"Why is your face so white, Mother? Why do you choke for breath?"
"O I have dreamt in the night, my son, That I doomed a man to death."

"Why do you hide your hand, Mother? And crouch above it in dread?"
"It beareth a dreadful brand, my son: With the dead man's blood tis red."

"I hear his widow cry in the night, I hear his children weep, And always within my sight, O God! The dead man's blood doth leap."

"They put the dagger into my grasp, It seemed but a pencil then; I did not know it was a fiend a-gast For the priceless blood of men."

"They gave me the ballot paper, The grim death-warrant of doom, And I smugly sentenced the man to death In that dreadful little room."

"I put it inside the Box of Blood Nor thought of the man I'd slain, Till at midnight came like a whelming flood, God's word— and the Brand of Cain."

"O little son! O my little son! Pray God for your Mother's soul, That the scarlet stain may be white again In God's great Judgment Roll."

Written by W. R. Wimper, and drawn by Claude Marquet, St. Andrews Place, Sydney.