

Pan Spirit

Feel it calling

Wild and haunting – deep in my soul

The White Thorn is coming – delight of the eye

The glade is bursting, thirsting for life

This time – let free; your highest desire

This time – let free your mind to soar higher

This time – a fire burst from the spark

This time – to love, open your heart

Wind softly sings it

Trees bustle with it

Your heart can feel it

Pan Spirit ... !

Feel it stirring

Wild and moving - deep in your soul

Honey flows from the tree of the world

Sweet love on the wind; petals unfold

This time – let free; your highest desire

This time – let free your mind to soar higher

This time – a fire burst from the spark

This time – to love, open your heart

Your heart can taste it

Mind incantates it

Yearning embrace it

Pan Spirit ... !

It's the fire of life force everyone knows

It's the twinkle in your eye – the thrill of life flows

It's the flame of desire – the life in your hand

I am Pan ! Io Pan ! *

Io Pan Pan ! Pan ! *

I am thy mate - I am thy man *

Goat of thy flock, I am gold , I am god, *

Flesh to thy bone, flower to thy rod. *

With hoofs of steel I race on the rocks *

Through solstice stubborn to equinox. *

Mannikin, maiden, maenad, man, *

In the might of Pan. *

In the might of Pan. *

Io Pan ! Io Pan Pan ! Pan ! Io Pan ! *

Io Pan ! Io Pan Pan ! Pan ! Io Pan ! *

Yearning to feel it

Move with the spirit

Now you can feel it

Pan Spirit ... !

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*extracts from Hymn to Pan, by Alistair Crowley