

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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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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For Rome will one day
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