

### Abel

The thirsty earth has drank her primal draught,  
And tongues new born lift up their piercing cry;  
O eloquence of blood, by first born shed,  
O pang of mother's heart! to taste with tears  
The bitter fruit, when second born is slain,  
A lonely creature on the plains of heaven,  
Bringing new wonders to the angel host,  
Forerunner of a throng yet incomplete.