

Fire Ritual Script

Please note the recording is an unscripted recital from memory so there may be some variation from the written script below:

Prayer for Grace

'Brigid, women ever excellent,
Golden radiant flame,
Lead us to the eternal kingdom,
The brilliant dazzling sun.
May Brigid guide us past
Crowds of devils,
May she break before us
The attack of every plague.
May she destroy within us
The taxes of our flesh.
The branch with blossoms,
Easy to love,
With great honour,
I shall be forever safe
With my saint of Leinster.'

Opening prayer to the elements.

'I arise today through the Strength of heaven: Light of sun, Radiance of moon, Splendour of fire, Speed of lightning, Swiftmess of wind, Depth of sea, Stability of earth, Firmness of rock.'

The blessing of the elements – translation Kuno Meyers 1925

We honour the fecundity of the land through the way of the white cow, Bealach na Bó Finne

Banbha, Blessed be (pour milk unto the fire or offering bowl on alter).

Boann, Blessed be (pour milk unto the fire or offering bowl on alter)

Brigid, Blessed be (pour milk unto the fire or offering bowl on alter)

Banbha Banbha, of Mountain and sea, Banbha Banbha of Soil and Plant, Banbha Banbha of River and Brook, Banbha Banbha of Meadow and Wood, Banbha Banbha primordial Mother. Oh Banbha, Oh Banbha, Banbha, Boann, Brigid x 4. Oh Banbha, Oh Banbha

Invoking the Earth Mother

Everything starts with the Earth Mother for she is the sun, moon and stars, She is the lakes, rivers and streams. She has her feet far down among the roots and trees, and stars thickening in her hair as they gather in the vastness and blackness of the sky on a night of frost.

Her form fills all the world where wisdom dwells. But she is sorrowful and terrible for the hearts of men know her no more in her ancient loveliness.

She is the washer at the ford, a tall gaunt woman, chanting the death dirge as she washes the shroud of he that sees her. She may grow great and terrible and inhabit darkness.

She loveth loneliness, solitude is her breath. She is Queen of all things on the earth and in the sea and in the white palaces of the stars built on the dark walls of time above the abyss. Now she brown earth in a vast cavern where she weaves at two looms, with one hand she weaves life upward through the green grass and with the other she weaves death downward through the mold.

She is the serpent living in the depths of the fire of change, renewing herself in the heat of passion as the devouring Goddess bubbling up from the terrifying waters of callous deeds. A coiling, spiralling energy imprinting herself onto cold stone in the light of the moon.

She is in the barrow mounds, the rising hills, the stone chambers and the darkest woods, she is the circle of stone, the uneven path and the tormented chamber. She knows of no heaven or hell, higher or lower, but has tasted the succulent fruit of honeyed bliss; on islands created by women who know the secrets of healing and of entombed kings waiting.

She is betwixt night and day and life and death.

When you cross the bridge to meet her, fear can no longer exist. The cruel laughter and dark shadows of times before disappear into the abyss and the soul is freed forever.

She is Banba, high up in the mountains at the time of the flood, She is Banba, older than Noah, She is Banbha only known by Fintan mac Bóchra and this is where all story starts....

Chant : Ancient Mother, Connect us to the Earth, connect us to the soil, sea and sky x2
Banbha, Domnu, Dalny, Macha, Danu, Boann, Brigid, Cailleach, Tailtu, Corra, Nemhain,
Badb, Macha, Ériu, Banbha and Fódhla.

Eriu, Banba, Fodla, I invoke the land of Erin,
Fruitful be her seas, perpetually green her forest,
I feel her in my bones, I feel her in my blood.

Invocation to the Land

‘I invoke the land of Ireland, surging is the mighty sea,
Mighty is the upland full of meadows, full of meadows is the rainy wood,
Rainy is the river full of waterfalls, full of waterfalls is the spreading lake,
Spreading is the spring of multitudes, a multitude of people is the assembly,

The assembly of the King of Tara, Tara is a tower of tribes,
The tribes of the sun of Mil.
Warriors of ships, of vessels, Ireland is a mighty vessel,
Flourishing is Eber Donn, a very wise incantation, of the very wise wives of Bres,
Outcry of the wives of Buaigne, Ireland is a vast woman,
Eremon smote her, Ir and Eber entreated her.
I invoke the land of Ireland.'

Lebor Gabála Éirenn - Irishtexts society.

I honour the Earth Mother in her many forms as Banbha, Domnu, Dalny, Macha, Danu,
Boann, Brighid, Cailleach, Tailtu, Corra, Nemhain, Badb, Macha, Ériu, Banbha and Fódhla.
Blessed Be.

A taking of Ireland, a strength that was not weak, the Tuatha De Danann took it: the name of
the leader which they had, it was lucky, was Bethach, noble son of Iardaines.
The seven other chieftains thereafter, with splendour, with combat, they were powerful
against their firm conflict, the seven lofty great sons of Ethliu.

Dagda, Dian Cecht, Credne the wright, Luichne the carpenter, who was an enduring
plunderer, Nuada who was the silver- handed, Lugh mac Cein, Goibninn the smith.

The Tuatha De Dannann lived in the Northern Isles of the world, learning lore and magic and
druidism and wizardry and cunning, until they surpassed the sages of the arts of
heathendom. There were four cities in which they learnt lore and science and the diabolic
arts, to wit Falias and Gorias, Murias and Findias.

Out of Falias was brought the stone of Fal, which was used in Tara. It used to roar under
every King that would take the realm of Ireland. Out of Gorias was brought the spear that
Lugh had. No battle was ever won against it or him that held it in his hand. Out of Findias
was brought the sword of Nuada, when it was drawn from its deadly sheath, no one ever
escape from it, and it was irresistible. Out of Murias was brought the Dagda's cauldron. No
company ever went from it unthankful.

Four wizards there were in those four cities. Morfesa was in Falias: Esras was in Gorias:
Uscias was in Findias: Semias was in Murias.
Those are the four poets of whom the Tuatha De learnt lore and science.

I honour the seven sons of Ethliu: Dagda, Dian Cecht, Credne, Luichne, Nuada, Lugh and
Goibninn. Blessed Be

'On the nineteenth day of the moon, no faint memory, did the Fir Bolg take the palace of
Ireland; after them on the ninth day the Tuatha Dé Danann Took the outer seas.
But on the seventeenth day of the moon, without fail,
The Milesians landed in Ireland;
At Inber Scene of the sails
They took the shore on the seventeenth.'

The seven wives of Mil's sons, a bright honour!
I know the names of them all:
Tea, Fial, Fas- it is good to tell of them-
Liben, Odba, Scotá and Scene.'

Seven Queens guard the way, grey dark and mossy,
The dark tower, the feasting hall, beneath the hill of ancestors,
For truths not told, offerings not given, the way is barred,
A single rider, a white horse, a horn gathers the dead,
An entrance to Mannann's country of smooth dark rock,
Seven Queens guard the way of Tech Donn,
Tea, Fial, Fas Liben, Odba, Scotá and Scene,
Seven Queens guard the way of Donn Dumhach.

CH: Deep ancestors awaken, deep ancestors I honour you, Deep ancestors of blood and bone, Proud to be a part of you.

I honour the seven ancestral queens: Tea, Fial, Fas, Liben, Odba, Scotá and Scene. Blessed Be.

Berries to the berries the strong upholder put upon the ash of Tortiu. Three fruits upon it namely acorn, apple and nut, and when the first fruit fell another fruit used to grow. A great man, Trefuilynid Tre- ochair, the three-cornered strong upholder, a great hero, fair and mighty, approached us from the the west at sunset. We wondered greatly at the magnitude of his form. As high as a wood was the top of his shoulders, the sky and the sun visible between his legs. In his left hand stone tablets, in his right hand a branch with three fruits upon it and these were the five trees that grew from it:

Eo Mugna, great was the fair tree, High its top above the rest,
Thirty cubits it was no trifle,
That was the measure of its girth.
Three hundred cubits was the height of the blameless tree. Its shadow sheltered a thousand.
In secrecy it remained in the north and east
Until the time of Conn Ceadchathach.
A hundred score of warriors, no empty tale, Along with ten hundred and forty
Would that tree shelter, it was a fierce struggle, Until it was overthrown by the poets.

How fell the bough of Daithi?
It spent the strength of many a gentle hireling, An Ash, the tree of nimble hosts,
Its top bore no lasting yield.
The Ash of Tortiu, take count thereof, The Ash of populous Uisneach.
Their boughs fell, it was not amiss, In the time of Ead slane.

The ash of Tortiu, take count thereof,
The ash of populous Uisneach.

Their boughs fell, it was amiss, it was not amiss,
In the time of the Sons of Ead Slane.

The oak of Mugna, it was a hallowed treasure,
Nine hundred bushels was its bountiful yield,
It fell in Dairbre sothward,
Across Magh Ailbe of the cruel combats.

The Bole of Ross, a comely yew,
With abundance of broad timber,
The tree without hollow or flaw,
The stately bole, how did it fall?’
Let us honour Brighid, the foster mother of the tradition. Blessed Be
Let us honour Trefuilynid Tre- ochair the foster father who keeps the lore of the land.
Blessed Be
Through the Seanchaí of old Fintan mac Bochra. Blessed Be. Tuan mac Cairrel. Blessed Be
Let us honour the five sacred trees of Erin: Eo Mugna, the Bough of Daithi, Oak of Mugna
and the Bole of Ross. Blessed Be

Thou oak, bushy, leafy,
thou art high beyond trees;
O hazlet, little branching one,
O fragrance of hazel-nuts.

O alder, thou art not hostile,
delightful is thy hue,
thou art not rending and prickling
in the gap wherein thou art.

O little blackthorn, little thorny one;
O little black sloe-tree;
O watercress, little green-topped one,
from the brink of the spring.

O apple-tree, little apple-tree,
much art thou shaken;
O quicken, little berried one,
delightful is thy bloom.

O briar, little arched one,
thou grantest no fair terms,
thou ceasest not to tear me,
till thou hast thy fill of blood.

O yew-tree, little yew-tree,
in churchyards thou art conspicuous;
O ivy, little ivy,
thou art familiar in the dusky wood.

O holly, little sheltering one,
thou door against the wind;
O ash-tree, thou baleful one,
hand-weapon of a warrior.

O birch, smooth and blessed,
thou melodious, proud one,
delightful each entwining branch
in the top of thy crown.

The aspen a-trembling;
by turns I hear
its leaves a-racing--
me seems 'tis the foray!

My aversion in woods--
I conceal it not from anyone--
is the leafy stirk of an oak
swaying evermore.

Let us honour the twenty trees of the Ogham alphabet: Beithe, Luis, Fearn, Sail, Nion, Huath,
Duir, Tinne, Coll, Quert, Muin, Gort, Ngetal, Straiph, Ruis, Ailm, Onn, Ur, Eadhadh, Idhadh.
Blessed Be.

Above all else I honour the Earth, Sea and Sky. Blessed Be.

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