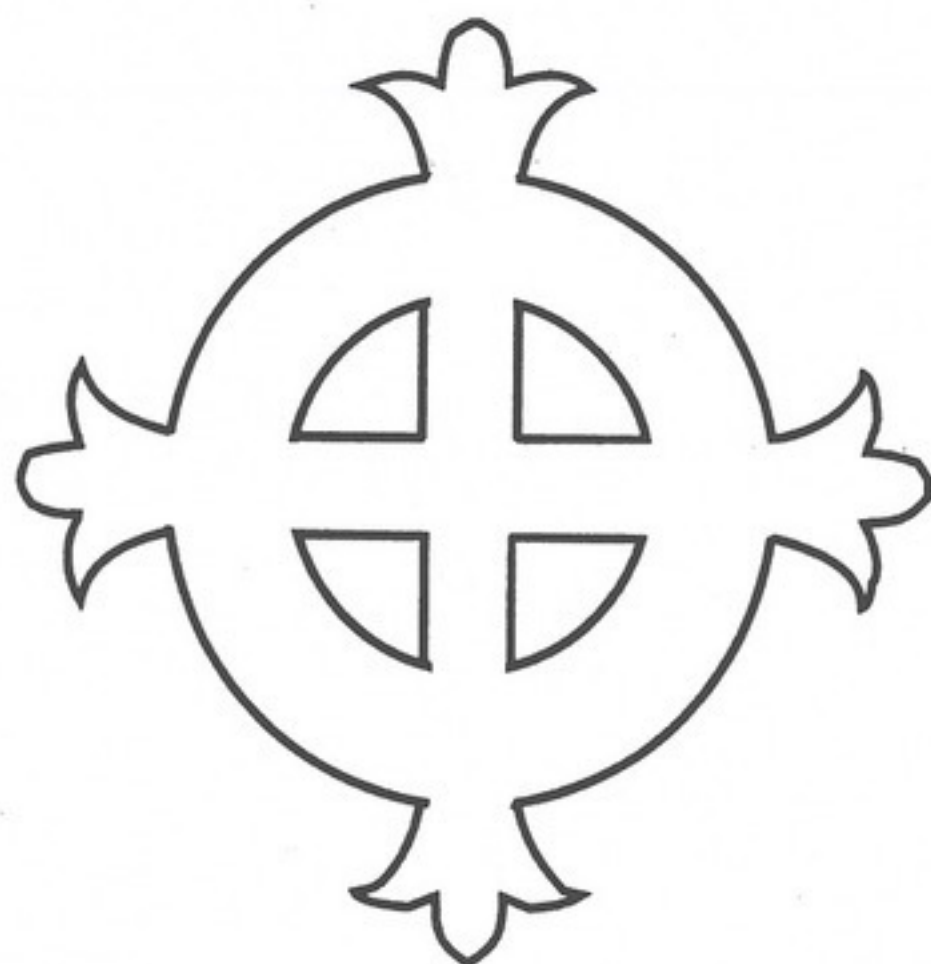




A Canticle of the Goddess

There is no thing fairer on the earth than She,
Nor any thing upon the Heaven fairer.
Before Her splendour does the noon-day sun
Burn as the dying embers of a fire.
Daughter of Light,
Does not Thy Spirit breathe in all created things?
Is not all darkness scattered by Thy fire?
And but for Thee, would not all cosmos decompose?
Would not the black abyss of chaos swallow all?
And as Thine universal music reins the furthest spheres,
So does it tune the beating of my heart.
For as the running doe longs for the cooling streams,
So is my soul athirst for Thy dear Grace;
And as long hunger brings the limbs to weakness,
Trembles my soul for confluence with Thee.
Have pity on my soul and end her trembling,
Fill her with the good nourishment of Thy love;
For there is no thing other that will cool her fever
And there is no way other she shall find content.
O, let my soul be chastened by her suffering;
O, let her care no longer for her pride;
O, let her cry to Thee in childlike trustfulness;
Let her be humbled in Thy gentle light.
Of mine own self can I accomplish nothing,
Only so far as Thou art acting through me.
How dull my soul is, like the ashes of a fire:
But pierced through with Thine eternal rays,
Is she not radiant as the noon-day sun?
There is no thing fairer on the earth than Thee,
Nor any thing upon the Heaven fairer.

Exaltia

Our Lady is exalted among the daughters of Heaven.
Shining Inanna, Star of the Sea,
Robed in celestial light.

She abases the cruel and proud,
And hearkens to the plea of the lowly;
The rich who deny Her godhead find not contentment,
But blessed is the humblest of Her servants.

She delivers the captive into Her care,
And takes the hand of the fallen.
May the whole world praise Thee, beloved Inanna,
May Thy Glory be told of in all the earth.

Let them exalt Thy dominion
And Thy valiant courage
And glorify Thy holy Name.
Have mercy on Thy servant who gives Thee blessing,
And take her hand in need and suffering.

In illness and distress give her the gift of life.

May she go forever in joy and delight
To magnify Thy holy Name
Before all the peoples of the world.

Daughter of Light

That reignest as Queen of Heaven,
All praise and honour I joyfully give to Thee.
Give me to learn that Thine art by me
in every act I make.

Teach me obedience and humility and joy of
heart that comes of self-forgetting.

Help me to be a clear mirror of Thy Love,
reflecting all the beauty of the world,
for beauty is the echo of eternity.

Fix my heart on the eternal
and let me not be turned from Thee
by transient things.

Rescue us from the hands of darkness
that we may serve Thee
with all our being
Here, and in Thy bright Eternity.

Salve, Magna Mater

Madria Dea, Mother of all beings,
fill my heart completely. Grant me, Your
child, love and truth, joy and abundance,
wisdom and devotion. I offer You my loving
care, all of my happiness and all of my suffering,
for all who are born of You, and all Your children
of Ekklesia.

Most tender Madria Dea, Great
Mother, my loving Mother, You are Mother
of all beings, Magna Mater, the
Mistress of All.

Salve, Magna Mater