

October Hunter's Full Moon Ritual

Set Up: herbs listed fumigation

Colors: dark blue-green

Herbs: pennyroyal, thyme, catnip, uva ursi, angelica, burdock

Stones: opal, tourmaline, beryl, turquoise

Tree: yew, cypress, acacia

Gods/Goddesses: Ishtar, Astarte, Demeter, Kore, Lakshmi, Horned God, Bellili, Hathor

Symbolism: to let go; inner cleansing. Karma and reincarnation. Justice and balance. Inner harmony.

CLEANSING CIRCLE

Use the besom.

CAST CIRCLE

I cast this circle with loving care
Sacred space we prepare
The energy is gathered, the circle claims
We now do the Goddess's bidding again.

Quarters

EAST

I call upon the East and air
Of justice and balance and fair
We ask that you join our sacred rite
On this the Hunter's Moon night

SOUTH

I call upon the South and fire
Of cleansing out all the mires

We ask that you join our sacred rite
On this the Hunter's Moon night

WEST

I call upon the West and water flow
Of rivers, and creeks and letting go
We ask that you join our sacred rite
On this the Hunter's Moon night

NORTH

I call upon the North and earth
Bring balance of laughter and mirth
We ask that you join our sacred rite
On this the Hunter's Moon night

GODDESS

I call upon the Goddesses by many names
All different but all the same
I call upon Goddesses Ceres and Demeter
Their powers of rebirth all the sweeter
I call upon the Goddesses Freyja and Ch'ang-O
Of the balance between love and beauty low
We ask your presence here tonight
Help us with all your loving might

GOD

I call upon the Hunter God who tracks outside of
time
Guardian Lord of ancient rhyme
Brother stage of the musky glen
And consort of the Goddess in her woodland den
We call you forth as we make our way
Walking in your power every day
We ask your presence here tonight
Help us with all your loving might

SPIRIT

Spirit that who may be clan or kin
We ask your presence again
To work our magic spells we cast
To take our rightful place at last
Our nature is to make it be
As we will it so mote it be

ACT OF POWER

Cleansing spell

Blend camphor, cinnamon, cloves, frankincense,
myrrh and sandalwood.

Burn in a cauldron, fumigate each other by wafting
the smoke over each other and saying the chant:

By the power of the moon's light
With the Goddess's protective might
I cleanse and clean your spiritual soul
And chase all negatives into a black hole
Only positive and balance energy remain
You are new, reborn but the same.

BLESSING OF CAKES AND ALE

I charge this wine fruit of the vine
And these cakes that we make
By saying our thanks and blessed be
Harm ye none, as I will it, so mote it be

CLOSING

SPIRIT

We thank the spirit both clan and kin
For taking time to visit us within
Our sacred circle and rite
On this full moon night.
Hail and farewell

GODDESS

I call upon the Gods and Goddesses this hour
To help us with this work of power
As always we thank and wish you well
We bid you hail and farewell

NORTH

I call upon the North and gnomes
Help balance our heart and homes
We ask you keep us in your thoughtful well
We bid you hail and farewell

EAST

I call upon the East and fae
Justice in this life we pray
We ask you keep us in your thoughtful well
We bid you hail and farewell

SOUTH

I call upon the South and dragons
Letting go and play with wagons
We ask you keep us in your thoughtful well
We bid you hail and farewell

WEST

I call upon the West and dolphins
Karma and true balance within
We ask you keep us in your thoughtful well

We bid you hail and farewell

CIRCLE

Power cast and then forgotten
Is power wasted, gone rotten
By my power this circle becomes no more
Everything returns to the same but the lore

As above, so below
As the universe, so the soul
As within, so without

The circle be open
But never broken

Merry meet, merry part, and merry meet again

Charge of the Horned God

Listen to the words of the Horned God, the Guardian of
all things wild and free,
and Keeper of the Gates of Death, whose Call all must
answer:

I am the fire within your heart. The yearning of your
Soul.

I am the Hunter of Knowledge and the Seeker of the
Holy Quest;
I who stand in the darkness of light; I am He whom you
have called Death.

I the Consort and Mate of Her we adore, call forth to
thee.
Heed my call beloved ones, come unto me and learn the
secrets of death and peace.

I am the corn at harvest and the fruit on the trees.

I am He who leads you home. Scourge and Flame,
Blade and Blood these are mine and gifts to thee.
Call unto me in the forest wild and on hilltop bare and
seek me in the Darkness Bright.

I who have been called; Pan, Herne, Osiris ,
and Hades, speak to thee in thy search. Come dance
and sing; come live and smile,
for behold: this is my worship.

You are my children and I am thy Father.
On swift night wings it is I who lay you at the Mother's
feet
to be reborn and to return again. Thou who thinks to
seek me,
know that I am the untamed wind, the fury of storm
and passion in your Soul.
Seek me with pride and humility, but seek me best with
love and strength.
For this is my path, and I love not the weak and
fearful.
Hear my call on long Winter nights and we shall stand
together guarding Her Earth as She sleeps.

Artist: S. J. Tucker
Album: Blessings

HYMN TO HERNE

You can say your prayers
Work your rites
Burn your little candles
Day and night

You can shimmy till dawn
To the pounding drums
But you best be ready
When the Horned One comes, yeah

If you wake to the sound
Of a hunting horn
you dance a ring

In the gathering storm

If the Solstice time gets
Your panties in a wad
It's just the coming
Of the Horned God

He will call you out
Make you sweat
Give you a blessing
That you'll never forget

So revel in the chase
And let your heartbeat run
Blessed are the children
Of the Horned One
Blessed are the children
Of the Horned One
Hunter who tracks
Outside of time
Guardian lord
Of ancient rhyme
Brother stag
In the musky glen
And consort of the Goddess
In her woodland den

We call you forth
As we make our way
Walking in your power
Every day

Guide us true
In our hunt this night
and maybe even later
In the Great Rite
He will call you out
Make you sweat
Give you a blessing
That you'll never forget

So revel in the chase

And let your heartbeat run
Blessed are the children
Of the Horned One

Blessed are the children
Of the Horned One

If you wake to the sound
Of a hunting horn

If you dance a ring in
The gathering storm

Revel in the chase
And let your heartbeat run

But you'd best be ready
Little one
You'd best be ready
When the Horned One comes

He's gonna call you out
Make you sweat,
give you a blessing
That you'll never forget

So revel in the chase
And let your heartbeat run
Blessed are the children
Of the Horned One

Blessed are the children
Of the Horned One

Blessed are the children
Of the Horned One