

CHARGE OF THE DARK GOD

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Harken to the words of the Horned One,
Whose names number more than the stars,
I am Herne, Cernunnos, Robin, Bel and Crom
I am the protector of all that lives upon the earth,
I am the dark hunter that men call Death.

Hear me, and let your heart leap at my summoning:
Listen for my voice in the wind, the whispering leaves,
In the roar of thunder across the midnight sky.
Leave behind the world of men and come to me,
Gather, my wild children, in the lonely places I love.
Look for me in the quiet heart of the forest,
In the bright fields of corn, the white light of the sun,
On the dappled river bank and the storm-savaged sea.

I dwell in the centre of the labyrinth,
Beyond the grave in the Realm of Shadows
Be not afraid of my dark embrace
But surrender to it willingly,
And you will know the secrets beyond the tomb:
The light that dwells in darkness,
And my promise of knowledge, love and rebirth.

Precious to me is the hot, bold spirit
The beloved fool that leaps, heedlessly
Into those unknown realms shunned by timid men
Only the wild at heart can know me,
For my face is hidden from the fearful.

Come then, my wild children, and worship me.
Dance beneath the moon and call my name

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Several people asked for a copy of this Charge after the Mercian Gathering, so here it is!
http://www.merciangathering.com/silverwheel/charge_of_the_dark_god.htm