

# UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

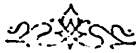
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## The Gaelic Tongue.

(Written for THE REVIEW.)



**T**his is the mystic language heard of old,  
In ancient Erin, when the enchanted Sidhe  
Danced to weird music over glen and lea :  
When Oisín's horn awakened hill and wold.

This is the tongue whose slogan thundered bold  
At famed Clontarf beside the ensanguined sea  
And scattered fear by Beal-an-atba-buidhe  
Where the fierce tide of Uladh's battle rolled !

Soft as the summer's breath o'er clover-fields  
Yet trenchant as the fabled "Sword of Liath :"  
The dread Cleev Solis\* that swift Oscar wields  
In Tir-na-n-og : — the high reward of might.  
Clear as the rays that flashed from Finian shields ;  
Wild-sweet as Fairy-music thro' the night.

\* Claidem Soluis.

Rev. James B. Dollard.