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.**

**Robert Schumann  
  
Ouvertüre**

**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.**

**Manfred  
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!**

**Scene Two  
 The Chamois-hunter  
The Mountain of the Jungfrau   
Time, Morning.  
MANFRED alone upon the Cliffs**

**Manfred  
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.**

**A Shepherd’s pipe is heard in the distance.**

**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,**

**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,**

**A bodiless enjoyment –   
 born and dying  
With the blessed tone which made me!**

**Enter from below a CHAMOIS HUNTER**

**CHAMOIS HUNTER  
 Even so  
This way the chamois leapt: her nimble feet  
Have baffled me; my gains to-day will scarce  
Repay my break-neck travail. –**

**What is here?   
Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath reach’d   
A height which none even of our mountaineers   
Save our best hunters, may attain:**

**his garb   
Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air   
Proud as a freeborn peasant’s, at this distance –   
I will approach him nearer.**

**Friend! have a care,  
Your next step may be fatal!– for the love   
Of him who made you, stand not on that brink!**

**Manfred   
Such would have been for me a fitting tomb;  
My bones had then been quiet in their depth;  
They had not then been strewn upon the rocks   
For the wind’s pastime– as thus they shall be–   
In this one plunge.–**

**Farewell, ye opening heavens!   
Look not upon me thus reproachfully–   
Ye were not meant for me– Earth! take these atoms!**

**As MANFRED is in act to spring from the cliff,   
the CHAMOIS HUNTER seizes and retains him.**

**HUNTER   
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.**

**Manfred  
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?**

**HUNTER   
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.**

**The Location changes to the Hunter’s Cottage.  
Time, shortly afterwards.  
Manfred is resolved to set out again.**

**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?**

**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.**

**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 desart  
Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,  
But nothing rests, save carcases 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-  
  
And planets turn to ashes at his wrath.

**Enter MANFRED  
SPIRIT  
What is here?  
A mortal!- Thou most rash and fatal wretch,  
Bow down and worship!   
Ah! I 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**

**Manfred   
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!**

**Hear me, hear me–   
Astarte! my belovèd! 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 lovèdst 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 reck 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  
’Tis said thou holdest converse with the things  
Which are forbidden to the search of man;**

**That with the dwellers of the dark abodes,  
The many evil and unheavenly spirits  
Which walk the valley of the shade of death,  
Thou communest. Thy life’s in peril.**

**Manfred  
Take it.  
 ABBOT  
I come to save, and not destroy.**

**There still is time  
For penitence and pity. Reconcile thee   
With the true church, and through the church to heaven.**

**Manfred  
I hear thee.   
This is my reply: whate’er  
I may have been, or am, doth rest between  
Heaven and myself; I shall not choose a mortal  
To be my mediator.**

**There is no power in holy men, nor charm in prayer,   
Nor agony, nor – greater than all these –  
The innate tortures of that deep despair   
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.**

**I have had those earthly visions   
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. 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 Coloseum’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?   
  
 No. 14, Blick nur hierher = just a few dramatic chords**

**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**

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

**Finis**