

Great God Pan

Folkearth

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 thro
ugh thy veins!
The Dryads alone yet sing his fame-Pan, thy music the Gods ente
rtains!
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 thro
ugh thy veins!
The Dryads alone yet sing his fame-Pan, thy music the Gods ente
rtains!
Pan, great god
Spread panic in our enemy's 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 thro
ugh thy veins!
The Dryads alone yet sing his fame-Pan, thy music the Gods ente
rtains!

(Orphic hymn to Pan excerpt:)

"I invoke the brawny Pan, the sky and the sea-I invoke earth, t
he sovereign queen and immortal fire...
O friend of Echo, thou who dances with the nymphs, thou who kno
west everything, bearer of light, the true horned Zeus..."

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 ut
ter thy name
To restore thy glory and behold thee, Horned god, enthroned onc
e more!

(Orphic hymn to Pan excerpt continued:)

"Thou who changes the nature of every thing with thy prediction

s and guides the race of men upon this vast earth...

But come o blessed one, thou courtier of Bacchus, come o inciting one, come to our holiest of sacrifices and grant us a good life's ending by dispersing the frenzy of panic unto the four corners of the earth..."