

## 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