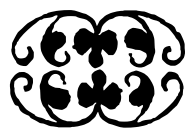


A Litany of Atlanta



Silent God, thou whose voice afar in mist and mystery hath left our ears an-hungered in these fearful days.

Hear us, good Lord!



Listen to us, Thy children: our faces dark and doubt are made a mockery in Thy sanctuary. With uplifted hands we front Thy heaven, O God, crying:

We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord!



We are not better than our fellows, Lord, we are but weak and human men. When our devils do deviltry, curse Thou the doer and the deed: curse them as we curse them, do to them all and more than ever they have done to innocence and weakness, to womanhood and home.

Have mercy on us, misearble sinners!



And yet whose is the deeper guilt? Who made these devils? Who nursed them in crime and fed them on injustice? Who ravished and debauched their mothers and their grandmothers? Who brought and sold their crime, and waxed fat and rich on public iniquity?

Thous knowest, good God!



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

Justice, O Judge of Men!



Wherefore do we pray? Is not the God of the fathers dead? Have not seers seen in Heaven's halls Thine hearsed and lifeless form stark amidst the black and rolling smoke of sin, where all along bow bitter forms of endless dread?

Awake thous that sleepest!



Thou art not dead, but flown afar, up hills of endless light, thru blazing corridors of suns, where worlds do swing of good and gentle men, of women strong and free—far from the cozenage, black hypocrisy and chaste prostitution and this shameful speck of dust!

Turn again, O Lord, leave us not to perish in our sin!



From lust of body and lust of blood

Great God deliver us!