

"fhoshraith" chun beagnach gach rud nach dtuigeann siad a mhiniú. Déarfaidis gurab é an fáth go labhradh teanga eigin in Eirinn roimh teacht dona Gaeil, agus gan aon deilbhiocht na bhforainmeacha innti, ach deilbhiocht na n-ainmfhocail amhain. B'fheidir gur fíor an miniú sin, ach is é mo thuairimse nach gádh dhuinn dul chomh fada sior. Sa tSean-Ghaeilge, ni húsáideadh an forainm ina fhocal neamhspleach ach amháin i ndiaidh na copaile "is", mar shamplai: "ni fil nech and acht meisce móinur" Níl duine ar bith ann ach mise im aonair. "Is é dobeir log deit" Is é a thugas duais duit. De reir Pedersen, ni húsáidtear na forainmeacha mar shuibhiocht le haon bhriathar eile, mar shampla: "dobuir" tugaim, "dobir" tugann tú, "dobeir" tugann sé ná tugann sí, agus mar sin de. Ni haon iontas é sin, mar tá an rud chéanna le fail sa Nua-Ghaeilge ach amháin i gcás na treas pearsan san uatha, mar shampla: "bhios" in áit "bhi mé". Ach téann an sceal níos fuide leis an tSean-Ghaeilge; ni húsáidtear an forainm saor mar chuspóir an bhriathair freisin: "atomchi" chionn sé mé, "atotchi" chionn sé tú, "atci" chionn sé é, "ataci" chionn sé i, "atchi" chionn sé e (an rud), "atonci" chionn sé sinn, "atobci" chionn se sibh, agus "ataci" chionn sé iad.

Mar sin, is furaiste a rádh go ndeachaidh na foirmeacha sna tuisil eile in eag, blianta fada ó shoin, agus ní raibh fágta mar fhorainm shaor ach an forainm neamhspleach agus na forainmeacha "inmheanach", (m.s. "-m-" in "atomchi", agus nuair a chuaigh siadsan in éag, úsáid na bhforainmeacha neamhspleach a thog a n-áit.

Leabhra

Pedersen, "Vergleichende Grammatik der Keltischen Sprachen," Gottingen, 1913
Strachen, "Old-Irish Paradigms," revised by Bergin, Dublin, 1949

Naoise to Deirdre

Sonnet

For I have seen, O Deirdre, in your eyes
The beauty that has cried out in my breast,
Blending in majesty the earth and skies
Till all things were in one and all things blest.
Oh, I first saw it in the mystic flame
Ascending from the sacred druid fire,
And I bowed down my head and blushed in shame.
For I was touched of sparks of strange desire,
And in its quest I tracked the lands of Fail
Probing the sky when star-flamed music streamed,
In battle's maddening charge I heard its call,
And saw it blaze torch-like when broad swords gleamed.
And now though Connor's lust shall claim its toll,
We will not part, O twin branch of my soul!

--- Liam Fitzgibbon