



Ritual for the Delphinia

6 Mounukhion

- ◆ **Ritual washing**
- ◆ **Ritual washing with invocation to Okeanos**

Okeanos whose nature ever flows, from whom at first both Gods and men arose; sire incorruptible, whose waves surround, and earth's all-terminating circle bound: hence every river, hence the spreading sea, and earth's pure bubbling fountains spring from thee. Hear, mighty sire, for boundless bliss is thine, greatest cathartic of the powers divine: earth's friendly limit, fountain of the pole, whose waves wide spreading and circumfluent roll. Approach benevolent, with placid mind, and be forever to thy mystics kind.

- ◆ **Purification – khernips (holy water) sprinkled from a bay branch – “Be gone all corruption and evil” (three times).**

“Blessed Okeanos, may your bright waters purify this space, and prepare both me, and it, for the rites that are about to unfold.”

- ◆ **Euphemia sto, euphemia sto, eukhomai tois Theois pasi kai pasais.**
(Let there be words of good omen, Let there be words of good omen, pray to the Gods and Goddesses.)
- ◆ **Who is present? Those attending answer: All good people!**
- ◆ **Lighting of the lamp for Hestia with invocation: Daughter of Kronos, You whose eternal flame illumines all our worship, come to this oikos with blessings . . .**
- ◆ **Lighting of the sacrificial fire**
- ◆ **Libation of honey sweet wine**
- ◆ **Homeric Hymn 24 to Hestia**

To Hestia

Hestia, you that tend the far-shooting lord Apollo's sacred house at holy Pytho, from your locks the oozing oil ever drips down. Come to this house in kindly (?) heart, together with Zeus the resourceful, and bestow beauty on my singing.

Translated by Martin L. West

- ◆ **Strewing of barley groats around the altar (circling clockwise three times)**
- ◆ **To Gaia**

First of all, in my prayers, before all other Gods, I call upon the foremost prophetess Gaia.

Aeschylus – Eumenides (opening lines)

- ◆ **Invocation to Gaia: Gaia, to you who nurtures us into being, who nurtures us through life, and who accepts us once again unto Thee, blessed Kourotrophos, I honor you with khernips**
- ◆ **Offering of khernips poured out**
- ◆ **Orphic Hymn 26 To Earth**

Ges

[Gaia Thea], mother of men and of the blessed Gods,
 you nourish all, you give all, you bring all to fruition, and you destroy all.
 When the season is fair you are heavy with fruit and growing blossoms;
 and, O multiform maiden, you are the seat of the immortal cosmos,
 and in the pains of labor you bring forth fruit of all kinds.
 Eternal, reverend, deep-bosomed, and blessed,
 you delight in the sweet breath of grass, O Goddess bedecked with flowers.
 Yours is the joy of the rain, and round you the intricate realm of the stars
 revolves in endless and awesome flow.
 But, O blessed Goddess, may you multiply the gladsome fruits
 and, together with the beautiful seasons, grant me favor.

Translation by Apostolos N. Athanassakis

- ◆ **Invocations and prayers to Themis: To you who sits leaning against Zeus, who consults closely with Zeus, and who are the just order of all things**
- ◆ **Libation of honey sweet wine**

Leap for goodly Themis

From the Hymn of the Kouretes

- ◆ **Incense – frankincense**
- ◆ **Invocation to Artemis: Khaire Artemis, blessed Kourtrophos, profuse with arrows, protectress of women and children, of childbirth, and of young animals...**

Artimes, my heart (bids me weave?) a delightful hymn for you; and someone (takes in your) hands the (beautiful?) gold-shining bronze-cheeked castanets.

From Greek Lyric, Anonymous Fragments 955

- ◆ **Libation of honey sweet wine**
- ◆ **Homeric Hymn 27 To Artemis**

To Artemis

I sing of Artemis, whose shafts are of gold, who cheers on the hounds, the pure maiden, shooter of stags, who delights in archery, own sister to Apollo with the golden sword. Over the shadowy hills and windy peaks she draws her golden bow, rejoicing in the chase, and sends out grievous shafts. The tops of the high mountains tremble and the tangled wood echoes awesomely with the outcry of beasts: earthquakes and the sea also where fishes shoal. But the goddess with a bold heart turns every way destroying the race of wild beasts: and when she is satisfied and has cheered her heart, this huntress who

delights in arrows slackens her supple bow and goes to the great house of her dear brother Phoebus Apollo, to the rich land of Delphi, there to order the lovely dance of the Muses and Graces. There she hangs up her curved bow and her arrows, and heads and leads the dances, gracefully arrayed, while all they utter their heavenly voice, singing how neat-ankled Leto bare children supreme among the immortals both in thought and in deed.

Hail to you, children of Zeus and rich-haired Leto! And now I will remember you and another song also.

Translated by Hugh G. Evelyn-White

◆ **From Kallimakhos Hymn 3 and ending of Homeric Hymn 9 to Artemis**

Artemis we hymn – no light thing is it for singers to forget her – whose study is the bow and the shooting of hares and the spacious dance and sport upon the mountains; beginning with the time when sitting on her father’s knees – still a little maid – she spake these words to her sire: “Give me to keep my maidenhood, Father, forever: and give me to be of many names, that Phoebus may not vie with me... And give me sixty daughters of Oceanus for my choir – all nine years old, all maidens yet ungirdled; and give me for handmaidens twenty nymphs of Amnisus who shall tend well my buskins, and, when I shoot no more at lynx or stag, shall tend my swift hounds.... On the mountains will I dwell and the cities of men I will visit only when women vexed by the sharp pang of childbirth call me to their aid even in the hour when I was born the Fates ordained that I should be their helper, forasmuch as my mother suffered no pain either when she gave me birth or when she carried me in her womb, but without travail put me from her body.” So spake the child and would have touched her father’s beard, but many a hand did she reach forth in vain, that she might touch it.

And the maiden fared unto the white mountain of Crete leafy with woods; thence unto Oceanus; and she chose many nymphs all nine years old, all maidens yet ungirdled. And the river Caraetus was glad exceedingly, and glad was Tethys that they were sending their daughters to be handmaidens to the daughter of Leto.

And so hail to you, Artemis, in my song and to all goddesses as well.

- ◆ **Maidens should offer a suppliant bough with white wool**
- ◆ **Offering**
- ◆ **Libation of honey sweet wine**
- ◆ **Prayers (for blessings and protection, for abundance, the aversion of evil, and for purification)**

- ◆ **Incense – frankincense**
- ◆ **Invocation to Apollon: Khaire Apollon, healer, teacher, averter of evil, who Theseus offered sacrifice to on the day before sailing to Crete with the youths and maidens, killing the Minotaur, and bringing them safely home ...**
- ◆ **Libation of honey sweet wine**
- ◆ **Homeric Hymn 21 To Apollon**

To Apollon

Phoebus, of you the swan too sings in clear tone from its wings as it alights on the bank beside the eddying river Peneus; and of you the bard with his clear-toned lyre and sweet verse ever sings in first place and last.

So I salute you, lord, and seek your favor with my singing.

Translated by Martin L. West

- ◆ **Libation of honey sweet wine**
- ◆ **Orphic Hymn 34 To Apollon**

To Apollon

Come, O blessed Paian, O slayer of Tityos, O Phoibos, O Lykoreus,
a giver of riches, illustrious dweller of Memphis, O god to whom we cry iē.
O Titan and Pythian god, yours are the golden lyre, the seeds, and the plows.
Grynean, Sminthian, slayer of Python, Delphic diviner,
wild, light-bringing, lovable god you are, O glorious youth.
You shoot your arrows from afar, you lead the Muses into dance,
O holy one, you are Bacchos, Didymeus, Loxias, too,
lord of Delos, you are the eye that sees all, you bring light to mortals,
your hair is golden, your oracular utterance is clear.
Hear me with kindly heart as I pray for people.
You gaze upon all the ethereal vastness,
upon the rich earth you look through the twilight.
In the quiet darkness of a night lit with stars
you see earth's roots below, you hold the bounds
of the whole world; the beginning and the end to come are yours.
You make everything bloom with your versatile lyre,
you harmonize the poles, now reaching the highest pitch,
now the lowest, now again with the Doric mode,
harmoniously balancing the poles, you keep the living races distinct.
You have infused harmony into the lot of all men,
giving them an equal measure of winter and summer:
the lowest notes you strike in the winter, the highest notes
you make distinct in the summer,
your mode is Doric for spring's lovely and blooming season.
This is why mortals call you lord and Pan,
the two-horned god who sends the whistling winds;
it is for this you have the master seal of the entire cosmos.
O blessed one, hear the suppliant voice of the initiates and save them.

Translation by Apostolos N. Athanassakis (revised edition)

- ◆ **Youths should offer a suppliant bough with white wool**
- ◆ **Offering**
- ◆ **Libation of honey sweet wine**
- ◆ **Prayers (for blessings and protection, for abundance, the aversion of evil, and for purification)**

- ◆ **Incense – myrrh**

- ◆ **Invocation to Zeus: Khaire Zeus, Councilor, fulfiller, Savior, to you King of all who rules with Hera Queen of heaven . . .**
- ◆ **Libation of honey sweet wine**
- ◆ **Homeric Hymn 23 To Zeus**

To Zeus

Of Zeus, best and greatest of the gods, I will sing, the wide-sounding ruler, the one that brings to fulfillment, who consults closely with Themis as she sits leaning against him.

Be favorable, wide-sounding son of Kronos, greatest and most glorious.

Translated by Martin L. West

He does not sit upon his throne by mandate of another and hold his dominion beneath a mightier. No one sits above him whose power he holds in awe. He speaks, and it is done – he hastens to execute whatever his counseling mind conceives.

Aeschylus – from Suppliant Maidens, Chorus

- ◆ **Prayers (for blessings, protection, family, and those in need, etc.)**
- ◆ **Incense – Myrrh**
- ◆ **Invocation to Leto: Khaire Leto, Mother of the Far-Shooter and the Virgin Profuse with Arrows...**

“In Delos Leto bore children once, gold-haired Phoebos, lord Apollon, and the deer-shooting huntress Artemis, who holds great power over women.”

From the Scolia 886

- ◆ **Libation of honey sweet wine**
- ◆ **Orphic Hymn 35 to Leto**

To Leto

Dark-veiled Leto, revered goddess, mother of twins,
 great-souled daughter of Koios, queen to whom many pray,
 to your lot fell the birth pains for Zeus' fair children.
 you bore Phoibos and arrow-pouring Artemis,
 her on Ortygia, him on rocky Delos.
 Hear, lady goddess, come with favor in your heart
 to bring a sweet end to this all-holy rite.

Translation by Apostolos N. Athanassakis (revised edition)

- ◆ **Libation of honey sweet wine**

“Then may blessings go with us, and may the Artemis and Apollon watch benevolently over us and guard us with favorable fortunes!”

Adapted from Aeschylus – Libation Bearers – Chorus

- ◆ **Invocation to Hestia: Daughter of Kronos, You whose eternal flame illumines all our worship, we have honored You in first place with a libation of honey sweet wine and will honor you in last place with a libation of honey sweet wine:**
- ◆ **Homeric Hymn 29 to Hestia**

To Hestia

Hestia, you that in the high dwellings of all, both immortal gods and men who walk on earth, have been assigned an everlasting seat as the privilege of seniority, and enjoy a fine honor and privilege, for mortals have no feasts without you where the libation-pourer does not begin by offering honey-sweet wine to Hestia in first place and last: and you, Argus-slayer, son of Zeus and Maia, messenger of the blessed ones, gold-wand, giver of blessings, be favorable and assist together with Hestia whom you love and revere. For both of you dwell in the fine houses of men on earth, in friendship towards each other, fine supports (of the house), and you attend intelligence and youth.

I salute you, daughter of Kronos, and you too, gold-wand Hermes. And I will take heed both for you and for other singing.

Translated by Martin L. West

- ◆ **Libation of honey sweet wine to Hestia**

“Blessed Hestia, Goddess of home and hearth, to you we offer last of all a libation of honey sweet wine, as pious mortals should. Tend to those whom we love and guard the houses of the pious. As the Gods will it, so shall it be!”

- ◆ **Extinguishing of the lamp**