

Gilded Oars

SuidAkra

In this small boat of bronze
I've set sail on a journey beyond
Towards a long destined fate

In my mind still echo the songs
My mother Aoife used to sing

Of her life in anger
The quest for revenge
Of Cuchulainn rising
Prevailed in the end
Of their bond of blood
The birth of their son
Named Conlaoch

Of the day the time had come
For my father to depart
To leave behind his blissful life
And break my mother's heart

Thus on that day my father spoke:

"This ring I give you for our child
As you raise him, train him well
Scáthach will teach the feats,
When he's old enough to wear my ring,
He must go out to seek his king

Yet, three geasa I will put on him:

First,
He should not give way
To any hero from this plane

Second,
He should never tell his name
Through fear to any warrior in this world

Third,
To any man, however strong
He should not refuse a fight

For the greatest warrior I want him to be,
Even mightier and more fierce than me."

And thus I was born and raised
Like my father once had imposed
With an iron hand I was trained
In Scáthach's feats of war

In my mind still echo the songs
My mother Aoife used to sing

Of her life in anger
The quest for revenge
Of Cuchulainn rising
Prevailed in the end

Of their bond of blood,
The birth of their son
Named Conlaoch

I am Conlaoch!

Then when I was old enough
For my thumb to fill the ring
Tears sprang from my mother's eyes
As I asked her one last time to sing
And wave me goodbye
As I forever left the Isle of Skye

So Erin, here I come
Cuchulainn's only son,
Rowing towards your sacred shores
In this small boat of bronze
With gilded oars