

# Manfred

## A DRAMATIC POEM

Byron

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

—[HAMLET, ACT I. SCENE 5, LINES 166, 167.]

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## INTRODUCTION TO MANFRED

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ACT 1.

ACT 2.

ACT 3.

## INTRODUCTION TO *MANFRED*

Byron passed four months and three weeks in Switzerland. He arrived at the Hôtel d'Angleterre at Sécheron, on Saturday, May 25, and he left the Campagne Diodati for Italy on Sunday, October 6, 1816. Within that period he wrote the greater part of the Third Canto of *Childe Harold*, he began and finished the *Prisoner of Chillon*, its seven attendant poems, and the *Monody* on the death of Sheridan, and he began *Manfred*.

A note to the "Incantation" (*Manfred*, act i. sc. 1, lines 192–261), which was begun in July and published together with the *Prisoner of Chillon*, December 5, 1816, records the existence of "an unfinished Witch Drama" (First Edition, p. 46); but, apart from this, the first announcement of his new work is contained in a letter to Murray, dated Venice, February 15, 1817 (*Letters*, 1900, iv. 52). "I forgot," he writes, "to mention to you that a kind of Poem in dialogue (in blank verse) or drama . . . begun last summer in Switzerland, is finished; it is in three acts; but of a very wild, metaphysical, and inexplicable kind." The letter is imperfect, but some pages of "extracts" which were forwarded under the same cover have been preserved. Ten days later (February 25) he reverts to these "extracts," and on February 28 he despatches a fair copy of the first act. On March 9 he remits the third and final act of his "dramatic poem" (a definition adopted as a second title), but under reserve as to publication, and with a strict injunction to Murray "to submit it to Mr. G[ifford] and to whomsoever you please besides." It is certain that this third act was written at Venice (Letter to Murray, April 14), and it may be taken for granted that the composition of the first two acts belongs to the tour in the Bernese Alps (September 17–29), or to the last days at Diodati (September 30 to October 5, 1816), when the *estro* (see Letter to Murray, January 2, 1817) was upon him, when his "Passions slept," and, in spite of all that had come and gone and could not go, his spirit was uplifted by the "majesty and the power and the glory" of Nature.

Gifford's verdict on the first act was that it was "wonderfully poetical" and "merited publication," but, as Byron had foreseen, he did not "by any means like" the third act. It was, as its author admitted (Letter to Murray, April 14) "damnably bad," and savoured of the "dregs of a fever," for which the Carnival (Letter to

Murray, February 28) or, more probably, the climate and insanitary “palaces” of Venice were responsible. Some weeks went by before there was either leisure or inclination for the task of correction, but at Rome the *estro* returned in full force, and on May 5 a “new third act of *Manfred*—the greater part rewritten,” was sent by post to England. *Manfred, a Dramatic Poem*, was published June 16, 1817.

*Manfred* was criticized by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* (No. lvi., August, 1817, vol. 28, pp. 418–431), and by John Wilson in the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* (afterwards *Blackwood's, etc.*) (June, 1817, i. 289–295). Jeffrey, as Byron remarked (Letter to Murray, October 12, 1817), was “very kind,” and Wilson, whose article “had all the air of being a poet’s,” was eloquent in its praises. But there was a fly in the ointment. “A suggestion” had been thrown out, “in an ingenious paper in a late number of the *Edinburgh Magazine* [signed H. M. (John Wilson), July, 1817], that the general conception of this piece, and much of what is excellent in the manner of its execution, have been borrowed from the *Tragical History of Dr. Faustus* of Marlow (*sic*);” and from this contention Jeffrey dissented. A note to a second paper on Marlowe’s *Edward II.* (*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, October, 1817) offered explanations, and echoed Jeffrey’s exaltation of *Manfred* above *Dr. Faustus*; but the mischief had been done. Byron was evidently perplexed and distressed, not by the papers in *Blackwood*, which he never saw, but by Jeffrey’s remonstrance in his favour; and in the letter of October 12 he is at pains to trace the “evolution” of *Manfred*. “I never read,” he writes, “and do not know that I ever saw the *Faustus* of Marlow;” and, again, “As to the *Faustus* of Marlow, I never read, never saw, nor heard of it.” “I heard Mr. Lewis translate verbally some scenes of Goethe’s *Faust* . . . last summer” (see, too, Letter to Rogers, April 4, 1817), which is all I know of the history of that magical personage; and as to the germs of *Manfred*, they may be found in the Journal which I sent to Mrs. Leigh . . . when I went over first the Dent, etc., . . . shortly before I left Switzerland. I have the whole scene of *Manfred* before me.”

Again, three years later he writes (*à propos* of Goethe’s review of *Manfred*, which first appeared in print in his paper *Kunst und Alterthum*, June, 1820, and is republished in Goethe’s *Sämmtliche Werke* . . . Stuttgart, 1874, xiii. 640–642; see *Letters*, 1901, v. Appendix II. “Goethe and Byron,” pp. 503–521): “His *Faust* I never read, for I don’t know German; but Matthew Monk Lewis (*sic*), in 1816, at Coligny, translated most of it to me *viva voce*, and I was naturally much struck with it; but it was the *Staubach* (*sic*) and the *Jungfrau*, and something else, much

more than Faustus, that made me write *Manfred*. The first scene, however, and that of Faustus are very similar” (Letter to Murray, June 7, 1820, *Letters*, 1901, v. 36). Medwin (*Conversations, etc.*, pp. 210, 211), who of course had not seen the letters to Murray of 1817 or 1820, puts much the same story into Byron’s mouth.

Now, with regard to the originality of *Manfred*, it may be taken for granted that Byron knew nothing about the “Faust-legend,” or the “Faust-cycle.” He solemnly denies that he had ever read Marlowe’s *Faustus*, or the selections from the play in Lamb’s *Specimens, etc.* (see Medwin’s *Conversations, etc.*, pp. 208, 209, and a hitherto unpublished Preface to *Werner*, vol. v.), and it is highly improbable that he knew anything of Calderon’s *El Mágico Prodigioso*, which Shelley translated in 1822, or of “the beggarly elements” of the legend in Hroswitha’s *Lapsus et Conversio Theophrasti Vice-domini*. But Byron’s *Manfred* is “in the succession” of scholars who have reached the limits of natural and legitimate science, and who essay the supernatural in order to penetrate and comprehend the “hidden things of darkness.” A predecessor, if not a progenitor, he must have had, and there can be no doubt whatever that the primary conception of the character, though by no means the inspiration of the poem, is to be traced to the “Monk’s” oral rendering of Goethe’s *Faust*, which he gave in return for his “bread and salt” at Diodati. Neither Jeffrey nor Wilson mentioned *Faust*, but the writer of the notice in the *Critical Review* (June, 1817, series v. vol. 5, pp. 622–629) avowed that “this scene (the first) is a gross plagiary from a great poet whom Lord Byron has imitated on former occasions without comprehending. Goethe’s *Faust* begins in the same way;” and Goethe himself, in a letter to his friend Knebel, October, 1817, and again in his review in *Kunst und Alterthum*, June, 1820, emphasizes whilst he justifies and applauds the use which Byron had made of his work. “This singular intellectual poet has taken my *Faustus* to himself, and extracted from it the strangest nourishment for his hypochondriac humour. He has made use of the impelling principles in his own way, for his own purposes, so that no one of them remains the same; and it is particularly on this account that I cannot enough admire his genius.” Afterwards (see record of a conversation with Herman Fürst von Pückler, September 14, 1826, *Letters*, v. 511) Goethe somewhat modified his views, but even then it interested him to trace the unconscious transformation which Byron had made of his Mephistopheles. It is, perhaps, enough to say that the link between *Manfred* and *Faust* is formal, not spiritual. The problem which Goethe raised but did not solve, his counterfeit presentment of

the eternal issue between soul and sense, between innocence and renunciation on the one side, and achievement and satisfaction on the other, was not the struggle which Byron experienced in himself or desired to depict in his mysterious hierarch of the powers of nature. “It was the *Staubach* and the *Jungfrau*, and something else,” not the influence of *Faust* on a receptive listener, which called up a new theme, and struck out a fresh well-spring of the imagination. The *motif* of *Manfred* is remorse—eternal suffering for inexpressible crime. The sufferer is forever buoyed up with the hope that there is relief somewhere in nature, beyond nature, above nature, and experience replies with an everlasting No! As the sunshine enhances sorrow, so Nature, by the force of contrast, reveals and enhances guilt. *Manfred* is no echo of another’s questioning, no expression of a general world-weariness on the part of the time-spirit, but a personal outcry: “De profundis clamavi!”

No doubt, apart from this main purport and essence of his song, his sensitive spirit responded to other and fainter influences. There are “points of resemblance,” as Jeffrey pointed out and Byron proudly admitted, between *Manfred* and the *Prometheus* of Æschylus. Plainly, here and there, “the tone and pitch of the composition,” and “the victim in the more solemn parts,” are Æschylean. Again, with regard to the supernatural, there was the stimulus of the conversation of the Shelleys and of Lewis, brimful of magic and ghost-lore; and lastly, there was the glamour of *Christabel*, “the wild and original” poem which had taken Byron captive, and was often in his thoughts and on his lips. It was no wonder that the fuel kindled and burst into a flame.

For the text of Goethe’s review of *Manfred*, and Hoppner’s translation of that review, and an account of Goethe’s relation with Byron, drawn from Professor A. Brandl’s *Goethes Verhältniss zu Byron (Goethe-Jahrbuch, Zwanzigster Band, 1899)*, and other sources, see *Letters*, 1901, v. Appendix II. pp. 503–521.

For contemporary and other notices of *Manfred*, in addition to those already mentioned, see *Eclectic Review*, July, 1817, New Series, vol. viii. pp. 62–66; *Gentleman’s Magazine*, July, 1817, vol. 87, pp. 45–47; *Monthly Review*, July, 1817, Enlarged Series, vol. 83, pp. 300–307; *Dublin University Magazine*, April, 1874, vol. 83, pp. 502–508, etc.

---

[*Manfred*, a choral tragedy in three acts, was performed at Covent Garden Theatre, October 29-November 14, 1834 [Denvil (afterwards known as "Manfred" Denvil) took the part of "Manfred," and Miss Ellen Tree (afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean) played "The Witch of the Alps"]; at Drury Lane Theatre, October 10, 1863-64 [Phelps played "Manfred," Miss Rosa Le Clercq "The Phantom of Astarte," and Miss Heath "The Witch of the Alps"]; at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, March 27-April 20, 1867 [Charles Calvert played "Manfred"]; and again, in 1867, under the same management, at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool; and at the Princess's Theatre Royal, London, August 16, 1873 [Charles Dillon played "Manfred;" music by Sir Henry Bishop, as in 1834].

*Overtures, etc.*

"Music to Byron's *Manfred*" (overture and incidental music and choruses), by R. Schumann, 1850.

"Incidental Music," composed, in 1897, by Sir Alexander Campbell Mackenzie (at the request of Sir Henry Irving); heard (in part only) at a concert in Queen's Hall, May, 1899.

"*Manfred* Symphony" (four tableaux after the Poem by Byron), composed by Tchaikowsky, 1885; first heard in London, autumn, 1898.]

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Manfred.

Chamois Hunter.

Abbot of St. Maurice.

Manuel.

Herman.

Witch of the Alps.

Arimanes.

Nemesis.

The Destinies.

Spirits, etc.

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



# MANFRED.<sup>1</sup>

## ACT 1.

*SCENE 1.—MANFRED alone.—Scene, a Gothic Gallery.<sup>2</sup>— Time, Midnight.*

MAN. The lamp must be replenished, 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<sup>3</sup>  
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 availed not: I have had my foes,  
And none have baffled, many fallen before me—  
But this availed 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<sup>4</sup>  
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<sup>5</sup>—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 so elude me! By a power,  
Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,  
Which had its birthplace in a star condemned,  
The burning wreck of a demolished world,  
A wandering hell in the eternal Space;  
By the strong curse which is upon my Soul,<sup>6</sup>  
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 bowed,  
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 mixed for my pavilion;  
Though thy quest may be forbidden,  
On a star-beam I have ridden,  
To thine adjuration bowed:  
Mortal—be thy wish avowed!

*Voice of the* SECOND SPIRIT.

Mont Blanc is the Monarch of mountains; 60

    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, 70  
    Or with its ice delay.

I am the Spirit of the place,  
    Could make the mountain bow  
And quiver to his caverned base—  
    And what with me would'st *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 80  
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 rolled—  
To the Spirit of Ocean  
Thy wishes unfold!

FOURTH SPIRIT.

Where the slumbering Earthquake  
Lies pillowed on fire,  
And the lakes of bitumen 90  
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 birthplace,  
Thy bidding to bide—  
Thy spell hath subdued me,  
Thy will be my guide!

FIFTH SPIRIT.

I am the Rider of the wind, 100  
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 no  
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 bosomed 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,

110

120

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—

130

What would'st thou, Child of Clay! with me?<sup>7</sup>

*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 would'st 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 may'st 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 cooped in clay!  
Answer, or I will teach you what I am.

SPIRIT. We answer—as we answered; 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 called ye from your realms in vain;  
Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.

SPIRIT. Say—<sup>8</sup>  
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. Accurséd! 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;<sup>9</sup> 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 accustomed 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*).<sup>10</sup> Behold!



MAN. Oh God! if it be thus, and *thou*<sup>11</sup>  
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.)*<sup>12</sup>

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;<sup>13</sup>

When the falling stars are shooting,

And the answered owls are hooting,

And the silent leaves are still

In the shadow of the hill,

Shall my soul be upon thine,

200

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

210

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 turned 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.

220

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.

230

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 snatched the snake,  
For there it coiled as in a brake;  
From thy own lip I drew the charm  
Which gave all these their chiefest harm;

In proving every poison known,

240

I found the strongest was thine own.  
By the cold breast and serpent smile,  
By thy unfathomed gulfs of guile,  
By that most seeming virtuous eye,  
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy;  
By the perfection of thine art  
Which passed 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 passed—now wither!

250

260

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 baffle me,  
The remedy I recked of tortured me  
I lean no more on superhuman aid;  
It hath no power upon the past, and for

The future, till the past be gulfed in darkness,  
It is not of my search.—My Mother Earth!<sup>14</sup>  
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. Aye,  
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!<sup>15</sup>  
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 mixed 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,  
Mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;<sup>16</sup>  
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<sup>17</sup>—born and dying  
With the blest 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 today will scarce  
Repay my break-neck travail.—What is here?  
Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath reached  
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 free-born peasant's, at this distance:  
I will approach him nearer.

MAN. (*not perceiving the other*). To be thus—

Grey-haired with anguish, like these blasted pines,  
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,<sup>18</sup>  
A blighted trunk upon a curséd root,  
Which but supplies a feeling to Decay—

And to be thus, eternally but thus,  
Having been otherwise! Now furrowed o'er  
With wrinkles, ploughed 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;<sup>19</sup> 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 damned like pebbles.—I am giddy.<sup>20</sup>

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 crushed the waters into mist, and made  
Their fountains find another channel—thus,  
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg—<sup>21</sup>  
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—  
You 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 gained within an hour:  
Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing,  
And something like a pathway, which the torrent  
Hath washed since winter.—Come, 'tis bravely done—  
You should have been a hunter.—Follow me.

*[As they descend the rocks with difficulty, the scene closes.*

---

<sup>1</sup> [The MS. of *Manfred*, now in Mr. Murray's possession, is in Lord Byron's handwriting. A note is prefixed: "The scene of the drama is amongst the higher Alps, partly in the Castle of Manfred, and partly in the mountains." The date, March 18, 1817, is in John Murray's handwriting.]

<sup>2</sup> [So, too, Faust is discovered "in a high—vaulted narrow Gothic chamber."]

<sup>3</sup> [Compare *Faust*, act i. sc. 1—

"Alas! I have explored  
Philosophy, and Law, and Medicine,  
And over deep Divinity have pored,  
Studying with ardent and laborious zeal."

ANSTER'S FAUST, 1883, p. 88.]

<sup>4</sup> [*Faust* contemplates the sign of the macrocosm, and makes use of the sign of the Spirit of the Earth. *Manfred's* written charm may have been "Abraxas," which comprehended the Greek numerals 365, and expressed the all-pervading spirits of the Universe.]

<sup>5</sup> [The Prince of the Spirits is Arimanes, *vide post*, act ii. sc. 4, line 1, *seq.*]

<sup>6</sup> [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto I. stanza lxxxiii. lines 8, 9.]

<sup>7</sup> {89}[Compare "Creatures of clay, I receive you into mine empire."—*Vathek*, 1887, p. 179.]

<sup>8</sup> [So the MS., in which the word "say" clearly forms part of the *Spirit's* speech.]

<sup>9</sup> {91}[Compare "Stanzas for Music," i. 3, *Poetical Works*, 1900, iii 435.]

<sup>10</sup> [It is evident that the female figure is not that of Astarte, but of the subject of the "Incantation."]

<sup>11</sup> [The italics are not indicated in the MS.]

<sup>12</sup> N.B.—Here follows the "Incantation," which being already transcribed and (I suppose) published I do not transcribe again at present, because you can insert it in MS. here—as it belongs to this place: with its conclusion the 1st Scene closes.

[The "Incantation" was first published in "*The Prisoner of Chillon and Other Poems*. London: Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1816." Immediately below the title is a note: "The following Poem was a Chorus in an unpublished Witch Drama, which was begun some years ago."]

<sup>13</sup> {92}[*Manfred* was done into Italian by a translator "who was unable to find in the dictionaries . . . any other signification of the 'wisp' of this line than 'a bundle of straw.'" Byron offered him two hundred francs if he would destroy the MS., and engage to withhold his hand from all past or future poems. He at first refused; but, finding that the alternative was to be a horsewhipping, accepted the money, and signed the agreement.—*Life*, p. 375, note.]

<sup>14</sup> {94}[Compare—

ὦ δῖος αἰθῆρ, κ.τ.λ.

[Greek: ô~) di~os ai)thê\r, k.t.l.]

ÆSCHYLUS, *PROMETHEUS VINCTUS*, LINES 88–91.]

<sup>15</sup> {95}[Compare Hamlet's speech to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern (*Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2, lines 286, *sq.*).]

<sup>16</sup> [The germs of this and of several other passages in *Manfred* may be found, as Lord Byron stated, in the Journal of his Swiss tour, which he transmitted to his sister. "Sept. 19, 1816.—Arrived at a lake in the very nipple of the bosom of the Mountain; left our quadrupeds with a Shepherd, and ascended further; came to some snow in patches, upon



which my forehead's perspiration fell like rain, making the same dints as in a sieve; the chill of the wind and the snow turned me giddy, but I scrambled on and upwards. Hobhouse went to the highest *pinnacle*. . . . The whole of the Mountain superb. A Shepherd on a very steep and high cliff playing upon his *pipe*; very different from *Arcadia*, (where I saw the pastors with a long Musquet instead of a Crook, and pistols in their Girdles). . . . The music of the Cows' bells (for their wealth, like the Patriarchs', is cattle) in the pastures, (which reach to a height far above any mountains in Britain), and the Shepherds' shouting to us from crag to crag, and playing on their reeds where the steeps appeared almost inaccessible, with the surrounding scenery, realized all that I have ever heard or imagined of a pastoral existence:—much more so than Greece or Asia Minor, for there we are a little too much of the sabre and musquet order; and if there is a Crook in one hand, you are sure to see a gun in the other:—but this was pure and unmixed—solitary, savage, and patriarchal. . . . As we went, they played the 'Ranz des Vaches' and other airs, by way of farewell. I have lately repeopled my mind with Nature" (*Letters*, 1899, in. 354, 355).]

<sup>17</sup> {96}[Compare—

"Like an unbodied joy, whose race is just begun."

*TO A SKYLARK*, BY P. B. SHELLEY, STANZA III. LINE 5.]

<sup>18</sup> ["Passed *whole woods of withered pines, all withered*; trunks stripped and barkless, branches lifeless; done by a *single winter*,—their appearance reminded me of me and my family" (*Letters*, 1899, iii. 360).]

<sup>19</sup> {97}["Ascended the Wengen mountain. . . . Heard the Avalanches falling every five minutes nearly—as if God was pelting the Devil down from Heaven with snow balls" (*Letters*, 1899, in. 359).]

<sup>20</sup> ["The clouds rose from the opposite valley, curling up perpendicular precipices like the foam of the Ocean of Hell, during a Spring-tide—it was white, and sulphury, and immeasurably deep in appearance. The side we ascended was (of course) not of so precipitous a nature; but on arriving at the summit, we looked down the other side upon a boiling sea of cloud, dashing against the crags on which we stood (these crags on one side quite perpendicular) . . . In passing the masses of snow, I made a snowball and pelted Hobhouse with it" (*ibid*, pp. 359. 360).]

<sup>21</sup> [The fall of the Rossberg took place September 2, 1806. "A huge mass of conglomerate rock, 1000 feet broad and 100 feet thick, detached itself from the face of the mountain (Rossberg or Rufiberg, near Goldau, south of Lake Zug), and slipped down into the valley below, overwhelming the villages of Goldau, Busingen, and Rothen, and part of Lowertz. More than four hundred and fifty human beings perished, and whole herds of cattle were swept away. Five minutes sufficed to complete the work of destruction. The inhabitants were first roused by a loud and grating sound like thunder . . . and beheld the valleys shrouded in a cloud of dust; when it had cleared away they found the face of nature changed."—*Handbook of Switzerland*, Part 1. pp 58, 59.]

## ACT 2.

*SCENE I.—A Cottage among 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 thawed 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,<sup>22</sup>  
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. Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?<sup>23</sup>  
It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine  
Have made my days and nights imperishable,  
Endless, and all alike, as sands on the shore,  
Innumerable atoms; and one desert,  
Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,  
But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,

Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness.

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

MAN. I would I were—for then the things I see  
Would be but a distempered dream.

C. HUN. What is it  
That thou dost see, or think thou look'st upon?

MAN. Myself, and thee—a peasant of the Alps—  
Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,  
And spirit patient, pious, proud, and free;  
Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts;  
Thy days of health, and nights of sleep; thy toils,  
By danger dignified, yet guiltless; hopes  
Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave,  
With cross and garland over its green turf,  
And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph!  
This do I see—and then I look within—  
It matters not—my Soul was scorched already!

C. HUN. And would'st thou then exchange thy lot for mine?

MAN. No, friend! I would not wrong thee, nor exchange  
My lot with living being: I can bear—  
However wretchedly, 'tis still to bear—  
In life what others could not brook to dream,  
But perish in their slumber.

C. HUN. And with this—  
This cautious feeling for another's pain,  
Canst thou be black with evil?—say not so.  
Can one of gentle thoughts have wreaked revenge  
Upon his enemies?

MAN. Oh! no, no, no!  
My injuries came down on those who loved me—  
On those whom I best loved: I never quelled  
An enemy, save in my just defence—  
But my embrace was fatal.

C. HUN. Heaven give thee rest!  
And Penitence restore thee to thyself;  
My prayers shall be for thee.

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.]*

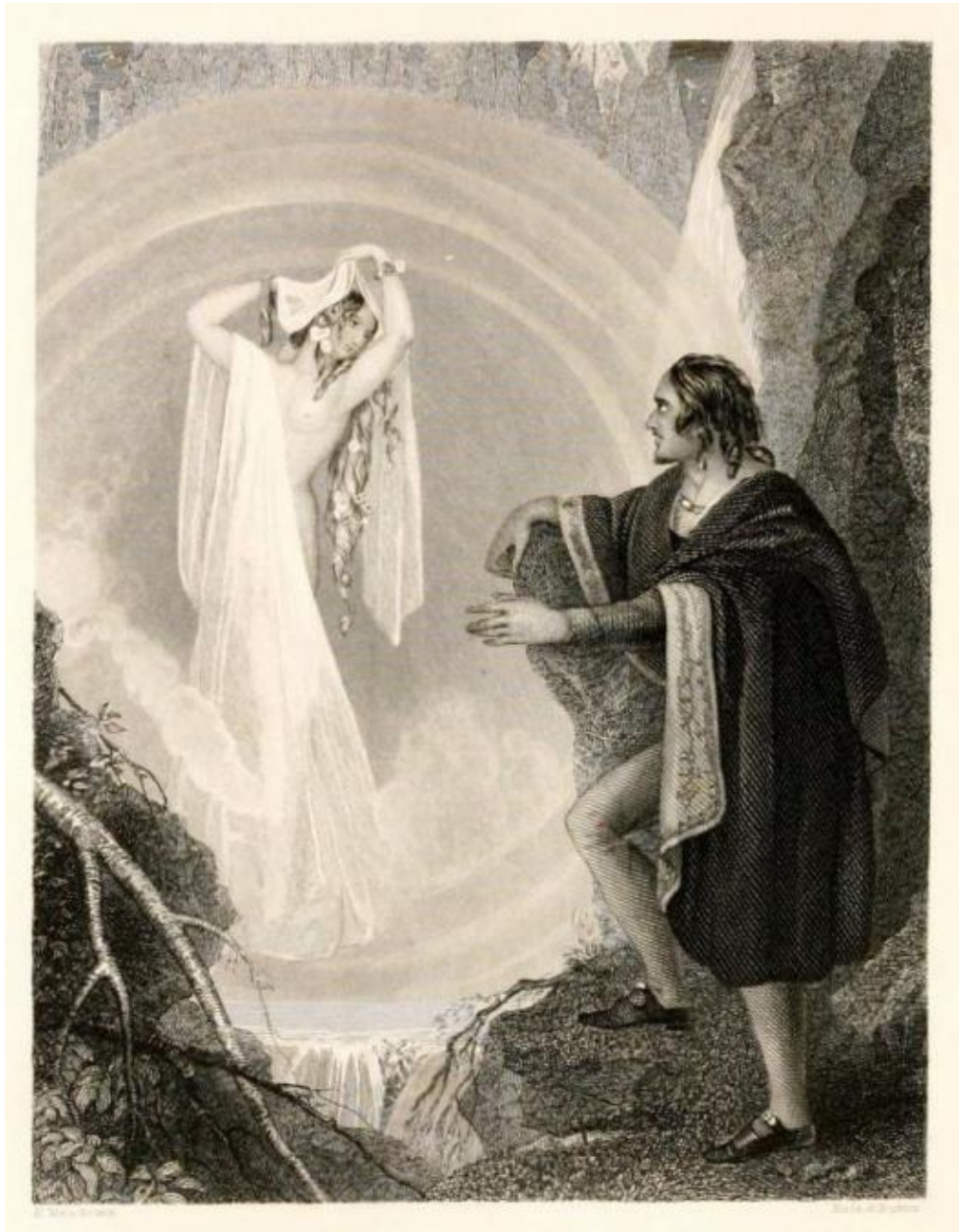
*SCENE II.—A lower Valley in the Alps.—A Cataract.*

*Enter MANFRED.*

It is not noon—the Sunbow's rays<sup>24</sup> 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.<sup>25</sup> 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 into the air, muttering the ajuration.]*

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



“The Witch of the Alps”

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,—  
Carnationed like a sleeping Infant's cheek,  
Rocked 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 glassed 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 would'st thou with me?

MAN. To look upon thy beauty—nothing further.

The face of the earth hath maddened 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.



“Son of Earth! I know thee”

WITCH. What could be the quest  
Which is not in the power of the most powerful,  
The rulers of the invisible?

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

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

MAN. Well, though it torture me, 'tis but the same;  
My pang shall find a voice. From my youth upwards  
My Spirit walked not with the souls of men,  
Nor looked 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,<sup>26</sup>  
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.<sup>27</sup>  
In these my early strength exulted; or  
To follow through the night the moving moon,<sup>28</sup>  
The stars and their development; 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,—crossed 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 withered bones, and skulls, and heaped up dust  
Conclusions most forbidden.<sup>29</sup> Then I passed—  
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,<sup>30</sup> 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 seemed 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 softened all, and tempered 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 destroyed her!

WITCH. With thy hand?

MAN. Not with my hand, but heart, which broke her heart;

It gazed on mine, and withered. I have shed  
Blood, but not hers—and yet her blood was shed;  
I saw—and could not stanch 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 gnashed  
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,  
Then cursed myself till sunset;—I have prayed  
For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me.  
I have affronted Death—but in the war  
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,<sup>31</sup>  
And fatal things passed harmless; the cold hand  
Of an all-pitiless Demon held me back,  
Back by a single hair, which would not break.  
In Fantasy, Imagination, all  
The affluence of my soul—which one day was  
A Croesus in creation—I plunged deep,  
But, like an ebbing wave, it dashed me back  
Into the gulf of my unfathomed thought.  
I plunged amidst Mankind—Forgetfulness<sup>32</sup>  
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. It may be

That I can aid thee.

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 unpardoned—though he called 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 fulfilled.<sup>33</sup>  
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<sup>34</sup>  
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<sup>35</sup>—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<sup>36</sup>—'tis strange they come not.

*A Voice without, singing.*

The Captive Usurper,

Hurled down from the throne,

Lay buried in torpor,

Forgotten and lone;

I broke through his slumbers,

I shivered 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!<sup>37</sup>

*Second Voice, without.*

The Ship sailed on, the Ship sailed 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—<sup>38</sup>  
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;

40

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;

50

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 detained 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 outstayed the hour—mount we our clouds!

*[Exeunt.*

*SCENE IV.—The Hall of Arimanes.<sup>39</sup>—Arimanes on his Throne, a Globe of Fire,<sup>40</sup> 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

10

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 fulfilled 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 condemnéd 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 bowed down my face,  
And strewed 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<sup>41</sup>  
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 would'st thou?

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

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

ARI. Yea.

NEM. Whom wouldst thou  
Uncharnel?

MAN. One without a tomb—call up  
Astarte.<sup>42</sup>

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 worst  
Redeem from the worm.

90

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 perished leaf.<sup>43</sup>  
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 enthralled thee,  
Speak to him who hath spoken.  
Or those who have called 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 called on thee in the still night,  
Startled the slumbering birds from the hushed 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 outwatched 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 recalled:

Her words will be fulfilled. 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.<sup>44</sup>

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.

NEM. 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.)

---

<sup>22</sup> [The critics of the day either affected to ignore or severely censured (e.g. writers in the *Critical*, *European*, and *Gentleman's Magazines*) the allusions to an incestuous passion between Manfred and Astarte. Shelley, in a letter to Mrs. Gisborne, November 16, 1819, commenting on Calderon's *Los Cabellos de Absalon*, discusses the question from an ethical as well as critical point of view: "The incest scene between Amon and Tamar is perfectly tremendous. Well may Calderon say, in the person of the former—

Si sangre sin fuego hiere

Qua fara sangre con fuego.'

Incest is, like many other incorrect things, a very poetical circumstance. It may be the defiance of everything for the sake of another which clothes itself in the glory of the highest heroism, or it may be that cynical rage which, confounding the good and the bad in existing opinions, breaks through them for the purpose of rioting in selfishness and antipathy."—*Works of P. B. Shelley*, 1880, iv. 142.]

<sup>23</sup> [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto III. stanza v. lines 1, 2.]

<sup>24</sup> 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. ["Before ascending the mountain, went to the torrent (7 in the morning) again; the Sun upon it forming a *rainbow* of the lower part of all colours, but principally purple and gold; the bow moving as you move; I never saw anything like this; it is only in the Sunshine" (*Letters*, 1899, iii, 359).]

<sup>25</sup> ["Arrived at the foot of the Mountain (the Yung frau, i.e. the Maiden); Glaciers; torrents; one of these torrents *nine hundred feet* in height of visible descent . . . heard an Avalanche fall, like thunder; saw Glacier—enormous. Storm came on, thunder, lightning, hail; all in perfection, and beautiful. . . . The torrent is in shape curving over the rock, like the *tail* of a white horse streaming in the wind, such as it might be conceived would be that of the '*pale horse*' on which *Death* is mounted in the Apocalypse. It is neither mist nor water, but a something between both; it's immense height . . . gives it a wave, a curve, a spreading here, a condensation there, wonderful and indescribable" (ibid., pp. 357, 358).]

<sup>26</sup> [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto III. stanza lxxii. lines 2, 3, note 2.]

<sup>27</sup> [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto IV. stanza clxxxiv. line 3, note 2.]

<sup>28</sup> [Compare—

"The moving moon went up the sky."

*THE ANCIENT MARINER*, PART IV. LINE 263.

Compare, too—

"The climbing moon."

ACT III. SC. 3, LINE 40.]

<sup>29</sup> [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanzas v.-xi.]

<sup>30</sup> The philosopher Iamblicus. The story of the raising of Eros and Anteros may be found in his life by Eunapius. It is well told. ["It is reported of him," says Eunapius, "that while he and his scholars were bathing in the hot baths of Gadara, in Syria, a dispute arising concerning the baths, he, smiling, ordered his disciples to ask the inhabitants by what names the two lesser springs, that were fairer than the rest, were called. To which the inhabitants replied, that 'the one was called Love, and the other Love's Contrary, but for what reason they knew not.' Upon which Iamblichus, who chanced to be sitting on the fountain's edge where the stream flowed out, put his hand on the water, and, having uttered a few words, called up from the depths of the fountain a fair-skinned lad, not over-tall, whose golden locks fell in sunny curls over his breast and back, so that he looked like one fresh from the bath; and then, going to the other spring, and doing as he had done before, called up another Amoretto like the first, save that his long-flowing locks now seemed black, now shot with sunny gleams. Whereupon both the Amoretti nestled and clung round Iamblichus as if they had been his own children . . . after this his disciples asked him no more questions."—Eunapii Sardiani *Vitæ Philosophorum et Sophistarum* (28, 29), *Philostratorum*, etc., *Opera*, Paris, 1829, p. 459, lines 20–50.]

<sup>31</sup> [There may be some allusion here to "the squall off Meillerie" on the Lake of Geneva (see Letter to Murray, June 27, 1816, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 333).]

<sup>32</sup> [Compare the concluding sentence of the Journal in Switzerland (*ibid.*, p. 364).]

<sup>33</sup> 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 Lacedæmonians), and Cleonice, is told in Plutarch's life of Cimon; and in the Laconics of Pausanias the sophist in his description of Greece.

[The following is the passage from Plutarch: "It is related that when Pausanias was at Byzantium, he cast his eyes upon a young virgin named Cleonice, of a noble family there, and insisted on having her for a mistress. The parents, intimidated by his power, were under the hard necessity of giving up their daughter. The young woman begged that the light might be taken out of his apartment, that she might go to his bed in secrecy and silence. When she entered he was asleep, and she unfortunately stumbled upon the candlestick, and threw it down. The noise waked him suddenly, and he, in his confusion, thinking it was an enemy coming to assassinate him, unsheathed a dagger that lay by him, and plunged it into the virgin's heart. After this he could never rest. Her image appeared to him every night, and with a menacing tone repeated this heroic verse—

'Go to the fate which pride and lust prepare!'

The allies, highly incensed at this infamous action, joined Cimon to besiege him in Byzantium. But he found means to escape thence; and, as he was still haunted by the spectre, he is said to have applied to a temple at Heraclea, where the *manes* of the dead



were consulted. There he invoked the spirit of Cleonice, and entreated her pardon. She appeared, and told him 'he would soon be delivered from all his troubles, after his return to Sparta:' in which, it seems, his death was enigmatically foretold." "Thus," adds the translator in a note, "we find that it was a custom in the pagan as well as in the Hebrew theology to conjure up the spirits of the dead, and that the witch of Endor was not the only witch in the world."—Langhorne's *Plutarch*, 1838, p. 339.

The same story is told in the *Periegesis Græcæ*, lib. iii. cap. xvii., but Pausanias adds, "This was the deed from the guilt of which Pausanias could never fly, though he employed all-various purifications, received the deprecations of Jupiter Phyxius, and went to Phigalea to the Arcadian evocators of souls."—*Descr. of Greece* (translated by T. Taylor), 1794, i. 304, 305.]

<sup>34</sup> [Compare—

"But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear  
Her never-trodden snow."

*CHILDE HAROLD, CANTO IV. STANZA LXXIII. LINES 6, 7.*

Byron did not know, or ignored, the fact that the Jungfrau was first ascended in 1811, by the brothers Meyer, of Aarau.]

<sup>35</sup> [Compare—

"And who commanded (and the silence came)  
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?

. . . . .

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts."

*HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, ETC., BY S.T. COLERIDGE, LINES 47, 48, 53.*

"Arrived at the Grindenwald; dined, mounted again, and rode to the higher Glacier—twilight, but distinct—very fine Glacier, like a frozen hurricane" (Letters, 1899, iii. 360).]

<sup>36</sup> [The idea of the Witches' Festival may have been derived from the Walpurgisnacht on the Brocken.]

<sup>37</sup> [Compare—

"Freedom ne'er shall want an heir;

. . . . .

When once more her hosts assemble,  
Tyrants shall believe and tremble—  
Smile they at this idle threat?  
Crimson tears will follow yet."

*ODE FROM THE FRENCH, V. 8, 11–14. POETICAL WORKS, 1900, III. 435.*

Compare, too, *Napoleon's Farewell*, stanza 3, *ibid.*, p. 428. The "Voice" prophesies that St. Helena will prove a second Elba, and that Napoleon will "live to fight another day."]

<sup>38</sup> [Byron may have had in his mind Thomas Lord Cochrane (1775–1860), "who had done brilliant service in his successive commands—the *Speedy*, *Pallas*, *Impérieuse*, and the

flotilla of fire-ships at Basque Roads in 1809." In his Diary, March 10, 1814, he speaks of him as "the stock-jobbing hoaxer" (*Letters*, 1898, ii. 396, note 1).]

<sup>39</sup> [Arimanes, the Aherman of *Vathek*, the Arimanius of Greek and Latin writers, is the Ahriman (or Angra Mainyu, "who is all death," the spirit of evil, the counter-creator) of the *Zend-Avesta*, "Fargard," i. 5 (translated by James Darmesteter, 1895, p. 4). Byron may have got the form Arimanius (*vide* Steph., *Thesaurus*) from D'Herbelot, and changed it to Arimanes.]

<sup>40</sup> [The "formidable Eblis" sat on a globe of fire—"in his hand . . . he swayed the iron sceptre that causes . . . all the powers of the abyss to tremble."—*Vathek*, by William Beckford, 1887, p. 178.]

<sup>41</sup> [Compare—

"Sorrow is Knowledge."

ACT I. SC. 1, LINE 10, *VIDE ANTE*, P. 85.

Compare, too—

"Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!

'All that we know is, nothing can be known.'"

*CHILDE HAROLD*, CANTO II. STANZA VII. LINES 1, 2, *POETICAL WORKS*,  
1899, II. 103.]

<sup>42</sup> [Astarte is the classical form (*vide* Cicero, *De Naturâ Deorum*, iii. 23, and Lucian, *De Syriâ Deâ*, iv.) of Milton's

"Moonéd Ashtaroth,

Heaven's queen and mother both."

Cicero says that she was married to Adonis, alluding, no doubt, to the myth of the Phoenician Astoreth, who was at once the bride and mother of Tammuz or Adonis.]

<sup>43</sup> [Compare—

" . . . illumine

With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,

Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red."

*CHILDE HAROLD*, CANTO IV. STANZA CII. LINES 7-9.]

<sup>44</sup> [Compare—

" . . . a firm will, and a deep sense,

Which even in torture can descry

Its own centered recompense."

*PROMETHEUS*, III. 55-57, *VIDE ANTE*, P. 51.]

## ACT 3.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.*<sup>45</sup>

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.<sup>46</sup>

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 motliest,  
The merest word that ever fooled the ear  
From out the schoolman's jargon, I should deem  
The golden secret, the sought "Kalon," found,<sup>47</sup>  
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.

HER. My Lord, the Abbot of St. Maurice craves<sup>48</sup>  
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 unimpaired!

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 sinned  
Against your ordinances? prove and punish!<sup>49</sup>

ABBOT. My son! I did not speak of punishment,<sup>50</sup>  
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—condemned  
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 pardoned.

MAN. When Rome's sixth Emperor<sup>51</sup> 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 stanch'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 fantasy on earth,  
To which frail twig they cling, like drowning men.

MAN. Aye—father! I have had those early 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 reascended skies,)<sup>52</sup>  
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 disdained 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,<sup>53</sup>  
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,<sup>54</sup>  
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 withered, 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  
Mixed, 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<sup>55</sup>  
Of early nature, and the vigorous race  
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons<sup>56</sup>  
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 revealed!  
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,  
Which gladdened, on their mountain tops, the hearts  
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they poured<sup>57</sup>  
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 know'st already.

HER. Ah! Manuel! thou art elderly and wise,  
And couldst 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,<sup>58</sup> 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 seemed to love,—  
As he, indeed, by blood was bound to do,  
The Lady Astarte, his—<sup>59</sup>

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  
his 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.*

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops  
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!  
I linger yet with Nature, for the Night<sup>60</sup>  
Hath been to me a more familiar face  
Than that of man; and in her starry shade  
Of dim and solitary loveliness,  
I learned 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 Coliseum's wall,<sup>61</sup>  
'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 watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and

More near from out the Cæsars' palace came  
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,<sup>62</sup>  
Of distant sentinels the fitful song  
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.<sup>63</sup>  
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 levelled 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 softened down the hoar austerity  
Of rugged desolation, and filled 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 thou 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—aye—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<sup>64</sup>

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.]*

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. But thy many crimes  
Have made thee—

MAN. What are they to such as thee?  
Must crimes be punished 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:<sup>65</sup> its innate sense,  
When stripped of this mortality, derives  
No colour from the fleeting things without,  
But is absorbed 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.

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

MAN. Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die.<sup>66</sup>

*[MANFRED expires.]*

ABBOT. He's gone—his soul hath ta'en its earthless flight;  
Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone.<sup>67</sup>

---

<sup>45</sup> [On September 22, 1816 (*Letters*, 1899, iii. 357, note 2), Byron rode from Neuhaus, at the Interlaken end of Lake Thun, to the Staubbach. On the way between Matten and Müllinen, not far from the village of Wilderswyl, he passed the baronial Castle of

Unspunnen, the traditional castle of Manfred. It is "but a square tower, with flanking round turrets, rising picturesquely above the surrounding brushwood." On the same day and near the same spot he "passed a rock; inscription—two brothers—one murdered the other; just the place for it." Here, according to the Countess Guiccioli, was "the origin of *Manfred*." It is somewhat singular that, on the appearance of *Manfred*, a paper was published in the June number of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, 1817, vol. i. pp. 270–273, entitled, "Sketch of a Tradition related by a Monk in Switzerland." The narrator, who signs himself P. F., professes to have heard the story in the autumn of 1816 from one of the fathers "of Capuchin Friars, not far from Altorf." It is the story of the love of two brothers for a lady with whom they had "passed their infancy." She becomes the wife of the elder brother, and, later, inspires the younger brother with a passion against which he struggles in vain. The fate of the elder brother is shrouded in mystery. The lady wastes away, and her paramour is found dead "in the same pass in which he had met his sister among the mountains." The excuse for retelling the story is that there appeared to be "a striking coincidence in some characteristic features between Lord Byron's drama and the Swiss tradition."]

<sup>46</sup> [The "revised version" makes no further mention of the "key and casket;" but in the first draft (*vide infra*, p. 122) they were used by Manfred in calling up Astaroth (*Selections from Byron*, New York, 1900, p. 370).]

<sup>47</sup> [Byron may have had in his mind a sentence in a letter of C. Cassius to Cicero (*Epist.*, xv. 19), in which he says, "It is difficult to persuade men that goodness is desirable for its own sake (τὸ καλὸν δι' αὐτὸ αἰρετὸν [Greek: τὸ καλὸν δι' αὐτὸ αἰρετὸν]); and yet it is true, and may be proved, that pleasure and calm are won by virtue, justice, in a word by goodness (τῷ καλῷ [Greek: τῷ καλῷ])."]]

<sup>48</sup> St. Maurice is in the Rhone valley, some sixteen miles from Villeneuve. The abbey (now occupied by Augustinian monks) was founded in the fourth century, and endowed by Sigismund, King of Burgundy.

<sup>49</sup> [Thus far the text stands as originally written. The rest of the scene as given in the first MS. is as follows:—

*Abbot*. Then, hear and tremble! For the headstrong wretch

Who in the mail of innate hardihood

Would shield himself, and battle for his sins,

There is the stake on earth—and beyond earth

Eternal—

*Man*. Charity, most reverend father,

Becomes thy lips so much more than this menace,

That I would call thee back to it: but say,

What would'st thou with me?

*Abbot*. It may be there are

Things that would shake thee—but I keep them back,

And give thee till tomorrow to repent. 10

Then if thou dost not all devote thyself

To penance, and with gift of all thy lands

To the Monastery—

*Man.* I understand thee,—well!

*Abbot.* Expect no mercy; I have warned thee.

*Man.* (*opening the casket*). Stop—

There is a gift for thee within this casket.

[*MANFRED opens the casket, strikes a light, and burns some incense.*

Ho! Ashtaroth!

*The DEMON ASHTAROTH appears, singing as follows:—*

The raven sits

On the Raven-stone,[+]

And his black wing flits

O'er the milk—white bone; 20

To and fro, as the night—winds blow,

The carcass of the assassin swings;

And there alone, on the Raven-stone,

The raven flaps his dusky wings.

The fetters creak—and his ebon beak

Croaks to the close of the hollow sound;

And this is the tune, by the light of the Moon,

To which the Witches dance their round—

Merrily—merrily—cheerily—cheerily—

Merrily—merrily—speeds the ball: 30

The dead in their shrouds, and the Demons in clouds,

Flock to the Witches' Carnival.

*Abbot.* I fear thee not—hence—hence—

Avaunt thee, evil One!—help, ho! without there!

*Man.* Convey this man to the Shreckhorn—to its peak—

To its extremest peak—watch with him there

From now till sunrise; let him gaze, and know

He ne'er again will be so near to Heaven.

But harm him not; and, when the morrow breaks,

Set him down safe in his cell—away with him! 40

*Ash.* Had I not better bring his brethren too,

Convent and all, to bear him company?

*Man.* No, this will serve for the present. Take him up.

*Ash.* Come, Friar! now an exorcism or two,  
And we shall fly the lighter.

*ASHTAROTH disappears with the ABBOT, singing as follows:—*

A prodigal son, and a maid undone,[§]  
    And a widow rewedded within the year;  
And a worldly monk, and a pregnant nun,  
    Are things which every day appear.

*MANFRED alone.*

*Man.* Why would this fool break in on me, and force 50  
My art to pranks fantastical?—no matter,  
It was not of my seeking. My heart sickens,  
And weighs a fixed foreboding on my soul.  
But it is calm—calm as a sullen sea  
After the hurricane; the winds are still,  
But the cold waves swell high and heavily,  
And there is danger in them. Such a rest  
Is no repose. My life hath been a combat,  
And every thought a wound, till I am scarred  
In the immortal part of me.—What now? 60

[+] "Raven-stone (Rabenstein), a translation of the German word for the gibbet, which in Germany and Switzerland is permanent, and made of stone." [Compare *Werner*, act ii. sc. 2. Compare, too, Anster's *Faust*, 1883, p. 306.]

[§]

*A prodigal son—and a pregnant nun, nun,  
    And a widow rewedded within the year—  
And a calf at grass—and a priest at mass.  
    Are things which every day appear.—[MS. erased.]*

<sup>50</sup> [A supplementary MS. supplies the text for the remainder of the scene.]

<sup>51</sup> [For the death of Nero, "Rome's sixth Emperor," *vide C. Suet. Tranq.*, lib. vi. cap. xlix.]

<sup>52</sup> [A reminiscence of the clouds of spray from the Fall of the Staubbach, which, in certain aspects, appear to be springing upwards from the bed of the waterfall.]

<sup>53</sup> [Compare *The Giaour*, lines 282–284. Compare, too, *Don Juan*, Canto IV. stanza lvii. line 8.]

<sup>54</sup> [Here, as in so many other passages of *Manfred*, Byron is recording his own feelings and forebodings. The same note is struck in the melancholy letters of the autumn of 1811. See, for example, the letter to Dallas, October 11, "It seems as though I were to

experience in my youth the greatest misery of age," etc. (*Letters*, 1898, ii. 52).]

<sup>55</sup> ["Pray, was Manfred's speech to *the Sun* still retained in Act third? I hope so: it was one of the best in the thing, and better than the Colosseum."—Letter to Murray, July 9, 1817, *Letters*, 1900, iv. 147. Compare Byron's early rendering of "Ossian's Address to the Sun 'in Carthon.'"—*Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 229.]

<sup>56</sup> "And it came to pass, that the *Sons of God* saw the daughters of men, that they were fair," etc.—"There were giants in 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.

<sup>57</sup> [For the "Chaldeans" and "mountain-tops," see *Childe Harold*, Canto III, stanza xiv. line i, and stanza xci. lines 1–3.]

<sup>58</sup> [The Grosse Eiger is a few miles to the south of the Castle of Unspunnen.]

<sup>59</sup> The remainder of the act in its original shape, ran thus—

*Her.* Look—look—the tower—

The tower's on fire. Oh, heavens and earth! what sound,  
What dreadful sound is that? [*A crash like thunder.*

*Manuel.* Help, help, there!—to the rescue of the Count,—  
The Count's in danger,—what ho! there! approach!

[*The Servants, Vassals, and Peasantry approach stupified with terror.*

If there be any of you who have heart  
And love of human kind, and will to aid  
Those in distress—pause not—but follow me—  
The portal's open, follow. [*MANUEL goes in.*

*Her.* Come—who follows?

What, none of ye?—ye recreants! shiver then  
Without. I will not see old Manuel risk  
His few remaining years unaided. [*HERMAN goes in.*

*Vassal.* Hark!—

No—all is silent—not a breath—the flame  
Which shot forth such a blaze is also gone:  
What may this mean? Let's enter!

*Peasant.* Faith, not I,—

Not but, if one, or two, or more, will join,  
I then will stay behind; but, for my part,  
I do not see precisely to what end.

*Vassal.* Cease your vain prating—come.

*Manuel (speaking within).* 'Tis all in vain—

He's dead.

*Her. (within).* Not so—even now methought he moved; 20

But it is dark—so bear him gently out—

Softly—how cold he is! take care of his temples

In winding down the staircase.

*Re-enter MANUEL and HERMAN, bearing MANFRED in their arms.*

*Manuel.* Hie to the castle, some of ye, and bring

What aid you can. Saddle the barb, and speed

For the leech to the city—quick! some water there!

*Her.* His cheek is black—but there is a faint beat

Still lingering about the heart. Some water.

*[They sprinkle MANFRED with water: after a pause, he gives some signs of life.]*

*Manuel.* He seems to strive to speak—come—cheerly, Count!

He moves his lips—canst hear him! I am old, 30

And cannot catch faint sounds.

*[HERMAN inclining his head and listening.]*

*Her.* I hear a word

Or two—but indistinctly—what is next?

What's to be done? let's bear him to the castle.

*[MANFRED motions with his hand not to remove him.]*

*Manuel.* He disapproves—and 'twere of no avail—

He changes rapidly.

*Her.* 'Twill soon be over.

*Manuel.* Oh! what a death is this! that I should live

To shake my gray hairs over the last chief

Of the house of Sigismund.—And such a death!

Alone—we know not how—unshrived—untended—

With strange accompaniments and fearful signs— 40

I shudder at the sight—but must not leave him.

*Manfred (speaking faintly and slowly).*

Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die.

*[MANFRED, having said this, expires.]*

*Her.* His eyes are fixed and lifeless.—He is gone.—

*Manuel*. Close them.—My old hand quivers.—He departs—

Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone!

*End of Act Third, and of the poem.”]*

<sup>60</sup> [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto III. stanza lxxxvi. line 1; stanza lxxxix. lines 1, 2; and stanza xc. lines 1, 2.]

<sup>61</sup> [“Drove at midnight to see the Coliseum by moonlight: but what can I say of the Coliseum? It must be *seen*; to describe it I should have thought impossible, if I had not read *Manfred*. . . . His [Byron’s] description is the very thing itself; but what cannot he do on such a subject, when his pen is like the wand of Moses, whose touch can produce waters even from the barren rock?”—Matthews’s *Diary of an Invalid*, 1820, pp. 158, 159. (Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto IV. stanzas cxxviii.-cxxxix.)]

<sup>62</sup> [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto IV. stanzas cvi.-cix.]

<sup>63</sup> [For “begun,” compare *Don Juan*, Canto II. stanza clxvii. line 1.]

<sup>64</sup> [Compare—

“ . . . but his face

Deep scars of thunder had intrenched.”

*PARADISE LOST*, I. 600.]

<sup>65</sup>

[“The mind is its own place, and in itself

Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.”

*PARADISE LOST*, I. 254, 255.]

<sup>66</sup> [In the first edition (p. 75), this line was left out at Gifford’s suggestion (*Memoirs, etc.*, 1891, i. 387). Byron was indignant, and wrote to Murray, August 12, 1817 (*Letters*, 1900, iv. 157), “You have destroyed the whole effect and moral of the poem, by omitting the last line of Manfred’s speaking.”]

<sup>67</sup> [For Goethes translation of the following passages in *Manfred*, viz (i) Manfred’s soliloquy, act 1. sc. 1, line 1 *seq.*; (ii) “The Incantation.” act i. sc. 1, lines 192–261; (iii) Manfred’s soliloquy, act ii, sc. 2 lines 164–204; (iv.) the duologue between Manfred and Astarte, act ii. sc. 4, lines 116–155; (v) a couplet, “For the night hath been to me,” etc., act iii. sc. 4, lines 3, 4;—see Professor A. Brandl’s *Goethe-Jahrbuch*. 1899, and Goethe’s *Werke*, 1874, iii. 201, as quoted in Appendix II., *Letters*, 1901. v. 503–514.]