

## Cain

The cry of virgin earth is heard in heaven,  
Her tongue of blood hath touched the heart of God;  
The daring hand hath cut the conscience deep,  
Sad percussion detonating death,  
What lightning speed of violence and hate.  
Woe worth the day of broken hearts,  
Oh eloquence of blood! thy pleading power,  
Hath touched the Daysman's throne with great avail