

Brighid is the goddess of Ireland who is honored at Imbolc. This anonymous prayer honors her in her many different aspects. It's followed by a blessing from Brigit from the Carmina Gadelica, and then two contemporary poems about Brigit.

Prayer to Brighid

Mighty Brighid, keeper of the flame,
blazing in the darkness of winter.
O goddess, we honor you, bringer of light,
healer, exalted one.
Bless us now, hearth mother,
that we may be as fruitful as the soil itself,
and our lives abundant and fertile.

Bride of the earth,
sister of the faeries,
daughter of the Tuatha de Danaan,
keeper of the eternal flame.
In autumn, the nights began to lengthen,
and the days grew shorter,
as the earth went to sleep.
Now, Brighid stokes her fire,
burning flames in the hearth,
bringing light back to us once more.
Winter is brief, but life is forever.

Brigid makes it so.

Hail, Brigantia! Keeper of the forge,
she who shapes the world itself with fire,
she who ignites the spark of passion in the poets,
she who leads the clans with a warrior's cry,
she who is the bride of the islands,
and who leads the fight of freedom.

Hail, Brigantia! Defender of kin and hearth,
she who inspires the bards to sing,
she who drives the smith to raise his hammer,
she who is a fire sweeping across the land.

Brigit's Blessing

I am under the shielding
of good Brigit each day:
I am under the shielding
Of good Brigit each night.

I am under the keeping
Of the nurse of Mary,
Each early and late,
Every dark, every light.

Brigit is my comrade woman,

Brigit is my maker of song,
Brigit is my helping woman,
My choicest of women,
my woman of guidance.

(Carmina Gadelica)

A poem by Fiona Macleod, called “Brigit Speaks,” captures the sense of the Triple-Goddess’s primordial nature:

I am older than Brigit of the Mantle,
I put songs and music on the wind
before ever the bells of the chapels
were rung in the West
or heard in the East.

I am ... Brigit of the Mantle
but I am also ... Brigit, Conception of the Waves,
and ... Brigit of the Faery Host,
... Brigit of the Slim Faery Folk,
and ... Brigit the Melodious Mouthed of the Tribe of the Green Mantles.

And I am older than Aone [Friday],
and as old as Luan [Monday],
and in Tir na h'oige ... my name is Mountain Traveler,
and in ... the Country of the Waves, it is ... Gray hound,

and in ... the Country of Ancient Years, it is ... Seek Beyond.
And I have been a breath in your heart,
and the day has its fret to it
that will see me coming into the hearts of men and women
like a flame upon dry grass,
like a flame of wind in a great wood.

Celtic folklorist and storyteller, Mara Freeman, has penned what she calls a
“Invocation To Brigit At Imbolc:”

We welcome you, Brigit on Candlemas Eve,
We pray for your blessing, new life to receive,
O Mother of Poetry, teach us your art,
That your inspiration may enter each heart.

O Mistress of Magic that stands by the fire
And shapes the bright metal to the form you desire;
O Mother of Smithcraft, please teach us your art,
That the power of changing may enter each heart.

You kindle the springtime to quicken the earth,
From under your mantle the old has new birth,
O Mother of Healing, please teach us your art,
That peace and contentment may enter each heart.