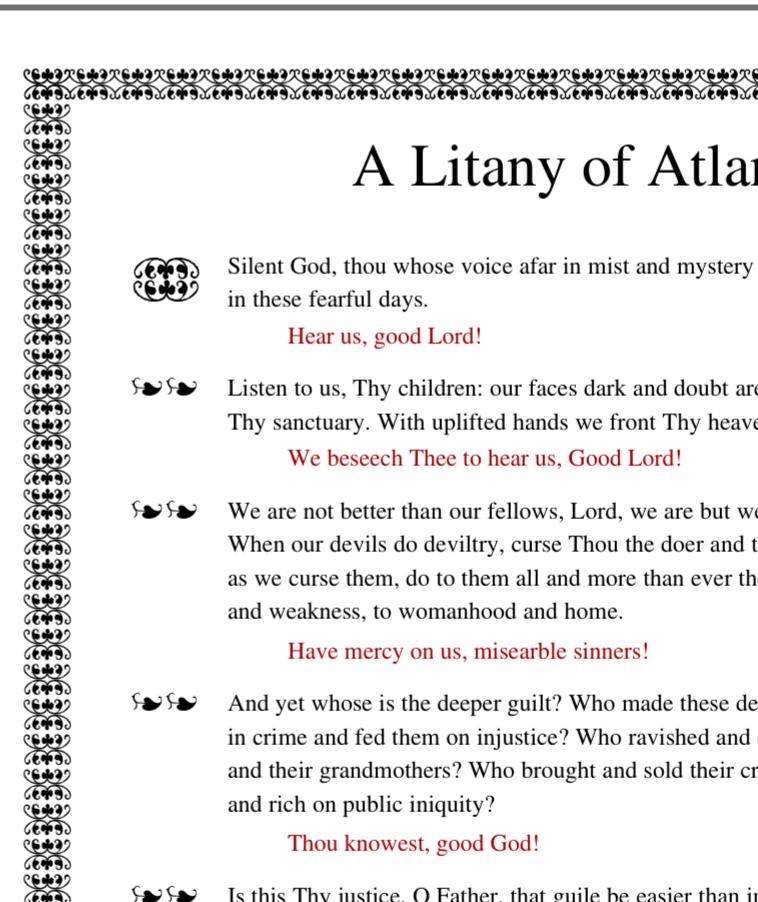
Litany

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



A Litany of Atlan

Silent God, thou whose voice afar in mist and mystery

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

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 t as we curse them, do to them all and more than ever the and weakness, to womanhood and home.

Have mercy on us, misearble 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

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