

Beloved Hekate, I invoke you  
Hekate of the way I praise you.  
Lovely Lady of the three crossroads,  
You with three faces  
Maiden, Mother, Crone

You with six arms  
Bearing two torches to show the way  
A sword to clear the way  
A key to open the way  
A whip to insure the going  
Your snakes show the character and wisdom of the way  
And an apple, the fruit of the way.

Saffron-cloaked Goddess of the Heavens, the Underworld and the Sea.  
O Goddess of the cave and tomb, I invoke you,  
Come to this mystery celebrated with the dead  
Come, Solitary One  
    Cowed One  
    Lover of the Wilderness  
    You who exalt among the deer  
    Nightgoing One, pacing with your dogs  
    Invincible Queen, you who cry with the beasts  
    Disheveled One of irresistible form,  
    Bringer of intoxication and nightmares  
    Keeper of the keys of all the universe

Mistress  
Guide  
Lover  
Nurturer of youth  
You alone saw the abduction of Persephone  
Mountain Wanderer whose voice we hear in the wind  
    and the water and the rumble of the earth

I pray you  
I ask you to be present at our hallowed rite

Give us your blessing, Revealer of Shadows,  
    remove our obstacles and strengthen us.

Hekate, hear us  
Hekate accept our offering  
Hekate accept this wine.

*Timatha Doane, Samhain 1993*

*Hermes Ouranios*

Hermes, draw near, and to my pray'r incline,  
Angel of Jove, and Maia's son divine;  
Prefect of contests, ruler of humankind,  
With heart almighty, and a prudent mind.  
Celestial messenger of various skill,  
Whose pow'rful arts could watchful Argus kill.  
With winged feet 'tis thine thro' air to course,  
O friend of folk, and prophet of discourse:  
Great life-supporter, to rejoice is thine  
In arts gymnastic, and in fraud divine.  
With pow'r endu' all language to explain,  
Of care the loos'ner and the source of gain.  
Whose hand contains of blameless peace the rod,  
Corucian, blessed, profitable God.  
Of various speech, whose aid in works we find,  
And in necessities to mortals kind.  
Dire weapon of the tongue, which folk revere,  
Be present, Hermes, and thy suppliants hear;  
Assist our works, conclude our lives with peace,  
Give graceful speech and memory's increase.

*Hermes Chthonios*

Hermes, I call, whom Fate decrees to dwell  
Near to Cocytos, the fam'd stream of hell,  
And in Necessity's dread path, whose bourn  
To none that reach it e'er permits return.  
O Bacchic Hermes, progeny divine,  
Of Dionysius, parent of the vine,  
And of celestial Venus, Paphian queen,  
Dark-eyelash'd Goddess of a lovely mien:  
Hermes—  
Who constant wand'rest thro' the sacred seats  
Where Hell's dread empress, Proserpine, retreats;  
To wretched souls the leader of the way  
When Fate degrees, to regions void of day.  
Thine is the wand which causes sleep to fly,  
Or lulls to slumb'rous rest the weary eye;  
For Proserpine, thro' Tart'rus dark and wide,  
Gave thee for ever flowing souls to guide.  
Come, blessed pow'r, this offering attend,  
And grant thy mystes' works and happy end.