



PROMETHEUS BOUND

AESCHYLUS

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BY
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Prometheus Bound By Aeschylus.

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IO

How dost thou know my father's name? Impart
To one like thee
A poor, distressful creature, who thou art.
Sorrow with me,
Sorrowful one! Tell me, whose voice proclaims
Things true and sad,
Naming by all their old, unhappy names,
What drove me mad-
Sick! Sick! ye Gods, with suffering ye have sent,
That clings and clings;
Wasting my lamp of life till it be spent!
Crazed with your stings!
Famished I come with trampling and with leaping,
Torment and shame,
To Hera's cruel wrath, her craft unsleeping,
Captive and tame
Of all wights woe-begone and fortune-crossed,
Oh, in the storm
Of the world's sorrow is there one so lost?
Speak, godlike form,
And be in this dark world my oracle I
Can'st thou not sift
The things to come? Hast thou no art to tell
What subtle shift,
Or sound of charming song shall make me well?
Hide naught of ill
But-if indeed thou knowest-prophecy-
In words that thrill
Clear-toned through air-what such a wretch as
Must yet abide-
The lost, lost maid that roams earth's kingdoms wide?

PROMETHEUS

What thou wouldst learn I will make clear to thee,
Not weaving subtleties, but simple sooth
Unfolding as the mouth should speak to friends.
I am Prometheus, giver of fire to mortals.

IO

Oh universal succour of mankind,
Sorrowful Prometheus, why art thou punished thus?

PROMETHEUS

I have but now ceased mourning for my griefs.

IO

Wilt thou not grant me then so small a boon?

PROMETHEUS

What is it thou dost ask? Thou shalt know all.

IO

Declare to me who chained thee in this gorge.

PROMETHEUS

The hest of Zeus, but 'twas Hephaestus' hand.

IO

But what transgression dost thou expiate?

PROMETHEUS

Let this suffice thee: thou shalt know no more.

IO

Nay, but the end of my long wandering
When shall it be? This too thou must declare.

PROMETHEUS

That it is better for thee not to know.

IO

Oh hide not from me what I have to suffer!

PROMETHEUS

Poor child! Poor child! I do not grudge the gift.

IO

Why then, art thou so slow to tell me all?

PROMETHEUS

It is not from unkindness; but I fear
'Twill break thy heart.

IO

Take thou no thought for me
Where thinking thwarteth heart's desire!

PROMETHEUS

So keen
To know thy sorrows! List I and thou shalt learn.

CHORUS

Not till thou hast indulged a wish of mine.
First let us hear the story of her grief
And she herself shall tell the woeful tale.
After, thy wisdom shall impart to her
The conflict yet to come.

PROMETHEUS

So be it, then.
And, lo, thus much courtesy thou owest
These maidens being thine own father's kin.
For with a moving story of our woes
To win a tear from weeping auditors
In nought demeans the teller.

IO

I know not
How fitly to refuse; and at your wish
All ye desire to know I will in plain,
Round terms set forth. And yet the telling of it
Harrows my soul; this winter's tale of wrong,
Of angry Gods and brute deformity,
And how and why on me these horrors swooped.
Always there were dreams visiting by night
The woman's chambers where I slept; and they
With flattering words admonished and cajoled me,
Saying, "O lucky one, so long a maid?

And what a match for thee if thou would'st wed
Why, pretty, here is Zeus as hot as hot-
Love-sick-to have thee! Such a bolt as thou
Hast shot clean through his heart And he won't rest
Till Cypris help him win thee! Lift not then,
My daughter, a proud foot to spurn the bed
Of Zeus: but get thee gone to meadow deep
By Lerna's marsh, where are thy father's flocks
And cattle-folds, that on the eye of Zeus
May fall the balm that shall assuage desire."
Such dreams oppressed me, troubling all my nights,
Woe's me! till I plucked courage up to tell
My father of these fears that walked in darkness.
And many times to Pytho and Dodona
He sent his sacred missioners, to inquire
How, or by deed or word, he might conform
To the high will and pleasure of the Gods.
And they returned with slippery oracles,
Nought plain, but all to baffle and perplex-
And then at last to Inachus there raught
A saying that flashed clear; the drift, that
Must be put out from home and country, forced
To be a wanderer at the ends of the earth,
A thing devote and dedicate; and if
I would not, there should fall a thunderbolt
From Zeus, with blinding flash, and utterly
Destroy my race. So spake the oracle
Of Loxias. In sorrow he obeyed,
And from beneath his roof drove forth his child
Grieving as he grieved, and from house and home
Bolted and barred me out. But the high hand
Of Zeus bear hardly on the rein of fate.
And, instantly-even in a moment-mind
And body suffered strange distortion. Horned
Even as ye see me now, and with sharp bite

Of gadfly pricked, with high-flung skip, stark-mad,
 I bounded, galloping headlong on, until
 I came to the sweet and of the stream
 Kerchneian, hard by Lerna's spring. And thither
 Argus, the giant herdsman, fierce and fell
 As a strong wine unmixed, with hateful cast
 Of all his cunning eyes upon the trail,
 Gave chase and tracked me down. And there he perished
 By violent and sudden doom surprised.
 But I with darting sting-the scorpion whip
 Of angry Gods-am lashed from land to land.
 Thou hast my story, and, if thou can'st tell
 What I have still to suffer, speak; but do not,
 Moved by compassion, with a lying tale
 Warm my cold heart; no sickness of the soul
 Is half so shameful as composed falsehoods.

CHORUS

Off! lost one! off! Horror, I cry!
 Horror and misery
 Was this the traveller's tale I craved to hear?
 Oh, that mine eyes should see
 A sight so ill to look upon! Ah me!
 Sorrow, defilement, haunting fear,
 Fan my blood cold,
 Stabbed with a two-edged sting!
 O Fate, Fate, Fate, tremblingly I behold
 The plight of Io, thine apportioning!

PROMETHEUS

Thou dost lament too soon, and art as one
 All fear. Refrain thyself till thou hast heard
 What's yet to be.

CHORUS

Speak and be our instructor:
 There is a kind of balm to the sick soul
 In certain knowledge of the grief to come.

PROMETHEUS

Your former wish I lightly granted ye:
 And ye have heard, even as ye desired,
 From this maid's lips the story of her sorrow.
 Now hear the sequel, the ensuing woes
 The damsel must endure from Hera's hate.
 And thou, O seed of Inachaeon loins,
 Weigh well my words, that thou may'st understand
 Thy journey's end. First towards the rising sun
 Turn hence, and traverse fields that ne'er felt plough
 Until thou reach the country of the Scyths,
 A race of wanderers handling the long-bow
 That shoots afar, and having their habitations
 Under the open sky in wattled cotes
 That move on wheels. Go not thou nigh to them,
 But ever within sound of the breaking waver,
 Pass through their land. And on the left of the
 The Chalybes, workers in iron, dwell.
 Beware of them, for they are savages,
 Who suffer not a stranger to come near.
 And thou shalt reach the river Hybristes,
 Well named. Cross not, for it is ill to cross,
 Until thou come even unto Caucasus,
 Highest of mountains, where the foaming river
 Blows all its volume from the summit ridge
 That o'ertops all. And that star-neighbour'd ridge
 Thy feet must climb; and, following the road
 That runneth south, thou presently shall reach

The Amazonian hosts that loathe the male,
 And shall one day remove from thence and found
 Themiscyra hard by Thermodon's stream,
 Where on the craggy Salmadessian coast
 Waves gnash their teeth, the maw of mariners
 And step-mother of ships. And they shall lead the
 Upon thy way, and with a right good will.
 Then shalt thou come to the Cimmerian Isthmus,
 Even at the pass and portals of the sea,
 And leaving it behind thee, stout of heart,
 Cross o'er the channel of Maeotis' lake.
 For ever famous among men shall be
 The story of thy crossing, and the strait
 Be called by a new name, the Bosphorus,
 In memory of thee. Then having left
 Europa's soil behind thee thou shalt come
 To the main land of Asia. What think ye?
 Is not the only ruler of the Gods
 A complete tyrant, violent to all,
 Respecting none? First, being himself a God,
 He burneth to enjoy a mortal maid,
 And then torments her with these wanderings.
 A sorry suitor for thy love, poor girl,
 A bitter wooing. Yet having heard so much
 Thou art not even in the overture
 And prelude of the song.

IO

Alas! Oh! Oh!

PROMETHEUS

Thou dost cryout, fetching again deep groans:
 What wilt thou do when thou hast heard in full
 The evils yet to come?

CHORUS

And wilt thou tell
 The maiden something further: some fresh sorrow?

PROMETHEUS

A stormy sea of wrong and ruining.

IO

What does it profit me to live! Oh, why
 Do I not throw myself from this rough crag
 And in one leap rid me of all my pain?
 Better to die at once than live, and all
 My days be evil.

PROMETHEUS

Thou would'st find it hard
 To bear what I must bear: for unto me
 It is not given to die,-a dear release
 From pain; but now of suffering there is
 No end in sight till Zeus shall fall.

IO

And shall
 Zeus fall? His power be taken from him?
 No matter when if true-

PROMETHEUS

'Twould make thee happy
Methinks, if thou could'st see calamity
Whelm him.

IO

How should it not when all my woes
Are of his sending? learn how
These things shall be.
The tyrant's rod?
And fond imaginings.

IO

But how? Oh, speak,
If the declaring draw no evil down I

PROMETHEUS

A marriage he shall make shall vex him sore.

IO

A marriage? Whether of gods or mortals?
Speak!
If this be utterable!

PROMETHEUS

Why dost thou ask
What I may not declare?

IO

And shall he quit
The throne of all the worlds, by a new spouse
Supplanted?

PROMETHEUS

She will bear to him a child,
And he shall be in might more excellent
Than his progenitor.

IO

And he will find
No way to parry this strong stroke of fate?

PROMETHEUS

None save my own self-when these bonds are loosed.

IO

And who shall loose them if Zeus wills not?
Of thine own seed.
How say'st thou? Shall a child
Of mine release thee?

PROMETHEUS

Son of thine, but son
The thirteenth generation shall beget.

IO

A prophecy oracularly dark.

PROMETHEUS

Then seek not thou to know thine own fate.

IO

Nay,
Tender me not a boon to snatch it from me.

PROMETHEUS

Of two gifts thou hast asked one shall be thine.

IO

What gifts? Pronounce and leave to me the choice.

PROMETHEUS

Nay, thou are free to choose. Say, therefore, whether
I shall declare to thee thy future woes
Or him who shall be my deliverer.

CHORUS

Nay, but let both be granted! Unto her
That which she chooseth, unto me my choice,
That I, too, may have honour from thy lips.
First unto her declare her wanderings,
And unto me him who shall set thee free;
'Tis that I long to know.

PROMETHEUS

I will resist
No further, but to your importunacy
All things which ye-desire to learn reveal.
And, lo, first to thee I will declare
Thy far-driven wanderings; write thou my words
In the retentive tablets of thy heart.
When thou hast crossed the flood that flows between
And is the boundary of two continents,
Turn to the sun's uprising, where he treads
Printing with fiery steps the eastern sky,
And from the roaring of the Pontic surge
Do thou pass on, until before thee lies
The Gorgonean plain, Kisthene called,
Where dwell the gray-haired three, the Phorcides,
Old, mumbling maids, swan-shaped, having one eye
Betwixt the three, and but a single tooth.
On them the sun with his brightbeams ne'er glanceth
Nor moon that lamps the night. Not far from them
The sisters three, the Gorgons, have their haunt;
Winged forms, with snaky locks, hateful to man,
Whom nothing mortal looking on can live.
Thus much that thou may'st have a care of these.
Now of another portent thou shalt hear.
Beware the dogs of Zeus that ne'er give tongue,
The sharp-beaked gryphons, and the one-eyed horde
Of Arimaspians, riding upon horses,
Who dwell around the river rolling gold,
The ferry and the frith of Pluto's port.
Go not thou nigh them. After thou shalt come
To a far land, a dark-skinned race, that dwell
Beside the fountains of the sun, whence flows
The river Ethiops: follow its banks
Until thou comest to the steep-down slope
Where from the Bibline mountains Nilus old
Pours the sweet waters of his holy stream.

And thou, the river guiding thee, shalt come
 To the three-sided, wedge-shaped land of Nile,
 Where for thyself, Io, and for thy children
 Long sojourn is appointed. If in aught
 My story seems to stammer and to er
 From indirectness, ask and ask again
 Till all be manifest. I do not lack
 For leisure, having more than well contents me

CHORUS

If there be aught that she must suffer yet,
 Or aught omitted in the narrative
 Of her long wanderings, I pray thee speak.
 But if thou hast told all, then grant the boon
 We asked and doubtless thou wilt call to mind.

PROMETHEUS

Nay, she has heard the last of her long journey.
 But, as some warrant for her patient hearing
 I will relate her former sufferings
 Ere she came hither. Much I will omit
 That had detained us else with long discourse
 And touch at once her journey's thus far goal.
 When thou wast come to the Molossian plain
 That lies about the high top of Dodona,
 Where is an oracle and shrine of Zeus
 Thesprotian, and portent past belief-
 The talking oaks, the same from whom the word
 Flashed clear and nothing questionably hailed the
 The destined spouse-ah! do I touch old wounds?-
 Of Zeus, honoured above thy sex; stung thence
 In torment, where the road runs by the sea,
 Thou cam'st to the broad gulf of Rhea, whence

Beat back by a strong wind, thou didst retrace
Most painfully thy course; and it shall be
That times to come in memory of thy passage
Shall call that inlet the Ionian Sea.
Thus much for thee in witness that my mind
Beholdeth more than that which leaps to light.
Now for the things to come; what I shall say
Concerns ye both alike. Return we then
And follow our old track. There is a city
Yclept Canobus, built at the land's end,
Even at the mouth and mounded silt of Nile,
And there shall Zeus restore to thee thy mind
With touch benign and laying on of hands.
And from that touch thou shalt conceive and bear
Swarth Epaphus, touch-born; and he shall reap
As much of earth as Nilus watereth
With his broad-flowing river. In descent
The fifth from him there shall come back to Argos,
Thine ancient home, but driven by hard hap,
Two score and ten maids, daughters of one house,
Fleeing pollution of unlawful marriage
With their next kin, who winged with wild desire,
As hawks that follow hard on cushat-doves,
Shall harry prey which they should not pursue
And hunt forbidden brides. But God shall be
Exceeding jealous for their chastity;
And old Pelasgia, for the mortal thrust
Of woman's hands and midnight murder done
Upon their new-wed lords, shall shelter them;
For every wife shall strike her husband down
Dipping a two-edged broadsword in his blood.
Oh, that mine enemies might wed such wives!
But of the fifty, one alone desire
Shall tame, as with the stroke of charming-wand,
So that she shall not lift her hands to slay

The partner of her bed; yea, melting love
 Shall blunt her sharp-set will, and she shall choose
 Rather to be called weak and womanly
 Than the dark stain of blood; and she shall be
 Mother of kings in Argos. 'Tis a tale
 Were't told in full, would occupy us long.
 For, of her sowing, there shall spring to fame
 The lion's whelp, the archer bold, whose bow
 Shall set me free. This is the oracle
 Themis, my ancient Mother, Titan-born,
 Disclosed to me; but how and in what wise
 Were long to tell, nor would it profit thee.

IO

Again they come, again
 The fury and the pain!
 The gangrened wound! The ache of pulses dinned
 With raging throes
 It beats upon my brain-the burning wind
 That madness blows!
 It pricks-the barb, the hook not forged with heat,
 The gadfly dart!
 Against my ribs with thud of trampling feet
 Hammers my heart!
 And like a bowling wheel mine eyeballs spin,
 And I am flung
 By fierce winds from my course, nor can rein in
 My frantic tongue
 That raves I know not what!-a random tide
 Of words-a froth
 Of muddied waters buffeting the wide,
 High-crested, hateful wave of ruin and God's wrath!
 Exit raving.

CHORUS

I hold him wise who first in his own mind
 This canon fixed and taught it to mankind:
 True marriage is the union that mates
 Equal with equal; not where wealth emasculates,
 Or mighty lineage is magnified,
 Should he who earns his bread look for a bride.
 Therefore, grave mistresses of fate, I pray
 That I may never live to see the day
 When Zeus takes me for his bedfellow; or
 Draw near in love to husband from on high.
 For I am full of fear when I behold
 Io, the maid no human love may fold,
 And her virginity disconsolate,
 Homeless and husbandless by Hera's hate.
 For me, when love is level, fear is far.
 May none of all the Gods that greater are
 Eve me with his unshunnable regard;
 For in that warfare victory is hard,
 And of that plenty cometh emptiness.
 What should befall me then I dare not guess;
 Nor whither I should flee that I might shun
 The craft and subtlety of Cronos' Son.

PROMETHEUS

I tell thee that the self-willed pride of Zeus
 Shall surely be abased; that even now
 He plots a marriage that shall hurl him forth
 Far out of sight of his imperial throne
 And kingly dignity. Then, in that hour,
 Shall be fulfilled, nor in one tittle fail,
 The curse wherewith his father Cronos cursed him,
 What time he fell from his majestic place

Established from of old. And such a stroke
 None of the Gods save me could turn aside.
 I know these things shall be and on what wise.
 Therefore let him secure him in his seat,
 And put his trust in airy noise, and swing
 His bright, two-handed, blazing thunderbolt,
 For these shall nothing stead him, nor avert
 Fall insupportable and glory humbled.
 A wrestler of such might he maketh ready
 For his own ruin; yea, a wonder, strong
 In strength unmatched; and he shall find
 Fire that shall set at naught the burning bolt
 And blasts more dreadful that o'er-crow the thunder.
 The pestilence that scourgeth the deep seas
 And shaketh solid earth, the three-pronged mace,
 Poseidon's spear, a mightier shall scatter;
 And when he stumbleth striking there his foot,
 Fallen on evil days, the tyrant's pride
 Shall measure all the miserable length
 That parts rule absolute from servitude.

CHORUS

Methinks the wish is father to the thought
 And whets thy railing tongue.

PROMETHEUS

Not so: the wish And the accomplishment go hand in hand.

CHORUS

Then must we look for one who shall supplant
 And reign instead of Zeus?
 Far, far more grievous shall bow down his neck.

CHORUS

Hast thou no fear venting such blasphemy?

PROMETHEUS

What should I fear who have no part nor lot
In doom of dying?

CHORUS

But he might afflict the
With agony more dreadful, pain beyond
These pains.

PROMETHEUS

Why let him if he will
All evils I foreknow.

CHORUS

Ah, they are wise
Who do obeisance, prostrate in the dust,
To the implacable, eternal Will.

PROMETHEUS

Go thou and worship; fold thy hands in prayer,
And be the dog that licks the foot of power!
Nothing care I for Zeus; yea, less than naught!
Let him do what he will, and sway the world
His little hour; he has not long to lord it
Among the Gods.
Oh here here runner comes

The upstart tyrant's lacquey! He'll bring news,
A message, never doubt it, from his master.

Enter HERMES.

Hermes. You, the sophisticated rogue, the heart of gall,
The renegade of heaven, to short-lived men
Purveyor of prerogatives and titles,
Fire-thief! Dost hear me? I've a word for thee.
Thou'rt to declare-this is the Father's pleasure
These marriage-feasts of thine, whereof thy tongue
Rattles a-pace, and by the which his greatness
Shall take a fall. And look you rede no riddles,
But tell the truth, in each particular
Exact. I am not to sweat for thee, Prometheus,
Upon a double journey. And thou seest
Zeus by thy dark defiance is not moved.

PROMETHEUS

A very solemn piece of insolence
Spoken like an underling of the Gods! Ye are young!
Ye are young! New come to power And ye suppose
Your towered citadel Calamity
Can never enter! Ah, and have not
Seen from those pinnacles a two-fold fall
Of tyrants? And the third, who his brief "now"
Of lordship arrogates, I shall see yet
By lapse most swift' most ignominious,
Sink to perdition. And dost thou suppose
I crouch and cower in reverence and awe
To Gods of yesterday? I fail of that
So much, the total all of space and time
Bulks in between. Take thyself hence and count
Thy toiling steps back by the way thou camest,
In nothing wiser for thy questionings.

HERMES

This is that former stubbornness of thine
That brought thee hither to foul anchorage.

PROMETHEUS

Mistake me not; I would not, if I might,
Change my misfortunes for thy vassalage.

HERMES

Oh! better be the vassal of this rock
Than born the trusty messenger of Zeus

PROMETHEUS

I answer insolence, as it deserves,
With insolence. How else should it be answered?

HERMES

Surely; and, being in trouble, it is plain
You revel in your plight.

PROMETHEUS

Revel, forsooth!
I would my enemies might hold such revels
And thou amongst the first.

HERMES

Dost thou blame me
For thy misfortunes?

PROMETHEUS

I hate all the Gods,
Because, having received good at my hands,
They have rewarded me with evil.
Proves thee stark mad!

HERMES

This proves thee stark mad!

PROMETHEUS

Mad as you please, if hating
Your enemies is madness

HERMES

Were all well
With thee, thou'dst be insufferable!

PROMETHEUS

Alas!

HERMES

Alas, that Zeus knows not that word, Alas!

PROMETHEUS

But ageing Time teacheth all knowledge.

HERMES

Time
 Hath not yet taught thy rash, imperious will
 Over wild impulse to win mastery.

PROMETHEUS

Nay: had Time taught me that, I had not stooped
 To bandy words with such a slave as thou.

HERMES

This, then, is all thine answer: thou'lt not
 One syllable of what our Father asks.

PROMETHEUS

Oh, that I were a debtor to his kindness!
 I would requite him to the uttermost!

HERMES

A cutting speech! You take me for a boy
 Whom you may taunt and tease.

PROMETHEUS

Why art thou not
 A boy-a very booby-to suppose
 Thou wilt get aught from me? There is no wrong
 However shameful, nor no shift of malice
 Whereby Zeus shall persuade me to unlock
 My lips until these shackles be cast loose.
 Therefore let lightning leap with smoke and flame,
 And all that is be beat and tossed together,
 With whirl of feathery snowflakes and loud crack

Of subterranean thunder; none of these
 Shall bend my will or force me to disclose
 By whom 'tis fated he shall fall from power.

HERMES

What good can come of this? Think yet again!

PROMETHEUS

I long ago have thought and long ago
 Determined.

HERMES

Patience! patience! thou rash fool
 Have so much patience as to school thy mind
 To a right judgment in thy present troubles.

PROMETHEUS

Lo, I am rockfast, and thy words are wave
 That weary me in vain. Let not the thought
 Enter thy mind, that I in awe of Zeus
 Shall change my nature for a girl's, or beg
 The Loathed beyond all loathing-with my hands
 Spread out in woman's fashion-to cast loose
 These bonds; from that I am utterly removed.

HERMES

I have talked much, yet further not my purpose;
 For thou art in no whit melted or moved
 By my prolonged entreaties: like a colt
 New to the harness thou dost back and Plunge.

Snap at thy bit and fight against the rein.
 And yet thy confidence is in a straw;
 For stubbornness, if one be in the wrong,
 Is in itself weaker than naught at all.
 See now, if thou wilt not obey my words,
 What storm, what triple-crested wave of woe
 Unshunnable shall come upon thee. First,
 This rocky chasm shall the Father split
 With earthquake thunder and his burning bolt,
 And he shall hide thy form, and thou shalt hang
 Bolt upright, dandled in the rock's rude arms.
 Nor till thou hast completed thy long term
 Shalt thou come back into the light; and then
 The hound of Zeus, the tawny eagle,
 Shall violently fall upon thy flesh
 And rend it as 'twere rags; and every day
 And all day long shall thine unbidden guest
 Sit at thy table, feasting on thy liver
 Till he hath gnawn it black. Look for no term
 To such an agony till there stand forth
 Among the Gods one who shall take upon him
 Thy sufferings and consent to enter hell
 Far from the light of Sun, yea, the deep pit
 And mirk of Tartarus, for thee. Be advised;
 This is not stuffed speech framed to frighten the
 But woeful truth. For Zeus knows not to lie

CHORUS

To our mind
 The words of Hermes fail not of the mark.
 For he enjoins thee to let self-will go
 And follow after prudent counsels. Him
 Harken; for error in the wise is shame.

PROMETHEUS

These are stale tidings I foreknew;
 Therefore, since suffering is the due
 A foe must pay his foes,
 Let curled lightnings clasp and clash
 And close upon my limbs: loud crash
 The thunder, and fierce throes
 Of savage winds convulse calm air:
 The embowelled blast earth's roots uptear
 And toss beyond its bars,
 The rough surge, till the roaring deep
 In one devouring deluge sweep
 The pathway of the stars
 Finally, let him fling my form
 Down whirling gulfs, the central storm
 Of being; let me lie
 Plunged in the black Tartarean gloom;
 Yet-yet-his sentence shall not doom
 This deathless self to die!

HERMES

These are the workings of a brain
 More than a little touched; the vein
 Of voluble ecstasy!
 Surely he wandereth from the way,
 His reason lost, who thus can pray
 A mouthing mad man he!
 Therefore, O ye who court his fate,
 Rash mourners-ere it be too late
 And ye indeed are sad
 For vengeance spurring hither fast-
 Hence! lest the bellowing thunderblast
 Like him should strike you mad I

CHORUS

Words which might work persuasion speak
 If thou must counsel me; nor seek
 Thus, like a stream in spate,
 To uproot mine honour. Dost thou dare
 Urge me to baseness! I will bear
 With him all blows of fate;
 For false forsakers I despise;
 At treachery my gorge doth rise:
 I spew it forth with hate!

HERMES

Only-with ruin on your track-
 Rail not at fortune; but look back
 And these my words recall;
 Neither blame Zeus that he hath sent
 Sorrow no warning word forewent!
 Ye labour for your fall
 With your own hands I Not by surprise
 Nor yet by stealth, but with clear eyes,
 Knowing the thing ye do,
 Ye walk into the yawning net
 That for the feet of is set
 And Ruin spreads for you.

Exit.

PROMETHEUS

The time is past for words; earth quakes
 Sensibly: hark! pent thunder rakes
 The depths, with bellowing din
 Of echoes rolling ever nigher:

Lightnings shake out their locks of fire;
The dust cones dance and spin;
The skipping winds, as if possessed
By faction-north, south, east and west,
Puff at each other; sea
And sky are shook together: Lo
The swing and fury of the blow
Wherewith Zeus smiteth me
Sweepeth apace, and, visibly,
To strike my heart with fear. See, see,
Earth, awful Mother! Air,
That shedd'st from the revolving sky
On all the light they see thee by,
What bitter wrongs I bear!

The scene closes with earthquake and thunder, in the midst of
which **PROMETHEUS** and the DAUGHTERS OF **OCEANUS** sink into the abyss.

THE END
