

Consecrate the altar with your symbols  
This is the night when the breeze will  
rekindles the sacred fire and when the  
Sacred stones will sing your new name  
It's the night of the breeze rekindling  
the sacred fire, (it's the night) of the  
sacred stones singing your new name.  
Draw the circle with the athame and  
undress your candid body  
To let the eye of the Gods see your essence.  
Guardians of the north, sacred spirits of  
the earth In the dark of your warm womb  
accept my death I offer you my greetings  
and) I welcome you  
Guardians of the east, sacred spirits of  
the Air As the sun rises from the east  
after the night, Guide my soul to a new  
birth. (Lead my soul to a new dawn)  
Guardians of the South, sacred spirits of  
the Fire. Protect me and lighten my  
journey on the new path Watch over me  
and make my journey on the new path bright  
and clear I offer you my greetings and  
I welcome you Guardians of the west,  
sacred spirit of the water Purify me and  
make me clear as new spring I offer you  
my greetings and) I welcome you Death is waiting and widening its  
voracious mouth. I am entering the dark before the creation I am  
entering the womb of the Goddess May my body born again May  
my soul stay in peace May my heart be ready Sink yourself in the  
warm Earth Sink your mind in the ancient litany Dark mother take me in Let m  
e be  
born again We all come from the same  
womb This is the song of the goddess,  
the key to the great union.  
Anoint your breast and your womb  
Widen the door of the new fate  
And introduce yourself with your new  
name Ensemble of flesh enlived by new  
power Take the cup and the athame  
raising your arms to the sempitern eye  
As the cup is female so the knife is  
male Now joined They bring blessing  
Consecrate your sacrifice and  
enjoy the gifts of the great mother  
Close your circle and step over,  
in the truth that all (the ) circles hold  
Go now you, new creature  
Now the master of the Only art  
That all the arts contains  
And where all the arts come from.  
Live with honour  
And with honour die.  
You the master of the  
Only arcane craft  
That all the arts gathers..