

# The Rite of Luna

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## OFFICERS

LUNA. Silver Robe and Veil. Violin. Artemis. The Lady of the Moon.

CANCER. Amber Robe. Cup. Warden of the Holy Graal.

TAURUS. Orange Robe. Bow and Quiver. The Lord of the Bow.

A NYMPH. White Robe. The Head of the Dragon.

A SATYR. Black Robe. The Tail of the Dragon.

PAN. Black Robe, Tom-tom.

*In the east Luna is throned, Cancer on her right, Taurus on her left. Beyond these the Satyr and the Nymph. At the apex of a descending Triangle, upon the earth, Pan.*

One reciteth ~“The Twelfefold Certitude of God,”~ from 963.

### I adore Thee by the Twelve Certitudes and by the Unity thereof.

♁ O Thou Sovran Warrior of steel-girt valour, whose scimitar is a flame between day and night, whose helm is crested with the wings of the Abyss. I know Thee! O Thou four-eyed guardian of heaven, who kindleth to a flame the hearts of the downcast, and girdeth about with fire the loins of the unarmed.

♋ O Thou Sovran Light and fire of loveliness, whose flaming locks stream downwards through the aethyr as knots of lightening deep-rooted in the Abyss. I know Thee! O Thou winnowing flail of brightness, the passionate lash of whose encircling hand scatters mankind before Thy fury as the wind-scud from the stormy breast of Ocean.

♄ O Thou Sovran Singer of the revelling winds, whose voice is as a vestal troop of Bacchanals awakened by the piping of a Pan-pipe. I know Thee! O Thou dancing flame of frenzied song, whose shouts, like unto golden swords of leaping fire, urge us onward to the wild slaughter of the Worlds.

♁ O Thou Sovran Might of the most ancient forests, whose voice is as the murmur of unappeasable winds caught up in the arms of the swaying branches. I know Thee! O Thou rumble of conquering drums, who lulleth to a rapture of deep sleep those lovers who burn into each other, flame to fine flame.

♁ O Thou Sovran Guide of the star-wheeling circles, the soles of whose feet smite plumes of golden fire from the outermost annihilation of the Abyss. I know Thee! O Thou crimson sword of destruction, who chasest the comets from the dark bed of night, till they speed before Thee as serpent tongues of flame.

♈ O Thou Sovran Archer of the darksome regions, who shooteth forth from Thy transcendental crossbow the many-rayed suns into the fields of heaven. I know Thee! O Thou eight-pointed arrow of light, who smiteth the regions of the seven rivers until they laugh like Maenads with snaky thyrsus.

♋ O Thou Sovran Paladin of self-vanquished knights, whose path lieth through the trackless forests of time, winding athrough the Byss of unbegotten space. I know Thee! O Thou despiser of the mountains, Thou whose course is as that of a lightening-hoofed steed leaping along the green bank of a fair river.

☸ O Thou Sovran Surging of wild felicity, whose love is as the overflowing of the seas, and who makest our bodies to laugh with beauty. I know Thee! O Thou outstrider of the sunset, who deckest the snow-capped mountains with red roses, and strewest white violets on the curling waves.

✠ O Thou Sovran Diadem of crowned Wisdom, whose work knoweth the path of the sylphs of the air, and the black burrowings of the gnomes of the earth. I know Thee! O Thou Master of the ways of life, in the palm of whose hand all the arts lie bounden as a smoke-cloud betwixt the lips of the mountain.

♄ O Thou Sovran Lord of primaeval Baresarkers, who huntest with dawn the dappled deer of twilight, and whose engines of war are blood-crested comets. I know Thee! O Thou flame-crowned Self-luminous One, the lash of whose whip gathered the ancient worlds, and looseth the blood from the virgin clouds of heaven.

♁ O Thou Sovran Moonstone of pearly loveliness, from out whose many eyes flash the fire-clouds of life, and whose breath enkindleth the Byss and the Abyss. I know Thee! O Thou fountain-head of fierce aethyr, in the pupil of whose brightness all things lie crouched and wrapped like a babe in the womb of its mother.

♃ O Thou Sovran Mother of the breath of being, the milk of whose breasts is as the fountain of love, twin-jets of fire upon the blue bosom of night. I know Thee! O Thou Virgin of the moonlit glades, who fondleth us as a drop of dew in Thy lap, ever watchful over the cradle of our fate.

☉ O Thou Sovran All-Beholding eternal Sun, who lappest up the constellations of heaven, as a thirsty thief a jar of ancient wine. I know Thee! O Thou dawn-wing'd courtesan of light, who makest me to reel with one kiss of Thy mouth, as a leaf cast into the flames of a furnace.

**O Glory be unto Thee through all Time  
And through all Space : Glory,  
And Glory upon Glory,  
Everlastingly. Amen,  
And Amen, and  
Amen.**

*The veil is withdrawn.*

CANCER. 333-333-333.

TAURUS. 333-333-333.

CANCER. 1. Brother Taurus, what is the hour?

TAURUS. Moonrise.

CANCER. 1. Brother Taurus, what is the place?

TAURUS. The Chapel of the Holy Graal.

CANCER. 1. What is my office?

TAURUS. Warden of the Graal.

CANCER. 1. What is my robe?

TAURUS. Chastity.

CANCER. 1. What is my weapon?

TAURUS. Vigilance.

CANCER. 1. Whom do we serve?

TAURUS. The Lady Artemis.

CANCER. 1. How many are her servants?

TAURUS. Nine.

CANCER. 1. Who are they?

TAURUS. Three for the dew; three for the rain; and three for the snow.

CANCER. 1. Who are the great Officers?

TAURUS. Thyself, the Warden of the Holy Graal. Myself, the Lord of the Bow. A nymph, a satyr—

PAN. 1. And Pan!

CANCER. Brother Pan, I command thee to honour our Lady Artemis.

TAURUS. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333.

*Pan recites chorus from Swinburne's "Atalanta."*

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,  
The mother of months in meadow or plain  
Fills the shadows and windy places  
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;  
And the brown bright nightingale amorous  
Is half assuaged for Itylus  
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,  
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers  
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,  
With a noise of winds and many rivers,  
With a clamour of water, and with might;  
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,  
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;  
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,  
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,  
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?  
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,  
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!  
For the stars and the winds are unto her  
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;  
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,  
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,  
And all the season of snows and sins;  
The days dividing lover and lover,  
The light that loses, the night that wins;  
And time remembered is grief forgotten,  
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,  
And in green underwood and cover  
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,  
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,  
The fait fresh flame of the young year flushes  
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;  
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,  
And the oat is heard above the lyre,  
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes  
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,  
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,  
Follows with dancing and fills with delight  
The Mænad and the Bassarid;  
And soft as lips that laugh and hide  
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,  
And screen from seeing and leave in sight  
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair  
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;  
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare  
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;  
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,  
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves  
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare  
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

TAURUS. The goddess stirs not.

CANCER. Silence is the secret of our Lady Artemis.

PAN. Hath no man lifted her veil?

CANCER. No man hath lifted her veil.

TAURUS. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333. It is the hour of sealing up the shrine.

TAURUS. Let us banish the spirits of the elements.

*[Performs the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram and returns.]*

Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333. Let us banish the spirits of the planets.

*[Performs the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Hexagram and returns.]*

*The Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram*

- 1) Touching the forehead, say Ateh (Unto Thee).
- 2) Touching the breast, say Malkuth (Thy Kingdom).
- 3) Touching the right shoulder, say ve-Geburah (and the Power).
- 4) Touching the left shoulder, say ve-Gedulah (and the Glory).
- 5) Clasp the hands upon the breast, say le-Olahm, Amen (to the Ages, Amen).
- 6) Turning to the East, make a pentagram (that of Earth) with the proper weapon (usually the Wand). Say  
(i.e. vibrate) IHVH (Ye-ho-wau)
- 7) Turning to the South, the same, but say ADNI. (Adonai)
- 8) Turning to the West, the same, but say AHIH. (Eheieh)
- 9) Turning to the North, the same, but say AGLA. (Agala)
- 10) Extending the arms in the form of a Cross, say:
  - 11) Before me Raphael;
  - 12) Behind me Gabriel;
  - 13) On my right hand Michael;
  - 14) On my left hand Auriel;
  - 15) For about me flames the Pentagram,
  - 16) And in the column stands the six-rayed Star.
  - 17) (Repeat 1 thru 5, the "Qabalistic Cross.")
  - 18)

Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-33-333 Let us banish the spirits of the planets.

*[Performs the Lesser Banishing ritual of the Hexagram and returns.]*

*The Lesser Ritual of the Hexagram*

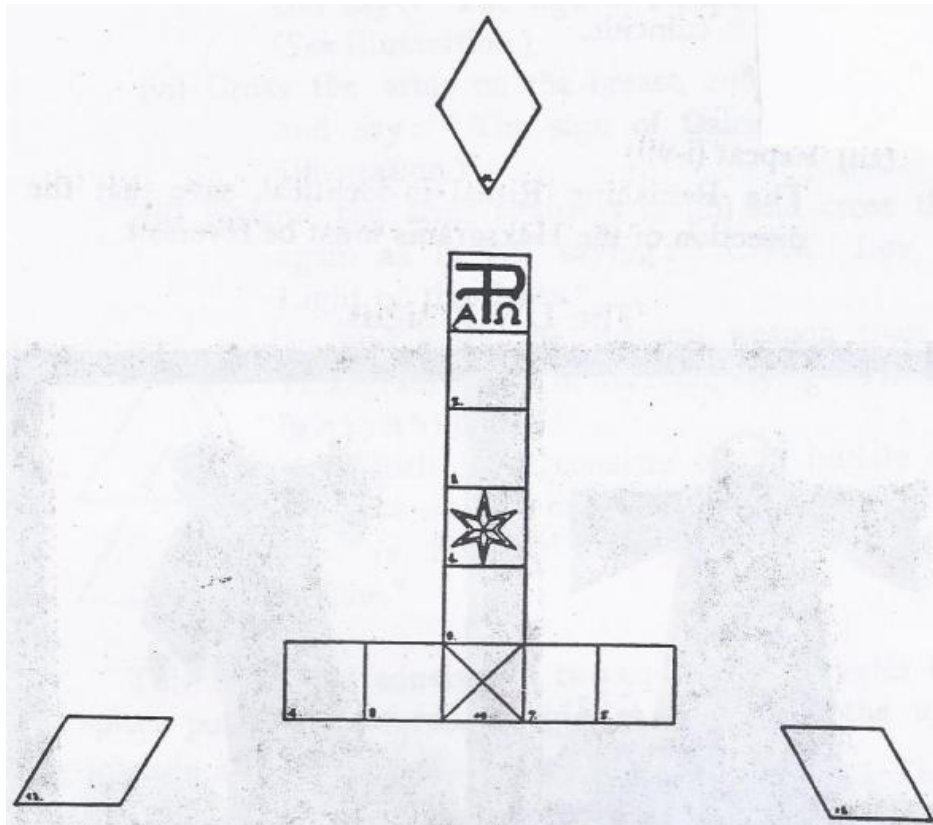
- 1) Stand upright, feet together, left arm at side, right arm across body, holding the a=wand or other weapon upright in the median line. Then face East, and say:
  - 2) I.N.R.I.  
Yod, Nun. Resh. Yod.  
Virgo, Isis, Mighty Mother.  
Scorpio, Apophis, Destroyer.  
Sol, Osiris, Slain and Risen.  
Isis, Apophis, Osiris, IAO
- 3) Extend the arms in the form of a cross, and say:  
"The sign of Osiris Slain"
- 4) Raise the right arm to point upwards, keeping the elbow square, and lower the left arm to point downwards, keeping the elbow square, while turning the head over the left shoulder looking Down so that the eyes follow the left forearm, and say: "The sign of the Mourning of Isis."
- 5) Raise the arms at an angle of sixty degrees to each other above the head, which is thrown back, and say:  
"the sign of Apophis and Typhon."
- 6) Cross the arms on the breast, and bow the head, and say: "The sign of Osiris Risen."
- 7) Extend the arms again as in (3) and cross them again as in (6), SAYING: "L.V.X., Lux, the Light of the Cross."
- 8) With the magical weapon trace the Hexagram of Fire in the East, saying: "Ararita"  
*Which word consists of the initials of a sentence which means "One is His Beginning: One is His Individuality: His Permutation is One."*
- 9) Trace the Hexagram of Earth in the South saying: "ARARITA."
- 10) Trace the Hexagram of Air in the West, saying : "ARARITA."
- 11) Trace the Hexagram of Water in the North, saying: "ARARITA."
- 12) Repeat 1 thru 7

*The Banishing ritual is identical, save that the direction of the Hexagrams must be reversed.*

CANCER. Bear the Cup of Libation!

PAN. 333-333-333. Let us banish the holy Emanations from the One, lest our Lady's sleep be stirred.

*[He banishes the Sephiroth by the appointed Ritual.]*



## Liber Iod

*An instruction giving methods of reducing the manifold consciousness to the Unity. Adapted to facilitate the task of Raja Yoga, and of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel. This book was formerly called Vesta. It is referred to the path of Virgo and the letter Yod. This is the book of drawing all to a point. Herein is described a method whereby the consciousness of the Many may be melted to that of the One.*

0. Let a magical circle be constructed, and within it an upright Tau drawn upon the ground. Let this Tau be devised into 10 squares
1. Let the magician be armed with the Sword of Art (or if inappropriate let him be armed with wand and lamp)
2. Let him wear the black robe of a Neophyte.
3. Let a single flame of camphor burn at the top of the Tau, and let there be no other light or ornament.
4. Let him "open" the Temple as in DCLXXI or in any other convenient manner.
5. Standing at the appropriate quarters, at the edge of the circle, let him banish the 5 elements by the appropriate rituals.
6. Standing at the edge of the circle, let him banish the 7 planets by the appropriate rituals. Let him face the actual position of each planet in the heavens at the time of his working.
7. Let him further banish the twelve signs of the Zodiac by the appropriate rituals, facing each sign in turn.
8. Let him at each of these 24 banishings make three circumambulations widdershins, with the signs of Horus and Harpocrates in the East as he passes it.
9. Let him advance to the square of Malkuth in the Tau, and perform a ritual of banishing Malkuth. But here let him not leave the square to circumambulate the circle, but use the formula and God-form of Harpocrates.
10. Let him advance in turn to the squares Jesod, Hod, Netzach, Tiphereth, Geburah, Chesed and banish each by appropriate rituals.
11. And let him know that such rituals include the pronunciation of the appropriate names of God backwards, and also a curse against the Sephira in respect of all that which it is, for that which distinguishes and separates it from Kether.
12. Advancing to the squares of Binah and Chokmah in turn, let him banish these also. And for that by now an awe and trembling shall have taken hold upon him, let him banish these by a supreme ritual of inestimable puissance; and let him beware exceedingly lest his will falter or his courage fail.
13. Finally, let him, advancing to the square of Kether, banish that also by what means he may. At the end whereof let him set his foot upon the light, extinguishing it; and, as he falleth, let him fall within the circle.

Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333. Brother Taurus, the shrine is well guarded.

TAURUS. The shrine is perfectly guarded.

SATYR. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333.

PAN.

Hear me, Lord of the Stars!  
For thee I have worshipped ever  
With stains and sorrows and scars,  
With joyful, joyful endeavour.  
Hear me, O lily-white goat!  
O crisp as a thicket of thorns,  
With a collar of gold for Thy throat,  
A scarlet bow for thy horns!  
Here, in the dusty air,  
I build Thee a shrine of yew.  
All green is the garland I wear,

But I feed it with blood for dew!  
After the orange bars  
That ribbed the green west dying  
Are dead, O Lord of the Stars,  
I come to Thee, come to Thee crying.  
The ambrosial moon that arose  
With breasts slow heaving in splendour  
Drops wine from her infinite snows,  
Ineffably, utterly tender.  
O moon! ambrosial moon!  
Arise on my desert of sorrow,  
That the magical eyes of me swoon  
With lust of rain to-morrow!  
Ages and ages ago  
I stood on the bank of a river,  
Holy and holy and holy, I know,  
For ever and ever and ever!  
A priest in the mystical shrine,  
I muttered a redeless rune,  
Till the waters were redder than wine  
In the blush of the harlot moon.  
I and my brother priests  
Worshipped a wonderful woman  
With a body lithe as a beast's,  
Subtly, horribly human.  
Deep in the pit of her eyes  
I saw the image of death,  
And I drew the water of sighs  
From the well of her lullaby breath.  
She sitteth veiled for ever,  
Brooding over the waste.  
She hath stirred or spoken never.  
She is fiercely, manly chaste!  
What madness make me awake  
From the silence of utmost eld  
The grey cold slime of the snake  
That her poisonous body held?  
By night I ravished a maid  
From her father's camp to the cave.  
I bared the beautiful blade;  
I dipped her thrice in' the wave;  
I slit her throat as a lamb's,  
That the fount of blood leapt high  
With my clamorous dithyramps,  
Like a stain on the shield of the sky.  
With blood and censer and song  
I rent the mysterious veil;  
My eyes gaze long and long  
On the deep of that blissful bale.  
My cold grey kisses awake  
From the silence of utmost eld  
The grey cold slime of the snake  
That her beautiful body held.  
But--God! I was not content  
With the blasphemous secret of years;  
The veil is hardly rent  
While the eyes rain stones for tears

So I clung to the lips and laughed  
As the storms of death abated,  
The storms of the grievous graft  
By the swing of her soul unsated.  
Wherefore reborn as I am  
By a stream profane and foul,  
In the reign of a Tortured Lamb,  
In the realm of a sexless Owl,  
I am set apart from the rest  
By meed of the mystic rune  
That reads in peril and pest  
The ambrosial moon--the moon!  
For under the tawny star  
That shines in the Bull above  
I can rein the riotous car  
O galloping, galloping Love;  
And straight to the steady ray  
Of the Lion-heart Lord I career,  
Pointing my flaming way  
With the spasm of night for a spear!  
O moon! O secret sweet!  
Chalcedony clouds of caresses  
About the flame of our feet,  
The night of our terrible tresses!  
Is it a wonder, then,  
If the people are mad with blindness,  
And nothing is stranger to men  
Than silence, and wisdom, and kindness?  
Nay! let him fashion an arrow  
Whose heart is sober and stout!  
Let him pierce his God to the marrow!  
Let the soul of his ~God flow out!  
Whether a snake or a sun  
In his horoscope Heaven hath cast,  
It is nothing; every one  
Shall win to the moon at last.  
The mage has wrought by his art  
A billion shapes in the sun.  
Look through to the heart of his heart,  
And the many are shapes of one!  
And end to the art of the mage,  
And the cold grey blank of the prison!  
And end to the adamant age!  
The ambrosial moon is arisen.  
I have bought a lily-white goat  
For the price of a crown of thorns,  
A collar of gold for its throat,  
A scarlet bow for its horns;  
I have bought a lark in the lift  
For the price of a butt of sherry:  
With these, and God for a gift,  
It needs no wine to be merry!  
I have bought for a wafer of bread  
A garden of poppies and clover;  
For a water bitter and dead,  
A foam of fire flowing over.  
From the Lamb and his prison fare



And the Owl's blind stupor, arise!  
Be ye wise, and strong, and fair,  
And the nectar afloat in your eyes!  
Arise, O ambrosial moon,  
By the strong immemorial spell,  
By the subtle veridical rune  
That is mighty in heaven and hell!  
Drip the mystical dew  
On the tongues of the tender fauns,  
In the shade of initiate yews,  
Remote from the desert dawns!  
Satyrs and Fauns, I call.  
Bring your beauty to man!  
I am the mate for ye all;  
I am the passionate Pan.  
Come, O come to the dance,  
Leaping with wonderful whips,  
Life on the stroke of a glance,  
Death in the stroke of the lips!  
I am hidden beyond,  
Shed in a secret sinew,  
Smitten through by the fond  
Folly of wisdom in you!  
Come, while the moon (the moon!)  
Sheds her ambrosial splendour,  
Reels in the redeless rune  
Ineffably, utterly tender!  
Hark! the appealing cry  
Of deadly hurt in the hollow:--  
Hyacinth! Hyacinth! Ay!  
Smitten to death by Apollo.  
Swift, O maiden moon,  
Send thy ray-dews after;  
Turn the dolorous tune  
To soft ambiguous laughter!  
Mourn, O Maenads, mourn!  
Surely your comfort is over:  
All we laugh at you lorn.  
Ours are the poppies and clover!  
O that mouth and eyes,  
Mischievous, male, alluring!  
O that twitch of the thighs,  
Dorian past enduring!  
Where is wisdom now?  
Where the sage and his doubt?  
Surely the sweat of the brow  
Hath driven the demon out.  
Surely the scented sleep  
That crowns the equal war  
Is wiser than only to weep--  
To weep for evermore!  
Now, at the crown of the year,  
The decadent days of October,  
I come to thee, God, without fear;  
Pious, chaste, and sober.  
I solemnly sacrifice  
This first-fruit flower of wine

For a vehicle of thy vice,  
As I am Thine to be mine.  
For five in the year gone by  
I pray thee give to me one;  
A lover stronger than I,  
A moon to swallow the sun!  
May he be like a lily-white goat,  
Crisp as a thicket of thorns,  
With a collar of gold for his throat,  
A scarlet bow for his horns!

CANCER. May our Lady Artemis be favourable!

TAURUS. May our Lady Artemis never be awakened!

[NYMPH comes forward and dances her virginal dance.]

PAN. Of what worth is the gold in the mine?

CANCER. Brother Pan, be silent.

NYMPH. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333.

PAN.

Mother of Light, and the Gods! Mother of Music, awake!  
Silence and Speech are at odds; Heaven and Hell are at stake.  
By the Rose and the Cross I conjure;  
I constrain by the Snake and the Sword;  
I am he that is sworn to endure--Bring us the word of the Lord!  
By the brood of the Bysses of Brightening,  
whose God was my sire;  
By the Lord of the Flame and the Lightning,  
the King of the Spirits of Fire  
By the Lord of the Waves and the Waters,  
the King of the Hosts of the Sea,  
The fairest of all of whose daughters was mother to me;  
By the Lord of the Winds and the Breezes,  
the King of the Spirits of Air,  
In whose bosom the infinite ease is that cradled me there;  
By the Lord of the Fields and the Mountains,  
the King of the Spirits of Earth  
That nurtured my life at his fountains  
from the hour of my birth;  
By the Wand and the Cup I conjure;  
By the Dagger and Disk I constrain;  
I am he that is sworn to endure;  
Make thy music again~!  
I am Lord of the Star and the Seal;  
I am Lord of the Snake and the Sword;  
Reveal us the riddle, reveal!  
Bring us the word of the Lord;  
As the flame of the sun, as the roar of the sea,  
as the storm of the air,  
As the quake of the earth--let it soar for a boon,  
for a bane, for a snare,  
For a lure, for a light, for a kiss, for a rod,  
for a scourge, for a sword--  
Bring us thy burden of bliss--

Bring us the word of the Lord!

TAURUS. In vain thou askest speech from our Lady of Silence.

CANCER. Bear the Cup of Libation!

PAN. 333-333-333.

Roll through the caverns of matter, the world's irremovable bounds!

Roll, ye wild billows of ether! the Sistrion is shaken and sounds!

Wild and sonorous the clamour, vast in the region of death.

Live with the fire of the Spirit, the essence and flame of the breath!

Sound, O sound!

Gleam in the world of the dark, where the chained ones shall  
tremble and flee!

Gleam in the skies of the dusk, for the Light of the Dawn is in me!

Light on the forehead, and life in the nostrils, and love in the breast,

Shine, O Thou Star of the Dawning, thou Sun of the Radiant Crest!

Shine, O shine!

Flame through the sky in the strength of the chariot-wheels of the Sun!

Flame, ye young fingers of light, on the west of the morning that run!

Flame, O thou Meteor Car, for my fire is exalted in thee!

Lighten the darkness and herald the daylight and waken the sea!

Flame, O flame!

Crown Her, O crown Her with stars as with flowers for a virginal gaud!

Crown Her, O crown Her with Light and the flame of the  
down-rushing Sword!

Crown Her, O crown Her with Love for maiden and mother and wife!

Hail unto Isis! Hail! For She is the Lady of Life!

Isis crowned!

CANCER. In vain thou invokest our Lady of the Moon!

TAURUS. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333.

PAN.

Must every star that saves the night

Gleam fearfully afar,

Give no man love, but only light,

Or cease to be a star?

Nay, there's no man since time began

Through the ages until now,

But won the goal of his set soul,

A star upon his brow!

Oh! though no star serene as thou

Shine in my night forlorn,

Come, let me set thee on my brow,

And make its darkness morn!

PAN. [rises] Brother Satyr, scourge forth these that profane the sanctuary of our Lady: for they know not the secret of the shrine.

[SATYR dances the dance of the scourge, driving the officers down the stage, where they crouch.]

PAN. [Goes to altar.] Brother Satyr, I command you to perform the dance of Syrinx and Pan, in honour of our Lady Artemis.

SATYR. And in thine honour!

[He dances the dance and falls prostrate in the midst.]

PAN. *[Advancing to the Throne of Luna.]*

Uncharmable charmer  
Of Bacchus and Mars,  
In the sounding rebounding  
Abyss of the stars!  
O virgin in armour,  
Thine arrows unsling  
In the brilliant resilient  
First rays of the spring!  
By the force of the fashion  
Of love, when I broke  
Through the shroud, through the cloud,  
Through the storm, through the smoke,  
To the mountain of passion  
Volcanic that woke--  
By the rage of the mage  
I invoke, I invoke!  
By the midnight of madness,  
The lone-lying sea,  
The swoon of the moon,  
Your swoon into me;  
The sentinel sadness  
Of cliff-clinging pine,  
That night of delight  
You were mine, you were mine!  
You were mine, O my saint,  
My maiden, my mate,  
By the might of the right  
Of the night of our fate.  
Though I fall, though I faint,  
Though I char, though I choke,  
By the hour of our power  
I invoke, I invoke!  
By the mystical union  
Of fairy and faun,  
Unspoken, unbroken,  
The dusk to the dawn!--  
A secret communion,  
Unmeasured, unsung,  
The listless, resistless,  
Tumultuous tongue!--  
O virgin in armour  
Thine arrows unsling,  
In the brilliant resilient  
First rays of the spring!  
No godhood could charm her,  
But manhood awoke--  
O fiery Valkyrie,  
I invoke, I invoke!

[He tears down the veil. LUNA plays accordingly. Chaconne; Bach. A long silence.]

CANCER. 333-333-333.

TAURUS. 1. Brother Warden of the Graal, our task is ended.

CANCER. Let us depart, it is accomplished