**The Rite of Sol**

*Sol is throned in the East; behind him is a black veil which conceals a great scarlet cross. Before him is a second veil. He is supported by Aries on the right, and Leo on the left. The other officers are without the temple, in waiting. In presentation in public, a third veil divides the temple from the congregation.*

*LEO parts the outermost veil, and advancing, recites chorus from “Atlanta in Calydon.”*

Before the beginning of years  
    There came to the making of man  
Time, with a gift of tears;  
    Grief, with a glass that ran  
Pleasure, with pain for leaven,  
    Summer with flowers that fell  
Remembrance fallen from heaven,  
    And madness risen from hell  
Strength without hands to smite;  
    Love that endures for a breath:  
Night, the shadow of light,  
    And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand  
    Fire and the falling of tears,  
And a measure of sliding sand  
    From under the feet of the years  
And froth and drift of the sea;  
    And dust of the labouring earth  
And bodies of things to be  
    In the houses of death and of birth  
And wrought with weeping and laughter  
    And fashioned with loathing and love  
With life before and after  
    And death beneath and above,  
For a day and a night and a morrow  
    That his strength might endure for a span  
With travail and heavy sorrow  
    The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south  
    They gathered as unto strife;  
They breathed upon his mouth,  
    They filled his body with life;  
Eyesight and speech they wrought  
    For the veils of the soul therein,  
A time for labour and thought,  
    A time to serve and to sin;  
They gave him light in his way,  
    And love, and a space for delight,  
And beauty and length of days,  
    And night, and sleep in the night.

His speech is a burning fire;  
    With his lips he travaileth  
In his heart is a blind desire,  
    In his eyes foreknowledge of death  
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;  
    Sows, and he shall not reap  
His life is a watch or a vision  
    Between a sleep and a sleep.

[returns. A pause.]

ARIES. 333-333

LEO. 333-333.

ARIES. Brother Leo, what is the place?

LEO. The Temple of the Sun upon the Mountain of Abiegnus!

ARIES. Brother Leo, what is the hour?

LEO. Sunset!

ARIES. It is the hour of sacrifice.

LEO. What is the sacrifice?

ARIES. It is hidden from me. [Silence

SOL. 1-22-22-1

ARIES. Hark! It is the Summons of the King.

LEO. It is the Lord of Heaven that awakens the Children of the Light.

[They draw the veil-full light- and kneel.

ARIES. Let us adore the exalted one!

LEO. Life of Life, thy lips enkindle

With their love the breath between them;  
And thy smiles before they dwindle  
Make the cold air fire; then screen them  
In those looks, where whose gazes  
Faints, entangles in their mazes.  
Child of Light! Thy limbs are burning  
Through the vest which seems to hide them;  
As the radiant lines of morning  
Through the clouds, ere they divide them;  
And this atmosphere divinest  
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.  
Fair are others; none beholds thee,  
But thy voice sounds low and tender  
Like the fairest, for it folds thee  
From the sight, that liquid splendour,  
And all feel, yet see thee never,  
As I feel now, lost forever!  
Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest  
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,  
And the souls of whom thou lovest  
Walk upon the winds with lightness,  
Till they fail, as I am failing,  
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

ARIES. Hail unto Thee, O thou that art exalted in thy strength, that travellest over the heaven in Thy Bark in the Splendour of Noon! ARIES and LEO resume thrones.

[A PROBATIONER recites the [12 fold Glorification of God from 963](https://hermetic.com/crowley/libers/lib963).]

**I**

**adore**

**Thee by the**

**Twelve Glorifications**

**and by the Unity thereof.**

http://www.sacred-texts.com/oto/images/liten_leo.gifO Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the Lion Rampant of the dawn: Thou hast crushed with Thy paw the crouching lioness of Night, so that she may roar forth the Glory of Thy Name.

http://www.sacred-texts.com/oto/images/liten_virgo.gifO Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the lap of the fertile valleys: Thou hast adorned their strong limbs with a robe of poppied corn, so that they may laugh forth the Glory of Thy Name.

http://www.sacred-texts.com/oto/images/liten_libra.gifO Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the gilded rout of dancing-girls: Thou hast garlanded their naked middles with fragrant flowers, so that they may pace forth the Glory of Thy Name.

http://www.sacred-texts.com/oto/images/liten_scorp.gifO Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the riotous joy of the storm: Thou hast shaken the gold-dust from the tresses of the hills, so that they may chaunt forth the Glory of Thy Name.

http://www.sacred-texts.com/oto/images/liten_sag.gifO Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the stars and meteors of Night: Thou hast caparisoned her grey coursers with moons of pearl, so that they may shake forth the Glory of Thy Name.

http://www.sacred-texts.com/oto/images/liten_cap.gifO Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the precious stones of the black earth: Thou hast lightened her with a myriad eyes of magic, so that she may wink forth the Glory of Thy Name.

http://www.sacred-texts.com/oto/images/liten_aquar.gifO Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the sparkling dew of the wild glades: Thou hast decked them out as for a great feast of rejoicing, so that they may gleam forth the Glory of Thy Name.

http://www.sacred-texts.com/oto/images/liten_pisc.gifO Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the stillness of the frozen lakes: Thou hast made their faces more dazzling than a silver mirror, so that they may flash forth the Glory of Thy Name.

http://www.sacred-texts.com/oto/images/liten_aries.gifO Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the smoke-veil'd fire of the mountains: Thou hast inflamed them as lions that scent a fallow deer, so that they may rage forth the Glory of Thy Name.

http://www.sacred-texts.com/oto/images/liten_taur.gifO Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the countenance of my darling: Thou hast unclothed her of white lilies and crimson roses, so that she may blush forth the Glory of Thy Name.

http://www.sacred-texts.com/oto/images/liten_gem.gifO Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the weeping of the flying clouds: Thou hast swelled therewith the blue breasts of the milky rivers, so that they may roll forth the Glory of Thy Name.

http://www.sacred-texts.com/oto/images/liten_canc.gifO Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the amber combers of the storm: Thou hast laid Thy lash upon the sphinxes of the waters, so that they may boom forth the Glory of Thy Name.

http://www.sacred-texts.com/oto/images/liten_sol.gifO Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the lotus-flower within my heart: Thou hast emblazoned my trumpet with the lion-standard, so that I may blare forth the Glory of Thy Name.

**O Glory be unto Thee through all and through all Space : Glory,**

**And Glory upon Glory,**

**Everlastingly. Amen,**

**And Amen, and**

**Amen.**

[Enter SCORPIO-APOPHIS dressed in a filmy white robe, her hair in disorder.]

[ARIES and LEO rise and bow.

ARIES. Hail thou! Whence comest thou?

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. From the House of God.

ARIES. What bringest thou as an offering to our Lord?

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. The House of God is fallen. There is nothing left therein. Therefore I bring nothing but myself.

LEO. Let us burn her upon the altar of burnt offering.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. But in the fire my tears would be dried up; and these tears are of mine offering to the Lord.

LEO. Let us throw her to the sacred crocodile.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. But in the water my heart would be chilled; and this heart is of mine offering to the Lord.

LEO. Let us throw her to the winds from the Watchtowers of Silence.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. But in the wind my hymns would not be heard, and these hymns are of mine offering to the Lord.

LEO. Let us bury her in the consecrated mountain!

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. But in the earth the worms would devour my flesh; and this flesh is of mine offering to the Lord. Oh Lord, let thy servants return unto their thrones that I may worship Thee as I will.

SOL. 22-1-1-22

[ARIES and LEO return to their thrones.

[SCORPIO-APOPHIS plays her passionate melody, her siren melody, her despairing “Venus in Tannhauser” melody. Liebestod from Tristan and Isolde: Wagner. She clasps the feet and knees of SOL but he gives no sign of life.]

[At the end ARIES and LEO rise from their thrones–a pause.]

ARIES. (Loudly.) 333-333

LEO. (Louder.) 333-333

ARIES. The hour of sacrifice is past.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. The hour of sacrifice is to come.

LEO. The sacrifice is not accepted.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. The sacrifice is accepted.

ARIES. Depart from us, thou unclean thing!

ARIES and LEO raise her and march from the temple, ARIES leading, LEO following her.]

[ARIES and LEO re-enter and resume thrones–a pause.

ARIES. 333-333

LEO. 333-333

ARIES. Brother Leo, this is of evil omen.

LEO. Brother Aries, it is indeed of evil omen.

ARIES. There will be no more sacrifice today.

LEO. There will be no more sacrifice today.

ARIES. The sun is already setting.

LEO. The night birds are already abroad.

ARIES. It grows very dark.

LEO. The path is too steep and dangerous for any pilgrims to come hither.

ARIES. There is no moon tonight.

LEO. I think there will be rain.

ARIES. Let us close the shrine.

LEO. The disk of the sun is not yet quite obscured.

ARIES. But no pilgrims can come now.

LEO. No pilgrims can come now. But it is the rule of the temple that the shrine is open unto the last spark of sunlight.

ARIES. Brother Leo, I beg that you will close the shrine with me.

LEO. It cannot be.

ARIES. Brother Leo, I know the rule. But evil will assuredly come to us from this.

LEO. Brother Aries, the Law may not be broken.

ARIES. Brother Leo, the Law is make so that the wise may break it at their need.

LEO. Brother Aries, in my heart is fidelity–fidelity–fidelity.

ARIES. Brother Leo, a god has whispered in mine ear: it is folly–folly–folly.

LEO. The sun will be obscured in a moment: and no pilgrims can come tonight.

ARIES. No pilgrims can come tonight.

LEO. There will be no more sacrifice.

ARIES. There will be no more sacrifice.

[SATAN-TYPHON, SCORPIO-APOPHIS and BESZ enter silently in procession. The light grows momentarily dimmer.]

ARIES. Hail, brethren! Ye are come to adore the splendour of the sun?

SATAN-TYPHON. We are come to sacrifice.

ARIES. What are the offerings?

BESZ. Dancing.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. Music

SATAN-TYPHON. Silence and Stillness.

[He prostrates himself and remains motionless. SCORPI0-APOPHIS bows to SOL and plays and adoration. Romance: Max Bruch. BESZ dances in adoration in three-time. SATAN-TYPHON rises and bows.

ARIES. Whence come ye, brethren?

SATAN-TYPHON. From the dwelling place of the sun.

ARIES. Who are ye, brethren?

SATAN-TYPHON. I am the twin brother of the sun.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. I am the beloved of the sun.

ARIES. [To BESZ] But who art thou, brother?

[BESZ begins to stammer.

LEO. Who art thou?

[They threaten him with their spears. BESZ crouches in terror and lurks toward the West.]

SATAN-TYPHON. I would have speech with my brother the Sun.

ARIES. It is well.

LEO. It is not well. There is danger herein to my Lord. [He bars the way.

ARIES. Speech cannot harm our Lord.

LEO. Brother, if thou be indeed our brother, what wilt thou say?

SATAN-TYPHON. O Sun, my brother, is it thy will that I have speech with thee? For I have lain with thee nine moons in the womb of our mother; for we have loved as none have loved; for I am closer knit with thee than light and darkness, or that life and death!

SOL. 22-1-1-22

[LEO gives way and returns to his throne, very sad.

[SATAN-TYPHON advances to SOL and ARIES closes the veil on them.]

[BESZ jumps up and runs off crouchingly.

[The lights go out.

[SCORPIO-APOPHIS plays her serpent melody. Andante Religioso: Thome.

[LEO recites:

Mortals never learn from stories  
How catastrophe becomes;  
How above the victor's glories  
In the trumpets and the drums  
And the cry of millions “Master!”  
Looms the shadow of disaster.  
Every hour a man hath said:  
“That at least is scotched and dead.”  
Some one circumstance; “At last  
That, and it effects, are past.”  
Some one terror–subtle foe!  
“I have laid that specter low.”  
They know not, learn not, cannot calculate  
How subtly Fate  
Weaves its fine mesh, perceiving how to wait;  
Or how accumulate  
The trifles that shall make it master yet  
Of the strong soul that bade itself forget.

[A dim red light dawns. BESZ enters, leading four PROBATIONERS who bear the Pastos. They place it before the altar.]

ARIES. What is this offering?

BESZ. The eater of Flesh is my name.

ARIES. Oh, our Lord, our Lord! Arise in thy might, and let thine enemies be scattered!

[ARIES and LEO draw veil. The throne has been cast down. On the black veil is a great red cross, whereon SOL has been crucified. Before him stands SATAN-TYPHON in the sign of Apophis and Typhon.]

[ARIES and LEO fall as if slain. SCORPIO-APOPHIS plays her murder melody.] Mort d'Adonis: Waddell.

[Meanwhile the PROBATIONERS advance, and under the direction of Typhon, who stabs SOL in the proper manner with the spear of SOL, take down SOL from the cross and lay him in the Pastos. They cover it. BESZ does his brutal demoniac dance upon the lid of the coffin.

Exit all except SOL. complete darkness. Silence. A flash of light, and the stage is shewn empty. Only a glimmer remains. Now SCORPIO-APOPHIS steals on to the stage and plays her low secret melody. Canzonetta: D'Ambrosio. Red lights increase. She uncovers and embraces the corpse, then covers it again, goes to the throne and installs herself thereon. Green light dawns and grows brighter as red light dwindles and goes out.]

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. 7777777

[The PROBATIONERS and other officers enter, erect.]

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. Children, array yourselves before me, and worship at my feet.

ARIES. Our Lord is slain. And who art thou that hast assumed His Throne?

LEO. Our Lord is slain. And who art thou that hast assumed His Throne?

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. I am the Mother of the Gods and the Sister of Time and the Daughter of Space. I am Nature that holdeth sway when the effort of man is exhausted……Brother Leo, I am the goddess that cometh forth riding upon the Lion. Behold! I strike thee with my wand, and inspire thee.

I command thee to declare me unto the multitude.

LEO.

Lo! in the interstellar space of night  
Clothed with deep darkness, the majestic spaces  
Abide the dawn of deity and light,  
Vibrate before the passionless pale faces  
Shrined in exceeding glory, eremite.  
The tortoise skies in somber carapaces  
Await the expression and the hour of birth  
In silence through the adamantine girth.  
I rose in glory, gathered of the foam.  
The sea's flower folded, charioting me risen  
Where dawn's rose stole from its pearl-glimmering home,  
And heaven laughed, and earth: and mine old prison,  
The seas that lay beneath the mighty dome,  
Shone with my splendour. Light did first bedizen  
Earth with its clusters of fiery dew and spray,  
When I looked forth and cried, “It is the day!”

The stars are dewdrops on my bosom's space;  
The sun and moon are glances through my lashes,  
Long, tender rays of night; my subtle face  
Burns through the sky-dusk, lightens, fills, and flashes  
With solemn joy and laughter of love; the grace  
Of all my body swaying stoops and dashes  
Swift to the daisy's dawn of love: and swiftest,  
O spirit of man, when unto me thou liftest!  
Dawn shakes the molten fire of my delight  
From the fine flower and fragrance of my tresses!  
Sunset bids darken all my body's light,  
Mixing its music with the sad caresses  
Of the whole world: I wheel in wingless flight  
Through the lampless space, the starless wildernesses!  
Beyond the universal bounds that roll,  
There is the shrine and image of my soul.  
I am Nature and God: I reign, I am, alone.  
None other may abide apart: they perish,  
Drawn into me, into my being grown,  
None other bosom is, to bear, to nourish,  
To be: the heart of all beneath my zone  
Of blue and gold is scarlet-bright to cherish  
My own life's being, that is, and is not other;  
For I am God and Nature and thy Mother.  
I am the the thousand-breasted milky spouse,  
Virginal also: Tartarus and Gaia  
Twinned in my womb, and Chaos from my brows  
Shrank back abashed, my sister dark and dire,  
Mother of Erebus and Night, that ploughs  
With starry-sandaled feet the fields of fire;  
My sister shrank and fell, the infernal gloom  
Changed to the hot sweet shadow of my womb.  
I am: that darkness strange and uterine  
Is shot with dawn and scented with the rose;  
The deep dim prison-house of corn and wine,  
Flowers, children, stars, with flame far subtler glows  
Formless, all-piercing, death-defying, divine,  
A sweet frail lamp whose shadow gleams and shows  
No darkness, is as light is where its rays  
Cross, interweave, and marry with the day's!  
I am: the heart that flames from central Me,  
Seeks out all life, and takes again, to mingle  
Its passion with my might and majesty,  
Till the vast floods of the man's being tingle  
And glow, self-lost within my soul and sea  
Of love, the sun of utter light, and single  
Keen many-veined heart: our lips and kisses  
Marry and muse on our immortal blisses.  
I am: the greatest and the least: the sole  
And separate life of things. The mighty stresses  
Of worlds are my nerves twitching. Branch and bole  
Of forests waving in deep wildernesses  
Are hairs upon my body. Rivers roll  
To make one tear in my superb caresses,  
When on myself myself begets a child,  
A system of a thousand planets piled!  
I am: the least, the greatest: the frail life  
Of some small coral-insect still may tremble  
With love for me, and call me queen and wife;  
The shy plant of the water may dissemble  
Its love beneath the fronds; reply to strife  
With strife, and all its tiny being crumble  
Under my rough and warrior husband-kiss,  
Whose pain shall burn, and alter, and be bliss!  
I am: no word beside that solemn one  
Reigns in sound's kingdom to express my station,  
Who, clothed and crowned with suns beyond the sun,  
Bear on the mighty breast of foam Thalassian,  
Bear on my bosom, jutting plenilune,  
Maiden, the fadeless Rose of the Creation!  
The whole flower-life of earth and sky and sea  
From me was born, and shall return to me!  
I am: for men and beings passionate,  
For mine own self calm as the river-cleaving  
Lotus-borne lord of Silence: I create  
Or discreate, both in my bosom heaving:  
My lightest look is mother of a Fate:  
My fingers sapphire-ringed with sky are weaving  
Ever new flowers and lawns of life, designed  
Nobler and newer in mine older mind.  
I am: I am not, but all-changing move  
The worlds evolving in a golden ladder,  
Spiral or helical, fresh gusts of love  
Filling one sphere from the last sphere grown gladder:  
All gateways leading far to the above.  
Even as the bright coils of the emerald adder  
Climb one by one in glory of sunlight, climb  
My children to me up the steep of Time.  
I am: before me all the years are dead,  
And all the fiery locks of sunrise woven  
Into the gold and scarlet of my head:  
In me all skies and seas are shaken and cloven:  
All life and light and love about me shed,  
Begotten in me, in my moving moven,  
Are as my tears: all worlds that ever swam  
As dew of kisses on my lips: I am.

[She draws LEO up to her. The others kneel in adoration. SCORPIO-APOPHIS plays her soft voluptuous melody.] Romance: Saint Saens.

ARIES. Brother Leo, what is the hour?

LEO. The evening star is arisen.

ARIES. The sacrifice is accomplished.

LEO. What is the sacrifice?

ARIES. Man.

LEO. Who is the priestess?

ARIES. Woman.

LEO. Unto what God?

ARIES. It is hidden from me.

LEO. Let every man depart unto his house.

ARIES. 1-333-1-1. LEO. 1-333-1-1.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. 1-1-333-1