

O'er both his temples shakes, and his swimming eyes,  
Faintly resisting, seals, with soft surprise.  
Scarcely his limbs in unexpected sleep  
Had he relaxed, but now immersèd deep,  
When, o'er him bending, he, with wrenchèd part  
Of poop and helm, the index of his art,  
Cast him forth headlong to the liquid wave  
Oft vainly calling on his friends to save.  
Himself swift flying rose into thin air.

The fleet no less, reft of a leader's care,  
Along the sea pursued its path secure,  
Guarded by father Neptune's promise sure.  
The Syrens' cliffs already so conveyèd  
It neared—dangerous at times and white o'erlaid  
With many bones, the rocks then wide forth gave  
The grumblings hoarse of the assiduous wave:—  
When the father felt the drifting ship to stray,  
Its master lost; and himself rules its way  
Through the night waters; moaning much at heart,  
And with his luckless friend grieved so to part.  
Too trustful, Palinurus, of the sky  
And sea calm, thou, on strange beach cast, shalt lie!