

# **Actors Final text, (slides not shown)**

## ***Manfred***

**a dramatic poem by Lord Byron  
abridged in ten scenes**

***‘There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.’***

*The scene of the Drama is Switzerland,  
amongst the Higher Alps,  
partly in the Castle of Manfred, and partly in the Mountains.*

## ***Ouverture***

### **Scene One**

#### **The Spirits Summoned**

***A Gothic Gallery in the Castle of Count Manfred.  
Time, Midnight.***

### **MANFRED**

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

**SPIRIT**

Mortal! to thy bidding bow'd  
From my mansion in the cloud,  
Which the breath of twilight builds,  
And the summer's sunset gilds

With the azure and vermilion  
Which is mix'd for my pavilion;  
Though thy quest may be forbidden,  
On a star-beam I have ridden,  
To thine adjuration bow'd;

Mortal—be thy wish avow'd!

**SPIRIT**

In the blue depth of the waters,  
Where the wave hath no strife,  
Where the wind is a stranger,  
And the sea-snake hath life,

Where the Mermaid is decking  
Her green hair with shells;  
Like the storm on the surface  
Came the sound of thy spells;

O'er my calm Hall of Coral  
The deep echo roll'd—  
To the Spirit of Ocean  
Thy wishes unfold!

**SPIRIT**

Where the roots of the Andes  
Strike deep in the earth,

As their summits to heaven  
Shoot soaringly forth;

I have quitted my birthplace,  
Thy bidding to bide—  
Thy spell hath subdued me,  
Thy will be my guide!

### **SPIRIT**

My dwelling is the shadow of the night,  
Why doth thy magic torture me with light?

### **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—

### **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.

### **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?  
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.  
Have I then call'd ye from your realms in vain?

Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.  
Accursèd! Hence—begone!

Yet stay—one moment, ere we part—  
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.

**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!

*The Spirit appears as a beautiful female figure*

**SPIRIT**

Behold!

**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.]*

## **SPIRITS**

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;

And the answer'd owls are hooting,  
And the silent leaves are still  
In the shadow of the hill,  
Shall my soul be upon thine,  
With a power and with a sign.

## **SPIRIT**

Though thy slumber may be deep,  
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep.  
There are shades which will not vanish,  
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;

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:  
In proving every poison known,  
I found the strongest was thine own.

And on thy head I pour the vial  
Which doth devote thee to this trial;  
Nor to slumber, nor to die,  
Shall be in thy destiny.  
O'er thy heart and brain together  
Hath the word been pass'd—now wither!

**The Chamois-hunter**  
*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?  
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.

Hark! the note,  
The natural music of the mountain reed  
(For here the patriarchal days are not  
A pastoral fable) pipes in the liberal air,

6



Hold, madman!— though aweary of thy life,  
Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood!  
Away with me— I will not quit my hold.

I am most sick at heart— nay, grasp me not—  
I am all feebleness— the mountains whirl  
Spinning around me— I grow blind— What art thou?

I'll answer that anon.— Away with me!  
The clouds grow thicker— there— now lean on me—  
Place your foot here— here, take this staff, and cling  
A moment to that shrub—

now give me your hand,

And hold fast by my girdle— softly— well—  
The Chalet will be gain'd within an hour.

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

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.

**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!

**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.

**HUNTER**

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

### **Scene Three**

#### **The Witch of the Alps**

*A lower Valley in the Alps. A Cataract.*

*Time, Morning*

#### **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.

*MANFRED takes 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.

in whose form

the charms of Earth's least mortal daughters grow  
to an unearthly stature,  
in an essence of purer elements;  
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

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.

## **Scene Four**

### **The Festival of Arimanes** ***The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.*** ***Time, Night***

#### **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— 'tis strange they come not.

### ***The Location changes to the Hall of ARIMANES.*** ***Time, shortly afterwards***

### ***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.

**SPIRIT**

I do know the man—  
A Magian of great power, and fearful skill!  
Bow down and worship, slave!  
What, know'st thou not  
Thine and our Sovereign?— Tremble, and obey!  
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.

**SPIRIT**

It 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.

**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.



## **DESTINY**

Hence! Avaunt!— he's mine.  
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.

## **MANFRED**

Ye know what I have known; and without power  
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.

## **DESTINY**

What wouldst thou?

## **MANFRED**

Thou canst not reply to me.  
Call up the dead— my question is for them.  
Whom wouldst thou uncharnel?

## **MANFRED**

One without a tomb— call up Astarte.

## **Scene Five**

**The Shade of Astarte**  
*The Location is unchanged*

Re-appear to the day!  
Appear!– Appear!– Appear!  
Who sent thee there requires thee here!

**MANFRED**

18

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*

**Scene Six**

**The Abbot of St Moritz**  
*A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.*  
*Time, an hour before sunset*

**MANFRED**

There is a calm upon me—  
Inexplicable stillness! which till now  
Did not belong to what I knew of life.  
If that I did not know philosophy  
To be of all our vanities the motliest,  
The merest word that ever fool'd the ear  
From out the schoolman's jargon, I should deem  
The golden secret, the sought Kalón, found,  
And seated in my soul.

Who is there?

*Enter the ABBOT OF ST. MORITZ*

**ABBOT**

Peace be with Count Manfred!

**MANFRED**

Holy father! welcome to these walls;  
What would my reverend guest?

**ABBOT**

Thus, without prelude:— Age and zeal, my office,  
And good intent, must plead my privilege.

Rumours strange,  
And of unholy nature, are abroad,  
And busy with thy name; a noble name  
For centuries: may he who bears it now  
Transmit it unimpair'd!

**MANFRED**

Proceed,— I listen.

**ABBOT**

**MANFRED**

**ABBOT**

# There still is time

**MANFRED**

can exorcise

(Which casts up misty columns that become

Clouds raining from the re-ascended skies)  
Lies low but mighty still.  
But this is past. 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,  
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.

***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.

**Scene Seven**

**Farewell to the Sun**  
***Another Chamber in the castle of Manfred.***

## *Time, Sunset*

### **MANFRED**

Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere  
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!  
For near or far,  
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,  
Even as our outward aspects.  
Thou dost rise, and shine, and set in glory.  
Fare thee well!  
I ne'er shall see thee more.  
He is gone. I follow.

### *Exit MANFRED*

## **Scene Eight**

### **Memory of a Fateful Night**

*A Terrace before The Castle of Manfred.*

### *Time, Twilight*

### **HEDWIG, MANUEL (Dependents of Manfred)**

#### **HEDWIG**

'T is strange enough; night after night, for years,  
He hath pursued long vigils in this tower,  
Without a witness.

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, I served his father.  
These walls have seen  
Some strange things in them, Hedwig.

**HEDWIG**

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,—  
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...

Hush! who comes here?

*Enter the ABBOT*

**ABBOT**

Where is your master?

**HEDWIG**

Yonder in the tower.

**ABBOT**

I must speak with him.

**MANUEL**



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

## Scene Nine

**Memory of a Night in Italy**  
*The Interior of a Tower in the Castle.*  
*Time, immediately afterwards*

**MANFRED**

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 't were 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 Return: Death of Manfred**  
*Location, the same*

***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?

**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!

***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 taken 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***

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! 'tis not so difficult to die.

***MANFRED expires***

***[a few bars of music***

ABBOT

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

***[Abbot freezes during the last bars of the Overture (30 secs)***

Finis