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## MO PEARLA AN MHUIR MHOR.\*

(Air: *Sawournen Deelish.*)

Written for the Gaelic Society of Ottawa University.

By REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD (Sliav-na-mou).



WEET Isle of my dreams, oh, my Pearl of the ocean

*Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn, O!*

I hail thee afar, oh my Queen of devotion,

*Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn O!*

Glorious thy story on History's pages,

Endless thy roll-call of Saints and of Sages,

Bright shines thy star thro' the wrack of the Ages,

*Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn, O!*

Lift up thy dear head, oh sad bride of Sorrow,

*Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor mo Erinn, O!*

The night mists shall shimmer in sunshine to-morrow,

*Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn, O!*

Face the proud nations, the noblest appearing ;

Scornful thy glance to the dull tyrants' jeering ;

Soon shalt thou reign, while his dark doom is nearing,

*Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn, O!*

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\* Pronounced - Mo fearla an wir wor. My Pearl of the Great-Sea, *i.e.* the ocean.