

# Folkearth, Great God Pan

Once upon a time when mythic creatures thrived  
My land was pure, the forests primeval still  
And pagan reels would stir the crooked boughs  
Surrendering them to the whims of the whispering wind  
There flowers sprung beneath the cloven hoofs  
Of an elder being-far more ancient than the Olympians themselves  
The ancient trees know him by the name Pan, what lust runs through thy veins!  
The Dryads alone yet sing his fame Pan, thy music the Gods entertains!  
Ten score Satyr squires  
With nymphs sought delight thy flute is divine  
O Pan, our music inspire!  
Teach us thine art  
The tunes that would win  
The hearts of a nymph!  
The ancient trees know him by the name Pan, what lust runs through thy veins!  
The Dryads alone yet sing his fame Pan, thy music the Gods entertains!  
Pan, great god  
Spread panic in our enemys ranks!  
We invoke thy name  
In moonlit glades-grant us the gift  
Of arcane prophecy  
The ancient trees know him by the name Pan, what lust runs through thy veins!  
The Dryads alone yet sing his fame Pan, thy music the Gods entertains!  
(Orphic hymn to Pan excerpt:) I invoke the brawny Pan, the sky and the sea invoke earth, the sove  
O friend of Echo, thou who dances with the nymphs, thou who knowest everything, bearer of light,  
I can hear the rivers lamenting and the willows weep  
Pan, our forests doth miss you  
For now a loathsome Christ has dubbed you Satan  
And cast thee in exile  
But your shrines are not forgotten there are those who still utter thy name  
To restore thy glory and behold thee, Horned god, enthroned once more!  
(Orphic hymn to Pan excerpt continued:) Thou who changes the nature of every thing with thy preo  
But come o blessed one, thou courtier of Bacchus, come o inciting one, come to our holiest of sacr