

Erce, Erce, Erce, eorþan mōdor,

ġeunne þe se alwealda, ēce drihten,
æcera wexendra ond wrīdendra,
eācniendra ond elniendra,
sceafta hehra scira wæstma.
ond þāera brādan berewæstma, □
ond þāera hwītan hwætewæstma,
ond ealra eorþan wæstma.

Erce, Erce, Erce, eorþan mōdor,

Ġeunne him ēce drihten
ond his hāligē, þe on heofonum sint,
þæt his irþ sī ġefriþod wið ealra fēonda ġehwæne,
ond hēo sī ġeborgen wið ealra bealwa ġehwylc,
þāera lyblāca ġeond land sāwen.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Mother Earth!

May the all-wielder, the eternal lord, grant
Flowering fields in full bloom,
Fertile and flourishing,
Sturdy stems, bright bounty,
And broad barley crops,
And white wheat crops,
And all the earth's harvest.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Mother Earth!

May he, the eternal lord,
And his holy ones who dwell in heaven,
Fortify this earth to withstand all manner of foes,
And protect it against each and every evil
Poison-spell that may be sown upon the land.

Erce, Erce, Erce, eorþan mōdor,

Holy, Holy, Holy, Mother Earth!

Nū ic bidde þone waldend, se ðe ðas woruld ġescōp,

Now I pray to the lord, who created this world,

þæt ne sī nān tō þæs cwidol wīf

That neither the silver-tongued witch nor crafty
warlock

ne tō þæs cræftig man

þæt āwendan ne mæge word þus ġecweden.

May undo the chanting of these words.

Erce, Erce, Erce, eorþan mōdor,

Holy, Holy, Holy, Mother Earth!

Hāl wes þū, folde fira mōdor

Hail to the Earth, Mother of Mankind!

Bēo þū grōwende on godes fæþme,

May you be bountiful, in God's embrace;

fōdre ġefylled firum tō nytte.

filled with fruit and grain to nourish the people.