The Invocation of the Horned God

By the flame that burneth bright, O Horned One!
We call Thy name into the night, O Ancient One!
Thee we invoke by the Moon-led sea!
By the standing stone and the twisted tree.
Thee we invoke where gather thine own
By the nameless shore, forgotten and lone.
Come where the round of the dance is trod,
Horn and hoof of the Goat Foot God!
By moonlit meadow, on dusky hill,
When the haunted wood is hushed and still,
Come to the charm of the chanted prayer,
As the moon bewitches the midnight air.
Evoke thy powers that potent bide,
In shining stream and the sacred tide.
In fiery flame by starlight pale,
In shadowy host that rides the gale.
And by the ferndrakes fairy haunted,
Of forests wild and woods enchanted,
Come! O Come!
To the heart-beat's drum!
Come to us who gather below,
When the broad white Moon is climbing slow.
Come with us to the heaven's height,
We hear thy hooves on the wind of the night!
As black tree branches shake and sigh,
By joy and terror we know Thee nigh.
We speak the spell Thy power unlocks,
At Solstice, Sabbat, and Equinox!

BLESSED BE!