

Crosses himself and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
“Forever—never!
Never, forever!”

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall;



GRAND STAIRCASE, WESTWOOD.

Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door,—
“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”