

*request/*  
*Command*  
*rhapsody*  
Sing in me, Muse, and through me tell the story

of that man skilled in all ways of contending,

*winner*

the wanderer, harried for years on end,

after he plundered the stronghold

on the proud height of Troy.

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① He saw the townlands

② and learned the minds of many distant men,

③ and weathered many bitter nights and days

④ in his deep heart at sea, while he fought only

to save his life, to bring his shipmates home.

But not by will nor valor could he save them,

for their own recklessness destroyed them all—

children and fools, they killed and feasted on

the cattle of Lord Hêlios, the Sun,

and he who moves all day through heaven

took from their eyes the dawn of their return.

Of these adventures, Muse, daughter of Zeus,  
tell us in our time, lift the great song again.  
Begin when all the rest who left behind them  
headlong death in battle or at sea  
had long ago returned, while he alone still hungered  
for home and wife. Her ladyship Calypso  
clung to him in her sea-hollowed caves—  
a nymph, immortal and most beautiful,  
who craved him for her own.

And when long years and seasons  
wheeling brought around that point of time  
ordained for him to make his passage homeward,  
trials and dangers, even so, attended him  
even in Ithaca, near those he loved.

Yet all the gods had pitied Lord Odysseus,  
all but Poseidon, raging cold and rough  
against the brave king till he came ashore  
at last on his own land.



transliteration

OKHO

okno

