

**Homer, The Odyssey**  
**Book 12<sup>1</sup>**

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But Circe, taking me by the hand, drew me away  
from all my shipmates there and sat me down  
and lying beside me probed me for details.  
I told her the whole story from start to finish,  
then the queenly goddess laid my course:  
“Your descent to the dead is over, true,  
but listen closely to what I tell you now  
and god himself will bring it back to mind.  
First you will raise the island of the Sirens,  
those creatures who spellbind any man alive,  
whoever comes their way. Whoever draws too close,  
off guard, and catches the Sirens’ voices in the air—  
no sailing home for him, no wife rising up to meet him,  
no happy children beaming up at their father’s face.  
The high, thrilling song of the Sirens will transfix him,  
lolling there in their meadow, round them heaps of corpses,  
rotting away, rags of skin shriveling on their bones.  
Race straight past that coast! Soften some beeswax  
and stop your shipmates’ ears so none can hear,  
none of the crew, but if *you* are bent on hearing,  
have them tie you hand and foot in the swift ship,  
erect at the mast block, lashed by ropes to the mast  
so you can hear the Sirens’ song to your heart’s content.  
But if you plead, commanding your men to set you free,  
then they must lash you faster, rope on rope.”

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At those words Dawn rose on her golden throne  
and lustrous Circe made her way back up the island.  
I went straight to my ship, commanding all hands  
to take to the decks and cast off cables quickly.  
They swung aboard at once, they sat to the oars in ranks  
and in rhythm churned the water white with stroke on stroke.  
And Circe the nymph with glossy braids, the awesome one  
who speaks with human voice, sent us a hard shipmate,  
yes, a fresh following wind ruffling up in our wake,

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<sup>1</sup> Courtesy of Viking Press, 1996; translated by Robert Fagles.

bellying out our sail to drive our blue prow on as we,  
securing the running gear from stem to stern, sat back  
while the wind and helmsmen kept her true on course.  
At last, and sore at heart, I told my shipmates,

“Friends, it’s wrong for only one or two  
to know the revelations that lovely Circe  
made to me alone. I’ll tell you all,  
so we can die with our eyes wide open now  
or escape our fate and certain death together.  
First, she warns, we must steer clear of the Sirens,  
their enchanting song, their meadow starred with flowers.  
I alone was to hear their voices, so she said,  
but you must bind me with tight chafing ropes  
so I cannot move a muscle, bound to the spot,  
erect at the mast-block, lashed by ropes to the mast.  
And if I plead, commanding you to set me free,  
then lash me faster, rope on pressing rope.”

So I informed my shipmates point by point,  
all the while our trim ship was speeding toward  
the Sirens’ island, driven on by the brisk wind.  
But then—the wind fell in an instant,  
all glazed to a dead calm,  
a mysterious power hushed the heaving swells.  
The oarsmen leapt to their feet, struck the sail,  
stowed it deep in the hold and sat to the oarlocks,  
thrashing with polished oars, frothing the water white.  
Now with a sharp sword I sliced an ample wheel of beeswax  
down into pieces, kneaded them in my two strong hands  
and the wax soon grew soft, worked by my strength  
and Helios’ burning rays, the sun at high noon,  
and I stopped the ears of my comrades one by one.  
They bound me hand and foot in the tight ship—  
erect at the mast-block, lashed by ropes to the mast—  
and rowed and churned the whitecaps stroke on stroke.  
We were just offshore as far as a man’s shout can carry,  
scudding close, when the Sirens sense at once a ship  
was racing past and burst into their high, thrilling song:  
“Come closer, famous Odysseus—Achaëa’s pride and glory—  
moor your ship on our coast so you can hear our song!  
Never has any sailor passed our shores in his black craft  
until he has heard the honeyed voices pouring from our lips,  
and once he hears to his heart’s content sails on, a wiser man.

We know all the pains that Achaeans and Trojans once endured  
on the spreading plain of Troy when the gods willed it so—  
all that comes to pass on the fertile earth, we know it all!”

So they sent their ravishing voices out across the air  
and the heart inside me throbbed to listen longer.  
I signaled the crew with frowns to set me free—  
they flung themselves at the oars and rowed on harder,  
Perimedes and Eurylochus springing up at once  
to bind me faster with rope on chafing rope.  
But once we’d left the Sirens fading in our wake,  
once we could hear their song no more, their urgent call—  
my steadfast crew was quick to remove the wax I’d used  
to seal their ears and loosed the bonds that lashed me.

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