

Where is thy brother Abel?
 Unfeeling one, ah! where?
 Lock'd in each other's fond embrace,
 Ye once could know no care;
 Nor the silence nor the gloom of night
 Could wake an anxious fear,
 While in each other's arms ye lay,
 Or felt each other near.

Where is thy brother Abel?
 Ungrateful one, ah! where?
 His lips dwelt long upon thy name
 As he breathed his morning prayer;
 He begged that Heaven would fix thy faith,
 On Him that is to come,
 To take away the curse of sin,
 And bring God's outcasts home.

Where is thy brother Abel?
 Thy red hands answer where,
 No light is in his sunken eye,
 No smiles his cold cheeks bear;
 His lips are closed; his tongue is sealed;
 His locks are wet with gore;
 The cooling breeze revives him not,
 'Twill wake him now no more.

His blood has raised its voice to heaven,
 And calls for vengeance loud;
 Yet mercy still, with smiling face,
 Looks o'er the thunder cloud;
 But a fugitive and a vagabond,
 Thou now on earth shalt be,
 Though the latest breath that passed his lips
 Was spent in prayer for thee.

CAIN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Woe is me! oh where, oh where
 Doth my spirit drive me? where?
 These wild torrents roll to me
 Abel's blood!—It is the sea!

E'en to earth's remotest verge
 Vengeance doth me onward urge!