

Asatru Folk Assembly
Rite of Blessing



EOSTRE ~

OSTARA

19 March 2005

Ostara

Words in **bold print** are spoken by all.

GREETING TO THE FOLK

Be all here blessed. May all ill be banished, all hatred cast out, and weal and well-being prevail, that we may listen to the wisdom within us and without us. In the sign of the Hammer, so may it be!

SONG

[We raise our voices in song.]

TALK

[Here the Gothi speaks on the reason for our being here today.]

NINE NOBLE TRUTHS

May our hearts be filled with virtue, that the Mighty Powers live in us.

Strength is better than weakness.

Let us be strong!

Courage is better than cowardice.

Let us be courageous!

Joy is better than guilt.

Let us be joyful!

Honor is better than dishonor.

Let us be honorable!

Freedom is better than slavery.

Let us be free!

Kinship is better than loneliness.

Let us be kin!

Truth is better than dogma.

Let us know the truth!

Vigor is better than lethargy.

Let us be vigorous!

Ancestry is better than rootlessness.

Let us honor our ancestors!

RITE OF THE SEASON

[If a particular seasonal rite is being celebrated - Yule, Charming of the Plow, Ostara, etc. - ceremonies focusing on that festival will be inserted at this point.]

HORN TO THE HOLY POWERS

Let us call on the Mighty Powers, the Givers of Good who have blessed us from time beyond memory. Let us honor the Gods and Goddesses, that we may be whole!

Hail Odin, Odin hail!

Odin, give good gifts!

Hail Frigga, Frigga hail!

Frigga, give good gifts!

Hail Thor, Thor hail!

Thor, give good gifts!

Hail Sif, Sif hail!

Sif, give good gifts!

Hail Frey, Frey hail!

Frey, give good gifts!

Hail Freya, Freya hail!

Freya, give good gifts!

Holy Mother Earth, we give you our love and our protection. We join with the spirits of the land to guard you, to keep you unsullied, and to serve life. May there always be wilderness and wildness. May the bear and the deer ever be among us. Let the beasts and the growing things with which we share the world thrive and may the eternal turning of your cycles give us beauty and pleasure. Hail to you, Mother Earth!

Hail our Holy Mother!

Now the Gothi takes the horn, makes the sign of the Hammer over it, and pours it into the bowl.

HORN TO THE ANCESTORS

Let us call on those who have gone before us and are with us! Let us call on the ancestors!

Sigurd the Volsung, who saved the world!
You are with us still!

Erik the Red, stalwart warrior!
You are with us still!

Radbod of Frisia, who led his people!
You are with us still!

Hengist and Horsa, who saved the world!
You are with us still!

Herman of the Cherusci, who saved the world!
You are with us still!

Boudicca, who fought the Romans!
You are with us still!

Hogni, whose heart never failed!
You are with us still!

Beowulf, warder of his people!
You are with us still!

All the mothers and fathers of our people!
You are with us still!

By all the heroes of our people, who have followed great Fate for our people, and who have given us life, and be strong!

May we be strong!

We will not forget you!

Only the forgotten...

HORN TO THE ANCESTORS

*Let us call on those who have gone before us, who live in us
and are us! Let us call on the ancestors!*

*Sigurd the Volsung, who slew the dragon -
You are with us still!*

*Erik the Red, stalwart friend of Thor -
You are with us still!*

*Radbod of Frisia, who kept his people free -
You are with us still!*

*Hengist and Horsa, who founded a nation -
You are with us still!*

*Herman of the Cherusci, who turned back an empire -
You are with us still!*

*Boudicca, who fought the empire and avenged her daughters -
You are with us still!*

*Hogni, whose heart never trembled -
You are with us still!*

*Beowulf, warder of his folk -
You are with us still!*

*All the mothers and fathers of our lines!
You are with us still!*

*By all the heroes of ancient time! By all the stalwarts who fol-
lowed great Fate for our people and Gods! By all our forefathers and
foremothers, who gave us life! By your might and main may we prevail
and be strong!*

May we be strong!

We will not forget you.

Only the forgotten are dead.

**Lo, there do I see my fathers.
Lo, there do I see my mothers and my sisters and my brothers.
Lo, there do I see the line of my people back to the beginning.
They look on from the Otherworld with love and might, and we
are kin forever!**

HORN TO THE FOLK

*In the heart of each of us do the Holy Ones dwell, as we strive for
the best. As in one, so in many, for we are a host, a people, a Folk
vigilant and mighty.*

*Defying the foeman's blast
Longer than life shall last -*
The Folk doth abide!

*Within our very blood
Withstanding fire and flood -*
The Folk doth abide!

*Honoring kith and kin and clan
Guarding this, our sacred land -*
The Folk doth abide!

*High Gods we praise with every breath
Remaining true to kin to death -*
The Folk doth abide!

*We pray our Folk shall never kneel
Nor lie beneath an alien heel -*
The Folk doth abide!

*A mighty people e'er to be
Both strong and bold, and brave and free!*
The Folk doth abide!

*Let the shining Sun ever find our Folk as it looks over the affairs
of Midgard! Let our people be plentiful in the world, that all humankind
know of our greatness! Let the tongue of our Folk be always heard in the
land that the Gods may rejoice in us! Let us not be an autumn without a
spring, but rather a people ever-born and ever new, with mighty deeds on
the loom of Fate. To this we bend our hearts and wits, that we may live in
the Gods and they in us. By our ancestors, and by our descendants yet
unborn, so be it done!*

So be it done!

THE POURING

*Gifts are given
The spirits of the land
their overflowing bounty
of Odroerir, and gards for*

**From strength to strength
ones shall rise up as gods**

CLOSING

*The pouring of the mead
and our ancestors to grow
to live free, with courage
ered to the Gods!*

*Holy Ones! Remember
Midgard!*

*We are yours
All say:*

*Now are Hail's songs
sons of men but of no help
speaks them! Hail the one
who gets them! Hail, the one*

SONG

[Another song is sung]

THE POURING

*Gifts are given to the holy Gods! Earth rejoices in our love!
The spirits of the land are glad in the gifts! Ancestors drink from
their overflowing cups, the Folk is awakened and stirred by the draft
of Odroerir, and gains from strength to strength!*

**From strength to strength! From might to might! The noble
ones shall rise up as gods!**

CLOSING

*The pouring out is done. May it cause our love of the Gods
and our ancestors to grow. May we struggle with all the greater will
to live free, with courage and trust in our strength, until we be gath-
ered to the Gods!*

*Holy Ones! Remember your sons and daughters here in
Midgard!*

We are your kin!

All say:

**Now are Har's sayings said in Har's hall, helpful to the
sons of men but of no help to etin's sons. Hail, the one who
speaks them! Hail the one who knows them! Gain, the one
who gets them! Hail, those who hear them!**

It is done!

SONG

[Another song is sung before the people depart.]

Song

Come by the Hills

Come by the hills to the land where fancy is free
And stand where the peaks meet the sky and the rocks
reach the sea

Where the rivers run clear and the bracken is gold in the sun
And fruits of tomorrow will come when our work is done.

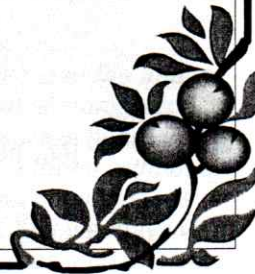
Come by the hills to the land where life is a song
And sing while the birds fill the air with their joy all day long
Where the trees sway in time, and even the wind
sings in tune

And fruits of tomorrow will come when our work is done.

Come by the hills to the land where legend remains
Where stories of old stir the heart and may yet come again
Where the past has been lost and the future is still to be won
And fruits of tomorrow will come when our work is done.

Come by the hills to the land where fancy is free
And stand where the peaks meet the sky and the rocks
reach the sea

Where the rivers run clear and the bracken is gold in the sun
And fruits of tomorrow will come when our work is done.



The hills
The hills
By the hills
Tomorrow

The hills
The hills
By the hills
Tomorrow

The hills
The hills
By the hills
Tomorrow


Make us
Stand
The hills
Tomorrow

Strengthen
Stand
We
Tomorrow

The hills
The hills
By the hills
Tomorrow

Oh hills
Your
The hills
Tomorrow

Tomorrow's Promise



The leaves of the oak tree are summery green
The stag in the forest runs free,
But gather together to meet the storm,
Tomorrow belongs to me.

The boughs of the willow stand graceful and still,
The blossom embraces the bee.
But somehow a beauty awakes, once more.
Tomorrow belongs to me.

The beautiful Freya returns again,
Her feet on the crests of the sea.
For truly a splendor shall come, come see.
Tomorrow belongs to me.

Make way for great Odin and Frigga his queen,
Stand tall, and spread far the decree:
The old ways of beauty once more shall be!
Tomorrow belongs to me.

Strengthen our people in word and in deed,
Stand strong as the roots of the Tree.
We'll scour the land and we'll set men free —
Tomorrow belongs to me.

The hawk on the mountain wind circles above,
Thor's thunderheads rise o'er the sea.
For truly the old Gods return again!
Tomorrow belongs to me!

Odin, O Allfather, show us a sign!
Your children have waited to see.
The morning shall come when the dawn is mine
Tomorrow belongs to me!

