

# 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