

# HANDOUT: Advanced Ritual Writing II

## Re-purposing Traditional Wiccan Poetry and Prose as part of a Story Arc in Ritual.

By Blayze

1. Ritual Structure Chart (See separate sheet)
2. Introductory Declamation – Spring Phoenix Theme

*The silver'd star on silken thread  
'twixt night and day doth swing  
But where O where will it come to rest  
When Winter turns to Spring?*

*For subtle is the journey  
Of the ash and feathered flame  
That drifts between the dusk and dawn  
In search of Sun's bright ray*

*The feather flies on scented breeze  
As silver'd star doth pause  
In seeking for the Golden Child  
With whom Solstice is reborn*

*For now the silver'd star doth swing  
beyond the Earth and Sea  
With mirror'd glimpse of other worlds  
Where bone becomes the seed*

*Where feathered flame consumes the ash  
As the firebird takes wing  
To land upon the crown of He  
Who heralds in the Spring*

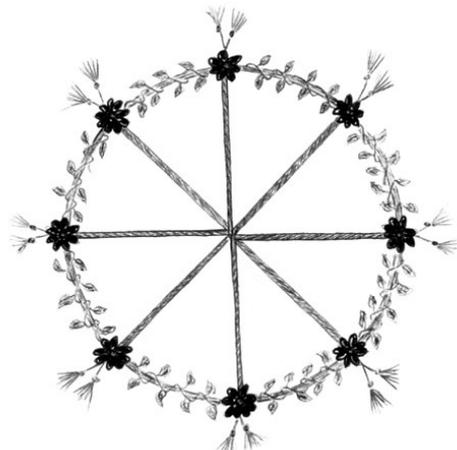
*So seek now for the Golden Child  
Who with wing'd crown displays  
The changing seasons of the man  
The King who rules the Day.*

By Gabby Cleary, Spring 2008

3.



4.



5. Beauty: Burgundy Rose  
Strength: Fennel / Oak Leaf  
Power: Sunflower  
Compassion: Elderflower  
Honour: Iris  
Humility: Broom / Bluebell  
Mirth: Crocus  
Reverence: White rose

6. *Once, long ago, My love  
When we were first young  
beneath the budding trees of spring  
**You gave me the Cup of Life to drink**  
And gave me yourself in equal measure*

Vivianne Crowley, **Wicca: The Old Religion In The New Millenium**, The God: Wicca And The Masculine, Thorsons, 1996. Revised and Updated. Pg 162

7. *All belief comes from within,  
and all truth is sought and found,  
**in the Cup of the heart,**  
and the Temple of the Spirit;*

Vivianne Crowley, 1994. **Earth Traditions**, Practising Earth Centred Traditions, Thorsons, 2001. Pg 215-216

8. *The tides of Spring are upon us  
when the Sun shall dance,  
When water shall merge with fire  
when the Maiden is made Mother  
In the name of the Two and the One  
We shall seek the mystery of unity.*

Ibid. Spring Rite: Celtic Roots. Pg 37

9. *the oak tree dreams of a god with horns  
and knows no other king!*

Ibid. Reviving The Earth Traditions, pg 19

10. *All belief comes from within,  
and all truth is sought and found,  
**in the Cup of the heart,**  
and the Temple of the Spirit;  
in the deep places of the forest,  
where sunlight patterns the leaf-strewn floor,  
and there is only the song of the birds,  
to break the silence of the soul;  
there shall we find our gods,  
beneath tree and leaf and waving bough,  
beneath sky and cloud and in wind and rain,  
reborn of the ever-returning Sun  
like a Phoenix from the Flame.*

Vivianne Crowley, 1994. **Earth Traditions**, Practising Earth Centred Traditions, Thorsons, 2001. Pg 215-216

11. Invocation to the Maiden

*I call to thee O Maiden of the Moonrise  
From beyond the silver'd sea  
reflecting starlight, rainbow hue'd upon the flood*

*I call to thee O Maiden  
By thy robes of girdled green  
that bind the sickle of the birth and of the blood*

*With the crown of many flowers  
bound thrice upon thy brow  
Thou art rising Queen of verdant blooming*

*Thou art winged in spirit's flame  
Seeking form within thy name*

*As the wheel is bestowed thy loving kiss*

*O Maiden of morning, rise up from ashes' dawning  
Send thy sickle to cut the winter's thread*

*Send thy mantle to enfold the land a-warming  
And thy steps to bloom the ground where 'ere thou tread*

By Gabby Cleary August 2007

12. Invocation to the Horned One

*I call to thee O Horned One  
From beyond the silver'd shore  
that lies within the darkness' sweet embrace*

*I call to thee O Horned One  
By thy golden ray of flame,  
That bears the spear of kindred's summoned fate*

*With the crown of many tines  
bound twice upon thy brow  
Thou art rising sovereign to the Stars and jewelled sky*

*Thou art Winged in spirit's fire  
Seeking form within desire*

*As the wheel spins again from dusk to dawn*

*O Horned One rise up from Winter's ashes  
Send thy spark to match the amber birth anew*

*Send thy spirit to enchant the greening forest  
And the magic of the land to be renewed!*

By Gabby Cleary August 2007

13. **HPS:** *Priestess, will you drink from the Cup of the Wine of Life? It was not within the well without purpose. It has called to you from the depths of your dreams.*

**Maiden:** *I will drink*

Maiden drinks.

PS1 comes forward and takes the cup. She places it upon the altar and returns to the circle.

**HPS:** *Will you open your heart and your mind to the fullness of Spring, to the tides and the rhythms of the earth?*

**Maiden:** *I will open my heart and my mind.*

PS2 comes forward with anointing oil. HPS anoints Maiden on heart and third eye. PS2 replaces oil upon the altar and returns to the circle.

**HPS:** *Will you seek the mystery of transformation?*

**Maiden:** *I will seek the mystery.*

PS3 comes forward with circlet of flowers. HPS places the circlet upon Maiden's head. PS3 returns to circle.

Extract from Spring Phoenix Ostara Ritual by Gabby Cleary 2008

14. **Maiden:** *The tides of Spring are within me  
and the Sun shall dance  
when water merges with fire.*

*But where is the Sun?  
I see him not!*

Adapted from poetry by Vivianne Crowley. Extract from Spring Phoenix Ostara Ritual by Gabby Cleary 2008

15. **Maiden:** *Then you shall be properly prepared.*

PR1 brings candle to the Maiden. She draws a sigil with the flame in front of the Stag.

She hands the candle back to PR1 who places it on the altar and returns to the circle.

**Maiden:** *Are you willing to drink from the Cup of the Wine of life?*

**Stag:** *I am willing to drink. For once long ago, my love  
when first we were young beneath the budding trees of springtime  
you gave me the Cup of Life to drink  
And gave me yourself in equal measure.*

PR2 brings cup from the altar. Maiden gives it to the Stag to drink from. She then hands it back to PR2 who places it on the altar and returns to the circle.

**Maiden:** *Are you willing to seek the mystery of transformation?*

**Stag:** *I am willing to be transformed.*

HP brings crown from the altar and gives it to the Maiden, who crowns the Stag. HP returns to circle.

Adapted from poetry by Vivianne Crowley. Extract from Spring Phoenix Ostara Ritual by Gabby Cleary 2008

16. **Maiden:** *Thou art reborn of the ever returning Sun  
Like a Phoenix from the flame.*

Adapted from poetry by Vivianne Crowley

The following are quotations that have been either adapted and re-purposed for the final version of the ritual, or have been used as inspiration.

*By night he's the wild wind's rider  
The Horn'd One, the Lord of Shades  
By day he's the King of the Woodlands  
The dweller in green forest glades*

*She is youthful or old as she pleases  
She sails the torn clouds in her barque  
The bright silver lady of midnight  
The crone who weaves spells in the dark*

*The master and mistress of magic  
They dwell in the deep of the mind  
Immortal and ever-renewing  
With power to free or to bind.*

Doreen Valiente, **Witchcraft For Tomorrow**, Liber Umbrarum. The Witches Creed. Phoenix Publishing, 1978  
pg 173

*From our soul the song of spring  
Fade not in our wandering  
Our life with all life in One  
By blackest night or Noonday sun.*

Ibid, Liber Umbrarum, Invocation To The Horned God. Pg 191

*Of all the Ladies that I know  
There's only one can please me so  
That all her Looks and all her Ways  
Make music for me all my Days.  
For life, I love her, and adore  
I only saw her once – not more.*

*But once I saw her, as I say  
But once she crossed my Path, my way  
For ever. She will be my Queen  
Where did I see her? - in a Dream.*

Dorothy St Quintin Fordham quoted by Philip Heselton, **Wiccan Roots: Gerald Gardner And The Modern Witchcraft Revival**, Dorothy's Diaries, Capall Bann, 2000. Pg 170

*In caverns deep, the old Gods sleep  
but the trees still know their lord  
and its the pipes of Pan that call the tune  
in the twilight of the wood.*

*The leaves they dance to the Goat God's tune,  
and whisper his name in the winds  
**and the oak tree dreams of a god with horns  
and knows no other king!***

Vivianne Crowley 1969, **Earth Traditions**, Reviving The Earth Traditions, Thorsons, 2001, pg 19

*I am as old as time;  
for I sprang forth from the first breath taken;  
yet have I aged not;  
for I am born anew with each gust of wind  
and every gentle breeze.*

*The leaves dancing on the trees,  
and still water silently mirthful with sudden ripples,  
show that I pass by.*

Chris Crowley 1985: Vivianne Crowley, **Earth Traditions**, The Goddess And God, Thorsons, 2001. Pg 120

*Dark in truth is the fate of Kings  
For when the harvest comes  
He who is wed to the people  
Must die for the people  
that power may be renewed within the Land  
But the fear of the shadow is greater than itself*

*For from the ashes of the fire  
The Phoenix is reborn  
And out of death comes forth new life  
Though in another form*

Vivianne Crowley, **Wicca: The Old Religion In The New Millenium**, The Goddess: Wicca And The Feminine, Thorsons, 1996. Pg 149

*In the springtime I sought my Lord  
And I mated with him  
beneath the trees and stars*

Vivianne Crowley, **Wicca: The Old Religion In The New Millenium**, The Goddess: Wicca And The Feminine, Thorsons, 1996. Pg 157