

Where no tongue did e'er complain,  
Abel's blood has banished Cain!

Woe is me! My brother's blood  
Thunders in the roaring flood!  
In the rocky beach's sound!  
In the cavern's loud rebound!

As the waves beat round the rock,  
So my spirit feels the shock  
Of grief and rage, anguished mood,  
Dread of Heaven, Abel's blood!

Open, waves, your surging tide!  
For the earth, when Abel died,  
Drank the blood of him I slew,  
Heard the curse of vengeance too!

Open, waves, your surging tide!  
And disclose your bed all wide!  
Ah 'tis vain! revenge has might  
In the realm of ancient night!

In the darkest, deepest deep,  
Abel's shade would near me keep —  
Near me, though I took my flight  
To the highest mountain's height.

Should this frame dissolve away,  
Of the whirlpool-storm the prey,  
Yet, oh yet, would Cain still dread  
Heaven's anger on his head!

Knowing now no end, no age,  
My tormented spirit's rage  
(Time's remotest bound lies past)  
Through unceasing years will last.

Vengeance on my head I drew,  
Th' instant I my brother slew!  
Woe is me! oh woe is me!  
Dread of Heaven follows me!

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