



Imbolc Chant

For a spring cleansing ritual



The Maiden comes to bring us light!
The Winter dies, and all is bright!
The frozen ground shall disappear -
And all shall sprout, for Spring is near!

Behold the threefold Goddess;
Maiden, Mother, and Crone;
She is one - yet She is three
Together and Alone.

Summer comes not without Spring
Without Summer, comes no Winter chill;
Without the Winter, Spring isn't born
The Three, life's cycles, fulfill!

With this besom filled with power
Sweep away the old and sour,
Sweep away the chill of death
As Winter draws its last cold breath,

Round, round, round about
Sweep the old and useless out!
Thus we melt the Winter!
And warm the breath of Spring!
We bid adieu to what is dead,
And greet each living thing.

Thus we banish Winter!
Thus we welcome Spring!



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