

Shattering Swords

SuidAkrA

Awake, proud Cuchulainn,
From thy deep dark slumber,
Hear the sounds of war-horns
And of swords that are shattering
Awake, proud Cuchulainn,
Haste thee to the battle,
Hear Aoife's war-cries echoing
And the swords that she's shattering

Wielding mighty Dacian steel,
She stands victorious on the battlefield
No hero, nor Scáthach herself
Could ever hope to make her yield

For on this day, so many years ago,
It happened that her prince was slain
Driving his chariot and swinging his sword,
Now she seeks vengeance in his name

Slay, proud Cuchulainn,
Make her warriors bleed
Tides of war are turning
Three heroes at your feet
Now Aoife herself is charging
And your sword will soon be shattering

Three mighty blows the princess dealt
And with the fourth, the warrior fell
His weapon, broken off at the hilt,
Cuchulainn now would soon be killed

Yet, right before the final strike,
Aoife heard Scáthach's distant cry:
"Ah, look, Aoife's two horses and her chariot
They have fallen down the glen and have all perished"

As she paused to glance around,
Cuchulainn sprang up threw her to the ground,
"Life for life", Aoife suddenly cried
"Three demands to me", the hero replied:

"Give in to Scáthach,
Nor ever defy her again,
On this island you'll always remain,
Bear me a son,
Conlaoch be his name!"

To all this, Aoife agreed
For this brave man who had made her yield
Reminded her of her long lost love
And finally she found peace