

Schumann's *Ouverture*, first half (approximately five minutes)

Scene One
The Spirits of the Universe Subpoena'd
Self-oblivion Denied

(Act I, sc. 1)

[MANFRED alone. – Scene, a Gothic Gallery. – Time, Midnight.

Mysterious Agency! 30
Ye spirits of the unbounded Universe,
I call upon ye by the written charm
Which gives me power upon you—Rise! appear!

[A pause.

They come not yet.—Now by the voice of him
Who is the first among you; by this sign,
Which makes you tremble; by the claims of him
Who is undying,—Rise! appear!—Appear!

[A pause.

Spirits of earth and air,
Ye shall not thus elude me: by a power,
Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,
Which had its birthplace in a star condemn'd,
The burning wreck of a demolish'd world,
A wandering hell in the eternal space;
By the strong curse which is upon my soul,
The thought which is within me and around me,
I do compel ye to my will. Appear! 50

[A star is seen at the darker end of the gallery: it is stationary. <It is the spirit of Earth, soon to be joined by> the spirits of Ocean, Air, Night, Mountains, and Winds

The song melodies from Schumann's no. 1, *Gesang der Geister*

FIRST SPIRIT (SPIRIT OF EARTH)
Mortal! to thy bidding bow'd 52
From my mansion in the cloud,
Though thy quest may be forbidden,
On a star-beam I have ridden,
Mortal—be thy wish avow'd! 61

A SEVENTH SPIRIT [= *the spirit of Manfred's personal star*]
The star which rules thy destiny 112
Was ruled, ere earth began, by me:
Space bosom'd not a lovelier star.
The hour arrived—and it became

A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
 A pathless comet, and a curse,
 The menace of the universe;
 Still rolling on with innate force,
 Without a sphere, without a course,
 A bright deformity on high,
 The monster of the upper sky! 125

What wouldst thou, Child of Clay, with me? 133

The SEVEN SPIRITS
 Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, thy star,
 Are at thy beck and bidding, Child of Clay!
 Before thee at thy quest their spirits are—
 What wouldst thou with us, son of mortals—say?

MANFRED. Forgetfulness—

FIRST SPIRIT. Of what—of whom—and why?

MANFRED. Of that which is within me; read it there—
 Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.

FIRST SPIRIT. We can but give thee that which we possess.

MANFRED. Oblivion, self-oblivion—
 Can ye not wring from out the hidden realms
 Ye offer so profusely what I ask? 150

Slaves, scoff not at my will!
 The mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark,
 The lightning of my being, is as bright,
 Pervading, and far darting as your own,
 And shall not yield to yours, though coop'd in clay!
 Answer, or I will teach you what I am. 163
 <Have I then> call'd ye from your realms in vain? 170
 Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.
 Accursèd! Hence—begone!

Yet stay—one moment, ere we part— 181
 I would behold ye face to face. I hear
 Your voices, sweet and melancholy sounds,
 As music on the waters; and I see
 The steady aspect of a clear large star;
 But nothing more. Approach me as ye are,
 Or one, or all, in your accustom'd forms. 187

FIRST SPIRIT. We have no forms, beyond the elements
 Of which we are the mind and principle:
 But choose a form—in that we will appear.

MANFRED. I have no choice; there is no form on earth
Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him,
Who is most powerful of ye, take such aspect
As unto him may seem most fitting—Come!

SEVENTH SPIRIT.
(*appearing in the shape of a beautiful female figure*).
Behold!

195

MANFRED Oh God! if it be thus, and thou
Art not a madness and a mockery,
I yet might be most happy. I will clasp thee,
And we again will be—

[The figure vanishes.

My heart is crush'd!

[MANFRED falls senseless.

200

Themes (used 'melodramatically' underneath the following words)
from Schumann no. 2, *Erscheinung eines Zauberbildes*

(*A Voice is heard in the Incantation which follows <to be spoken by the*
FIRST SPIRIT>.

When the moon is on the wave,
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass;
Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep.

205

There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;
And for ever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.

215

221

From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which hath strength to kill;
From thy own heart I then did wring
The black blood in its blackest spring;
From thy own lip I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm;
In proving every poison known,
I found the strongest was thine own.

242

251

By thy unfathom'd gulfs of guile;
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy;
By thy delight in others' pain,
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,

253

258

I call upon thee! and compel
Thyself to be thy proper Hell! 261

Nor to slumber, nor to die,
Shall be in thy destiny; 265
O'er thy heart and brain together 270
Hath the word been pass'd—now wither!

A few bars from one of the first four numbers

Scene Two
The Chamois-hunter Intervenes
Self-destruction Thwarted

(Act I, sc. 2)

*[Scene, the Mountain of the Jungfrau. – Time, Morning. –
MANFRED alone upon the Cliffs.]*

The spirits I have raised abandon me;
The spells which I have studied baffled me;
I lean no more on super-human aid.

(...) Ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
In dizziness of distance; when a leap,
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
To rest forever – wherefore do I pause? 280
I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;
I see the peril – yet do not recede;
And my brain reels – and yet my foot is firm.
There is a power upon me which withholds,
And makes it my fatality to live;
If it be life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre.

[A Shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard.]

Oboe melody (used 'melodramatically' underneath the following words)
from Schumann's no. 4, *Alpenruheigen*

Hark! the note,
The natural music of the mountain reed
Mix'd with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd!
My soul would drink those echoes. –

Oh, that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,

(Act 2, sc. 1)

[Scene, a Cottage amongst the Bernese Alps. Time, shortly after the preceding scene]

MANFRED and the CHAMOIS HUNTER.

CHAMOIS HUNTER. No, no, yet pause, thou must not yet go forth:
Thy mind and body are alike unfit
To trust each other.

Come, taste my wine;
'Tis of an ancient vintage; many a day
'T has thaw'd my veins among our glaciers, now
Let it do thus for thine.

MANFRED. Away, away! there's blood upon the brim!
Will it then never— never sink in the earth?

CHAMOIS HUNTER. What dost thou mean? thy senses wander from thee.

MANFRED. I say 't is blood— my blood! the pure warm stream
Which ran in the veins of my fathers, and in ours
When we were in our youth, and had one heart
And loved each other as we should not love,
And this was shed: but still it rises up
Colouring the clouds, that shut me out from heaven
Where thou art not— and I shall never be.

CHAMOIS HUNTER. Man of strange words, and some half-maddening sin
Which makes thee people vacancy, whate'er
Thy dread and sufferance be, there's comfort yet—
The aid of holy men, and heavenly patience—

MANFRED. Patience and patience! Hence— that word was made
For brutes of burthen, not for birds of prey;
Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine,—
I am not of thine order.
I tell thee, man! I have lived many years,
Many long years, but they are nothing now
To those which I must number: ages— ages—
Space and eternity— and consciousness,
With the fierce thirst of death— and still unslaked!

CHAMOIS HUNTER. Why, on thy brow the seal of middle age
Hath scarce been set; I am thine elder far.

MANFRED. Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine
Have made my days and nights imperishable
Endless, and all alike, as sands on the shore
Innumerable atoms; and one desert

Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,
But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,
Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness.

CHAMOIS HUNTER. Alas! he's mad— but yet I must not leave him.

Schumann's no. 5, *Zwischenaktmusik*

Scene Three
The Witch of the Alps Invoked
Confession, and Rejection of Obedience

(Act 2, sc. 2)

*[Scene, a lower Valley in the Alps.— A Cataract. Time, Morning
Enter MANFRED.]*

It is not noon— the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming height along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes
But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;
I should be sole in this sweet solitude,
And with the Spirit of the place divide
The homage of these waters.— I will call her.

Schumann's no. 6, *Rufung der Alpenfee*,
(used 'melodramatically' underneath the following words)

[MANFRED takes some of the water into the palm of his hand, and flings it in the air, muttering the adjuration.]

After a pause, the WITCH OF THE ALPS rises beneath the arch of the sunbow of the torrent.

Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,
And dazzling eyes of glory. The hues of youth
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.
Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear brow,
Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,
Which of itself shows immortality,
I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son
Of Earth, whom the abstruser powers permit
At times to commune with them— if that he
Avail him of his spells— to call thee thus,

And gaze on thee a moment.

WITCH. Son of Earth!
I know thee, and the powers which give thee power;
I know thee for a man of many thoughts,
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.
I have expected this— what wouldst thou with me?

MANFRED. A boon;
But why should I repeat it? 'twere in vain.

WITCH. I know not that; let thy lips utter it.

MANFRED. Well, though it torture me,
My pang shall find a voice. From my youth upwards
My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,
Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine;
The aim of their existence was not mine;
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded me
Was there but one who— but of her anon.

My joy was in the Wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge
Into the torrent, and to roll along
On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave
Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.
In these my early strength exulted; or
To follow through the night the moving moon,
The stars and their development, or catch
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;
Or to look, list'ning, on the scatter'd leaves,
While Autumn winds were at their evening song.
These were my pastimes, and to be alone.

 Then I pass'd
The nights of years in sciences, I made
Mine eyes familiar with Eternity,
Such as, before me, did the Magi, and
He who from out their fountain dwellings raised
Eros and Anteros, at Gadara,
As I do thee,— and with my knowledge grew
The thirst of knowledge, and the power and joy
Of this most bright intelligence, until—

WITCH. Proceed.

MANFRED. I have not named to thee
Father or mother, mistress, friend, or being
With whom I wore the chain of human ties;
If I had such, they seem'd not such to me—
Yet there was one—

WITCH. Spare not thyself— proceed.

MANFRED. She was like me in lineaments— her eyes
Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone
Even of her voice, they said were like to mine;
But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty;
She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,
The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind
To comprehend the universe: nor these
Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,
Pity, and smiles, and tears— which I had not;
And tenderness— but that I had for her;
Humility— and that I never had.
Her faults were mine— her virtues were her own—
I loved her, and destroy'd her!

WITCH. With thy hand?

MANFRED. Not with my hand, but heart— which broke her heart;
It gazed on mine, and wither'd. I have shed
Blood, but not hers— and yet her blood was shed—
I saw, and could not staunch it.

Daughter of Air! Come, sit by me!
My solitude is solitude no more,
But peopled with the Furies,— I have gnash'd
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,
Then cursed myself till sunset;— I have pray'd
For madness as a blessing— 'tis denied me.

I have affronted death— but in the war
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,
And fatal things pass'd harmless— the cold hand
Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,
Back by a single hair, which would not break.
I plunged amidst mankind— Forgetfulness
I sought in all, save where 'tis to be found,
I dwell in my despair—
And live— and live for ever.

WITCH. It may be

That I can aid thee.

MANFRED. To do this, thy power
Must wake the dead, or lay me low with them.
Do so— in any shape— in any hour—
With any torture— so it be the last.

WITCH. That is not in my province; but if thou
Wilt swear obedience to my will, and do
My bidding, it may help thee to thy wishes.

MANFRED. I will not swear— Obey! and whom? the spirits
Whose presence I command, and be the slave
Of those who served me— Never!
Retire!

[The WITCH disappears.]

MANFRED (*alone*).
We are the fools of time and terror: Days
Steal on us and steal from us; yet we live,
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.
I have one resource
Still in my science— I can call the dead,
And ask them what it is we dread to be:
The sternest answer can but be the Grave.
The buried Prophet answered to the Hag
Of Endor; and the Spartan Monarch drew
From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping spirit
An answer and his destiny (he slew
That which he loved unknowing what he slew,
And died unpardon'd).

If I had never lived, that which I love
Had still been living; had I never loved,
That which I love would still be beautiful—
Happy and giving happiness. What is she?
What is she now?— a sufferer for my sins—
A thing I dare not think upon— or nothing.

**A minute of music to mark shift of scene:
perhaps unnumbered Zwischenaktmusik, CD 2, Track 8**

Scene Four
Trespass at the Festival of Arimanes
Defiance of Destiny

(Act 2, sc. 3)

[Scene, the Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain. Time, Night

[Enter DESTINY.

The moon is rising broad, and round, and bright;
And here on snows, where never human foot
Of common mortal trod, we nightly tread,
And leave no traces; o'er the savage sea,
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,
We skim its rugged breakers, which put on
The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,
Frozen in a moment— a dead whirlpool's image.

And this most steep fantastic pinnacle,
The fretwork of some earthquake— where the clouds
Pause to repose themselves in passing by—
Is sacred to our revels, or our vigils;
Here do I wait my sisters, on our way
To the Hall of Arimanes, for to-night
Is our great festival— 't is strange they come not.

[Enter NEMESIS.

DESTINY. Say, where hast thou been?
My sisters and thyself are slow to-night.

NEMESIS. I was detain'd repairing shattered thrones, 360
Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,
Avenging men upon their enemies,
And making them repent their own revenge.

Away!

We have outstaid the hour— mount we our clouds!
[Exeunt. 370

Themes from Schumann's no. 7, *Hymnus der Geister Ariman's*

(Act 2, scene 4)

[Scene, the Hall of ARIMANES. Time, shortly after scene III.

ARIMANES on his Throne, a Globe of Fire, surrounded by the SPIRITS.

SPIRITS

Hail to our Master!— Prince of Earth and Air!—
Who walks the clouds and waters— in his hand
The sceptre of the elements, which tear
Themselves to chaos at his high command!
He breatheth— and a tempest shakes the sea;
He speaketh— and the clouds reply in thunder;
He gazeth— from his glance the sunbeams flee;

He moveth— earthquakes rend the world asunder.
Beneath his footsteps the volcanoes rise;
His shadow is the Pestilence; his path
The comets herald through the crackling skies;
And planets turn to ashes at his wrath. 380

[Enter DESTINY and NEMESIS.]

Glory to Arimanes! we who bow
The necks of men, bow down before his throne! 390

[Enter MANFRED.]

FIRST SPIRIT. What is here?
A mortal!— Thou most rash and fatal wretch,
Bow down and worship!

SECOND SPIRIT. I do know the man—
A Magian of great power, and fearful skill! 400

FIRST SPIRIT. Bow down and worship, slave! What, know'st thou not
Thine and our Sovereign?— Tremble, and obey!

SECOND SPIRIT. Prostrate thyself, and thy condemnèd clay,
Child of the Earth! or dread the worst.

MANFRED. I know it;
And yet ye see I kneel not.

FIRST SPIRIT. 'T will be taught thee.

MANFRED. 'Tis taught already,— many a night on the earth,
On the bare ground, have I bow'd down my face,
And strew'd my head with ashes; I have known
The fulness of humiliation, for
I sunk before my vain despair, and knelt
To my own desolation.

SECOND SPIRIT. Dost thou dare
Refuse to Arimanes on his throne
What the whole earth accords, beholding not
The terror of his Glory— Crouch! I say.

MANFRED. Bid him bow down to that which is above him,
The overruling Infinite— the Maker
Who made him not for worship— let him kneel,
And we will kneel together.

BOTH SPIRITS. Crush the worm!
Tear him in pieces!—

A few bars from Schumann's no. 9, Zermalmt den Wurm

DESTINY. Hence! Avaunt!— he's mine. 420
Prince of the Powers invisible! This man
Is of no common order, as his port
And presence here denote. His sufferings
Have been of an immortal nature, like
Our own.

His aspirations
Have been beyond the dwellers of the earth,
And they have only taught him what we know—
That knowledge is not happiness, and science
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance.

This is not all; the passions, attributes
Of earth and heaven, from which no power, nor being,
Nor breath from the worm upwards is exempt,
Have pierced his heart; and in their consequence
Made him a thing, which I, who pity not,
Yet pardon those who pity. He is mine.

NEMESIS. What doth he here then?

DESTINY. Let him answer that.

MANFRED. Ye know what I have known; and without power 445
I could not be amongst ye: but there are
Powers deeper still beyond— I come in quest
Of such, to answer unto what I seek.

NEMESIS. What wouldst thou?

MANFRED. Thou canst not reply to me.
Call up the dead— my question is for them.

NEMESIS. Whom wouldst thou
Uncharnel?

MANFRED. One without a tomb— call up Astarte.

Schumann's no. 10, Beschwörung der Astarte,

Scene Five
The Shade of Astarte Summoned
Announcement of Imminent Release

Schumann's no. 11, *Schatten, Geist*

NEMESIS

Shadow! or Spirit!
Whatever thou art,
Which still doth inherit
The whole or a part
Of the form of thy birth,
Of the mould of thy clay
Which returned to the earth,—
Re-appear to the day!
Appear!— Appear!— Appear!
Who sent thee there requires thee here!

[The Phantom of ASTARTE rises and stands in the midst.]

MANFRED. Can this be death? There's bloom upon her cheek;
But now I see it is no living hue,
But a strange hectic— like the unnatural red
Which Autumn plants upon the perish'd leaf.
It is the same! Oh, God! that I should dread
To look upon the same— Astarte!

Schumann's no. 11, cont., *O höre, hör mich, Astarte*

Hear me, hear me—
Astarte! my beloved! speak to me;
I have so much endured— so much endure—
Look on me! the grave hath not changed thee more
Than I am changed for thee. Thou lovedst me
Too much, as I loved thee: we were not made
To torture thus each other, though it were
The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.

Say that thou loath'st me not— that I do bear
This punishment for both—that thou wilt be
One of the blessèd— and that I shall die;
For hitherto all hateful things conspire
To bind me in existence— in a life
Which makes me shrink from immortality—
A future like the past. I cannot rest.
I know not what I ask, nor what I seek:
I feel but what thou art— and what I am.

And I would hear yet once before I perish
The voice which was my music— Speak to me!
For I have call'd on thee in the still night,
Startled the slumbering birds from the hush'd boughs,
And woke the mountain wolves, and made the caves
Acquainted with thy vainly echo'd name,

Which answer'd me— many things answer'd me—
Spirits and men— but thou wert silent all.

Yet speak to me! I have outwatch'd the stars,
And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of thee.
Speak to me! I have wander'd o'er the earth,
And never found thy likeness— Speak to me!
Look on the fiends around— they feel for me:
I fear them not, and feel for thee alone.
Speak to me! though it be in wrath;— but say—
I reckon not what— but let me hear thee once—
This once— once more!

PHANTOM OF ASTARTE. Manfred!

MANFRED. Say on, say on—
I live but in the sound — it is thy voice!

PHANTOM. Manfred! To-morrow ends thine earthly ills.
Farewell!

MANFRED. Yet one word more— am I forgiven?

PHANTOM. Farewell!

MANFRED. Say, shall we meet again?

PHANTOM. Farewell!

MANFRED. One word for mercy! Say, thou lovest me.

PHANTOM. Manfred!

[The Spirit of ASTARTE departs.]

NEMESIS. She's gone, and will not be recall'd;
Her words will be fulfill'd. Return to the earth.

Entracte, 90 seconds, perhaps from Schumann's *Zwischenaktmusik* B

Scene Six
The Abbot of St Moritz Rebuffed
Rejection of Redemption via Penitence

(Act 3, sc. 1)

[Scene, a Hall in the Castle of Manfred. Time, an hour before sunset]

MANFRED (*alone*). There is a calm upon me—
Inexplicable stillness! which till now

6

Which is remorse without the fear of hell / Can exorcise
 From out the unbounded spirit, the quick sense
 Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge
 Upon itself. There is no future pang
 Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd
 He deals on his own soul. 78

I have had those earthly visions 104
 And noble aspirations in my youth,
 To make my own the mind of other men,
 The enlightener of nations; and to rise
 I knew not whither— it might be to fall;
 But fall, even as the mountain-cataract,
 Which having leapt from its more dazzling height,
 Even in the foaming strength of its abyss
 (Which casts up misty columns that become
 Clouds raining from the re-ascended skies)
 Lies low but mighty still.
 But this is past. 114
 I could not tame my nature down.
 I disdain'd to mingle with
 A herd, though to be leader— and of wolves.
 The lion is alone, and so am I.

ABBOT. And why not live and act with other men?

MANFRED. Because my nature was averse from life;
 And yet not cruel; for I would not make,
 But find a desolation. Like the wind,
 The red-hot breath of the most lone Simoom,
 Which dwells but in the desert, and sweeps o'er
 The barren sands which bear no shrubs to blast, 130
 And revels o'er their wild and arid waves,
 And seeketh not, so that it is not sought,
 But being met is deadly,— such hath been
 The course of my existence. But there came
 Things in my path which are no more...
 Farewell. 158

[Exit MANFRED.]

ABBOT. This should have been a noble creature: he
 Hath all the energy which would have made
 A goodly frame of glorious elements,
 Had they been wisely mingled.
 He will perish,
 And yet he must not; I will try once more,
 For such are worth redemption; and my duty
 Is to dare all things for a righteous end. 170

A few bars (30-40 seconds) quiet, intense, from themes already used
to mark the change of scene/elapse of time

Scene Seven
The Sun Apostrophised
Leave-taking from the Primal Power of Goodness

(Act 3, sc. 2)

[Scene, another Chamber. Time, Sunset

MANFRED *[advancing to the Window of the Hall]*.

Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere 180
The mystery of thy making was reveal'd!
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
Which gladden'd, on their mountain tops, the hearts
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd
Themselves in orisons!

Thou material God!
And representative of the Unknown,
Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief star!
Centre of many stars! which mak'st our earth
Endurable, and temperest the hues
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays! 190
For near or far,
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
Even as our outward aspects.

Thou dost rise, 194
And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well!
I ne'er shall see thee more.

He is gone. I follow. 201

[Exit MANFRED.]

Again, a few bars (30-40 seconds) quiet, intense, from themes already used
to mark the change of scene/elapse of time

Scene Eight
Servants Recollect a Moonlit Night in the Past
Astarte

(Act 3, sc. 3)

*[Scene, the Mountains.— The Castle of MANFRED at some distance.—
A Terrace before a Tower.— Time, Twilight.]*

HERMAN, MANUEL (Dependents of Manfred).

HERMAN. 'T is strange enough; night after night, for years,
He hath pursued long vigils in this tower,
Without a witness. 204
Ah! Manuel! thou art elderly and wise,
And could'st say much; thou hast dwelt within the castle—
How many years is't?

MANUEL. Ere Count Manfred's birth, 213
I served his father.
These walls have seen
Some strange things in them, Herman. 231

HERMAN. Come,
Relate me some to while away our watch.
I've heard thee darkly speak of an event
Which happen'd hereabouts, by this same tower.

MANUEL. That was a night indeed! I do remember
'T was twilight, as it may be now, and such
Another evening; yon red cloud, which rests
On Eigher's pinnacle, so rested then,—
So like that it might be the same; the wind
Was faint and gusty, and the mountain snows
Began to glitter with the climbing moon.
Count Manfred was, as now, within his tower,— 242
How occupied, we knew not, but with him
The sole companion of his wanderings
And watchings— her, whom of all earthly things
That lived, the only thing he seem'd to love,—
As he, indeed, by blood was bound to do,
The Lady Astarte, his—
Hush! who comes here?

Enter the ABBOT.

ABBOT. Where is your master?

HERMAN. Yonder in the tower.

ABBOT. I must speak with him.

MANUEL. 'T is impossible; 250
He is most private, and must not be thus
Intruded on.

Again, a few bars (30-40 seconds) quiet, intense, from themes already used
to mark the change of scene/elapse of time

Scene Nine
Manfred Recollects a Moonlit Night in the Past
The Roman Forum

(Act 3, sc. 4)

[Scene, the Interior of the Tower. Time, immediately afterwards.]

MANFRED alone.

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.— Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.

I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering,— upon such a night
I stood within the Colosseum's wall,
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome.
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watchdog bay'd beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Caesars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot.

Where the Caesars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levell'd battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth:
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands —
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection —
While Caesar's chambers, and the Augustan halls
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—

And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place

Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old,—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.—

'T was such a night!
'T is strange that I recall it at this time;
But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
Even at the moment when they should array
Themselves in pensive order.

Scene Ten
The Spirits Repulsed
Assertion of Freedom and a Willing Departure

[Enter the ABBOT.]

ABBOT. My good Lord!
I crave a second grace for this approach.

MANFRED. Thou know'st me not;
My days are number'd, and my deeds recorded:
Retire, or 't will be dangerous— Away!

ABBOT. Thou dost not mean to menace me?

MANFRED. Not I;
I simply tell thee peril is at hand,
And would preserve thee.

ABBOT. What dost thou mean?

MANFRED. Look there!
What dost thou see?

ABBOT. Nothing.

MANFRED. Look there, I say,
And steadfastly;— now tell me what thou seest?

*Schumann's no. 14, **Blick nur hierher**
(a few bars, perhaps melodramatically)*

ABBOT. That which should shake me— but I fear it not;
I see a dusk and awful figure rise,
Like an infernal god from out the earth;

His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form

Robed as with angry clouds: he stands between
Thyself and me— but I do fear him not.
What doth he here?

MANFRED. Why— ay— what doth he here?
I did not send for him,— he is unbidden.

ABBOT. Alas! lost mortal!
Why doth he gaze on thee, and thou on him?
Ah! he unveils his aspect; on his brow
The thunder-scars are graven; from his eye
Glares forth the immortality of hell—
Avaunt!—

MANFRED. Pronounce— what is thy mission?

SPIRIT. Come!

ABBOT. What art thou, unknown being? answer!— speak!

SPIRIT. The genius of this mortal. — Come! 't is time.

MANFRED. I am prepared for all things, but deny
The power which summons me. Who sent thee here?

SPIRIT. Thou'lt know anon — Come! Come!

MANFRED. I have commanded
Things of an essence greater far than thine,
And striven with thy masters. Get thee hence!

SPIRIT. Mortal! thine hour is come— Away! I say.

MANFRED. I knew, and know my hour is come, but not
To render up my soul to such as thee:
Away! I'll die as I have lived— alone.

SPIRIT. Then I must summon up my brethren.— Rise!

A few bars (10 seconds), dramatic, ff. from themes used earlier

[Other spirits rise up.]

MANFRED. I do defy ye,— though I feel my soul
Is ebbing from me, yet I do defy ye;
Nor will I hence, while I have earthly breath
To breathe my scorn upon ye— earthly strength
To wrestle, though with spirits; what ye take
Shall be ta'en limb by limb.

SPIRIT. Reluctant mortal!
Is this the Magian who would so pervade
The world invisible, and make himself
Almost our equal?— Can it be that thou
Art thus in love with life? the very life
Which made thee wretched!

MANFRED. Thou false fiend, thou liest!
My life is in its last hour,— that I know,
Nor would redeem a moment of that hour.

I do not combat against death, but thee
And thy surrounding angels; my past power
Was purchased by no compact with thy crew,
But by superior science— penance— daring,
And length of watching— strength of mind— and skill
In knowledge of our fathers when the earth
Saw men and spirits walking side by side
And gave ye no supremacy: I stand
Upon my strength— I do defy— deny—
Spurn back, and scorn ye!—

SPIRIT. But thy many crimes
Have made thee—

MANFRED. What are they to such as thee?
Must crimes be punish'd but by other crimes,
And greater criminals?— Back to thy hell!
Thou hast no power upon me, that I feel;
Thou never shalt possess me, that I know:
What I have done is done; I bear within
A torture which could nothing gain from thine.

The mind which is immortal makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thoughts,
Is its own origin of ill and end,
And its own place and time; its innate sense,
When stripp'd of this mortality, derives
No colour from the fleeting things without,
But is absorb'd in sufferance or in joy,
Born from the knowledge of its own desert.

Thou didst not tempt me, and thou couldst not tempt me;
I have not been thy dupe nor am thy prey,
But was my own destroyer, and will be
My own hereafter.— Back, ye baffled fiends!
The hand of death is on me— but not yours!

[The Demons disappear.]

A few bars (used ‘melodramatically’) from end of Schumann’s *Ouvertüre* (?)

ABBOT. Alas! how pale thou art— thy lips are white—
And thy breast heaves— and in thy gasping throat
The accents rattle. Give thy prayers to Heaven—
Pray— albeit but in thought,— but die not thus.

MANFRED. 'T is over— my dull eyes can fix thee not;
But all things swim around me, and the earth
Heaves as it were beneath me. Fare thee well—
Give me thy hand.

ABBOT. Cold— cold— even to the heart—
But yet one prayer— Alas! how fares it with thee?

MANFRED. Old man! 't is not so difficult to die.

[MANFRED expires.]

ABBOT. He's gone, his soul hath ta'en its earthless flight;
Whither? I dread to think; but he is gone.

Finis