

Thing 7 Quest 2

W.E.B. Du Bois, *The Souls of Black Folk* (1903)

Of Our Spiritual Strivings

O water, voice of my heart, crying in the sand, All night
long crying with a mournful cry,

As I lie and listen, and cannot understand

The voice of my heart in my side or the voice of the sea, O
water, crying for rest, is it I, is it I?

All night long the water is crying to me.

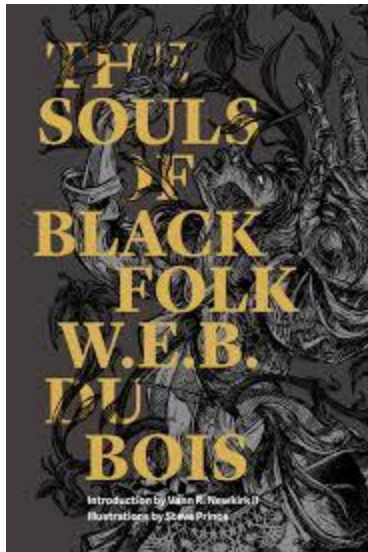
Unresting water, there shall never be rest till the last
moon droop and the last tide fail,

And the fire of the end begin to burn in the west; And the
heart shall be weary and wonder and cry like the sea, All
life long crying without avail,

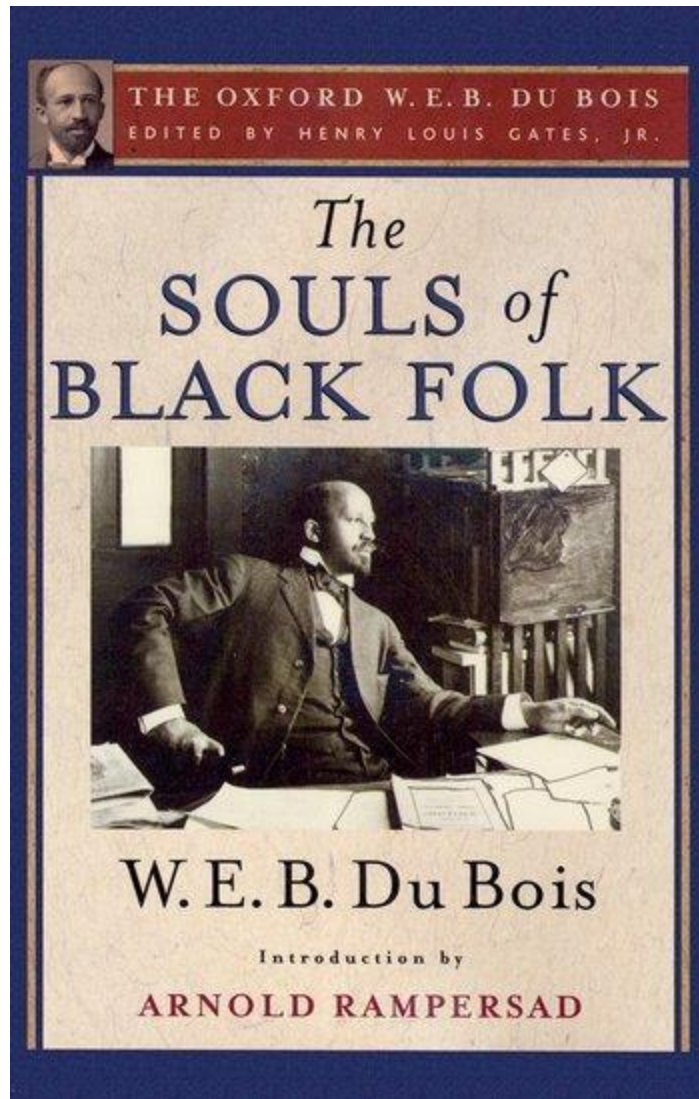
As the water all night long is crying to me.

ARTHUR SYMONS

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<<https://encrypted-tbn2.gstatic.com/images?q=tbn:ANd9GcQloAEPrCKU72alvczyvXqneBULiP1mTR53lyejfeb2XGtCleFK>>.



Citation: Du Bois, W.E.B. *Souls Of Black Folk*. Digital image. *Google Images*. Steven Prince, 1903. Web. 28 Feb. 2017. <<https://global.oup.com/academic/covers/pop-up/9780199384129>>.



Burghardt, Du Bois William Edward, and Henry Louis. Gates. *The Souls of Black Folk: Authoritative Text, Contexts, Criticism*. New York, N.Y. ; London: Norton, 1999. Print.