**Invocation of the Horned One**

By the flame that burneth bright, O horned one!

We call thy name into the night, O Ancient one!

Thee we invoke, by moon led sea,

By standing stone and twisted tree,

Thee we invoke, where gather thy own,

By nameless shore, forgotten and lone,

Come where the round of the dance is trod,

Horn and hoof of goat foot God!

By moonlight meadow on dusky hill,

When the haunted wood is hushed and still,

Come to the charge of the chanted prayer,

As the moon bewitches the midnight air.

Evoke thy powers that potent bride,

In shining streams and the secret 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 heartbeats drum!

Come to us who gather below,

When the broad white moon is climbing slow,

Through the stars to the heaven's height,

We hear they hoofs on the wind of 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