. H.
