

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 sovereign
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 presence
But come o blessed one, thou courtier of Bacchus, come o inciting one, come to our holiest of sacred