

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*  
*A simple dwelling,  
which shall be our own.*



## *Prometheus Unbound*

A Lyrical Drama in Four Acts  
Scene III, Caucasus

Prometheus, Hercules, Ione, the Earth, Spirits, Asia, and Panthea,  
borne in the car with the Spirit of the Hour. Hercules unbinds  
Prometheus, who descends and responds to Hercules as follows:

Thy gentle words  
Are sweeter even than freedom long desired  
And long delayed.

Asia, thou light of life,  
Shadow of beauty unbeheld; and ye,  
Fair sister nymphs, who made long years of pain  
Sweet to remember, through your love and care;  
Henceforth we will not part. There is a cave, 10  
All overgrown with trailing odorous plants,  
Which curtain out the day with leaves and flowers,  
And paved with veined emerald; and a fountain  
Leaps in the midst with an awakening sound.  
From its curved roof the mountain's frozen tears,  
Like snow, or silver, or long diamond spires,  
Hang downward, raining forth a doubtful light;  
And there is heard the ever-moving air  
Whispering without from tree to tree, and birds,  
And bees; and all around are mossy seats, 20  
And the rough walls are clothed with long soft grass;  
A simple dwelling, which shall be our own;  
Where we will sit and talk of time and change,  
As the world ebbs and flows, ourselves unchanged.  
What can hide man from mutability?  
And if ye sigh, then I will smile; and thou,  
Ione, shalt chant fragments of sea-music,  
Until I weep, when ye shall smile away  
The tears she brought, which yet were sweet to shed.  
We will entangle buds and flowers and beams 30

MYSTIC VERSE AND INSIGHTS  
BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Which twinkle on the fountain's brim, and make  
Strange combinations out of common things,  
Like human babes in their brief innocence;  
And we will search, with looks and words of love,  
For hidden thoughts, each lovelier than the last,  
Our unexhausted spirits; and, like lutes  
Touched by the skill of the enamoured wind,  
Weave harmonies divine, yet ever new,  
From difference sweet where discord cannot be;  
And hither come, sped on the charmed winds, 40  
Which meet from all the points of heaven, as bees  
From every flower aërial Enna feeds  
At their known island-homes in Himera,  
The echoes of the human world, which tell  
Of the low voice of love, almost unheard,  
And dove-eyed pity's murmured pain, and music,  
Itself the echo of the heart, and all  
That tempers or improves man's life, now free;  
And lovely apparitions, dim at first,  
Then radiant, as the mind arising bright 50  
From the embrace of beauty (whence the forms  
Of which these are the phantoms) casts on them  
The gathered rays which are reality,  
Shall visit us the progeny immortal  
Of Painting, Sculpture, and rapt Poesy,  
And arts, though unimagined, yet to be;  
The wandering voices and the shadows these  
Of all that man becomes, the mediators  
Of that best worship, love, by him and us  
Given and returned; swift shapes and sounds, which grow  
More fair and soft as man grows wise and kind,  
And, veil by veil, evil and error fall.  
Such virtue has the cave and place around.

