

Sailor Song

Margaret Atwood

Wendy Lanxner

The Penelopiad

♩ = 120 Fm

Ab

15 8

Oh, wi - ly O - dyss - eus, he set out from Troy With his

2 9 8

boat full of loot and his heart full of joy, For he was A-thene's own shi-ny-eyed boy_ With his

4 9 8 15 8

lies and his tricks and his thiev - ing! To the

6 15 8

Isle of the Dead then O - dyss - eus did stray Filled a

7

trench up with blood, held the spi - rits at bay, Till he

8 9 8

learned what Tei - re - sias the seer had to say, — O - dyss - eus the art - ful - lest

10 **A** 15 8

dod - ger! The Si ren's sweet sing - ing then next he did brave, They at -

12 9 8

tempt - ed to lure him to a fea - ther - y grave Whiletied to the mast he did rant and did rave, But O

14

dys - eus a - lone learned their rid - dle! The

16

whirl - pool Cha - ryb - dis did not our lad catch, Nor

17

snake - head - ed Scyl - la, she could not him snatch, Then he

18

ran the fell rocks that would grind you to scratch, For their clash - ing he gave — not a

20

B

pid - dle! We men did a bad turn a gainst his com - mand, When we

22

ate the Sun's cat - tle, they sure tast - ed grand, In a

23

storm we all per - ished but our cap - tain reached land, On the isle of the god - dess Ca

25

lyp - so Af - ter se - ven long years there of kis - sing and woo, He es -

27

capted on a raft that drove too and fro, Till fair

28

Nau-si-cao's maids that the laun-dry did do Found him bare on the beach he did

30

C

drip so! Then he told his ad-ven-tures and laid to his store A

32

hun - dred di - sas - ters and suf - ferings ga - lore, For

33

no one can tell what the Fates have in store, Not O - dyss-eus the mas - ter dis -

35

guis-er So a health to our Cap-tain, where e'er he may be, Whe-ther

37

wal-king the earth or a-drift on the sea, For he's not down in Ha-des, un-like all of

39

we And we leave you not a - ny the wi - ser!