

1. Σειρήνες ἀδέτῳσαν, οὐδέν μοι μέλει·
οὐ κηρὸν ὥσιν, ἀλλὰ σαγίον μέγα
βαλῶ πρὸς ὦτα καὶ διαδράσω μέλη.

1. Let the Sirens sing — I do not care!
I will not put wax in my ears, but I will put a large *sagion*
Over my ears, and I will flee the songs.

2. ὦ φθέγμα κυκλώπειον, ἔρρου⁶ πρὸς πέτρας·
ἐν νοσιαῖς ᾄδουσιν ἀλλ' ἀηδόνες.

2. Oh, Cyclopean voice, away with you to the rocks!
In their nests, however, the nightingales sing.

3. Τὸ φῶς θεάσῃ τῆς ἐκεῖθεν ἡμέρας,
ἐν ὧσιν λάμπεις ἡλίου πολλῷ πλέον
τὸν Χριστὸν εὐρών καὶ τὸ φῶς τῆς Τριάδος.

3. You will see the light of yonder day,
And in your ears you will shine much more than the sun
Having found Christ and the light of the Triad.

4. Νείλου καταρράκται με βάλλοιεν πλέον
ἢ Νικολάου ῥήτορος μελωδίαι.

4. May the cascades of the Nile hit me more
Than the melodies of Nicholas the rhetor!

5. Ἐν νοσιαῖς, ὦ θαῦμα καὶ πάντων πλέον,
ὁ στρουθὸς οὗτος, ἀλλὰ παῖς Ἀλωάδων.

5. In the nests — what a marvel, surpassing everything! —
Is this creature, a sparrow but also a child of the *Aloadae*.

6. Ἄθριξ, ἀπώγων, καὶ βαρύγδουποι κτύποι·
ᾄδεις ἀληθῶς οἷα δέρμα τυμπάνου.

6. Bald, beardless, and loud-thundering bangs:
You truly sing like the skin of a kettle-drum.

7. Ὅρη, πέτραι, φάραγγες οὐ φέρουσί σε,
φεύγουσι θῆρες, δαίμονες φρίσσουσί σε,
οἱ δ' ἄγγελοι μισοῦσι· πῶς οἶσω μόνος
φωνὴν βιαίαν παντὸς ἐχθρὰν τοῦ βίου;

7. Mountains, rocks and gorges cannot bear you,
Animals flee from you, demons shiver at you,
Angels hate you; how can I alone then
Endure your violent voice, hostile to anything that lives?

⁶ So the manuscript, but Sola emends to ἔρρου.