

**CHARACTERS**

*Might*

*Violence (muta persona)*

*Hephaestus*

*Prometheus*

*Oceanos*

*Io*

*Hermes*

*Chorus of daughters of Oceanos*

**PROMETHEUS BOUND**

*SCENE: A bare and desolate crag in the Caucasus. Enter Might and Violence, demons, servants of Zeus, and Hephaestus, the smith.*

*Might*

This is the world's limit that we have come to; this is the Scythian country, an untrodden desolation. Hephaestus, it is you that must heed the commands the Father laid upon you to nail this malefactor to the high craggy rocks in fetters unbreakable of adamantine chain. For it was your flower, the brightness of fire that devises all, that he stole and gave to mortal men; this is the sin for which he must pay the Gods the penalty—that he may learn to endure 10 and like the sovereignty of Zeus and quit his man-loving disposition.

*Hephaestus*

Might and Violence, in you the command of Zeus has its perfect fulfilment: in you there is nothing to stand in its way. But, for myself, I have not the heart to bind violently a God who is my kin here on this wintry cliff. Yet there is constraint upon me to have the heart for just that, for it is a dangerous thing to treat the Father's words lightly.

High-contriving Son of Themis of Straight Counsel: this is not of your will nor of mine; yet I shall nail you in bonds of indissoluble bronze on this crag far from men. Here you shall hear no voice 20 of mortal; here you shall see no form of mortal. You shall be grilled by the sun's bright fire and change the fair bloom of your skin. You shall be glad when Night comes with her mantle of stars and hides the sun's light; but the sun shall scatter the hoarfrost again at dawn. Always the grievous burden of your torture

will be there to wear you down; for he that shall cause it to cease has yet to be born.

Such is the reward you reap of your man-loving disposition. For you, a God, feared not the anger of the Gods, but gave honors to mortals beyond what was just. Wherefore you shall mount guard on this unlovely rock, upright, sleepless, not bending the knee. Many a groan and many a lamentation you shall utter, but they shall not serve you. For the mind of Zeus is hard to soften with prayer and every ruler is harsh whose rule is new. 30

*Might*

Come, why are you holding back? Why are you pitying in vain? Why is it that you do not hate a God whom the Gods hate most of all? Why do you not hate him, since it was your honor that he betrayed to men?

*Hephaestus*

Our kinship has strange power; that, and our life together.

*Might*

Yes. But to turn a deaf ear to the Father's words—how can that be? Do you not fear that more? 40

*Hephaestus*

You are always pitiless, always full of ruthlessness.

*Might*

There is no good singing dirges over him. Do not labor uselessly at what helps not at all.

*Hephaestus*

O handicraft of mine—that I deeply hate!

*Might*

Why do you hate it? To speak simply, your craft is in no way the author of his present troubles.

*Hephaestus*

Yet would another had had this craft allotted to him.

*Might*

There is nothing without discomfort except the overlordship of the Gods. For only Zeus is free. 50

*Hephaestus*

I know. I have no answer to this.

*Might*

Hurry now. Throw the chain around him that the Father may not look upon your tarrying.

*Hephaestus*

There are the fetters, there: you can see them.

*Might*

Put them on his hands: strong, now with the hammer: strike. Nail him to the rock.

*Hephaestus*

It is being done now. I am not idling at my work.

*Might*

Hammer it more; put in the wedge; leave it loose nowhere. He's a cunning fellow at finding a way even out of hopeless difficulties.

*Hephaestus*

Look now, his arm is fixed immovably! 60

*Might*

Nail the other safe, that he may learn, for all his cleverness, that he is duller witted than Zeus.

*Hephaestus*

No one, save Prometheus, can justly blame me.

*Might*

Drive the obstinate jaw of the adamantine wedge right through his breast: drive it hard.

*Hephaestus*

Alas, Prometheus, I groan for your sufferings.

*Might*

Are you pitying again? Are you groaning for the enemies of Zeus? Have a care, lest some day you may be pitying yourself.

*Hephaestus*

You see a sight that hurts the eye.

*Might*

I see this rascal getting his deserts. Throw the girth around his sides. 70

*Hephaestus*

I am forced to do this; do not keep urging me.

*Might*

Yes, I will urge you, and hound you on as well. Get below now, and hoop his legs in strongly.

*Hephaestus*

There now, the task is done. It has not taken long.

*Might*

Hammer the piercing fetters with all your power, for the Overseer of our work is severe.

*Hephaestus*

Your looks and the refrain of your tongue are alike.

*Might*

You can be softhearted. But do not blame my stubbornness and harshness of temper. 80

*Hephaestus*

Let us go. He has the harness on his limbs.

*Might (to Prometheus)*

Now, play the insolent; now, plunder the Gods' privileges and give them to creatures of a day. What drop of your sufferings can mortals spare you? The Gods named you wrongly when they called you Forethought; you yourself need Forethought to extricate yourself from this contrivance.

*(Prometheus is left alone on the rock.)*

*Prometheus*

Bright light, swift-winged winds, springs of the rivers, numberless

laughter of the sea's waves, earth, mother of all, and the all-seeing 90  
circle of the sun: I call upon you to see what I, a God, suffer  
at the hands of Gods—

see with what kind of torture  
worn down I shall wrestle ten thousand  
years of time—

such is the spiteful bond that the Prince  
has devised against me, the new Prince  
of the Blessed Ones. Oh woe is me!

I groan for the present sorrow,  
I groan for the sorrow to come, I groan  
questioning when there shall come a time  
when He shall ordain a limit to my sufferings.  
What am I saying? I have known all before, 100  
all that shall be, and clearly known; to me,  
nothing that hurts shall come with a new face.

So must I bear, as lightly as I can,  
the destiny that fate has given me;  
for I know well against necessity,  
against its strength, no one can fight and win.

I cannot speak about my fortune, cannot  
hold my tongue either. It was mortal man  
to whom I gave great privileges and  
for that was yoked in this unyielding harness.

I hunted out the secret spring of fire  
that filled the narthex stem, which when revealed 110  
became the teacher of each craft to men,  
a great resource. This is the sin committed  
for which I stand accountant, and I pay  
nailed in my chains under the open sky.

Ah! Ah!

What sound, what sightless smell approaches me,

God sent, or mortal, or mingled?  
 Has it come to earth's end  
 to look on my sufferings,  
 or what does it wish?  
 You see me a wretched God in chains,  
 the enemy of Zeus, hated of all  
 the Gods that enter Zeus's palace hall,  
 because of my excessive love for Man.  
 What is that? The rustle  
 of birds' wings near? The air whispers  
 with the gentle strokes of wings.  
 Everything that comes toward me is occasion for fear.

120

*(The Chorus, composed of the daughters of Oceanos, enters,  
 the members wearing some formalized representation of  
 wings, so that their general appearance is birdlike.)*

*Chorus*

Fear not: this is a company of friends  
 that comes to your mountain with swift  
 rivalry of wings.  
 Hardly have we persuaded our Father's  
 mind, and the quick-bearing winds  
 speeded us hither. The sound  
 of stroke of bronze rang through our cavern  
 in its depths and it shook from us  
 shamefaced modesty; unsandaled  
 we have hastened on our chariot of wings.

130

*Prometheus*

Alas, children of teeming Tethys and of him  
 who encircles all the world with stream unsleeping,  
 Father Ocean,  
 look, see with what chains  
 I am nailed on the craggy heights  
 of this gully to keep a watch  
 that none would envy me.

140

*Chorus*

I see, Prometheus: and a mist of fear and tears  
 besets my eyes as I see your form  
 wasting away on these cliffs  
 in adamantine bonds of bitter shame.  
 For new are the steersmen that rule Olympus:  
 and new are the customs by which Zeus rules,  
 customs that have no law to them,  
 but what was great before he brings to nothingness.

150

*Prometheus*

Would that he had hurled me  
 underneath the earth and underneath  
 the House of Hades, host to the dead—  
 yes, down to limitless Tartarus,  
 yes, though he bound me cruelly  
 in chains unbreakable,  
 so neither God nor any other being  
 might have found joy in gloating over me.  
 Now as I hang, the plaything of the winds,  
 my enemies can laugh at what I suffer.

*Chorus*

Who of the Gods is so hard of heart  
 that he finds joy in this?  
 Who is that that does not feel  
 sorrow answering your pain—  
 save only Zeus? For he malignantly,  
 always cherishing a mind  
 that bends not, has subdued the breed  
 of Ouranos, nor shall he cease  
 until he satisfies his heart,  
 or someone take the rule from him—that hard-to-capture rule—  
 by some device of subtlety.

160

*Prometheus*

Yes, there shall come a day for me  
 when he shall need me, me that now am tortured

in bonds and fetters—he shall need me then,  
this president of the Blessed—  
to show the new plot whereby he may be spoiled  
of his throne and his power.  
Then not with honeyed tongues  
of persuasion shall he enchant me;  
he shall not cow me with his threats  
to tell him what I know,  
until he free me from my cruel chains  
and pay me recompense for what I suffer.

170

*Chorus*

You are stout of heart, unyielding  
to the bitterness of pain.  
You are free of tongue, too free.  
It is my mind that piercing fear has fluttered;  
your misfortunes frighten me.  
Where and when is it fated  
to see you reach the term, to see you reach  
the harbor free of trouble at the last?  
A disposition none can win, a heart  
that no persuasions soften—these are his,  
the Son of Kronos.

180

*Prometheus*

I know that he is savage: and his justice  
a thing he keeps by his own standard: still  
that will of his shall melt to softness yet  
when he is broken in the way I know,  
and though his temper now is oaken hard  
it shall be softened: hastily he'll come  
to meet my haste, to join in amity  
and union with me—one day he shall come.

190

*Chorus*

Reveal it all to us; tell us the story,  
on what charges Zeus has laid hold on you

and tortures you so cruelly, with dishonor.  
Instruct us if the telling will not harm you.

*Prometheus*

To speak of this is bitterness. To keep silent  
bitter no less; and every way is misery.

200

When first the Gods began their angry quarrel,  
and God matched God in rising faction, some  
eager to drive old Kronos from his throne  
that Zeus might rule—the fools!—others again  
earnest that Zeus might never be their king—  
I then with the best counsel tried to win  
the Titans, sons of Ouranos and Earth,  
but failed. They would have none of crafty schemes  
and in their savage arrogance of spirit  
thought they would lord it easily by force.  
But she that was my mother, Themis, Earth—  
she is but one although her names are many—  
had prophesied to me how it should be,  
even how the fates decreed it: and she said  
that “not by strength nor overmastering force  
the fates allowed the conquerors to conquer  
but by guile only”: This is what I told them,  
but they would not vouchsafe a glance at me.  
Then with those things before me it seemed best  
to take my mother and join Zeus's side:  
he was as willing as we were:  
thanks to my plans the dark receptacle  
of Tartarus conceals the ancient Kronos,  
him and his allies. These were the services  
I rendered to this tyrant and these pains  
the payment he has given me in requital.  
This is a sickness rooted and inherent  
in the nature of a tyranny:  
that he that holds it does not trust his friends.

210

220

But you have asked on what particular  
charge he now tortures me: this I will tell you.  
As soon as he ascended to the throne  
that was his father's, straightway he assigned  
to the several Gods their several privileges  
and portioned out the power, but to the unhappy  
breed of mankind he gave no heed, intending  
to blot the race out and create a new.  
Against these plans none stood save I: I dared.  
I rescued men from shattering destruction  
that would have carried them to Hades' house;  
and therefore I am tortured on this rock,  
a bitterness to suffer, and a pain  
to pitiful eyes. I gave to mortal man  
a precedence over myself in pity: I  
can win no pity: pitiless is he  
that thus chastises me, a spectacle  
bringing dishonor on the name of Zeus.

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*Chorus*

Of iron mind he must be, must be made of stone  
who does not sympathize, Prometheus, with your sufferings.  
Myself, I would not have chosen to look on them;  
now that I do, my heart is full of pain.

*Prometheus*

Yes, to my friends the sight is pitiable.

*Chorus*

Did you perhaps go further than you have told us?

*Prometheus*

Yes, I stopped mortals from foreseeing doom.

250

*Chorus*

What cure did you discover for that sickness?

*Prometheus*

I sowed in them blind hopes.

*Chorus*

That was a great help that you gave to men.

*Prometheus*

Besides, I myself gave them fire.

*Chorus*

Do now creatures of a day own bright-faced fire?

*Prometheus*

Yes and from it they shall learn many crafts.

*Chorus*

So it was on such charges as this that Zeus—

*Prometheus*

Tortures me, gives me no respite from my pains.

*Chorus*

Is there no term prescribed for your suffering?

*Prometheus*

None save when it seems good to Zeus himself.

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*Chorus*

How shall it seem good? What hope is there? Do you not see  
that you were wrong? How you have been wrong, it is not  
a pleasure for me to say, and pain for you.  
Let us let all this be; seek some deliverance  
out of your trial.

*Prometheus*

It is an easy thing for one whose foot  
is on the outside of calamity  
to give advice and to rebuke the sufferer.  
I have known all that you have said: I knew,  
I knew when I transgressed nor will deny it.  
In helping man I brought my troubles on me;  
but yet I did not think that with such tortures  
I should be wasted on these airy cliffs,  
this lonely mountain top, with no one near.  
But do not sorrow for my present suffering;  
alight on earth and hear what is to come  
that you may know the whole complete: I beg you

270

alight and join your sorrow with mine: misfortune  
wandering the same track lights now upon one  
and now upon another.

*Chorus*

Willing our ears,  
that hear you cry to them, Prometheus. 280  
Now with light foot I leave the rushing car  
and sky, the holy path of birds, and light  
upon this jutting rock: I long  
to hear your story to the end.

*(Enter Oceanos, riding on a hippocamp, or sea monster.)*

*Oceanos*

I come  
on a long journey, speeding past the boundaries,  
to visit you, Prometheus: with the mind  
alone, no bridle needed, I direct  
my swift-winged bird; my heart is sore  
for your misfortunes; you know that. I think 290  
that it is kinship makes me feel them so.  
Besides, apart from kinship, there is no one  
I hold in higher estimation: that  
you soon shall know and know beside that in me  
there is no mere word-kindness: tell me  
how I can help you, and you will never say  
that you have any friend more loyal to you  
than Oceanos.

*Prometheus*

What do I see? Have you, too, come to gape 300  
in wonder at this great display, my torture?  
How did you have the courage to come here  
to this land, this Iron Mother, leaving the stream  
called after you and the rock-roofed, self-established  
caverns? Was it to feast your eyes upon  
the spectacle of my suffering and join  
in pity for my pain? Now look and see

the sight, this friend of Zeus, that helped set up  
his tyranny, and see what agonies  
twist me, by his instructions!

*Oceanos*

Yes, I see,  
Prometheus, and I want, indeed I do,  
to advise you for the best, for all your cleverness. 310  
Know yourself and reform your ways to new ways,  
for new is he that rules among the Gods.  
But if you throw about such angry words,  
words that are whetted swords, soon Zeus will hear you,  
even though his seat in glory is far removed,  
and then your present multitude of pains  
will seem like child's play. My poor friend, give up  
this angry mood of yours and look for means  
of getting yourself free of trouble. Maybe  
what I say seems to you both old and commonplace; 320  
but this is what you pay, Prometheus, for  
that tongue of yours which talked so high and haughty:  
you are not yet humble, still you do not yield  
to your misfortunes, and you wish, indeed,  
to add some more to them; now, if you follow  
me as a schoolmaster you will not kick  
against the pricks, seeing that he, the King,  
that rules alone, is harsh and sends accounts  
to no one's audit for the deeds he does.  
Now I will go and try if I can free you:  
do you be quiet, do not talk so much.  
Since your mind is so subtle, don't you know 330  
that a vain tongue is subject to correction?

*Prometheus*

I envy you, that you stand clear of blame,  
yet shared and dared in everything with me!  
Now let me be, and have no care for me.  
Do what you will, Him you will not persuade;

He is not easily won over: look,  
take care lest coming here to me should hurt you.

*Oceanos*

You are by nature better at advising  
others than yourself. I take my cue  
from deeds, not words. Do not withhold me now  
when I am eager to go to Zeus. I'm sure,  
I'm sure that he will grant this favor to me,  
to free you from your chains.

340

*Prometheus*

I thank you and will never cease; for loyalty  
is not what you are wanting in. Don't trouble,  
for you will trouble to no purpose, and no help  
to me—if it so be you want to trouble.

No, rest yourself, keep away from this thing;  
because I am unlucky I would not,  
for that, have everyone unlucky too.

No, for my heart is sore already when  
I think about my brothers' fortunes—Atlas,  
who stands to westward of the world, supporting  
the pillar of earth and heaven on his shoulders,  
a load that suits no shoulders; and the earthborn  
dweller in caves Cilician, whom I saw  
and pitied, hundred-headed, dreadful monster,  
fierce Typho, conquered and brought low by force.  
Once against all the Gods he stood, opposing,  
hissing out terror from his grim jaws; his eyes  
flashed gorgon glaring lightning as he thought  
to sack the sovereign tyranny of Zeus;  
but upon him came the unsleeping bolt  
of Zeus, the lightning-breathing flame, down rushing,  
which cast him from his high aspiring boast.  
Struck to the heart, his strength was blasted dead  
and burnt to ashes; now a sprawling mass  
useless he lies, hard by the narrow seaway

350

360

pressed down beneath the roots of Aetna: high  
above him on the mountain peak the smith  
Hephaestus works at the anvil. Yet one day  
there shall burst out rivers of fire, devouring  
with savage jaws the fertile, level plains  
of Sicily of the fair fruits; such boiling wrath  
with weapons of fire-breathing surf, a fiery  
unapproachable torrent, shall Typho vomit,  
though Zeus's lightning left him but a cinder.  
But all of this you know: you do not need me  
to be your schoolmaster: reassure yourself  
as you know how: this cup I shall drain myself  
till the high mind of Zeus shall cease from anger.

370

*Oceanos*

Do you not know, Prometheus,  
that words are doctors for a diseased temper?

380

*Prometheus*

Yes, if in season due one soothes the heart,  
not violently reduces the swelling temper.

*Oceanos*

In loyalty to you and courage to show it  
what penalty do you see for me? Now tell me.

*Prometheus*

Only futile effort and a silly good nature.

*Oceanos*

Suffer me to be sick of this complaint,  
for it is best for wise ones to seem foolish.

*Prometheus*

The fault will seem to be mine if you do this.

*Oceanos*

It is clear your words would send me home again.

*Prometheus*

Yes, for lamenting now will lead to enmity.

390



*Oceanos*

With him that now sits on the throne of power?

*Prometheus*

His is a heart take heed you never vex.

*Oceanos*

Your own misfortune, Prometheus, is my teacher.

*Prometheus*

Off with you, then! Begone! Keep your present mind.

*Oceanos*

These words of yours reach one who is ready to go.  
For my four-footed bird already paws  
the level track of heaven with his wings  
and gladly will he bend his knee  
in his home stable.

*Chorus*

STROPHE

I cry aloud, Prometheus, and lament your bitter fate.  
My tender eyes are trickling tears:  
their fountains wet my cheek.

400

This is a tyrant's deed; this is unlovely,  
a thing done by a tyrant's private laws,  
and with this thing Zeus shows his haughtiness  
of temper toward the Gods that were of old.

ANTISTROPHE

Now all the earth has cried aloud, lamenting:  
now all that was magnificent of old  
laments your fall, laments your brethren's fall—  
as many as in holy Asia hold  
their stablished habitation, all lament  
in sympathy for your most grievous woes.

410

STROPHE

Dwellers in the land of Colchis,  
maidens fearless in the fight,

and the host of Scythia, living  
round the lake Maeotis, living  
on the edges of the world.

ANTISTROPHE

And Arabia's flower of warriors  
and the craggy fortress keepers  
near Caucasian mountains, fighters  
terrible, crying for battle,  
brandishing sharp pointed spears.

420

STROPHE

One God and one God only I have seen  
before this day, in torture and in bonds  
unbreakable: he was a Titan,  
Atlas, whose strength and might  
ever exceeded; now he bends his back  
and groans beneath the load of earth and heaven.

430

ANTISTROPHE

The wave cries out as it breaks into surf;  
the depth cries out, lamenting you; the dark  
Hades, the hollow underneath the world,  
sullenly groans below; the springs  
of sacred flowing rivers all lament  
the pain and pity of your suffering.

*Prometheus*

Do not think from pride and stubbornness I am silent.  
In self awareness my heart is eaten away  
to see myself insulted as I am.

Yet to these new gods who but I assigned  
their privileges of honor in full completion?  
Of all that I say nothing, for I would speak  
to you who know it. But man's tribulation,  
that I would have you hear—how I found them mindless  
and gave them minds, made them masters of their wits.  
I will tell you this not as reproaching man,

440

but to set forth the goodwill of my gifts.  
 First they had eyes but had no eyes to see,  
 and ears but heard not. Like shapes within a dream  
 they dragged through their long lives and muddled all,  
 haphazardly. They knew not how to build 450  
 brick houses to face the sun, nor work in wood.  
 They lived beneath the earth like swarming ants  
 in sunless caves. They had no certain mark  
 of winter nor of flowery spring nor summer,  
 with its crops, but did all this without intelligence  
 until it was I that showed them—yes, it was I—  
 stars' risings and their settings hard to judge.  
 And numbering as well, preeminent  
 of subtle devices, and letter combinations  
 that hold all in memory, the Muses' mother skilled in craft, 460  
 I found for them. I was the first to yoke  
 beasts to be slave to the traces, and with their bodies  
 to be man's substitute in the hardest work. I harnessed  
 to the carriage horses obedient to the rein,  
 the crowning glory of the rich man's luxury.  
 And carriages that wander on the sea,  
 the ships sail-winged, who else but I invented?  
 Such, to my sorrow, were the devices which  
 I found for men, but have no clever means  
 to rid myself of the afflictions now oppressing me. 470

*Chorus*

You have suffered terribly. Bewildered in your mind  
 you are astray, and like a bad doctor who  
 has fallen sick, you have lost heart not finding  
 by what drugs your own disease is curable.

*Prometheus*

If you hear the rest, you will marvel even more  
 at what crafts and what resources I contrived.  
 Greatest was this: when one of mankind was sick,

there was no defense for him—neither healing food  
 nor drink nor unguent; for lack of drugs they wasted,  
 until I showed them blendings of mild simples  
 with which they drive away all kinds of sickness. 480  
 The many ways of prophesying I charted;  
 I was the one who first judged what out of dreams  
 came truly real; and for mankind I gave meaning  
 to ominous sounds, hard of interpretation,  
 and to the significance of road encounters.  
 The flights of hook-taloned birds I analyzed,  
 which of them were in nature prosperous  
 and lucky, and what manner of life each led,  
 their hates and loves, companionships with each other; 490  
 what smoothness of the entrails and what color  
 the gall should have if it were to please the Gods,  
 and also the dappled beauty of the lobe.  
 It was I bound the thighbones wrapped in fat,  
 and the long shank; it was I that set mortals on  
 the murky road of prophecy. Flaming signs  
 I made visible which till then were only dim.  
 So much for these things. Then beneath the earth 500  
 those hidden blessings for man, bronze, iron, silver  
 and gold—who can claim to have discovered before me?  
 No one, I am sure, who wants to speak to the purpose.  
 In one short sentence understand it all:  
 every art of mankind comes from Prometheus.

*Chorus*

Do not help mortals beyond due occasion  
 while careless of your own misfortune.  
 For I am strong in hope that once released 510  
 from these chains you will be no less strong than Zeus.

*Prometheus*

These things the Fate that brings all to fulfilment  
 has not yet determined that they be accomplished.

I must first be twisted by ten thousand pangs  
and agonies before I escape my bondage.  
Craft is far weaker than necessity.

*Chorus*

Who then is the steersman of necessity?

*Prometheus*

The three-formed Fates and the remembering Furies.

*Chorus*

And is Zeus, then, weaker than these?

*Prometheus*

Yes,

for he too cannot escape what is fated.

*Chorus*

But what is fated for Zeus save rule eternal?

*Prometheus*

You cannot know that yet; do not entreat me.

520

*Chorus*

This must be a solemn secret that you veil.

*Prometheus*

Think of some other story; this is not seasonable  
to utter; it must be wholly hidden.  
For only by so keeping it can I  
escape these shameful bonds and agonies.

*Chorus*

STROPHE

May Zeus never, Zeus that all  
the universe controls, oppose  
his power against *my* mind:  
may I never dallying  
be slow to give *my* worship at  
the sacrificial feasts  
when the bulls are killed beside  
quenchless Father Ocean:

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may I never sin in word:  
may these precepts still abide  
in my mind nor melt away.

ANTISTROPHE

It is a sweet thing to draw out  
a long, long life in cheerful hopes,  
and feed the spirit in the bright  
benignity of happiness:  
but I shiver when I see you  
wasted with ten thousand pains,  
all because you did not tremble  
at the name of Zeus: your mind  
was yours, not his, and at its bidding  
you regarded mortal men  
too high, Prometheus.

540

STROPHE

Kindness that cannot be requited, tell me,  
where is the help in that, my friend? What succor  
in creatures of a day? You did not see  
the feebleness that draws its breath in gasps,  
a dreamlike feebleness by which the race  
of man is held in bondage, a blind prisoner.  
So the plans of men shall never  
pass the ordered law of Zeus.

550

ANTISTROPHE

This I have learned while I looked on your pains,  
deadly pains, Prometheus.  
A dirge for you came to my lips, so different  
from the other song I sang to crown your marriage  
in honor of your couching and your bath,  
upon the day you won her with your gifts  
to share your bed—of your own race she was,  
Hesione—and so you brought her home.

560

*(Enter Io, a girl wearing horns like an ox.)*

*Io*

What land is this? what race of men? Who is it  
I see here tortured in this rocky bondage?  
What is the sin he's paying for? Oh tell me  
to what part of the world my wanderings have brought me.

O, O, O,

there it is again, there again—it stings me,  
the gadfly, the ghost of earth-born Argos:  
keep it away, keep it away, earth!

I'm frightened when I see the shape of Argos,  
Argos the herdsman with ten thousand eyes. 570  
He stalks me with his crafty eyes: he died,  
but the earth didn't hide him; still he comes  
even from the depths of the Underworld to hunt me:  
he drives me starving by the sands of the sea.

The reed-woven pipe drones on in a hum  
and drones and drones its sleep-giving strain:

O, O, O,

Where are you bringing me, my far-wandering wanderings?  
Son of Kronos, what fault, what fault  
did you find in me that you should yoke me  
to a harness of misery like this, 580  
that you should torture me so to madness  
driven in fear of the gadfly?

Burn me with fire: hide me in earth: cast me away  
to monsters of the deep for food: but do not  
grudge me the granting of this prayer, King.  
Enough have my much wandering wanderings  
exercised me: I cannot find  
a way to escape my troubles.

Do you hear the voice of the cow-horned maid?

*Prometheus*

Surely I hear the voice of the gadfly-haunted  
daughter of Inachus who fired with love 590

the heart of Zeus and now through Hera's hate  
is violently driven in courses overlong.

*Io*

How is it you speak my father's name?  
Tell me, who are you? Who are you? Oh  
who are you that so exactly accosts me by name?  
You have spoken of the disease that the Gods have sent to me  
which wastes me away, pricking with goads,  
so that I am moving always  
tortured and hungry, wild bounding,  
quick sped I come, 600  
a victim of jealous plots.  
Some have been wretched  
before me, but who of these  
suffered as I do?

But declare to me clearly  
what I have still to suffer: what would avail  
against my sickness, what drug would cure it:  
Tell me, if you know:  
tell me, declare it to the unlucky, wandering maid.

*Prometheus*

I will tell you clearly all that you would know,  
weaving no riddles, but in simple story  
as it is just to open lips to friends. 610  
You see Prometheus that gave fire to men.

*Io*

You that have shown yourself a common blessing  
to all men, sad Prometheus, why are you punished?

*Prometheus*

I have but now ceased complaining of my sufferings.

*Io*

Will you grant me this favor?

*Prometheus*

Say what it is  
you ask for. You will learn all from me.

*Io*

Tell me who nailed you to this cliff.

*Prometheus*

The plan  
was Zeus's, but it was Hephaestus' hand.

*Io*

What was the offense for which this is punishment? 620

*Prometheus*

Enough that I have told you clearly just so far.

*Io*

Besides this, tell me the limit of my own wanderings.

*Prometheus*

It were better not to know than to know this.

*Io*

Do not hide from me what it is fated I should suffer.  
What shall its term be for this unhappy girl?

*Prometheus*

It is not I grudge you this gift that you ask.

*Io*

Then why not tell me everything at once.

*Prometheus*

No grudging, but I dread to break your spirit.

*Io*

Do not care for me more than I would have you.

*Prometheus*

Since you are bent on it, I must speak; Now hear me, you. 630

*Chorus*

Not yet. Give to me, too, a share of pleasure.  
Let us first question her about her sickness;

let herself tell us her disastrous chances.  
Then let her be told by you what she must still suffer.

*Prometheus*

Io, it is your task to gratify  
these spirits who are, moreover, your father's sisters.  
To sorrow and make wail for your ill fortune,  
when you will win a tear from those who listen,  
is well worthwhile.

*Io*

I know not how I should distrust you: clearly  
you shall hear all you want to know from me. 640  
Yet even as I speak I groan in bitterness  
for that storm sent by God on me, that ruin  
of my beauty; I must sorrow when I think  
who sent all this upon me. There were always  
night visions that kept haunting me and coming  
into my maiden chamber and exhorting  
with winning words, "O maiden greatly blessed,  
why are you still a maiden, you who might  
make marriage with the greatest? Zeus is stricken  
with lust for you; he is afire to try 650  
the bed of love with you: do not disdain him.  
Go, child, to Lerna's meadow, deep in grass,  
to where your father's flocks and cattle stand,  
that Zeus's eye may cease from longing for you."  
With such dreams I was cruelly beset  
night after night until I took the courage  
to tell my father of my nightly terror.  
He sent to Pytho many an embassy  
and to Dodona seeking to discover  
what deed or word of his might please the God, 660  
but those he sent came back with riddling oracles  
dark and beyond the power of understanding.  
At last the word came clear to Inachus  
charging him plainly that he cast me out

of home and country, drive me out footloose  
to wander to the limits of the world;  
if he should not obey, the oracle said,  
the fire-faced thunderbolt would come from Zeus  
and blot out his whole race. These were the oracles  
of Loxias, and Inachus obeyed them.

670

He drove me out and shut his doors against me  
with tears on both our parts, but Zeus's bit  
compelled him to do this against his will.  
Immediately my form and mind were changed  
and all distorted; horned, as you see,  
pricked on by the sharp biting gadfly, leaping  
in frenzied jumps I ran beside the river  
Kerchneia, good to drink, and Lerna's spring.  
The earth-born herdsman Argos followed me  
whose anger knew no limits, and he spied  
after my tracks with all his hundred eyes.  
Then an unlooked-for doom, descending suddenly,  
took him from life: I, driven by the gadfly,  
that god-sent scourge, was driven always onward  
from one land to another: that is my story.  
If you can tell me what remains for me,  
tell me, and do not out of pity cozen  
with kindly lies: there is no sickness worse  
for me than words that to be kind must lie.

680

*Chorus*

Hold! Keep away! Alas!  
never did I think that such strange  
words would come to my ears:  
never did I think such intolerable  
sufferings, an offense to the eye,  
shameful and frightening, so  
would chill my soul with a double-edged point.  
Alas, Alas, for your fate!  
I shudder when I look on Io's fortune.

690

*Prometheus*

You groan too soon, you are full of fear too soon.  
Wait till you hear what still remains.

*Chorus*

Speak, tell us to the end. For the sick it is sweet to know  
what pain is still to come and to know it clearly.

*Prometheus*

The first request you made of me you gained  
lightly: from her you wished to hear the story  
of what she suffered. Now hear what remains,  
what sufferings this maid must yet endure  
from Hera. Do you listen, child of Inachus,  
hear and lay up my words within your heart  
that you may know the limits of your journey.  
First turn to the sun's rising and walk on  
over the fields no plough has broken: then  
you will come to the wandering Scythians,  
who live in wicker houses built above  
their well-wheeled wagons; they are an armed people,  
armed with the bow that strikes from far away:  
do not draw near them; rather let your feet  
touch the surf line of the sea where the waves moan,  
and cross their country: on your left there live  
the Chalybes who work with iron: these  
you must beware of; for they are not gentle,  
nor people whom a stranger dare approach.  
Then you will come to Insolence, a river  
that well deserves its name: but cross it not—  
It is no stream that you can easily ford—  
until you come to Caucasus itself,  
the highest mountains, where the river's strength  
gushes from its very temples. Cross these peaks,  
the neighbors of the stars, and take the road  
southward until you reach the Amazons,  
the race of women who hate men, who one day

700

710

720

shall live around Thermodon in Themiscyra  
where Salmydessos, rocky jaw of the sea,  
stands sailor-hating, stepmother of ships.  
The Amazons will set you on your way  
and gladly: you will reach Cimmeria,  
the isthmus, at the narrow gates of the lake. 730  
Leave this with a good heart and cross the channel,  
the channel of Maeotis: and hereafter  
for all time men shall talk about your crossing,  
and they shall call the place for you Cow's-ford.\*  
Leave Europe's mainland then, and go to Asia.

(To the Chorus)

Do you now think this tyrant of the Gods  
is hard in all things without difference?  
He was a God and sought to lie in love  
with this girl who was mortal, and on her  
he brought this curse of wandering: bitter indeed  
you found your marriage with this suitor, maid.  
Yet you must think of all that I have told you  
as still only in prelude. 740

*Io*

O, O!

*Prometheus*

Again you cry out, again you lament? What then  
will you do when you learn your other sufferings?

*Chorus*

Is there still suffering that you have to tell her?

*Prometheus*

A wintry sea of agony and ruin.

\*Cow's-ford: Bosphorus

*Io*

What is the good of life to me? Why should I not  
quickly dash myself down from this blind precipice  
to strike the ground and win a quittance  
of all my pains? Better at once to die 750  
than suffer torment all the rest of my days.

*Prometheus*

You would find it hard to bear these trials of mine,  
since for me death is not decreed at all.  
Death would indeed be a riddance of my suffering,  
but, as it is, there is no limit set  
for pain, save when Zeus falls from his seat of power.

*Io*

Is there a time when Zeus shall fall?

*Prometheus*

You would be glad, I think, to see that end.

*Io*

How should I not, who suffer so cruelly from him?

*Prometheus*

Know surely, then, that this will come to pass. 760

*Io*

Who will despoil him of his sovereign power?

*Prometheus*

His own light-witted counsels will undo him.

*Io*

How? Tell me, if there is no harm in telling.

*Prometheus*

He will make a marriage which one day he will rue.

*Io*

With god or mortal? Tell me if it may be told.

*Prometheus*

Why tell what marriage? That may not be spoken.

*Io*  
Will it be by his wife that he shall lose his throne?

*Prometheus*  
Yes. She shall bear a son greater than his father.

*Io*  
Can he not turn aside this doom of his?

*Prometheus*  
No, save only by my release from bondage.

*Io*  
But who will free you against Zeus's will?

*Prometheus*  
That must be one of your own descendants.

*Io*  
What! Will a child of mine free you one day?

*Prometheus*  
Yes, in the generation tenth and third.

*Io*  
No longer can I grasp your prophecy.

*Prometheus*  
Then do not seek to know your own troubles further.

*Io*  
Do not offer me the gift and then withhold it.

*Prometheus*  
I will offer you the choice of the two stories.

*Io*  
Which are they? Tell me, give me the choice.

*Prometheus*  
Yes, I will give it you: either to tell you,  
clearly, the rest of your troubles or my deliverer.

*Chorus*  
Give *her* the one of the two and me the other,  
a kindly favor. Do not deny the tale.

Tell her what still remains of her wanderings,  
and me the deliverer. That is what I want.

*Prometheus*  
Since you have so much eagerness, I will not  
refuse to tell you all that you have asked me.  
First to you, *Io*, I shall tell the tale  
of your sad wanderings, rich in groans—inscribe  
the story in the tablets of your mind.  
When you shall cross the channel that divides  
Europe from Asia, turn to the rising sun,  
to the burnt plains, sun-scorched; cross by the edge  
of the foaming sea till you come to Gorgona,  
to the flat stretches of Kisthene's country.  
There live the ancient maids, children of Phorcys:  
these swan-formed hags, with but one common eye,  
single-toothed monsters, such as nowhere else  
the sun's rays look on nor the moon by night.  
Near are their winged sisters, the three Gorgons,  
with snakes to bind their hair up, mortal-hating:  
no mortal that but looks on them shall live:  
these are the sentry guards I tell you of.  
Hear, too, of yet another gruesome sight,  
the sharp-toothed hounds of Zeus, that have no bark,  
the vultures—they take heed of—and the host  
of one-eyed Arimaspians, horse-riding,  
that live around the spring which flows with gold,  
the spring of Pluto's river: go not near them.  
A land far off, a nation of black men,  
these you shall come to, men who live hard by  
the fountain of the sun where is the river  
Aethiops—travel by his banks along  
to a waterfall where from the Bibline hills  
Nile pours his holy waters, pure to drink.  
This river shall be your guide to the triangular  
land of the Nile and there, by Fate's decree,  
there, *Io*, you shall find your distant home,



a colony for you and your descendants.  
If anything of this is still obscure  
or difficult ask me again and learn  
clearly: I have more leisure than I wish.

*Chorus*

If there is anything further or left over  
you have to tell her of her deadly traveling,  
tell her. If that is all, grant us again  
the favor that we asked for earlier.  
You remember?

820

*Prometheus*

The limit of her wanderings complete  
she now has heard: but so that she may know  
that she has not been listening to no purpose  
I shall recount what she endured before  
she came to us here: this I give as pledge,  
a witness to the good faith of my words.  
The great part of the story I omit  
and come to the very boundary of your travels.  
When you had come to the Molossian plains  
around the sheer back of Dodona where  
is the oracular seat of Zeus Thesprotian,  
the talking oaks, a wonder past belief,  
by them full clearly, in no riddling terms,  
you were hailed glorious wife of Zeus that shall be:  
does anything of this wake pleasant memories?  
Then, goaded by the gadfly, on you hastened  
to the great gulf of Rhea by the track  
at the side of the sea: but in returning course  
you were storm-driven back: in time to come  
that inlet of the sea shall bear your name  
and shall be called Ionian, a memorial  
to all men of your journeying: these are proofs  
for you, of how far my mind sees something farther  
than what is visible: for what is left,

830

840

to you and you this I shall say in common,  
taking up again the track of my old tale.  
There is a city, furthest in the world,  
Canobos, near the mouth and issuing point  
of the Nile: there Zeus shall make you sound of mind  
touching you with a hand that brings no fear,  
and through that touch alone shall come your healing.  
You shall bear Epaphos, dark of skin, his name  
recalling Zeus's touch and his begetting.  
This Epaphos shall reap the fruit of all  
the land that is watered by the broad flowing Nile.  
From him five generations, and again  
to Argos they shall come, against their will,  
in number fifty, women, flying from  
a marriage with their kinsfolk: but these kinsfolk,  
their hearts with lust aflutter like the hawks  
barely outdistanced by the doves, will come  
hunting a marriage that the law forbids:  
the God shall grudge the men these women's bodies,  
and the Pelasgian earth shall welcome them  
in death: for death shall claim them in a fight  
where women strike in the dark, a murderous vigil.  
Each wife shall rob her husband of his life,  
dipping in blood her two-edged sword: even so  
may Love come, too, upon my enemies.  
But one among these girls shall love beguile  
from killing her bedfellow, blunting her purpose:  
and she shall make her choice—to bear the name  
of coward and not murderer: this girl  
she shall in Argos bear a race of kings.  
To tell this clearly needs a longer story,  
but from her seed shall spring one brave and famous  
for archery, and he shall set me free.  
Such was the prophecy which ancient Themis,  
my Titan mother, opened up to me;  
but how and by what means it shall come true

850

860

870

would take too long to tell, and if you heard  
the knowledge would not profit you.

*Io*

Eleleu, eleleu.

It creeps on me again, the twitching spasm,  
the mind-destroying madness, burning me up,  
and the gadfly's sting goads me on—  
steel point by no fire tempered—  
and my heart in its fear knocks on my breast.  
There's a dazing whirl in my eyes as I run  
out of my course by the madness driven,  
the crazy frenzy; my tongue ungoverned  
babbles, the words in a muddy flow strike  
on the waves of the mischief I hate, strike wild  
without aim or sense.

880

*Chorus*

STROPHE

A wise man indeed he was  
that first in judgment weighed this word  
and gave it tongue: the best by far  
it is to marry in one's rank and station:  
let no one working with her hands aspire  
to marriage with those lifted high in pride  
because of wealth, or of ancestral glory.

890

ANTISTROPHE

Never, never may you see me,  
Fates majestic, drawing nigh  
the bed of Zeus, to share it with the King,  
nor ever may I know a heavenly wooer:  
I dread such things beholding  
Io's sad virginity  
ravaged, ruined; bitter wandering  
hers because of Hera's wrath.

900

EPODE

When a match has equal partners  
then I fear not: may the eye  
inescapable of the mighty  
Gods not look on me.

That is a fight that none can fight: a fruitful  
source of fruitlessness: I would not  
know what I could do: I cannot  
see the hope when Zeus is angry  
of escaping him.

*Prometheus*

Yet shall this Zeus, for all his pride of heart,  
be humble yet: such is the match he plans,  
a marriage that shall drive him from his power  
and from his throne, out of the sight of all.  
So shall at last the final consummation  
be brought about of Father Kronos' curse  
which he, driven from his ancient throne, invoked  
against the son deposing him: no one  
of all the Gods save I alone can tell  
a way to escape this mischief: I alone  
know it and how. So let him confidently  
sit on his throne and trust his heavenly thunder  
and brandish in his hand his fiery bolt.  
Nothing shall all of this avail against  
a fall intolerable, a dishonored end.  
So strong a wrestler Zeus is now equipping  
against himself, a monster hard to fight.  
This enemy shall find a plan to best  
the thunderbolt, a thunderclap to best  
the thunderclap of Zeus: and he shall shiver  
Poseidon's trident, curse of sea and land.  
So, in his crashing fall shall Zeus discover  
how different are rule and slavery.

910

920

*Chorus*

You voice your wishes for the God's destruction.

*Prometheus*

They are my wishes, yet shall come to pass.

*Chorus*

Must we expect someone to conquer Zeus?

930

*Prometheus*

Yes, he shall suffer worse than I do now.

*Chorus*

Have you no fear of uttering such words?

*Prometheus*

Why should I fear, since death is not my fate?

*Chorus*

But he might give you pain still worse than this.

*Prometheus*

Then let him do so; all this I expect.

*Chorus*

Wise are the worshipers of Adrasteia.

*Prometheus*

Worship him, pray; flatter whatever king  
is king today; but I care less than nothing  
for Zeus. Let him do what he likes,  
let him be king for his short time: he shall not  
be king for long.

940

Look, here is Zeus's footman,  
this fetch-and-carry messenger of him,  
the New King. Certainly he has come here  
with news for us.

*Hermes*

You, subtle-spirit, you  
bitterly overbitter, you that sinned  
against the immortals, giving honor to  
the creatures of a day, you thief of fire:

« 346 »

the Father has commanded you to say  
what marriage of his is this you brag about  
that shall drive him from power—and declare it  
in clear terms and no riddles. You, Prometheus,  
do not cause me a double journey; these

950

*(Pointing to the chains.)*

will prove to you that Zeus is not softhearted.

*Prometheus*

Your speech is pompous sounding, full of pride,  
as fits the lackey of the Gods. You are young  
and young your rule and you think that the tower  
in which you live is free from sorrow: from it  
have I not seen two tyrants thrown? the third,  
who now is king, I shall yet live to see him  
fall, of all three most suddenly, most dishonored.  
Do you think I will crouch before your Gods,  
—so new—and tremble? I am far from that.  
Hasten away, back on the road you came.  
You shall learn nothing that you ask of me.

960

*Hermes*

Just such the obstinacy that brought you here,  
to this self-willed calamitous anchorage.

*Prometheus*

Be sure of this: when I set my misfortune  
against your slavery, I would not change.

*Hermes*

It is better, I suppose, to be a slave  
to this rock, than Zeus's trusted messenger.

*Prometheus*

Thus must the insolent show their insolence!

970

*Hermes*

I think you find your present lot too soft.

« 347 »

*Prometheus*

Too soft? I would my enemies had it then,  
and you are one of those I count as such.

*Hermes*

Oh, you would blame me too for your calamity?

*Prometheus*

In a single word, I am the enemy  
of all the Gods that gave me ill for good.

*Hermes*

Your words declare you mad, and mad indeed.

*Prometheus*

Yes, if it's madness to detest my foes.

*Hermes*

No one could bear you in success.

*Prometheus*

Alas!

*Hermes*

Alas! Zeus does not know that word.

980

*Prometheus*

Time in its aging course teaches all things.

*Hermes*

But you have not yet learned a wise discretion.

*Prometheus*

True: or I would not speak so to a servant.

*Hermes*

It seems you will not grant the Father's wish.

*Prometheus*

I should be glad, indeed, to requite his kindness!

*Hermes*

You mock me like a child!

*Prometheus*

And are you not  
a child, and sillier than a child, to think  
that I should tell you anything? There is not  
a torture or an engine wherewithal  
Zeus can induce me to declare these things,  
till he has loosed me from these cruel shackles.  
So let him hurl his smoky lightning flame,  
and throw in turmoil all things in the world  
with white-winged snowflakes and deep bellowing  
thunder beneath the earth: me he shall not  
bend by all this to tell him who is fated  
to drive him from his tyranny.

990

*Hermes*

Think, here and now, if this seems to your interest.

*Prometheus*

I have already thought—and laid my plans.

*Hermes*

Bring your proud heart to know a true discretion—  
O foolish spirit—in the face of ruin.

1000

*Prometheus*

You vex me by these senseless adjurations,  
senseless as if you were to advise the waves.  
Let it not cross your mind that I will turn  
womanish-minded from my fixed decision  
or that I shall entreat the one I hate  
so greatly, with a woman's upturned hands,  
to loose me from my chains: I am far from that.

*Hermes*

I have said too much already—so I think—  
and said it to no purpose: you are not softened:  
your purpose is not dented by my prayers.

You are a colt new broken, with the bit  
 clenched in its teeth, fighting against the reins,  
 and bolting. You are far too strong and confident  
 in your weak cleverness. For obstinacy  
 standing alone is the weakest of all things  
 in one whose mind is not possessed by wisdom.  
 Think what a storm, a triple wave of ruin  
 will rise against you, if you will not hear me,  
 and no escape for you. First this rough crag  
 with thunder and the lightning bolt the Father  
 shall cleave asunder, and shall hide your body  
 wrapped in a rocky clasp within its depth;  
 a tedious length of time you must fulfil  
 before you see the light again, returning.  
 Then Zeus's winged hound, the eagle red,  
 shall tear great shreds of flesh from you, a feaster  
 coming unbidden, every day: your liver  
 bloodied to blackness will be his repast.  
 And of this pain do not expect an end  
 until some God shall show himself successor  
 to take your tortures for himself and willing  
 go down to lightless Hades and the shadows  
 of Tartarus' depths. Bear this in mind  
 and so determine. This is no feigned boast  
 but spoken with too much truth. The mouth of Zeus  
 does not know how to lie, but every word  
 brings to fulfilment. Look, you, and reflect  
 and never think that obstinacy is better  
 than prudent counsel.

1010

1020

1030

*Chorus*

Hermes seems to us  
 to speak not altogether out of season.  
 He bids you leave your obstinacy and seek  
 a wise good counsel. Hearken to him. Shame  
 it were for one so wise to fall in error.

*Prometheus*

Before he told it me I knew this message:  
 but there is no disgrace in suffering  
 at an enemy's hand, when you hate mutually.  
 So let the curling tendril of the fire  
 from the lightning bolt be sent against me: let  
 the air be stirred with thunderclaps, the winds  
 in savage blasts convulsing all the world.  
 Let earth to her foundations shake, yes to her root;  
 before the quivering storm: let it confuse  
 the paths of heavenly stars and the sea's waves  
 in a wild surging torrent: this my body  
 let Him raise up on high and dash it down  
 into black Tartarus with rigorous  
 compulsive eddies: death he cannot give me.

1040

1050

*Hermes*

These are a madman's words, a madman's plan:  
 is there a missing note in this mad harmony?  
 is there a slack chord in his madness? You,  
 you, who are so sympathetic with his troubles,  
 away with you from here, quickly away!  
 lest you should find your wits stunned by the thunder  
 and its hard defending roar.

1060

*Chorus*

Say something else  
 different from this: give me some other counsel  
 that I will listen to: this word of yours  
 for all its instancy is not for us.  
 How dare you bid us practice baseness? We  
 will bear along with him what we must bear.  
 I have learned to hate all traitors: there is no  
 disease I spit on more than treachery.

1070

*Hermes*

Remember then my warning before the act:  
 when you are trapped by ruin don't blame fortune:

• AESCHYLUS •

don't say that Zeus has brought you to calamity  
that you could not foresee: do not do this:  
but blame yourselves: now you know what you're doing:  
and with this knowledge neither suddenly  
nor secretly your own want of good sense  
has tangled you in the net of ruin, past  
all hope of rescue.

*Prometheus*

Now it is words no longer: now in very truth  
the earth is staggered: in its depths the thunder  
bellows resoundingly, the fiery tendrils  
of the lightning flash light up, and whirling clouds  
carry the dust along: all the winds' blasts  
dance in a fury one against the other  
in violent confusion: earth and sea  
are one, confused together: such is the storm  
that comes against me manifestly from Zeus  
to work its terrors. O Holy mother mine,  
O Sky that circling brings the light to all,  
you see me, how I suffer, how unjustly.

1080

1090