

# **Manfred, a Dramatic Poem**

**George Gordon Byron**



**1817**

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MANFRED.

T. DAVISON, LOMBARD-STREET, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON.

# MANFRED,

A

DRAMATIC POEM.



BY LORD BYRON.



LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.



1817.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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MANFRED.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.

MANUEL.

HERMAN.

WITCH OF THE ALPS.

ARIMANES.

NEMESIS.

THE DESTINIES.

SPIRITS, &c.

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

## Acts

(not listed in original)

### Act I

- [Act I, Scene I](#)
- [Act I, Scene II](#)

### Act II

- [Act II, Scene I](#)
- [Act II, Scene II](#)
- [Act II, Scene III](#)
- [Act II, Scene IV](#)

### Act III

- [Act III, Scene I](#)
- [Act III, Scene II](#)
- [Act III, Scene III](#)
- [Act III, Scene IV](#)
- [Notes](#)



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# MANFRED.



## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

MANFRED *alone*—*Scene, a Gothic gallery*—*Time, Midnight.*



MAN. THE lamp must be replenish'd, but even then  
It will not burn so long as I must watch:  
My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,  
But a continuance of enduring thought,  
Which then I can resist not: in my heart  
There is a vigil, and these eyes but close  
To look within; and yet I live, and bear  
The aspect and the form of breathing men.  
But grief should be the instructor of the wise;  
Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most  
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,  
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.  
Philosophy and science, and the springs  
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,  
I have essayed, and in my mind there is  
A power to make these subject to itself—  
But they avail not: I have done men good,  
And I have met with good even among men—  
But this avail'd not: I have had my foes,  
And none have baffled, many fallen before me—  
But this avail'd not: Good, or evil, life,  
Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,  
Have been to me as rain unto the sands,  
Since that all-nameless hour. I have no dread,  
And feel the curse to have no natural fear,  
Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or wishes,  
Or lurking love of something on the earth.—  
Now to my task.—

## Mysterious Agency!

Ye spirits of the unbounded Universe!  
Whom I have sought in darkness and in light—  
Ye, who do compass earth about, and dwell  
In subtler essence—ye, to whom the tops  
Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,  
And earth's and ocean's caves familiar things—  
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.

If it be so.—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!

[A star is seen at the darker end of the gallery: it is  
stationary; and a voice is heard singing.

FIRST 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!

*Voice of the* SECOND SPIRIT.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,  
They crowned him long ago  
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,  
With a diadem of snow.  
Around his waist are forests braced,  
The Avalanche in his hand;  
But ere it fall, that thundering ball  
Must pause for my command.  
The Glacier's cold and restless mass  
Moves onward day by day;  
But I am he who bids it pass,  
Or with its ice delay.  
I am the spirit of the place,  
Could make the mountain bow  
And quiver to his cavern'd base—  
And what with me wouldst *Thou*?

*Voice of the* THIRD 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!

FOURTH SPIRIT.

Where the slumbering earthquake  
Lies pillow'd on fire,  
And the lakes of bitumen  
Rise boilingly higher;  
Where the roots of the Andes  
Strike deep in the earth,  
As their summits to heaven  
Shoot soaringly forth;  
I have quitted my birth-place,  
Thy bidding to bide—  
Thy spell hath subdued me,  
Thy will be my guide!

FIFTH SPIRIT.

I am the Rider of the wind,  
The Stirrer of the storm;  
The hurricane I left behind  
Is yet with lightning warm;  
To speed to thee, o'er shore and sea  
I swept upon the blast:  
The fleet I met sailed well, and yet  
'Twill sink ere night be past.

SIXTH SPIRIT.

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

SEVENTH SPIRIT.

The star which rules thy destiny,  
Was ruled, ere earth began, by me:  
It was a world as fresh and fair  
As e'er revolved round sun in air;  
Its course was free and regular,  
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!  
And thou! beneath its influence born—  
Thou worm! whom I obey and scorn—  
Forced by a power (which is not thine,  
And lent thee but to make thee mine)  
For this brief moment to descend,  
Where these weak spirits round thee bend  
And parley with a thing like thee—  
What wouldst thou, Child of Clay! with me?

*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?  
MAN. Forgetfulness——

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

MAN. 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:  
Ask of us subjects, sovereignty, the power  
O'er earth, the whole, or portion, or a sign  
Which shall control the elements, whereof  
We are the dominators, each and all,  
These shall be thine.

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

SPIRIT. It is not in our essence, in our skill;  
But—thou mayst die.

MAN. Will death bestow it on me?

SPIRIT. We are immortal, and do not forget;  
We are eternal; and to us the past  
Is, as the future, present. Art thou answered?

MAN. Ye mock me—but the power which brought ye  
here  
Hath made you mine. 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 ye what I am.

SPIRIT. We answer as we answer'd; our reply  
Is even in thine own words.

MAN. Why say ye so?

SPIRIT. If, as thou say'st, thine essence be as ours,  
We have replied in telling thee, the thing  
Mortals call death hath nought to do with us.

MAN. I then have call'd ye from your realms in vain;  
Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.



SPIRIT. Say;  
What we possess we offer; it is thine:  
Bethink ere thou dismiss us, ask again—  
Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and length of days——

MAN. Accursed! what have I to do with days?  
They are too long already.—Hence—begone!

SPIRIT. Yet pause: being here, our will would do thee  
service;  
Bethink thee, is there then no other gift  
Which we can make not worthless in thine eyes?

MAN. No, none: 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.

MAN. 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!

MAN. 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 crushed!  
[MANFRED falls senseless.

(*A voice is heard in the Incantation which follows.*)

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;  
When the falling stars are shooting,  
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.

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;  
By a power to thee unknown,  
Thou canst never be alone;  
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,  
Thou art gathered in a cloud;  
And for ever shalt thou dwell  
In the spirit of this spell.

Though thou seest me not pass by,  
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye  
As a thing that, though unseen,  
Must be near thee, and hath been;  
And when in that secret dread  
Thou hast turn'd around thy head,  
Thou shalt marvel I am not  
As thy shadow on the spot,  
And the power which thou dost feel  
Shall be what thou must conceal.

And a magic voice and verse  
Hath baptized thee with a curse;  
And a spirit of the air  
Hath begirt thee with a snare;  
In the wind there is a voice  
Shall forbid thee to rejoice;  
And to thee shall Night deny  
All the quiet of her sky;  
And the day shall have a sun,  
Which shall make thee wish it done.

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 smile I snatch'd the snake,  
For there it coil'd as in a brake;  
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.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,  
By thy unfathom'd gulfs of guile,  
By that most seeming virtuous eye,  
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy;  
By the perfection of thine art  
Which pass'd for human thine own heart;  
By thy delight in others' pain,  
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,  
I call upon thee! and compel  
Thyself to be thy proper Hell!

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;  
Though thy death shall still seem near  
To thy wish, but as a fear;  
Lo! the spell now works around thee,  
And the clankless chain hath bound thee;  
O'er thy heart and brain together  
Hath the word been pass'd—now wither!

SCENE II.

*The Mountain of the Jungfrau.—Time, Morning.—MANFRED  
alone upon the Cliffs.*

MAN. The spirits I have raised abandon me—  
The spells which I have studied baffled me—  
The remedy I reck'd of tortured me;  
I lean no more on super-human aid,  
It hath no power upon the past, and for  
The future, till the past be gulf'd in darkness,  
It is not of my search.—My mother Earth!  
And thou fresh breaking Day, and you, ye Mountains,  
Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.  
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,  
That openest over all, and unto all  
Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my heart.  
And you, 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 for ever—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, for I have ceased  
To justify my deeds unto myself—

The last infirmity of evil. Ay,  
Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,

[*An eagle passes.*

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,  
Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I should be  
Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou art gone  
Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine  
Yet pierces downward, onward, or above  
With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!  
How beautiful is all this visible world!  
How glorious in its action and itself;  
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,  
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit  
To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make  
A conflict of its elements, and breathe  
The breath of degradation and of pride,  
Contending with low wants and lofty will,  
Till our mortality predominates,  
And men are—what they name not to themselves,  
And trust not to each other. Hark! the note,

[*The Shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard.*

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.

MAN. (*not perceiving the other.*) To be thus—  
Grey—hair'd with anguish, like these blasted pines,  
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,  
A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,  
Which but supplies a feeling to decay—  
And to be thus, eternally but thus,  
Having been otherwise! Now furrowed o'er  
With wrinkles, plough'd by moments, not by years;  
And hours—all tortured into ages—hours  
Which I outlive!—Ye toppling crags of ice!  
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down  
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me  
I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,  
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,  
And only fall on things that still would live;  
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut  
And hamlet of the harmless villager.

C. HUN. The mists begin to rise from up the valley;  
I'll warn him to descend, or he may chance  
To lose at once his way and life together.

MAN. The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds  
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,  
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep Hell,  
Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,  
Heaped with the damn'd like pebbles.—I am giddy.

C. HUN. I must approach him cautiously; if near,  
A sudden step will startle him, and he  
Seems tottering already.

MAN.                    Mountains have fallen,  
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock  
Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up  
The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters;  
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,  
Which crush'd the waters into mist, and made  
Their fountains find another channel—thus,  
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg—  
Why stood I not beneath it?

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

MAN. (*not hearing him.*) 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—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  
with a sudden grasp.)*

C. HUN. 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.

MAN. 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?

C. HUN. 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—  
Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing,  
And something like a pathway, which the torrent  
Hath wash'd since winter.—Come, 'tis bravely done—  
You should have been a hunter.— Follow me.  
*(As they descend the rocks with difficulty, the scene closes.)*

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*A Cottage amongst the Bernese Alps.*

MANFRED *and the* CHAMOIS HUNTER.

C. HUN. No, no—yet pause—thou must not yet go forth:  
Thy mind and body are alike unfit  
To trust each other, for some hours, at least;  
When thou art better, I will be thy guide—  
But whither?

MAN.           It imports not; I do know  
My route full well, and need no further guidance.

C. HUN. Thy garb and gait bespeak thee of high lineage  
—  
One of the many chiefs, whose castled crags  
Look o'er the lower valleys—which of these  
May call thee Lord? I only know their portals;  
My way of life leads me but rarely down  
To bask by the huge hearths of those old halls,  
Carousing with the vassals; but the paths,  
Which step from out our mountains to their doors,  
I know from childhood—which of these is thine?

MAN. No matter.

C. HUN. Well, sir, pardon me the question,  
And be of better cheer. 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—Come, pledge me fairly.

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

C. HUN. What dost thou mean? thy senses wander from  
thee.

MAN. I say 'tis 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.

C. HUN. 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——

MAN. 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.

C. HUN. Thanks to heaven!  
I would not be of thine for the free fame  
Of [William Tell](#); but whatsoe'er thine ill,  
It must be borne, and these wild starts are useless.

MAN. Do I not bear it?—Look on me—I live.

C. HUN. This is convulsion, and no healthful life.

MAN. 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!

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







MAN. I need them not,  
But can endure thy pity. I depart—  
'Tis time—farewell!—Here's gold, and thanks for thee—  
No words—it is thy due.—Follow me not—  
I know my path—the mountain peril's past:—  
And once again, I charge thee, follow not!

[*Exit* MANFRED.]

SCENE II.

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

*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 light 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 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.)*

MAN. 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; while the hues of youth,—  
Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,  
Rock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,  
Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves  
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,  
The blush of earth embracing with her heaven,—

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?

MAN. To look upon thy beauty—nothing further.  
The face of the earth hath madden'd me, and I  
Take refuge in her mysteries, and pierce  
To the abodes of those who govern her—  
But they can nothing aid me. I have sought  
From them what they could not bestow, and now  
I search no further.



MAN. Well, though it torture me, 'tis but the same;  
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.  
I said, with men, and with the thoughts of men,  
I held but slight communion; but instead,  
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 developement, or catch  
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;  
Or to look, list'ning, on the scattered leaves,  
While Autumn winds were at their evening song.  
These were my pastimes, and to be alone;  
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—



Hating to be so,—cross'd me in my path,  
I felt myself degraded back to them,  
And was all clay again. And then I dived,  
In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,  
Searching its cause in its effect; and drew  
From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd up dust,  
Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pass'd  
The nights of years in sciences untaught,  
Save in the old-time; and with time and toil,  
And terrible ordeal, and such penance  
As in itself hath power upon the air,  
And spirits that do compass air and earth,  
Space, and the peopled infinite, 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.

MAN. Oh! I but thus prolonged my words,  
Boasting these idle attributes, because  
As I approach the core of my heart's grief—  
But to my task. 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.

MAN. 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?

MAN. 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.

WITCH. And for this—  
A being of the race thou dost despise,  
The order which thine own would rise above,  
Mingling with us and ours, thou dost forego  
The gifts of our great knowledge, and shrink'st back  
To recreant mortality—Away!

MAN. Daughter of Air! I tell thee, since that hour—  
But words are breath—look on me in my sleep,  
Or watch my watchings—Come and 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.  
In phantasy, imagination, all  
The affluence of my soul—which one day was  
A Cræsus in creation—I plunged deep,  
But, like an ebbing wave, it dash'd me back  
Into the gulf of my unfathom'd thought.  
I plunged amidst mankind—Forgetfulness  
I sought in all, save where 'tis to be found,  
And that I have to learn—my sciences,  
My long pursued and superhuman art,  
Is mortal here—I dwell in my despair—  
And live—and live for ever.

WITCH.  
That I can aid thee.

It may be

MAN.    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.

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

WITCH.    Is this all?  
Hast thou no gentler answer?—Yet bethink thee,  
And pause ere thou rejectest.

MAN.    I have said it.

WITCH. Enough!—I may retire then—say!

MAN.    Retire!

*[The WITCH disappears.]*

MAN. (*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.  
In all the days of this detested yoke—  
This vital weight upon the struggling heart,  
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick with pain,  
Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—  
In all the days of past and future, for  
In life there is no present, we can number  
How few—how less than few—wherein the soul  
Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws back  
As from a stream in winter, though the chill  
Be but a moment's. 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,  
And that is nothing—if they answer not—  
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—though he call'd in aid  
The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigalia roused  
The Arcadian Evocators to compel  
The indignant shadow to depose her wrath,  
Or fix her term of vengeance—[she replied](#)  
[In words of dubious import, but fulfill'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.  
Within few hours I shall not call in vain—  
Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare:  
Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze  
On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,  
And feel a strange cold thaw upon my heart,  
But I can act even what I most abhor,  
And champion human fears.—The night approaches.

[*Exit.*

### SCENE III.

*The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.*

*Enter* FIRST 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.



*A Voice without, singing.*

The Captive Usurper,  
Hurl'd down from the throne,  
Lay buried in torpor,  
Forgotten and lone;  
I broke through his slumbers,  
I shiver'd his chain,  
I leagued him with numbers—  
He's Tyrant again!

With the blood of a million he'll answer my care,  
With a nation's destruction—his flight and despair.

*Second Voice, without.*

The ship sail'd on, the ship sail'd fast,  
But I left not a sail, and I left not a mast;  
There is not a plank of the hull or the deck,  
And there is not a wretch to lament o'er his wreck;  
Save one, whom I held, as he swam, by the hair,  
And he was a subject well worthy my care;  
A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea—  
But I saved him to wreak further havoc for me!

FIRST DESTINY, *answering*.  
The city lies sleeping;  
The morn, to deplore it,  
May dawn on it weeping:  
Sullenly, slowly,  
The black plague flew o'er it—  
Thousands lie lowly;  
Tens of thousands shall perish—  
The living shall fly from  
The sick they should cherish;  
But nothing can vanquish  
The touch that they die from.  
Sorrow and anguish,  
And evil and dread,  
Envelope a nation—  
The blest are the dead,  
Who see not the sight  
Of their own desolation.—  
This work of a night—  
This wreck of a realm—this deed of my doing—  
For ages I've done, and shall still be renewing!

*Enter the* SECOND *and* THIRD DESTINIES.

*The Three*.  
Our hands contain the hearts of men,  
Our footsteps are their graves:  
We only give to take again  
The spirits of our slaves!

FIRST DES. Welcome!—Where's Nemesis?

SECOND DES. At some great work;  
But what I know not, for my hands were full.

THIRD DES. Behold she cometh.

Enter NEMESIS.

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

NEM. I was detain'd repairing shattered thrones,  
Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,  
Avenging men upon their enemies,  
And making them repent their own revenge;  
Goading the wise to madness, from the dull  
Shaping out oracles to rule the world  
Afresh, for they were waxing out of date,  
And mortals dared to ponder for themselves,  
To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak  
Of freedom, the forbidden fruit.—Away!  
We have outstaid the hour—mount we our clouds!

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE IV

*The Hall of Arimanes—Arimanes on his Throne, a Globe of Fire, surrounded by the Spirits.*

### *Hymn of the 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.  
To him War offers daily sacrifice;  
To him Death pays his tribute; Life is his,  
With all its infinite of agonies—  
And his the spirit of whatever is!

### *Enter the DESTINIES and NEMESIS.*

FIRST DES. Glory to Arimanes! on the earth  
His power increaseth—both my sisters did  
His bidding, nor did I neglect my duty!

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

THIRD DES. Glory to Arimanes!—we await  
His nod!

NEM. Sovereign of Sovereigns! we are thine,  
And all that liveth, more or less, is ours,  
And most things wholly so; still to increase  
Our power increasing thine, demands our care,  
And we are vigilant—Thy late commands  
Have been fulfill'd to the utmost.

*Enter* MANFRED.

A 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!

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

ALL THE SPIRITS. Prostrate thyself, and thy condemned  
clay,  
Child of the Earth! or dread the worst.

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

FOURTH SPIRIT. 'Twill be taught thee.

MAN. '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.

FIFTH 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.

MAN. 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.

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

FIRST DES.            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 knowledge and his powers and will,  
As far as is compatible with clay,  
Which clogs the ethereal essence, have been such  
As clay hath seldom borne; 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,  
And thine, it may be—be it so, or not,  
No other Spirit in this region hath  
A soul like his—or power upon his soul.

NEM. What doth he here then?

FIRST DES.

Let him answer that.

MAN. 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.

NEM. What wouldst thou?

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

NEMESIS. Great Arimanes, doth thy will avouch  
The wishes of this mortal?

ARI.                                      Yea.

NEM.                                      Whom would'st thou  
Uncharnel?

MAN.                      One without a tomb—call up  
Astarte.



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!  
Bear what thou borest,  
The heart and the form,  
And the aspect thou worest  
Redeem from the worm.  
Appear!—Appear!—Appear!  
Who sent thee there requires thee here!

*(The Phantom of ASTARTE rises and stands  
in the midst.)*

MAN. 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!—No,  
I cannot speak to her—but bid her speak—  
Forgive me or condemn me.

NEMESIS.

By the power which hath broken  
The grave which enthrall'd thee,  
Speak to him who hath spoken,  
Or those who have call'd thee!

MAN. She is silent,  
And in that silence I am more than answered.

NEM. My power extends no further. Prince of air!  
It rests with thee alone—command her voice.

ARI. Spirit—obey this sceptre!

NEM. Silent still!  
She is not of our order, but belongs  
To the other powers. Mortal! thy quest is vain,  
And we are baffled also.

MAN. 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 blessed—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 echoed name,  
 Which answered me—many things answered 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 wandered 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!

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

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

MAN. Yet one word more—am I forgiven?

PHAN. Farewell!

MAN. Say, shall we meet again?

PHAN. Farewell!

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

PHAN. Manfred! [*The Spirit of ASTARTE disappears.*]

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

A SPIRIT. He is convulsed—This is to be a mortal  
And seek the things beyond mortality.

ANOTHER SPIRIT. Yet, see, he mastereth himself, and  
makes  
His torture tributary to his will.  
Had he been one of us, he would have made  
An awful spirit.

NEM.                                   Hast thou further question  
Of our great sovereign, or his worshippers?

MAN. None.

NEMESIS.                           Then for a time farewell.

MAN. We meet then! Where? On the earth?—  
Even as thou wilt: and for the grace accorded  
I now depart a debtor. Fare ye well!                   [*Exit* MANFRED.]

*(Scene closes).*

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

*A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.*

MANFRED and HERMAN.

MAN. What is the hour?

HER. It wants but one till sunset,  
And promises a lovely twilight.

MAN. Say,  
Are all things so disposed of in the tower  
As I directed?

HER. All, my lord, are ready;  
Here is the key and casket.

MAN. It is well:  
Thou mayst retire. [Exit HERMAN.

MAN. (*alone*). 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 mothest,  
The merest word that ever fool'd the ear  
From out the schoolman's jargon, I should deem  
The golden secret, the sought "Kalon," found,  
And seated in my soul. It will not last,  
But it is well to have known it, though but once:  
It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new sense,  
And I within my tablets would note down  
That there is such a feeling. Who is there?

*Re-enter* HERMAN.

My lord, the abbot of St. Maurice craves  
To greet your presence.

*Enter the* ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.

ABBOT. Peace be with Count Manfred!

MAN. Thanks, holy father! welcome to these walls;  
Thy presence honours them, and blesseth those  
Who dwell within them.

ABBOT. Would it were so, Count!

—  
But I would fain confer with thee alone.

MAN. Herman, retire. What would my reverend guest?

ABBOT. Thus, without prelude:—Age and zeal, my office,  
And good intent, must plead my privilege;  
Our near, though not acquainted neighbourhood,  
May also be my herald. 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!

MAN. 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. I know that with mankind,  
Thy fellows in creation, thou dost rarely  
Exchange thy thoughts, and that thy solitude  
Is as an anchorite's, were it but holy.

MAN. And what are they who do avouch these things?



ABBOT. My pious brethren—the scared peasantry—  
Even thy own vassals—who do look on thee  
With most unquiet eyes. Thy life's in peril.

MAN. Take it.

ABBOT. I come to save, and not destroy—  
I would not pry into thy secret soul;  
But if these things be sooth, there still is time  
For penitence and pity: reconcile thee  
With the true church, and through the church to  
heaven.

MAN. 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. Have I sinn'd  
Against your ordinances? prove and punish!

ABBOT. My son! I did not speak of punishment,  
But penitence and pardon;—with thyself  
The choice of such remains—and for the last,  
Our institutions and our strong belief  
Have given me power to smooth the path from sin  
To higher hope and better thoughts; the first  
I leave to heaven—"Vengeance is mine alone!"  
So saith the Lord, and with all humbleness  
His servant echoes back the awful word.

MAN. Old man! there is no power in holy men,  
Nor charm in prayer—nor purifying form  
Of penitence—nor outward look—nor fast—  
Nor agony—nor, greater than all these,  
The innate tortures of that deep despair,  
Which is remorse without the fear of hell,  
But all in all sufficient to itself  
Would make a hell of heaven—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.

ABBOT. All this is well;  
For this will pass away, and be succeeded  
By an auspicious hope, which shall look up  
With calm assurance to that blessed place,  
Which all who seek may win, whatever be  
Their earthly errors, so they be atoned:  
And the commencement of atonement is  
The sense of its necessity.—Say on—  
And all our church can teach thee shall be taught;  
And all we can absolve thee, shall be pardon'd.

MAN. When Rome's sixth Emperor was near his last,  
The victim of a self-inflicted wound,  
To shun the torments of a public death  
From senates once his slaves, a certain soldier,  
With show of loyal pity, would have staunch'd  
The gushing throat with his officious robe;  
The dying Roman thrust him back and said—  
Some empire still in his expiring glance,  
"It is too late—is this fidelity?"

ABBOT. And what of this?

MAN. I answer with the  
Roman—  
"It is too late!"

ABBOT. It never can be so,  
To reconcile thyself with thy own soul,  
And thy own soul with heaven. Hast thou no hope?  
'Tis strange—even those who do despair above,  
Yet shape themselves some phantasy on earth,  
To which frail twig they cling, like drowning men.

MAN. Ay—father! 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,  
My thoughts mistook themselves.

ABBOT.

And wherefore so?

MAN. I could not tame my nature down; for he  
Must serve who fain would sway—and soothe—and  
sue—  
And watch all time—and pry into all place—  
And be a living lie—who would become  
A mighty thing amongst the mean, and such  
The mass are; 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?

MAN. 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.

ABBOT. Alas!  
I 'gin to fear that thou art past all aid  
From me and from my calling; yet so young,  
I still would——

MAN. Look on me! there is an order  
Of mortals on the earth, who do become  
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,  
Without the violence of warlike death;  
Some perishing of pleasure—some of study—  
Some worn with toil—some of mere weariness—  
Some of disease—and some insanity—  
And some of wither'd or of broken hearts;  
For this last is a malady which slays  
More than are numbered in the lists of Fate,  
Taking all shapes, and bearing many names.  
Look upon me! for even of all these things  
Have I partaken; and of all these things,  
One were enough; then wonder not that I  
Am what I am, but that I ever was,  
Or, having been, that I am still on earth.

ABBOT. Yet, hear me still——

MAN. Old man! I do respect  
Thine order, and revere thine years; I deem  
Thy purpose pious, but it is in vain.  
Think me not churlish; I would spare thyself,  
Far more than me, in shunning at this time  
All further colloquy—and so—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; as it is,  
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness—  
And mind and dust—and passions and pure thoughts,  
Mix'd, and contending without end or order,  
All dormant or destructive: 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.  
I'll follow him—but cautiously, though surely. [*Exit* ABBOT.]

## SCENE II.

*Another Chamber.*

MANFRED *and* HERMAN.

HER. My Lord, you bade me wait on you at sunset:  
He sinks behind the mountain.



MAN.

Doth he so?

I will look on him.

[MANFRED *advances to the Window of the Hall.*

Glorious Orb! the idol

Of early nature, and the vigorous race  
Of undiseased mankind, [the giant sons](#)  
[Of the embrace of angels](#), with a sex  
More beautiful than they, which did draw down  
The erring spirits who can ne'er return.—  
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!  
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,  
And those who dwell in them! 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. As my first glance  
Of love and wonder was for thee, then take  
My latest look: thou wilt not beam on one

To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been  
Of a more fatal nature. He is gone:  
I follow.

[*Exit* MANFRED.]

### SCENE III.

*The Mountains.— The Castle of Manfred at some distance.*

—

*A Terrace before a Tower.—Time, Twilight.*

HERMAN, MANUEL, *and other Dependants of* MANFRED.

HER. 'Tis strange enough; night after night, for years,  
He hath pursued long vigils in this tower,  
Without a witness. I have been within it,—  
So have we all been oft-times; but from it,  
Or its contents, it were impossible  
To draw conclusions absolute, of aught  
His studies tend to. To be sure, there is  
One chamber where none enter; I would give  
The fee of what I have to come these three years,  
To pore upon its mysteries.

MANUEL. 'Twere dangerous;  
Content thyself with what thou knowest already.

HER. 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, whom he nought resembles.

HER. There be more sons in like predicament.  
But wherein do they differ?

MANUEL. I speak not  
Of features or of form, but mind and habits:  
Count Sigismund was proud,—but gay and free,—  
A warrior and a reveller; he dwelt not  
With books and solitude, nor made the night  
A gloomy vigil, but a festal time,  
Merrier than day; he did not walk the rocks  
And forests like a wolf, nor turn aside  
From men and their delights.

HER. Beshrew the hour,  
But those were jocund times! I would that such  
Would visit the old walls again; they look  
As if they had forgotten them.

MANUEL. These walls  
Must change their chieftain first. Oh! I have seen  
Some strange things in them, Herman.

HER. Come, be friendly;  
Relate me some to while away our watch:  
I've heard thee darkly speak of an event  
Which happened hereabouts, by this same tower.

MANUEL. That was a night indeed; I do remember  
'Twas 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, his——

Hush! who comes here?

*Enter the ABBOT.*

ABBOT. Where is your master?

HER. Yonder, in the tower.

ABBOT. I must speak with him.

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

ABBOT.                    Upon myself I take  
The forfeit of my fault, if fault there be—  
But I must see him.

HER.                        Thou hast seen him once  
This eve already.

ABBOT.                    Herman! I command thee,  
Knock, and apprize the Count of my approach.

HER. We dare not.

ABBOT. Then it seems I must be herald  
Of my own purpose.

MANUEL.                    Reverend father, stop—  
I pray you pause.

ABBOT.                    Why so?

MANUEL.                    But step this way,  
And I will tell you further.                    [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Interior of the Tower.*

MANFRED *alone.*

MAN. 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 bayed beyond the Tiber; and  
More near from out the Cæsars' 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  
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood  
Within a bowshot—where the Cæsars 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 Cæsar'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.—

'Twas such a night!

'Tis 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.

*Enter the ABBOT.*

ABBOT.                        My good Lord!  
I crave a second grace for this approach;  
But yet let not my humble zeal offend  
By its abruptness—all it hath of ill  
Recoils on me; its good in the effect  
May light upon your head—could I say *heart*—  
Could I touch *that*, with words or prayers, I should  
Recall a noble spirit which hath wandered;  
But is not yet all lost.

MAN.                               Thou know'st me not;  
My days are numbered, and my deeds recorded:  
Retire, or 'twill be dangerous—Away!

ABBOT. Thou dost not mean to menace me?

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

ABBOT.                            What dost mean?

MAN.                               Look there!  
What dost thou see?

ABBOT.                            Nothing.

MAN.                               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.

MAN. Thou hast no cause—he shall not harm thee—but  
His sight may shock thine old limbs into palsy.  
I say to thee—Retire!

ABBOT.                      And, I reply—  
Never—till I have battled with this fiend—  
What doth he here?

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

ABBOT. Alas! lost mortal! what with guests like these  
Hast thou to do? I tremble for thy sake;  
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!——

MAN.              Pronounce—what is thy mission?

SPIRIT.    Come!

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

SPIRIT. The genius of this mortal.—Come! 'tis time.

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

SPIRIT. Thou'lt know anon—Come! come!

MAN. 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.

MAN. 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.]*

ABBOT. Avaunt! ye evil ones!—Avaunt! I say,—  
Ye have no power where piety hath power,  
And I do charge ye in the name——

SPIRIT. Old man!  
We know ourselves, our mission, and thine order;  
Waste not thy holy words on idle uses,  
It were in vain; this man is forfeited.  
Once more I summon him—Away! away!

MAN. 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!

MAN.                                      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.  
Have made thee——

But thy many crimes

MAN.                   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.

MAN. 'Tis 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. [MANFRED *expires*.

ABBOT. Cold—cold—even to the heart—  
But yet one prayer—alas! how fares it with thee?—  
He's gone—his soul hath ta'en its earthless flight—  
Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone.

# NOTES.



## NOTES.

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Note 1, page 31, line 1.

————— *the sunbow's rays still arch*  
*The torrent with the many hues of heaven.*

This iris is formed by the rays of the sun over the lower part of the Alpine torrents: it is exactly like a rainbow, come down to pay a visit, and so close that you may walk into it:—this effect lasts till noon.

Note 2, page 35, line 9.

*He who from out their fountain dwellings raised*  
*Eros and Anteros, at Gadara.*

The philosopher Iamblicus. The story of the raising of Eros and Anteros may be found in his life, by [Eunapius](#). It is well told.

Note 3, page 39, line 21.

—————*she replied*  
*In words of dubious import, but fulfilled.*

The story of Pausanias, king of Sparta, (who commanded the Greeks at the battle of Platea, and afterwards perished for an attempt to betray the Lacedemonians) and Cleonice, is told in [Plutarch's life of Cimon](#); and in the Laconics of [Pausanias](#) the Sophist, in his [description of Greece](#).

Note 4, page 63, line 6.

—————*the giant sons*  
*Of the embrace of angels.*

["That the Sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair," &c.](#)

["There were giants on the earth in those days, and also after that, when the Sons of God came in unto the daughters of men: and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men, which were of old, men of renown."](#)

*Genesis, ch. vi. verses 2 and 4.*

THE END.

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