

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night ; 50
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—

“ Forever — never ! 55

Never — forever ! ”

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead ;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“ Ah ! when shall they all meet again ? ” 60
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—

“ Forever — never !

Never — forever ! ”

Never here, forever there, 65
Where all parting, pain and care,
And death and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here !
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,— 70

“ Forever — never !

Never — forever ! ”