

THE LITANY OF SATAN.

O thou, of Angels fairest and most wise,  
God by Fate's treachery shorn of liturgies!  
O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

O Prince of Exile, Sufferer of wrong,  
Whose vengeance, conquered, rises triply strong!  
O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

Who knowest all, of under earth the king,  
Familiar healer of man's suffering!  
O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

Who to the leper, even the cursed pariah,  
Hast taught by love the taste of heavenly fire!  
O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

Thou who on Death, thine old and strong leman,  
Begottest Hope—a charming madwoman!  
O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

Who knowest in which caves of envious lands  
God has hid precious stones with jealous hands!  
O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

Thou whose clear eye discerns the arsenals deep,  
Where the small folk of buried metals sleep!  
O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

Whose broad hand hides the giddy precipice  
From sleepers straying about some edifice!  
O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

Whose skill makes supple the old bones, at needs,  
Of the belated sot, 'mid surging steeds!  
O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

Who taught frail man, to make his suffering lighter,  
Consoling, to mix sulphur with salt nitre!  
O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

O subtle complice, who as blatant Beast  
Brandest vile Croesus, him that pities least!  
O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

Who in girls' eyes and hearts implantest deep  
Lust for the wound, the twain that wound bids weep!  
O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

Staff of the exiled, the inventor's spark,  
Confessor of hanged men and plotters dark!  
O Satan, have pity of my long misery!

Adopted sire of whom black wrath and power  
Of God the Father chased from Eden Bower!  
O Satan, have pity of my long misery!