

# Scáthach

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Endless their journey had seemed  
Slain, beaten, a defeat  
Exiled from the Scythian steppes they had been  
No retreat!

With four Roman legions hot on their trail  
Betrayed, beaten, a defeat  
Two sisters bound for revenge  
To Alba in strong gales they set sail

Young Aoife's lover wavered  
In a duel, fate would decide  
The Dacian prince challenged  
Two chariots would ride

No match for the queen  
The prince soon lay dead  
This deed of her sister  
Aoife would never forget

Mighty Scáthach,  
Scythian queen,  
Fierce Scáthach,  
I fight for thee

Oh listen to me now as I tell her tale

Mighty Scáthach,  
Scythian queen,  
Fierce Scáthach,  
I die for thee

Oh hear us now as we sing her tale

And in turn, I will teach  
The bravest of thee  
Who wants to join  
And once fight for me

For Rome will one day  
Feel the scorn  
Of a Scythian queen  
Named Scáthach

Now the Picts had been watching  
For the first time they saw  
They decided to worship  
A true goddess in awe

Come and live on this island  
The Picts now cried  
For we will ever defend  
On our land of shadows  
The Roman eagle  
Shall never descend!

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Oh hear me now as I sing her tale

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Fierce Scáthach,  
I die for thee

Oh listen to me now as I tell her tale

Mighty Scáthach,  
Scythian queen,  
Fierce Scáthach,  
We pray to thee

Oh hear us now as we sing her tale

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The bravest of thee  
Who wants to join  
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