



**Prometheus**  
From *Prometheus Unbound*  
By Percy Bysshe Shelley

Age Range: Adult, Young Adult

Style: Comedic, Classical

Monologue:

“Evil minds

Change good to their own nature. I gave all  
He has; and in return he chains me here  
Years, ages, night and day: whether the Sun  
Split my parched skin, or in the moony night  
The crystal-winged snow cling round my hair:  
Whilst my beloved race is trampled down  
By his thought-executing ministers.  
Such is the tyrant's recompense: 'tis just:  
He who is evil can receive no good;  
And for a world bestowed, or a friend lost,  
He can feel hate, fear, shame; not gratitude:  
He but requites me for his own misdeed.  
Kindness to such is keen reproach, which breaks  
With bitter stings the light sleep of Revenge.  
Submission, thou dost know I cannot try:  
For what submission but that fatal word,  
The death-seal of mankind's captivity,  
Like the Sicilian's hair-suspended sword,  
Which trembles o'er his crown, would he accept,  
Or could I yield? Which yet I will not yield.  
Let others flatter Crime, where it sits throned  
In brief Omnipotence: secure are they:  
For Justice, when triumphant, will weep down  
Pity, not punishment, on her own wrongs,  
Too much avenged by those who err. I wait,  
Enduring thus, the retributive hour  
Which since we spake is even nearer now.”

Play Synopsis:

The Titan Prometheus has been chained to a precipice in the Indian Caucasus for all eternity by the tyrant god Jupiter, as punishment for giving humanity the gift of fire. He has been imprisoned

for three thousand years thus far, and every day an eagle is sent by Jupiter to peck out his organs, which grow back overnight.

Purchase the Play Here:

<https://www.amazon.com/Prometheus-Unbound-Percy-Bysshe-Shelley/dp/0615149758>