

Litany

A decksh version of "The Litany of Atlanta", 1906, by W.E.B. Du Bois.

A Litany of Atlanta



Silent God, thou whose voice afar in mist and mystery
in these fearful days.

Hear us, good Lord!



Listen to us, Thy children: our faces dark and doubt are
Thy sanctuary. With uplifted hands we front Thy heaven

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord!



We are not better than our fellows, Lord, we are but we
When our devils do deviltry, curse Thou the doer and the
as we curse them, do to them all and more than ever the
and weakness, to womanhood and home.

Have mercy on us, misearable sinners!



And yet whose is the deeper guilt? Who made these de
in crime and fed them on injustice? Who ravished and
and their grandmothers? Who brought and sold their cr
and rich on public iniquity?

Thou knowest, good God!



Is this Thy justice, O Father, that guile be easier than in
crucified for the guilt of the untouched guilty?

Justice, O Judge of Men!



Wherefore do we pray? Is not the God of the fathers de

