

Gabhaim Molta Bríghde

Praise To Brigid

Gabh - aim mol - ta Brigh - de, in - íon í le hÉir - eann;
in - íon le gach tír í, mo - lai - mís go leir í.

Gabhaim molta Bríghde, iníon í le hÉireann

[gaw-im molta breejya, inyeen ee leh herrin]

I give praise to Brigid, daughter of Ireland

Iníon le gach tír í, molaimís go léir í.

[Inyeen leh gakh tyeer ee, molameesh guh lyair ee.]

Daughter of all lands, let us praise her.

Lóchrann geal na Laighneach, soils' ar feadh na tíre

[lo-khran gyal nuh ly-nyakh, syl-shar fah nuh tyeera]

The bright torch of Leinster, shining across the country

Ceann ar óigheacht Éireann, ceann na mban ar míne.

[kyawn air o-yakht errin, kyawn nuh man ar meenya.]

The leader of Ireland's youth, leader of gentle women.

Tig an geimhreadh dian dubh, gearra lena géire

[Tyeeg unn gy-ruh jee-un doov, gyarra lena gyaira]

The house of winter is dark, cutting with its sharpness

Ach ar lá le Bríghde, gar dúinn Earrach Éireann.

[akh air law leh breejya, gar dwinn errakh errin.]

But on Brigid's Day, Spring in Ireland draws near to us.

Gabhaim molta Bríghde, iníon í le hÉireann

[gaw-am molta breejya, inyeen ee leh herrin]

I give praise to Brigid, daughter of Ireland

Iníon le gach tír í, molaimís go léir í.

[Inyeen leh gakh tyeer ee, molameesh guh lyair ee.]

Daughter of all lands, let us praise her.