

## Manfred

*Lord Byron*

Modernised version

*edited by Peter Cochran*



*Finden's engravings: Manfred and the Witch of the Alps.*

In European terms, *Manfred* was the most celebrated and influential of all Byron's works. It was translated into German, for instance, eighteen times during the nineteenth century – once by Wagner's uncle. Byron had little idea, at first, what he had written, until his anger at the way Murray and Gifford interfered with his text forced him to realise how proprietorial he felt about it.

Often ignored is the fact that *Manfred* is Byron's first full dramatic piece, done when memories of Drury Lane and its capacity for spectacular scenery would have been fresh in his mind. I have no evidence for my theory that *Manfred* is a role written for Edmund Kean. The presence of the short, dark, but mesmeric Kean behind such verse figures as Conrad in *The Corsair* has often been noted: here at last, in *Manfred*, was a role he might play.

Some mystery surrounds the play's writing. Its draft manuscript is – unusually for Byron – undated, and Hobhouse, who may be supposed to have been with Byron for much of the time of its composition, appears never to register that it is in progress.<sup>1</sup> If I am right, and the notes to Thomas Taylor's translation of Pausanias are a major influence on the way Byron creates its demon-hierarchy,<sup>2</sup> then he is already thinking about it between May 1st (when he is at Brussels) and June 23rd 1816 (when he is at Evian) for he asks Hobhouse for Taylor's book on those dates;<sup>3</sup> and as Hobhouse arrives at Diodati on August 26th (with Taylor's Pausanias, we must assume: he promises on July 9th to bring it)<sup>4</sup> it's unlikely that anything

1: See Cochran, "Nobody has seen it" – *Byron's First Letter Announcing Manfred*, *Byron Journal*, 1996, pp.68-76.

2: See Cochran, *Manfred and Thomas Taylor*, *Byron Journal* 2001, pp.62-71.

3: BLJ V 74 and 80.

4: BB 228.

beyond the very first scene was written before late August. The Alpine scenes in Act I and II bear a close relationship with Byron's Alpine Journal (September 17th-29th), as the notes below will show; but, as Jerome McGann writes,<sup>5</sup> stanzas 5 and 6 of the Incantation in the first scene is on paper with a *fleur-de-lys* watermark of a kind Byron used in 1813 and 1814. The Incantation was fair-copied, in July 1816, by Claire Clairmont, in the notebook which also contains her version of *Childe Harold III*, and had already been published in late November or early December 1816, in *The Prisoner of Chillon, and Other Poems*. See my notes below for the suspicion of a link between the Incantation and Coleridge's *Christabel*.

The revised and received Third Act seems to have been drafted at Rome by May 5th 1817,<sup>6</sup> Byron having arrived in that city on April 29th.

Manfred is a much deeper fellow than any of Byron's previous protagonists; Childe Harold makes no pretence to being a philosopher, or a theologian of dualism, still less a sun-worshipper, and The Giaour, Conrad, Selim and Alp appear not to bother with the questions which have obsessed Manfred; though his indifference and hostility to Christianity is shared by The Giaour, at least.

The play borrows from so many mythologies that even Byron was self-conscious about it: "... a mixed mythology of my own – which you may suppose is somewhat of the strangest" was the way he alerted Kinnaid, on March 25th 1817:<sup>7</sup> an "Olla Podrida" was what his concoction was called in an early review, by William Roberts.<sup>8</sup> Peacock, always on the alert for absurdities in Byron, gives a note to *Nightmare Abbey*:

According to Mr. Toobad, the present period would be the reign of Ahrimanes. Lord Byron seems to be of the same opinion, by the use he has made of Ahrimanes in "Manfred"; where the great Alastor, or Καρχος Δαιμων, of Persia, is hailed king of the world by the Nemesis of Greece, in concert with three of the Scandinavian Valkyræ, under the name of the Destinies; the astrological spirits of the alchemists of the middle ages; an elemental witch, transplanted from Denmark to the Alps; and a chorus of Dr. Faustus's devils, who come in the last act for a soul. It is difficult to conceive where this heterogeneous mythological company could have originally met, except at a table d'hôte, like the six kings in "Candide".<sup>9</sup>

Peacock omits the Neo-Platonist Thomas Taylor, from whom Byron derived the revolutionary idea that Man could damn himself without help from any Evil Principle. As George Sand wrote, Manfred is "... Faust délivré de l'odieuse compagnie de Méphistophélès".<sup>10</sup> It is the superiority Manfred displays to all the transcendental powers he encounters which makes him worrying. He is equally indifferent to the persuasions of chamoix-hunters, witches, demons and abbots, and is self-destructive purely on his own terms – not at all like Faust, or Faustus, who need and receive help in their self-destruction (and redemption, in the case of Faust). Manfred has no-one to blame for his own doom but himself; he is *cunning in [his] overthrow, / The careful pilot of [his] proper woe*.

Behind Manfred's need for oblivion at all costs may be Byron's self-horror at the way, late in 1815 and early in 1816, he had wilfully destroyed the happiness of a wife who loved him, whom he despised because she loved him, and whom he had forced to leave their home,

5: CPW III 464.

6: See Cochran, "A higher and more extended comprehension": B.'s three weeks in Rome, Keats-Shelley Review 2001, pp.49-63.

7: BLJ V 195.

8: *The British Critic*, 2nd series, VIII, July 1817, RR BI 275.

9: Peacock, *Nightmare Abbey*, note to Chapter IV.

10: *Essai sur le drama fantastique: Gæthe, Byron, Mickiewicz: Revue des Deux Mondes*, December 1st 1839, p.612.

shortly after she had born him their child. His behaviour had been so extreme that many about him were convinced that he was either ill or insane. Astarte – all that *Manfred* offers by way of heroine – is often taken, by those intent on creating sensation at all costs, to be a version of his half-sister Augusta; but I'd argue that in her remoteness and verbal economy Astarte is closer to Annabella. Annabella could be a very effective rhetorician (on paper, in private), but in public she said as little as possible. Even her statements about Byron's cruelty – made to convince her family and legal advisers that she had a good case – are understated. He married the woman to whom, even in 1812, he was comparing to Emma in Maria Edgeworth's *The Modern Griselda*,<sup>11</sup> knowing her to be, in her infinite patience, his perfect victim. The manipulative hypocrisy whereby, knowing that the outcome would be cruel and disastrous, he made her his wife, and his affectation of not understanding what, when she left the house, all the fuss was about, seem gross even after two centuries, and deserve the implicit critique he made of them himself in *Manfred*:

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,  
By thy unfathomed gulphs 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 compell  
Thyself to be thy proper Hell!<sup>12</sup>

In so far as he knows himself to have placed himself beyond the pale of human tolerance, *Manfred is* Byron.

### Contemporary Reactions

Many reviewers were too polite to say in what way they felt Byron had gone too far with *Manfred*, but inferring what they meant wasn't hard:

This drama is interesting, yet there are in it domestic allusions, from which works of a dramatic nature should ever be free.<sup>13</sup>

Manfred has exiled himself from society; and what is to be the ground of our compassion for the exile? Simply the commission of one of the most revolting of crimes. He has committed incest!<sup>14</sup>

We hope, for the sake of manhood and morality, that the rumour is incorrect which has indentified his inmost feelings with the subject before us ...<sup>15</sup>

The same reviewer even implied the play should be banned, on the grounds that it makes incest attractive:

We sincerely recommend Lord Byron to reflect upon the dangers that may accrue to youth and inexperience from a collision with his popular pages, if crime is again to be invested with a

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**11:** BLJ II 199; Emma is the gentle, charitable heroine, contrasting with the eponymous one.

**12:** *Manfred*, I i, 252-51.

**13:** *La Belle Assemblée* 1817; at *The Romantics Reviewed*, ed. Reiman, Garland 1972 ("RR"), 107.

**14:** *Gentleman's Magazine* July 1817; RR 1107.

**15:** *Theatrical Inquisitor* August 1817; RR 2266.

garment that moral truth should tear in abhorrence from her polluted shoulders. This book must either be suppressed, or we shall proscribe it altogether.<sup>16</sup>

Many also objected to what they saw as its slipshod qualities, in versification and linguistic precision:

Though generally flowing, vigorous and sonorous, it is too often slovenly and careless to a great degree; and there are in the very finest passages, so many violations of the plainest rules of blank verse, that we suspect Lord Byron has a very imperfect knowledge of that finest of all music, and has yet much to learn before his language can be well adapted to dramatic compositions.<sup>17</sup>

In the invocation [*I i 28 et seq: Mysterious Agency!*] our readers will clearly perceive, that Lord Byron had the Prospero of Shakespeare in his view, but we cannot complement him on the success of his imitation. How can a “spirit dwell in subtler essence?” The essence of a spirit may perhaps be called subtle; but how a spirit, or any thing else, can dwell in essence (except it be of anchovies), we are at a loss to comprehend.<sup>18</sup>

Others objected to Byron’s plagiarism:

Now the whole of this idea [*II iv, opening: The Hymn of the Spirits to Arimanes*] is taken almost word for word from a very silly and disgusting tale, entitled VATHEK, which for various reasons we have omitted to notice ...<sup>19</sup>

The play was questioned from the point of view of incident, character, and theological consistency:

Upon this non-descript species of drama our observations will be but few. Of incident it has but little, of plot it has none. There is nothing to interest attention, nothing to raise expectation. Of the hero we know nothing, we are taught nothing, and therefore we care nothing. In the characters there is nothing remarkable, except a strange jumble of all the mythologies which ever existed. The fire worship of the Persians, the Nemesis of the Greeks, the fairy tales of our nursery, are brought into action, and what is worst of all, are combined with the appearance of Christianity. The least that can be said of this Olla Podrida is, that in taste it is execrable, in execution absurd.<sup>20</sup>

Byron’s qualifications as a playwright were called into question:

It would be an idle parade of criticism to enter into the merits of this performance, as a specimen of dramatic composition. It has none of the properties of this kind of writing, but the division into scenes, and the conduct of the story by the means of dialogue. It affords, indeed, a pretty good ground for inferring the unfitness of the poet for this province of the art.<sup>21</sup>

Even Francis Jeffrey, who had a high opinion of the work (see below), wrote:

This piece is properly entitled a dramatic Poem – for it is merely poetical, and is not at all a drama or play in the modern acceptance of that term.<sup>22</sup>

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**16:** *Theatrical Inquisitor* August 1817; RR 2269.

**17:** John Wilson in *Blackwood’s Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* June 1817; RR 124.

**18:** *British Critic* July 1817; RR 271.

**19:** *Ibid*; RR 273.

**20:** *Ibid*; RR 275.

**21:** William Roberts in *The British Review* August 1817; RR 453.

**22:** Francis Jeffrey in *The Edinburgh Review* August 1817; RR 882.

The play is written with all that intensity of thought, with all that depth and force of colouring, so peculiar to the works of the noble author. The character of Manfred is sketched with a strong and masterly hand, nor have any pains been spared to clothe the preternatural ministers that are introduced, with the sublime horrors that belong to their “sightless substances;” but having no diversity of incident or plot, this tragedy, however adapted for the closet, is quite unfitted for the stage, where, indeed, it has not been offered, and could not possibly appear but to disadvantage. Lord Byron is not to be comprehended by every one, and least of all by the *crowd*.<sup>23</sup>

Byron was accused of being interested only in extremes of human deformity:

The mischief that lurks in all Lord Byron’s productions is this – they are lying representations of human nature; they bring qualities of a most contradictory kind into close alliance; and so shape them into seeming union as to confound sentiments, which, for the sake of sound morality and social security, should be for ever kept contrasted, and at polar extremities with respect to each other.<sup>24</sup>

Shakspeare has seldom conceived a monster, and then brought him but rarely into action; Lord Byron’s joy in the contemplation of monsters.<sup>25</sup>

Here is language full of nerve, and poetry clad in beauty, but like the splendid garb of a dwarf, or the fabled mantle of a giant, they cannot hide the form of deformity, or cheat us into a belief that we behold “nature’s fair proportion”.<sup>26</sup>

One voice alone stood out in the midst of this outraged conventionality; it was that of Francis Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*. His appreciative account started,

This is a very strange – not a very pleasing – but unquestionably a very powerful and most poetical production.

... and concluded with a comparison of *Manfred* with *Dr Faustus*:

But these, and many other smooth and fanciful verses in this curious old drama [*Dr Faustus*], prove nothing, we think, against the originality of Manfred; for there is nothing to be found there of the pride, the abstraction, and the heartrooted misery in which that originality consists. Faustus is a vulgar sorcerer, tempted to sell his soul to the Devil for the ordinary price of sensual pleasure, and earthly power and glory – and who shrinks and shudders in agony when the forfeit comes to be exacted. The style, too, of Marlow, though elegant and scholarlike, is weak and childish compared with the depth and force of much of what we have quoted from Lord Byron; and the disgusting buffoonery and low farce of which his piece is principally made up, place it much more in contrast, than in any terms of comparison, with that of his noble successor. In the tone and pitch of the composition, as well as in the character of the diction in the more solemn parts, the piece before us reminds us much more of the Prometheus of Æschylus, than of any more modern performance. The tremendous solitude of the principal person – the supernatural beings with whom alone he holds communion – the guilt – the firmness – the misery – are all points of resemblance to which the grandeur of the poetic imagery only gives a more striking effect. The chief differences are, that the subject of the Greek poet was sanctified and exalted by the established belief of his country, and that his terrors are nowhere tempered with the sweetness which breathes from so many passages of his English rival.<sup>27</sup>

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23: *Lady’s Monthly Museum* August 1817; RR 1251.

24: *British Review* August 1817; RR 453.

25: *Critical Review* June 1817; RR 670.

26: *European Magazine* August 1817; RR 962.

27: Francis Jeffrey in *The Edinburgh Review*; RR 888.

For Byron's response, see his letter to Murray of October 12th 1817 (BLJ V 267-9). For relevant parts of the letter, and for more on *Manfred* and *Faust*, *Manfred* and *Faustus*, and so on, see essays on this website.

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Material in red represents Byron's first thoughts for Act III. For the story of its rejection, see notes.

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This edition is based on the rough draft at the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York, and the fair copy and associated letter in the John Murray Archive, collated with the editions of E.H.Coleridge and J.J.McGann. It is a different text from the previous one on this website, with modernised spelling, speech-prefixes at the side instead of centred, and punctuation less dependent on Byron's idiosyncratic markings. I find the effect more reassuring and less extreme, which as *Manfred* is not meant to reassure, and is extreme, seems to prove my point, namely, that Byron was right when he wrote,

Consult the M.S. *always*.<sup>28</sup>

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**28:** BLJ VI 71 (letter to Murray, September 24th 1818).

## ***Manfred*. A dramatic poem.**

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

*The scene of the drama is amongst the higher Alps,  
partly in the castle of Manfred,  
and partly in the mountains.*

### **Act I scene i.**

*Manfred*<sup>29</sup> alone. Scene, a Gothic Gallery. Time, midnight.

Manfred:	The lamp must be replenished, but even then	
	It will not burn so long as I must watch;	
	My slumbers – if I slumber – are no sleep,	
	But a continuance of enduring thought,	
	Which then I can resist not; in my heart	5
	There is a vigil, and these eyes but close	
	To look within; and yet I live, and bear	
	The aspect and the form of living men.	
	But grief should be the instructor of the wise;	
	Sorrow is knowledge: <sup>30</sup> they who know the most	10
	Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth –	
	The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.	
	Philosophy and science, and the springs	
	Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,	
	I have essayed; and in my mind there is	15
	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 –	20
	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, <sup>31</sup>	25

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**29:** *Manfred*: the name comes in part from the *Purgatorio* (III 121-4) in part from Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* (1764) but in part from *Bertram, or the Castle of St. Aldobrand*, by Charles Maturin (1782-1824) a play which had been mounted on B.'s recommendation, and ran, from May 9 1816, for twenty-two consecutive nights – a great success. Murray printed seven editions in the first year. B. was impressed by the piece (see his letter to Maturin of 21 December 1815, offering to get George Lamb to re-write some unsatisfactory passages – BLJ IV 336) and certainly took note of the name of the protagonist's hideaway:

... *Count Bertram,*  
*Whose vessel had from Manfredonia's coast*  
*Been traced towards this realm ... (IV i)*  
*On Manfredonia's wild and wooded shore*  
*His desperate followers awed the regions round ... (IV i)*

Bertram (the part was created by Kean) is a gloomy misanthrope, like Manfred, who pursues and destroys the woman he loves; the play is based on a triangular love situation such as B. had exploited in *The Giaour*, *Lara*, and so on.

**30:** *Sorrow is knowledge*: see *Ecclesiastes* I, 18: *For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.*

**31:** *And feel the curse to have no natural fear*: compare Macbeth at V v 9: *I have almost forgot the taste of 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, 30  
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 35  
Which gives me power upon you<sup>32</sup> – rise! appear!

(*a pause*)

They come not yet. Now, by the voice of him  
Who is the first among you<sup>33</sup> – by this sign  
Which makes you tremble – by the claims of him  
Who is undying!<sup>34</sup> – rise – appear – appear – 40

(*a pause*)

If it be so. Spirits of earth and air!  
Ye shall not now elude me! By a power  
Deeper than all yet urged – a tyrant-spell  
Which had its birthplace in a star condemned<sup>35</sup> –  
The burning wreck of a demolished world – 45  
A wandering hell in the eternal space –  
By the strong curse which is upon my soul<sup>36</sup> –  
The thought which is within me and around me –  
I do compel you 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, 50  
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,<sup>37</sup> 55

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**32:** *I call upon you – by the written charm / Which gives me power upon you:* what the charm is we are not told; but compare Faustus at I iii 8-9:

*Within this circle is Jehovah's name,  
Forward and backward anagrammatised:  
The abbreviated names of holy saints,  
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,  
And characters of signs and evening stars,  
By which the spirits are enforced to rise.*

**33:** ... *the voice of him / Who is the first among you:* that is, Manfred's voice.

**34:** ... *the claims of him / Who is undying:* the highest power, the creator, the Demiurgus, the over-ruling infinite to whom Manfred refers below at II iv 47.

**35:** ... *a tyrant's spell / Which had its birthplace in a Star condemned:* perhaps the tyrant is Manfred himself, born under a wandering star, as we learn below, this scene, ll.110-24. Compare *Hamlet*, V i 247-9: *What is he ... whose phrase of sorrow conjures the wandering stars?*

**36:** *By the strong curse which is upon my Soul:* compare *CHP I*, 83, 8-9: ... *life-abhorring gloom / Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting doom.*



Though thy quest may be forbidden,  
 On a starbeam I have ridden;  
 To thine adjuration bowed,  
 Mortal! be thy wish avowed!  
 Voice of the Second Spirit:<sup>38</sup> Mont Blanc is the Monarch of mountains,<sup>39</sup> 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 – 65  
 But ere it fall, that thundering ball  
     Must pause for my command.<sup>40</sup>  
 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*? 75  
 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 – 85  
 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 – 95  
 I have quitted my birthplace  
     Thy bidding to bide –  
 Thy spell hath subdued me,

**37:** B. re-uses the *vermilion / pavilion* rhyme at *Don Juan* II 731-3.

**38:** This may interestingly be compared with Shelley's more extended Platonic meditation *Mont Blanc*, written in July 1816, when Shelley was in B.'s company.

**39: ALPINE JOURNAL:** B. wrote to Murray, from Venice, October 12 1817, after the completion not only of *Manfred* but of *CHP* IV and *Beppo*: ... *as to the germs of Manfred – they may be found in the Journal which I sent to Mrs. Leigh (part of which you saw) when I went over first the Dent de Jamant & then the Wengeren or Wengeberg Alp & Sheideck and made the giro of the Jungfrau Schreckhorn &c. &c. shortly before I left Switzerland – I have the whole scene of Manfred before me as if it was but yesterday – & could point it out spot by spot, torrent and all* (BLJ V 268). The relevant parts of the Journal will be printed in the appropriate places. See also edition on this website.

**40: ALPINE JOURNAL:** Echoes the entry for September 23: ... *heard the Avalanches falling every five minutes nearly – as if God was pelting the Devil down from Heaven with snowballs ... I made a snowball & pelted H[obhouse] with it ...* (BLJ V 101-2).

	Thy will be my guide!	
Fifth Spirit:	I am the rider of the wind, <sup>41</sup>	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;	105
	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: <sup>42</sup>	The star which rules thy destiny	110
	Was ruled, ere earth begun, 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.	115
	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,	120
	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 –	125
	Forced by a power (which is not thine,	
	And lent thee but to make thee mine),	
	For this brief moment to descend	
	Where these weak spirits round thee bend,	
	And parley with a thing like thee –	130
	What would'st thou, child of clay! with me?	
The Seven Spirits:	Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, thy star,	
	Are at thy beck and bidding, child of clay!	
	Before thee at thy quest their spirits are –	
	What would'st thou with us, son of mortals – say?	135
Manfred:	Forgetfulness.	
First Spirit:	Of what, of whom, and why?	
Manfred:	Of that which is within me – read it there –	
	Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.	
Spirit:	We can but give thee that which we possess;	
	Ask of us – subjects, sovereignty, the power	140
	O'er earth, the whole, or portion, or a sign	

**41:** *I am the Rider of the Wind*: compare *Job* 30, 22-3: *Thou liftest me up to the wind; thou causest me to ride upon it, and dissolvest my substance. For I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living.*

**42:** Is adapted to an ottava rima idiom at *TVoJ*, st.2:

*The Angels all were singing out of tune  
 And hoarse with having little else to do,  
 Excepting to wind up the Sun and Moon,  
 Or curb a runaway young Star or two,  
 Or wild Colt of a Comet, which too soon  
 Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,  
 Splitting some planet with its playful tail –  
 As boats are sometimes by a wanton Whale. –*

	Which shall control the elements, whereof We are the dominators each and all – These shall be thine.	
Manfred:	Oblivion – self-oblivion – Can ye not wring from out the hidden realms Ye offer so profusely, what I ask?	145
Spirit:	It is not in our essence – in our skill – But thou may'st die.	
Manfred:	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?	150
Manfred:	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 ye what I am.	155
Spirit:	We answer as we are answered; our reply Is even in thine own words.	
Manfred:	Why say ye so?	160
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.	
Manfred:	I then have called ye from your realms in vain – Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.	
Spirit:	Say – What we possess we offer – it is thine; Bethink, ere thou dismiss us. Ask again – Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and length of days. <sup>43</sup> –	165
Manfred:	Accursed! What have I to do with days? They are too long already! Hence – begone!	170
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?	
Manfred:	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>44</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.	175
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.	180
Manfred:	I have no choice – there is no form on earth Hideous or beautiful to me – let him Who is most powerful of ye take such aspect As unto him may seem most fitting. Come!	185
	Seventh Spirit ( <i>appearing in the shape of a beautiful female figure</i> ): Behold!	

**43:** ... ask again, / Kingdom – and sway – and strength – and length of days: one of the temptations which assail Christ in the wilderness (*Matthew* 4, 8-10) and are too powerful for both Faustus and Faust.

**44:** *Your voices – sweet and melancholy sounds / As Music on the waters*: compare *Stanzas to Music*, 3-4: *And like music on the waters / Is thy sweet voice to me*.

Manfred: Oh God! if it be thus – and thou  
 Art not a madness and a mockery –  
 I yet might be most happy – I will clasp thee, 190  
 And we again will be –

*The figure vanishes.*

My heart is crushed!

*Manfred falls senseless.*<sup>45</sup>

Incantation.<sup>46</sup>

1.

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; 195  
 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.

2.

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, 205  
 By a power to thee unknown  
 Thou can'st never be alone;  
 Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,  
 Thou art gathered in a cloud,  
 And forever shalt thou dwell 210  
 In the spirit of this spell.

3.

Though thou see'st me not pass by,  
 Thou shalt feel me with thine eye  
 As a thing that, though unseen,  
 Must be near thee, and hath been; 215  
 And when in that secret dread  
 Thou hast turned around thy head,  
 Thou shalt marvel I am not  
 As thy shadow on the spot,

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**45:** Iamblichus, the neo-Platonist philosopher to whom B. refers below, at II ii 92-4 and n, says this about human reaction to divine apparitions: *The gods when they appear, diffuse a light of so subtle a nature, that the corporeal eyes are not able to bear it; but are affected in the same manner as fishes when they are drawn out of turbid and thick water into attenuated and diaphanous air. For men who behold a divine fire, as soon as they perceive it are scarcely able to breathe, and their connate spirit becomes inclosed in the fire.* – *De Mysteriis*, p.70, quoted Taylor's Pausanias, III 361-2. Two earlier encounters with spectral women in B.'s poems are at *The Giaour*, 1285-95; and *The Siege of Corinth*, Parts 20-1: and the situation is cunningly inverted in the last Stanzas of *Don Juan* Canto XVI.

**46:** Lines 192-261 were published in December 1816, in *The Prisoner of Chillon*, with the note "The following Poem was a Chorus in an unfinished Witch Drama, which was begun some years ago".

And the power which thou dost feel  
Shall be what thou must conceal.

220

## 4.

And a magic voice and verse  
 Hath baptized thee with a curse,  
 And a spirit of the air  
 Hath begirt thee with a snare; 225  
 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, 230  
 Which shall make thee wish it done.

5.<sup>47</sup>

From thy false tears I did distill  
 An essence which hath strength to kill;  
 From thy own heart I then did wring  
 The black blood in its blackest spring, 235  
 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.

## 6.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,  
 By thy unfathomed gulfs of guile,  
 By that most seeming virtuous eye,<sup>48</sup>  
 By thy shut soul's hypocrisy, 245  
 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 250  
 Thyself to be thy proper Hell!

## 7.

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, 255  
 Though thy death shall still seem near

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**47:** See notes below for the relationship between sts.5 and 6 of the Incantation and Coleridge's *Christabel*. However, in terms of rhymes, octosyllabic rhythm and mood the passage owes much also to such sequences as *A Midsummer Night's Dream* II ii 27-4, and *Macbeth* IV i 1-36.

**48:** Echoes the Ghost's words about Gertrude at *Hamlet*, I v 46: ... *my most seeming-virtuous queen*; however, all of sts.5 and 6 of the Incantation bear a more than usually close relationship, in their preoccupation with serpentine hypocrisy, to the figure of Geraldine in Coleridge's unfinished *Christabel* – some stanzas of which B. had heard Scott recite in the spring of 1815 (BLJ IV 318) and which had been published by Murray, at B.'s insistence – in April 1816 (BLJ IV 321, 331). B. had already drawn public attention to his borrowing from the poem in a note to l.476 of *The Siege of Corinth*, published on February 13 1816 (CPW III 486). He quotes (covertly) from *Christabel* in a letter to Moore of January 5 1816 (BLJ V 15); recites its opening and others parts to Shelley and his other Geneva friends on June 18 1816 (LJ IV 296n, Polidori's Diary p.128); defends it to Murray on September 30 1816 (BLJ V 108); and by March 25 1817 – after the completion of the first version of *Manfred* – is joking about it (BLJ V 187 and 193).

To thy wish, but as a fear,<sup>49</sup>  
 Lo! the spell now works around thee,  
 And the clankless chain hath bound thee,<sup>50</sup>  
 O'er thy heart and brain together  
 Hath the word been passed – now wither!<sup>51</sup> 260

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**49:** Echoes Southey's *The Curse of Kehama*:

*And thou shalt seek Death  
 To release thee, in vain;  
 Thou shalt live in thy pain  
 While Kehama shall reign,  
 With a fire in thy heart,  
 And a fire in thy brain;  
 And Sleep shall obey me,  
 And visit thee never,  
 And the Curse shall be on thee  
 For ever and ever.*

See also below, II ii 136 *et. seq.*

**50:** Complements *The Prisoner of Chillon*, 98: *His spirit withered with their clank.*

**51: ALPINE JOURNAL:** Echoes the entry for September 23: *Passed whole woods of withered pines – all withered – trunks stripped & barkless – branches lifeless – done by a single winter – their appearance reminded me of me & my family.* (BLJ V 102) See also Antony at *Antony and Cleopatra* IV xii 23-4: *... and this pine is barked / That overtopped them all;* also Cleopatra at IV xv 64: *O, withered is the garland of the war ...*

**Act I scene ii.**

*The Mountain of the Jungfrau. Time, Morning. –  
Manfred alone on the cliffs*

Manfred:     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                     5  
                   The future, till the past be gulfed in darkness,  
                   It is not of my search. My Mother Earth!  
                   And thou fresh breaking day! And you, ye mountains!  
                   Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.  
                   And thou the bright eye of the universe                     10  
                   That openest over all, and unto all  
                   Art a delight – thou shin’st not on my heart.<sup>52</sup>  
                   And you ye crags! upon whose extreme edge  
                   I stand, and on the torrents’ brink beneath                     15  
                   Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs  
                   In dizziness of distance,<sup>53</sup> when a leap,  
                   A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring  
                   My breast upon its rocky bosom’s bed  
                   To rest forever – wherefore do I pause?  
                   I feel the impulse, yet I do not plunge –                     20  
                   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 witholds,  
                   And makes it my fatality to live,<sup>54</sup>  
                   If it be life to wear within myself                     25  
                   This barrenness of spirit, and to be  
                   My own soul’s sepulchre,<sup>55</sup> for I have ceased  
                   To justify my deeds unto myself,  
                   The last infirmity of evil.<sup>56</sup>

*An eagle passes.*

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**52:** *And thou – the bright Eye of the Universe! / That openest over all – and unto all / Art a delight; – thou shinest not on my heart:* yet see below, III ii 1-29. Evidently something occurs between now and then to render Manfred more open to the benign influence of the sun.

**53:** Echoes the speech of Edgar at *King Lear* IV vi 11-24:

*How fearful  
 And dizzy ’tis to cast one’s eyes so low!  
 The crows and choughs that wing the midway air  
 Show scarce so gross as beetles ...  
 The fishermen that walk upon the beach  
 Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark  
 Diminished to her cock ...*

**54:** Echoes Othello’s words to Iago at V ii 92-3:

*I’d have thee live;  
 For, in my sense, ’tis happiness to die.*

**55:** *My own Soul’s Sepulchre:* echoes Thomas Taylor’s *On the Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries* (1816) p.37: *Plato, too, it is well known, considered the body as the sepulchre of the soul ...*

**56:** Echoes Milton, *Lycidas*, 70-2:

*Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
 (That last infirmity of Noble mind)  
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days ...*



Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister! 30  
 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, 35  
 With a pervading vision. Beautiful –  
 How beautiful is all this visible world!<sup>57</sup>  
 How glorious in its action and itself!<sup>58</sup>  
 But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns – we,  
 Half dust, half deity, alike unfit 40  
 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, 45  
 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, 50  
 Mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;<sup>59</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, born and dying 55  
 With the blest tone which made me!

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**57:** Compare the Poet's address to the swan in Shelley's *Alastor*, 280-91:

*“Thou hast a home,  
 Beautiful bird; thou voyagest to thine home,  
 Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck  
 With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes  
 Bright in the lustre of her own fond joy.  
 And what am I that I should linger here,  
 With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes,  
 Spirit more vast than thine, frame more attuned  
 To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers  
 In the deaf air, to the blind earth, and heaven  
 That echoes not my thoughts?” A gloomy smile  
 Of desperate hope wrinkled his quivering lips.*

By contrast, Manfred feels himself altogether inferior to the eagle. In *Prometheus Bound* the protagonist is warned that he will become the prey of eagles: Manfred would welcome the idea.

**58:** This section echoes *Hamlet*, *What a piece of work is a man ...* (II ii 292 *et seq*).

**59: ALPINE JOURNAL:** Echoes the entry for September 19: *The whole of the Mountain superb – the shepherd upon a very steep & high cliff playing upon his pipe – very different from Arcadia – (where I saw the pastors with with a long Musquet instead of a Crook – and pistols in their Girdles) – our Swiss Shepherd's pipe was sweet – & his time agreeable – saw a cow strayed – told that the often break their necks on & over the crags ... 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 & 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 & 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 ...* (BLJ V 99)

*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 breakneck travail. What is here?  
 Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath reached 60  
 A height which none even of our mountaineers,  
 Save our best hunters, may attain – his garb  
 Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air  
 Proud as a freeborn peasant's, at this distance;  
 I will approach him nearer.
- Manfred (*not perceiving the other*): To be thus, 65  
 Grey-haired with anguish, like these blasted pines,  
 Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,  
 A blighted trunk upon a cursed root  
 Which but supplies a feeling to decay;  
 And to be thus, eternally but thus, 70  
 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!<sup>60</sup>  
 Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down 75  
 In mountainous o'erwhelming – come and crush me!<sup>61</sup>  
 I hear ye momentarily above – beneath –  
 Crash with a frequent conflict – but ye pass,  
 And only fall on things which still would live  
 On the young flourishing forest, or the hut 80  
 And hamlet of the harmless villager.
- Chamois hunter: The mists begin to rise from up the valley;  
 I'll warn him to descend, or he may chance  
 To lose his way and life together.
- Manfred: The mists boil up around the glaciers, clouds<sup>62</sup> 85  
 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.

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**60: ALPINE JOURNAL:** Echoes the entry for September 23: *Passed whole woods of withered pines – all withered – trunks stripped & barkless – branches lifeless – done by a single winter – their appearance reminded me of me & my family.* (BLJ V 102). See also Shelley's *Alastor*, ll.530-2:

*... nought but knarled roots of antient pines  
 Branchless and blasted, clenched with grasping roots  
 The unwilling soil. A gradual change was here,  
 Yet ghastly.*

... also Antony at *Antony and Cleopatra* IV xii 23-4: *... and this pine is barked / That overtopped them all;* and Cleopatra at IV xv 64: *O, withered is the garland of the war ...*

**61:** Recalls *Doctor Faustus* V ii 163-4:

*Mountains and hills come, come, and fall on me,  
 And hide me from the heavy wrath of God.*

**62:** Echoes the entry for September 23: *on the other [side] the clouds rose from the opposite valley curling up perpendicular precipices – like the foam of the the Ocean of Hell during a Springtide – it was white & sulphery – and immeasurably deep in appearance ...* (BLJ V 102). See also a letter to Murray of September 29: *we have ... looked on the clouds foaming up from the valleys below us – like the spray from the ocean of hell ...* (BLJ V 106). See also Shakespeare, *Sonnet 60*, ll.1-2:

*Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
 So do our minutes hasten to their end ...*

- Chamois hunter: I must approach him cautiously – if near, 90  
 A sudden step will startle him, and he  
 Seems tottering already.<sup>63</sup>
- Manfred: 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, 95  
 Damming the rivers with a sudden dash  
 That crushed the waters into mist, and made  
 Their fountains find another channel; thus,  
 Thus in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg<sup>64</sup> –  
 Why stood I not beneath it?
- Chamois hunter: Friend, have a care! 100  
 Your next step may be fatal – for the love  
 Of him who made you,<sup>65</sup> stand not on that brink!
- Manfred (*not hearing him*): Such would have been for me a fitting tomb –  
 My bones had then been quiet in their depth –  
 They had not been strewn upon the rocks 105  
 For the wind's pastime, as thus, thus, they shall be  
 In this one plunge. Farewell, ye opening Heavens!  
 Look not upon me thus reproachfully,  
 Ye were not meant for me.<sup>66</sup> 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.*

- Chamois hunter: Hold, Madman! though weary of thy life, 110  
 Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood –

**63:** For Manfred's encounter with the Chamois Hunter, compare Shelley's *Alastor*, ll.257-62:

*The mountaineer,  
 Encountering on some dizzy precipice  
 That spectral form, deemed that the Spirit of wind  
 With lightning eyes, and eager breath, and feet  
 Disturbing not the drifted snow, had paused  
 In its career ...*

B.'s mountaineer is guilty of no such misapprehension.

**64:** Mount Rosenberg: in fact, Rossberg. On September 2 1806 a huge fragment of the mountain, which is near Goldau, slid into the valley below, overwhelming four villages and killing four hundred and fifty people. Hobhouse's diary for August 21 1816, made while he and Scrope Davies were travelling through Switzerland to join B. at Diodati, reads *Up at seven. Better – breakfasted at the Stag, which is a very good inn, and where we heard the landlady relate the story of the falling of the Rossberg mountain at Goldau, when she had a party that left her thirteen in the morning and came back six, the rest being killed, and naively related the saying of a gentleman who escaped – a Mr. Schmidt: "Je ne serai pas tranquille avant de quitter la Suisse – dont les montagnes décroulent comme ça!"* or some such words, which he kept good by leaving the country instantly. A woman who escaped, though she was for a short time buried, thought the day of judgement was come. Nearly two villages were overwhelmed. General Pfyffer, the [ ] topographer of this part of the country, who died in 1800 at his house in Zurich, foretold from a view of the strata that such a catastrophe was probable. – B.L.Add. Mss. 56536, 81r.–v.

**65:** ... *for the love / Of him who made you*: the voice of orthodox Christianity heard for the first time in the play.

**66:** *Farewell, ye opening heavens – / Look not upon me thus reproachfully – ye were not meant for me ...* find themselves inverted in the death of the eldest son of the old Tartar Khan, at *Don Juan VIII*, st.115:

*So fully flashed the phantom on his eyes,  
 That when the very lance was in his heart  
 He shouted "Allah!" and saw Paradise  
 With all its veil of mystery drawn apart –  
 And bright Eternity without disguise  
 On his soul, like a ceaseless Sunrise, dart –  
 With Prophets – Houris – Angels – Saints – descried  
 In one voluptuous blaze – and then he died ...*

Away with me! I will not quit my hold!

Manfred: I am most sick at heart<sup>67</sup> – nay – grasp me not –  
 I am all feebleness – the mountains whirl  
 Spinning around me – I grow blind – what art thou? 115

Chamois hunter: I'll answer that anon – away with me –  
 The clouds grow thicker – there – now lean on me –  
 Place your foot here – here – take this staff, and cling  
 A moment to that shrub – now – give me your hand,  
 And hold fast by my girdle – softly – well – 120  
 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. 125

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

*End of Act the first.*

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**67:** Echoes Macbeth's *I am sick at heart* at V iii 20.

## Act II scene i.

*A cottage amongst the Bernese Alps. Manfred and the chamois hunter.*

- Chamois hunter: No, no, yet pause – thou must not yet go forth;  
 Thy mind and body are alike unfit  
 To trust each other for some hours at least;  
 When thou art better, I will be thy guide –  
 But whither? 5
- Manfred: It imports not – I do know  
 My route full well, and need no further guidance.<sup>68</sup>
- Chamois hunter: Thy garb and gait bespeak thee of high race;  
 One of the many chiefs whose castled crags  
 Look o'er the lower valleys<sup>69</sup> – which of these  
 May call thee Lord? I only know their portals – 10  
 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? 15
- Manfred: No matter.
- Chamois hunter: 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! 20
- Manfred: Away! Away! there's blood upon the brim!  
 Will it then never – never – sink in the earth?<sup>70</sup>
- Chamois hunter: What dost thou mean? Thy senses wander from thee!
- Manfred: I say 'tis blood – my blood – the pure warm stream  
 Which ran in the veins of my fathers, and in ours, 25  
 When we were in our youth, and had one heart,  
 And loved each other as we should not love;  
 And this was shed – but still it rises up,  
 Colouring the clouds that shut me out from heaven,<sup>71</sup>  
 Where thou art not – and I shall never be.<sup>72</sup> 30
- Chamois hunter: Man of strange words, and some half-maddening sin  
 That makes thee people vacancy<sup>73</sup> – whate'er

**68:** Echoes the words of Gloucester at *King Lear* IV i 78-9: *From that place / I shall no leading need.*

**69:** *One of the many chiefs – whose castled crags / Look o'er the lower valleys:* recalls *CHP* III, sts.46-9, and the lyric *The castled crag of Drachenfels* between sts.55 and 56. The poem was written earlier in 1816.

**70:** *Away – Away – there's blood upon the brim – / Will it then never – never – sink in the earth:* echoes Lady Macbeth in V i.

**71:** *... still it rises up / Colouring the clouds that shut me out from heaven:* compare Faustus at V ii 156-7: *See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament! One drop of it would save my soul – half a drop!*

**72:** *... heaven, / Where thou art not – and I shall never be:* the addressee is clearly not the Chamois Hunter; Manfred may be addressing the absent Astarte, who would thus seem not, in her brother's opinion, to be among the blessed. However, Samuel Chew (*Lord Byron's Dramas*, p.70) wonders if this and other lines form a riddle indicating that Astarte is not dead; in which case we must perhaps read an understood "yet" between not and and. Either that, or Astarte's soul, thanks to her union with Manfred, has been extinguished in the "death more durable and profound" which Thomas Taylor asserts will be the lot of "souls in a state of impurity". See also II ii 198-9, II iv 83, and nn.

**73:** *some half-maddening sin / That makes thee people vacancy:* echoes Gertrude's words to *Hamlet* at III iv 116-18:

*Alas, how is't with you,  
 That you do bend your eye on vacancy,  
 And with th'incorporeal air do hold discourse?*

- Thy dread and sufferance be, there's comfort yet –  
The aid of holy men, and heavenly patience –
- Manfred: Patience, and Patience! Hence! that word was made 35  
For brutes of burthen – not for birds of prey;<sup>74</sup>  
Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine –  
I am not of thine order.<sup>75</sup>
- Chamois hunter: Thanks to heaven!  
I would not be of thine, for the free fame  
Of William Tell; but whatsoe'er thine ill, 40  
It must be borne, and these wild starts are useless.<sup>76</sup>
- Manfred: Do I not bear it? – look on me – I live.  
Chamois hunter: This is convulsion, and no healthful life.
- Manfred: I tell thee, man! I have lived many years –  
Many long years – but they are nothing now 45  
To those which I must number – ages – ages –  
Space and eternity – and consciousness –  
With the fierce thirst of death – and still unslaked.
- Chamois hunter: Why, on thy brow the seal of middle age  
Hath scarce been set, I am thy elder far. 50
- Manfred: Thinks't thou existence doth depend on time?  
It doth – but actions are our epochs – mine  
Have made my days and nights imperishable<sup>77</sup> –  
Endless, and all alike – as sands on the shore,  
Innumerable atoms, and one desert, 55  
Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,  
But nothing rests save carcasses and wrecks –  
Rocks – and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness.<sup>78</sup> –
- Chamois hunter: Alas! he's mad – but yet I must not leave him.<sup>79</sup> –
- Manfred: I would I were – for then the things I see 60  
Would be but a distempered dream.
- Chamois hunter: What is it  
That thou dost see – or think thou looks't upon?
- Manfred: Myself and thee – a peasant of the Alps –  
Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,

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**74:** *Patience – and Patience – hence – that word was made / For brutes of burthen not for birds of prey:* compare *Faust*, Scene IV, 1605-6: *Fluch sei der Hoffnung! Fluch dem Glauben, / Und Fluch vor allen der Geduld!* See also Antony and Cleopatra, IV xv, 79-80: *Patience is sottish, and impatience does / Become a dog that's mad.*

**75:** Recalls (perhaps inadvertently) the words of Malvolio to Maria, Sir Toby and Fabian at *Twelfth Night* III iv 118-19: *You are idle shallow things: I am not of your element.*

**76:** Echoes the words of Lady Macbeth to Macbeth at III iv: *O, these flaws and starts – / Impostors to true fear* ...

**77:** *Thinks't thou existence doth depend on time? – / It doth – but actions are our epochs:* echoes *Childe Harold* III, 5, 1-2:

*He, who grown aged in this world of woe,  
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of night ...*

**78:** Anticipates the description of Sathan at st.24 of *The Vision of Judgement*:

*But bringing up the rear of this bright host  
A Spirit of a different aspect waved  
His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast  
Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved –  
His brow was like the Deep when tempest-tost –  
Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved  
Eternal wrath on his immortal face –  
And where he gazed a gloom pervaded Space.*

See also *Don Juan II* st.177.

**79:** *Alas, he's mad:* the words of Gertrude at *Hamlet*, III iv 105.

And spirit patient, pious, proud, and free – 65  
 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, 70  
 And thy grandchildren’s love for epitaph<sup>80</sup> –  
 This do I see – and then I look within –  
 It matters not – my soul was scorched already.  
 Chamois hunter: And wouldst thou then exchange thy lot for mine?  
 Manfred: No, friend! I would not wrong thee, nor exchange 75  
 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.  
 Chamois hunter: And with this –  
 This cautious feeling for another’s pain – 80  
 Can’st thou be black with evil? Say not so!  
 Can one of gentle thoughts have wreaked revenge  
 Upon his enemies?  
 Manfred: Oh, no, no, no!  
 My injuries came down on those who loved me –  
 On those whom I best loved – I never quelled 85  
 An enemy but in my just defence;  
 My wrongs were all on those I should have cherished,  
 But my embrace was fatal.<sup>81</sup>  
 Chamois hunter: Heaven give thee rest,  
 And penitence restore thee to thyself!  
 My prayers shall be for thee –  
 Manfred: I need them not, 90  
 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. – 95

*Exit Manfred.*

*End of scene first.*

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**80:** Echoes Gray, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, sts.6-9.

**81:** B. implies his own destructive behaviour towards his own home, marriage and family: “The nightmare of my own delinquencies” (BLJ V 165),

**Act II scene ii.**

*A lower valley in the Alps. A cataract.*

*Enter Manfred.*

Mamfred: It is not noon – the sunbow’s rays still arch  
 The torrent with the many hues of heaven, \*  
 And rolls the sheeted silver’s waving column  
 O’er the crag’s headlong perpendicular,  
 And flings its lines of foaming light along, 5  
 And to and fro, like the pale courser’s tail,  
 The giant steed to be bestrode by Death  
 As told in the Apocalypse.<sup>82</sup> No eyes

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\* Note) 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.

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But mine now drink this sight of loveliness –  
 I should be sole in this sweet solitude, 10  
 And with the spirit of the place divide  
 The homage of these waters.<sup>83</sup> I will call her.

*Manfred takes some of the water in the palm of his hand and flings it in to the air, muttering the adjuration.<sup>84</sup> – After a pause the Witch of the Alps rises beneath the arch of the sunbow of the torrent.*

Manfred: Beautiful spirit! with thy hair of light,  
 And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form  
 The charms of Earth’s least-mortal daughters grow 15  
 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 20

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**82:** *like the pale courser’s tail / The giant steed to be bestrode by Death / As told in the Apocalypse:* see Revelation 6, 8: *And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him.*

**83: ALPINE JOURNAL:** the lines, and the scene which follow, echo the entries for September 22 and 23, when B. and Hobhouse lodged opposite the Staubbach waterfall, near Lauterbrunnen: ... *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 – lodge at the Curate’s ... very good indeed – much better than most English Vicarages – it is immediately opposite the torrent I spoke of – 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 might 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 (nine hundred feet) gives it a wave – a curve – a spreading here – a condensation there – wonderful – & indescribable. – / Sept. 23d. / 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. – (BLJ V 101)*

**84:** Manfred’s ritual action may have been suggested by the following note to Thomas Taylor’s Pausanias: ... *the oracle in Colophon gives its answers through the medium of water: for there is a fountain in a subterranean dwelling, from which the prophetess drinks; and on certain established nights, after many sacred rites have been previously performed, and she has drunk of the fountain, she delivers oracles, but is not visible to those that are present ... the water itself ... prepares us, and purifies our luciform spirit, so that we may be able to receive the divinity; while in the mean time there is a presence of divinity prior to this, and illuminating from on high – (Iamblichus, De Mysteriis, p.72ff, quoted Taylor’s Pausanias III 353).*





Of river, stream, or ocean in their flow –  
 In these my early strength exulted;<sup>88</sup> or  
 To follow through the night the moving moon<sup>89</sup> 70  
 The stars and their development – or catch  
 The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim,  
 Or to look, listening, on the scattered leaves,  
 While autumn winds were at their evening-song;  
 These were my pastimes – and to be alone. 75  
 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, 80  
 Searching its cause in its effect,<sup>90</sup> and drew  
 From withered bones, and skulls, and heaped-up dust,  
 Conclusions most forbidden.<sup>91</sup> Then I passed  
 The nights of years in sciences untaught,  
 Save in the old-time; and with time and toil, 85  
 And weary vigils, and unbroken fasts,<sup>92</sup>  
 And terrible ordeal, and such penance  
 As in itself has power upon the air,  
 And spirits that do compass air and earth,  
 Space and the peopled infinite, I made 90  
 Mine eyes familiar with Eternity –  
 Such as before me did the Magi, and  
 He who from out their fountain-dwellings raised  
 Eros and Anteros at Gadara,\*<sup>93</sup>

**88:** B. was himself an accomplished swimmer from youth.

**89:** Echoes *The Ancient Mariner*, l.263: *The moving moon went up the sky / And nowhere did abide ...*

**90:** B. may intend a reference here to Aeneas' descent into Hades in *Aeneid* Book VI, which is according to Thomas Taylor a metaphor for or parable about the Soul's entombment in the Body.

**91:** E.H.Coleridge refers to the meditation on death at *CHP* II sts.5-6:

*Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,  
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:  
 Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,  
 The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul:  
 Behold, through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,  
 The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit  
 And Passion's host, that never brooked control:  
 Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ  
 People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?*

Compare also the Narrator (not the protagonist Poet) in Shelley's *Alastor*, ll.23-9:

*I have made my bed  
 In charnels and on coffins, where black death  
 Keeps record of the trophies won from thee,  
 Hoping to still these obstinate questionings  
 Of thee and thine, by forcing some lone ghost,  
 Thy messenger, to render up the tale  
 Of what we are.*

**92:** This line appears in the rough draft, not in the fair copy, and has been ignored by everyone until now. See Cochran, *A Note on the Text of Manfred Act II*, *Byron Journal*, 1994, p.79.

**93:** Refers to the following dualistic myth, as reported by Thomas Taylor in a note to his translation of Pausanias: The demon Anteros.] *Of this power, who avenges the injuries of lovers, the following remarkable story is told by Eunapius in his Life of Jamblichus: "This philosopher went with his disciples to Gadara in Syria, a place so famous for baths, that after Baiae in Campania it is the second in the Roman empire. Here a dispute about baths arising while they were bathing, Jamblichus smiling said to them: 'Though what I am to disclose is not pious, yet for your sakes it shall be undertaken;' and at the same time he ordered his disciples to enquire of the natives, what appellations had been formerly given to two of the hot fountains, which were indeed*

\* The philosopher Iamblichus. The story of the raising of Eros and Anteros may be found in his life by Eunapius.<sup>94</sup> It is well told.

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The thirst of knowledge – and the power and joy  
Of this most bright intelligence – until –

Witch of the Alps: Proceed.

Manfred: Oh! I but thus prolonged my words,  
Boasting these idle attributes; because, 100  
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 – 105  
Yet there was one –

Witch of the Alps: Spare not thyself. Proceed.

Manfred: She was like me in lineaments – her eyes,  
Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone  
Even of her voice, they said, were like to mine,  
But softened all and tempered into beauty<sup>95</sup> – 110  
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 – 115  
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 of the Alps: With thy hand?

Manfred: Not with my hand but heart, which broke her heart; 120  
It gazed on mine and withered. I have shed  
Blood, but not hers – and yet her blood was shed –

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*less than the others, but more elegant. Upon enquiry, they found themselves unable to discover the cause of their nomination; but were informed that the one was called Eros or Love, and the other Anteros, or the god who avenges the injuries of lovers. Jamblichus immediately touching the water with his hand (for he sat, perhaps, on the margin of the fountain), and murmuring a few words, raised from the bottom of the fountain a fair boy, of a moderate stature, whose hair seemd to be tinged with gold, and the upper part of whose breast was of a luminous appearance. His companions being astonished at the novelty of the affair, Let us pass on, says he, to the next fountain; and at the same time he arose, fixed in thought, and, performing the same ceremonies as before, called forth the other Love, who was in all respects similar to the former, except that his hair scattered in his neck was blacker, and was like the sun in refulgence. At the same time, both boys eagerly embraced Jamblichus, as if he had been their natural parent: but he immediately restored them to their proper seats, and, when he had washed, departed from the place.” – The Description of Greece by Pausanias (1794) III 251-2. Iamblichus (who died c. 330 A.D.) was a Syrian neo-Platonist philosopher, said to have been much admired by Julian the Apostate. B. wishes us to see Manfred as an investigator of Neo-Platonic spiritual mysteries – although the text as a whole does not finally bear a Neo-Platonic interpretation.*

**94:** In the rough draft this note reads + the Philosopher Iamblichus – the story of the raising of Eros & Anteros may be found in his Life by Eunapius – <or quoted in the notes to Taylor's Pausanias>; rough draft, bottom of Sheet 11 sides 2 and 3. See *Manuscripts of the Younger Romantics, Byron I* (Garland 1986) pp.66-7.

**95:** Echoes the words of Sebastian to Antonio at *Twelfth Night*, II i 21-3: *A lady sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful.*



Witch of the Alps: Is this all?  
 Hast thou no gentler answer?<sup>99</sup> Yet bethink thee,  
 And pause ere thou rejectest.

Manfred: I have said it.

Witch of the Alps: Enough – I may retire then. Say!

Manfred: Retire! 165

*The Witch disappears. Manfred alone.*

We are the fools of time and terror; days  
 Steal on us and steal from us, yet we live,  
 Loathing our life, and dreading still to die,  
 In all the days of this detested yoke –  
 This heaving burthen, this accursed breath – 170  
 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 175  
 How few, how less than few! wherein the soul  
 Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws back  
 As from a stream in winter,<sup>100</sup> though the chill  
 Be but a moment's. I have one resource  
 Still in my science – I can call the dead, 180  
 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;<sup>101</sup> and the Spartan monarch \* drew 185  
 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 Phygalia roused 190  
 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>102</sup>

**99:** *Hast thou no gentler answer – yet bethink thee:* compare the words of the Duke of Venice to Shylock at *The Merchant of Venice* IV i 33: *We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.*

**100:** *... not an hour – wherein the Soul / Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws back / As from a stream in winter:* echoes Psalm 42, 1: *As the hart panteth for the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.*

**101:** For Saul and the Witch of Endor, see *II Samuel* 28 7 -5.

**102:** *The Spartan Monarch* is Pausanias, the general who, having beaten the Persians at Plataea, then negotiated with them with a view to becoming ruler of all Greece: a mixture of renegado, Macbeth, and Tarquinius Superbus, as the relevant part of his story, told thus in North's Plutarch, shows: *... King Pausanias being on a time in the city of Byzance, sent for Cleonicé, a young maiden of noble house, to take his pleasure of her. Her parents durst not keep her from him, by reason of his cruelty, but suffered him to carry her away. The young gentlewoman prayed the groom of Pausanias' chamber to take away the lights, and thinking in the dark to come to Pausanias' bed that was asleep, groping for the bed as softly as she could to make no noise, she unfortunately hit against the lamp, and overthrew it. The falling of the lamp made such a noise that it wakened him on the sudden, and thought straight therewithal that some of his enemies had been come traitorously to kill him, whereupon he took his dagger lying under his bed's head, and so stabbed it in the young virgin, that she died immediately upon it. Howbeit she never let Pausanias take rest after that, because her spirit came every night and appeared unto him, as he would fain have slept, and spake this angrily to him in verse, as followeth: "Keep thou thyself upright, and justice see thou fear, / For woe and shame be unto him that justice down doth bear".* Taylor's Pausanias takes up the story: *This was the deed, from the guilt of which Pausanias could never fly,*



**Act II scene iii.**<sup>104</sup>*The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.**Enter First Destiny.*<sup>105</sup>

First Destiny: The Moon is rising broad and round and bright,  
 And here, on snows where never human foot  
 Of common mortal trod,<sup>106</sup> we nightly tread  
 And leave no traces; o'er the savage sea,  
 The glassy ocean of the mountain ice, 5  
 We skim its rugged breakers, which put on  
 The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam  
 Frozen in a moment – a dead whirlpool's image.<sup>107</sup>  
 And this most steep fantastic pinnacle,  
 The fret-work of some Earthquake, where the Clouds 10  
 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 tonight  
 Is our great festival – 'tis strange they come not. 15

*A voice without singing:*

The Captive Usurper<sup>108</sup>  
 Hurl'd down from the throne  
 Lay buried in torpor –  
 Forgotten and lone –  
 I broke through his slumbers 20  
 I shivered his chain –  
 I leagu'd 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. 25

*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,

**104:** Act II scenes iii and iv should be compared with *Macbeth* IV i *passim*: Manfred commands the scene where Macbeth only thinks he does. This gives Shakespeare opportunities for irony which B. eschews. II iii also echoes Coleridge's *Famine, Fire and Slaughter*, which Polidori (*Diary*, p.115) reports Mary Shelley to have recited on June 1 1816. More remote influences may be the *Auerbachs Keller*, *Hexenküche*, and *Walpurgisnacht* scenes from *Faust*; although Faust takes only an observer's role in the first two of these, and Goethe's scenes are squalid and farcical where B.'s is solemn.

**105:** The *Destinies* are the three Fates, Lachesis, who determines man's lot at birth, Clotho, who spins the thread of life, and Atropos, who cuts it at death. According to Aeschylus in *Prometheus Bound*, even Zeus has to bow to them (though what they will ultimately decree for him is left ambiguous).

**106:** ... *here on snows where never human foot / Of common mortal trod*: B. ignores the fact that the Jungfrau had been climbed, in 1811. Compare *CHP* IV, 73, 6-7: *But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear / Her never-trodden snow ...*

**107:** **ALPINE JOURNAL**: echoes the entry for September 23: ... *mounted again & rode to the higher Glacier – twilight – but distinct – very fine Glacier – like a frozen hurricane ...* (BLJ V 102).

**108:** The Captive Usurper is Napoleon. CPW (IV 473) comments, "The Spirit prophecies that Napoleon will return from St. Helena as he had from Elba."

Save one, whom I held as he swum by the hair, \* 30  
 And he was a subject well worthy my care –  
 A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea,<sup>109</sup>  
 But I saved him to wreak further havoc for me.<sup>110</sup>

First Destiny, *answering*:

The city lies sleeping;  
 The morn, to deplore it, 35  
 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, 45  
 And Evil and Dread,  
 Envelope a nation;  
 The blest are the dead,  
 Who see not the sigh  
 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 55  
 The spirits of our slaves.

First Destiny: Welcome – Where's Nemesis?

Second Destiny: At some great work,  
 But what I know not – for my hands were full.

Third Destiny: Behold, she cometh!

*Enter Nemesis.*<sup>111</sup>

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**109:** ... *one, whom I held as he swum by the hair, / And he was a subject well worthy my care – / A traitor on land, and a Pirate at sea, / But I saved to wreak further havoc for me:* E.H.Coleridge detects a reference to Thomas Cochrane, 10th earl of Dundonald (1775-1860) highly successful admiral – a *Pirate at sea*. Implicated unfairly in a financial scandal he had been imprisoned by the establishment enemies he had made in his exposure of Admiralty corruption (B.'s *A traitor on land* seems ironic). On March 11 1815, Hobhouse had received a letter from his father announcing the simultaneous escapes of Napoleon from Elba and Cochrane from Newgate. Both were recaptured. Cochrane later became famous as the friend and naval assistant of Simon Bolivar; although B. could not have known in 1816 that that was to be the case, the Second Voice's *I saved him to wreak further havoc for me* is in a way prophetic, if we take the demons to be proponents of political upheaval and freedom-fighting.

**110:** The Second Voice's speech at ll.26-33 derives from *Macbeth* I iii 7-25: *Her husband's from Aleppo gone, / Master o'th'Tiger; / But in a sieve I'll thither sail, / And like a rat without a tail, / I'll do, and I'll do, and I'll do ... Though his bark cannot be lost, / Yet it shall be tempest-tossed ... Here I have a pilot's thumb, / Wracked as homeward he did come ...*



First Destiny:	Say, where hast thou been?	60
	My sisters and thyself are slow tonight. <sup>112</sup> –	
Nemesis:	I was detained repairing shattered thrones, <sup>113</sup>	
	Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,	
	Avenging men upon their enemies	
	And making them repent their own revenge;	65
	Goadng 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,	
	And weigh kings in the balance, and to speak	70
	Of Freedom, the forbidden fruit. <sup>114</sup> Away!	
	We have outstayed the hour – mount we our clouds!	

*Exeunt.*

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**111:** *Nemesis*: Originally a minor female deity, she became synonymous with Retribution. Using her alternative name, Adrasteia, Aeschylus in *Prometheus Bound*, warns men to fear her. When proof-reading the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* (written the year after *Manfred*) William Gifford came across a repetition he was starting to find onerous, and chid B. in the margin: *Recollect you have Nemesis again. B. was unrepentant: I know it – and if I had her ten times would not alter once – she is my particular belief and acquaintance – and I wont blaspheme against her for any body* (CPW II 330). Taylor’s Pausanias has this to say about her: *Proclus on Hesiod informs us that Nemesis was celebrated in hymns as the angel of justice; and that she is represented by Hesiod clothed in a white garment, because she is an intellectual power, far removed from the atheistic and dark essence of the passions* (III 201).

**112:** Compare *Macbeth*, I iii 1-3: *Where hast thou been, sister? – Killing swine. – Sister, where thou?* and so on.

**113:** *I was detained repairing shattered thrones ...* Nemesis is seen operating in recent history through the restorations which were effected at the Congress of Vienna.

**114:** B.’s concept of Nemesis as the protector of tyrants may be contrasted with the role assumed by Sathan in *The Vision of Judgement*, where he pretends, at least, to be the spokesman for freedom. There are feeling references to Nemesis in letters of January 28 and February 3 1817 (BLJ V 165 and 168) which perhaps indicate when B. was writing this scene. In another letter, to Lady Byron, of November 18 1818, he writes, *It was not in vain that I invoked Nemesis in the Midnight of Rome from the awfulest of her Ruins* (BLJ VI 81). It was while in Rome that he wrote his new version of the Third Act – see below, III iv, first speech. The letter relates to the death of Sir Samuel Romilly, which B. seems to see as a result of his invocation.

**Act II scene iv.**

*The Hall of Arimanes.  
Arimanes on his throne, a globe of fire,<sup>115</sup>  
surrounded by the spirits.*

Hymn of the Spirits.<sup>116</sup>

Hail to our Master, Prince of Earth and Air!<sup>117</sup>  
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 – 5  
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 burning 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, 15  
And his the spirit of whatever is.<sup>118</sup>

*Enter the Destinies and Nemesis.*

First Destiny: Glory to Arimanes! On the earth  
His power increaseth; both my sisters did  
His bidding, nor did I neglect my duty.

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**115:** *Arimanes on his throne – a Globe of fire – surrounded by the Spirits:* echoes *Vathek*: *An infinity of elders with streaming beards, and afrits in complete armour, had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence; on the top of which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis. His person was that of a young man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapours. In his large eyes appeared both pride and despair: his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light. In his hand, which thunder had blasted, he swayed the iron sceptre, that causes the monster Ouranbad, the afrits, and all the powers of the abyss to tremble.* (*Vathek*, ed. Lonsdale, pp.110-11.) For Arimanes (who is a separate being in *Vathek*) see D'Herbelot's *Bibliothèque Orientale*, entry for *Aherman ou Ahermen*: *C'est ainsi que les anciens Persans appeloient le principe du mal, opposé à Armozd ou Ormozd, principe du bien. Les Grecs & les Latins les ont appellés Arimanius & Oramazdes, lorsqu'ils ont expliqué la doctrine de Zoroastre touchant les deux principes. ... Un ... Poète Persien, nommé Assedi, dit que le propre d'Ahermen est de semer par tout la discorde. Les anciens Romains de Perse nous racontent des merveilles de la montagne d'Ahermen: car ils disent que c'est en ce lieu-là que les démons s'assemblent pour y recevoir les ordres de leur Prince, & qu'ils partent pour aller exercer leur malice dans toutes les parties du monde – Bibliothèque Orientale (1781-3) I 184. Ahriman, god of darkness, was the twin brother of Ormuzd, god of light, in Zoroastrian belief. B. seems anxious to keep both Christian myth and, now, Neo-Platonism, at arms' length.*

**116:** Noticeable here is the absence of Alpine imagery: B. has now put the *Alpine Journal* behind him as a source.

**117:** *Hail to our Master, Prince of Earth and Air!*: see *Ephesians 2,2*: *... in past time ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the Prince of the power of the air ...* At *The Vision of Judgement* l.305, Sathan is referred to as *The Prince of Air*. See also Pope, *Epistle to Bathurst*, l.353.

**118:** May be compared with the following part of a letter from Shelley to Peacock, written on July 22 1816 after viewing Mont Blanc and the Vale of Chamounix, before parting company with B.: *Do you who assert the supremacy of Ahriman imagine him throned among these desolating snows, among these palaces of death & frost, sculptured in this their terrible magnificence by the unsparing hand of necessity, & that he casts round him as the first assays of his final usurpation avalanches, torrents, rocks & thunders – and above all, these deadly glaciers at once the proofs & symbols of his reign* (LPBS I 499).

Second Destiny: Glory to Arimanes! We, who bow The necks of men, bow down before his throne.	20
Third Destiny: Glory to Arimanes! we await His nod.	
Nemesis: Sovereign of Sovereigns, we are thine! And all that liveth, more or less, is ours, <sup>119</sup> And most things wholly so; still to increase Our power, increasing thine, demands our care; And we are vigilant; thy late commands Hath been fulfilled to the utmost.	25
<i>Enter Manfred.</i>	
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.	30
Third Spirit: Bow down and worship, slave! What, know'st thou not Thine and our sovereign? Tremble, and obey!	
All the Spirits: Prostrate thyself and thy condemned clay, Child of the earth; or dread the worst.	
Manfred: I know it – And yet ye see I kneel not.	35
Fourth Spirit: 'Twill be taught thee.	
Manfred: '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 fullness of humiliation, for I sunk before my vain despair, and knelt To my own desolation.	40
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! –	45
Manfred: Bid <i>him</i> bow down to that which is above him – The over-ruling Infinite – the Maker, Who made him not for worship; let <i>him</i> kneel, And we will kneel together.	
The Spirits: Crush the worm! Tear him in pieces!	
First Destiny: Hence! Avaunt! He's mine. Prince of the powers invisible! – this man Is of no common order, as his port And presence here denote; his sufferings Have been of an immortal nature – like Our own – his knowledge and his powers and will,	50 55

**119:** ... *all that liveth, more or less, is ours, / And most things wholly so*: compare Sathan's speech to the Archangel Michael at *TVoJ*, st.40:

*"Look to our earth – or rather mine – it was,  
"Once, more thy master's – but I triumph not  
"In this poor planet's conquest, nor, Alas!  
"Need he thou servest envy me my lot –  
"With all the myriads of bright worlds which pass  
"In worship round him he may have forgot  
"Yon weak creation of such paltry things ...*

As far as is compatible with clay,  
 Which clogs the etherial 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 – 60  
 That knowledge is not happiness, and science  
 But an exchange of ignorance for that  
 Which is another kind of ignorance.<sup>120</sup>  
 This is not all; the passions, attributes  
 Of Earth and Heaven, from which no power, nor being, 65  
 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, 70  
 No other spirit in this region hath  
 A soul like his, or power upon his soul.

Nemesis: What doth he here then?  
 First Destiny: Let *him* answer that.  
 Manfred: Ye know what I have known, and without power  
 I could not be amongst ye; but there are 75  
 Powers deeper still beyond. I come in quest  
 Of such to answer unto what I seek.<sup>121</sup>

Nemesis: What wouldst thou?  
 Manfred: Thou can'st not reply to me;  
 Call up the dead – my question is for them.  
 Nemesis: Great Arimanes – doth thy will avouch 80  
 The wishes of this mortal?

Arimanes: Yea!  
 Nemesis: Whom would'st thou  
 Uncharnel?  
 Manfred: One without a tomb<sup>122</sup> – call up  
 Astarte.<sup>123</sup>

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**120:** ... *knowledge is not happiness – and science – / But an exchange of ignorance for that / Which is another kind of ignorance:* compare *Faust*, ll.360-5:

*Heisse Magister, heisse Doktor gar  
 Und ziehe schon an die zehen Jahr  
 Herauf, herab, und quer und krumm  
 Meine Schüler an der Nase herum –  
 Und sehe, dass wir nichts wissen können!  
 Das will mir schier das Herz verbrennen.*

**121:** Should be contrasted with the more vulnerable lines of Macbeth at IV i 50-61: *I conjure you, by that which you profess, / Howe'er you come to know it, answer me ...*

**122:** *One without a tomb:* adds to previous hints (II i 29-30, II ii 198-9) that Manfred, though he may know Astarte to be dead, has no knowledge of her spiritual fate. That she had literally had no interment and no memorial would add to his desperation, whatever the case with her soul.

**123:** Though she says only seven words, Astarte is first among the *ewig-weibliche* characters of B.'s poetry. The name is legendary. See *Paradise Lost*, I 437-46:

*With these in troop  
 Came Astoreth, whom the Phoenicians calld  
 Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns;  
 To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon  
 Sidonian Virgins paid thir Vows and Songs,  
 In Sion also not unsung, where stood  
 Her Temple on th'offensive Mountain, built  
 By that uxorious King, whose heart though large,  
 Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell*

Nemesis: Shadow! or Spirit!  
 Whatever thou art, 85  
 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, 90  
 Reappear to the day!  
 Bear what thou borest,  
 The heart and the form;  
 And the aspect thou worest  
 Redeem from the worm; 95  
 Appear – Appear – Appear!  
 Who sent thee there requires thee here!

*The Phantom of Astarte rises and stands in the midst*

Manfred: Can this be death? there's bloom upon her cheek;<sup>124</sup>  
 But now I see it is no living hue,  
 But a strange hectic, like the unnatural red 100  
 Which autumn plants upon the perished leaf.  
 It is the same! Oh God! That I should dread  
 To look upon the same! – Astarte! no,  
 I cannot speak to her, but bid her speak.  
 Forgive me, or condemn me. 105

Nemesis: By the power which hath broken  
 The grave which enthralled thee,  
 Speak to him who hath spoken,  
 Or those who have called thee!

Manfred: She is silent – 110  
 And in that silence I am more than answered.

Nemesis: My power extends no further; Prince of air!  
 It rests with thee alone – command her voice.

Arimanes: Spirit! obey this sceptre!

Nemesis: Silent still!  
 She is not of our order, but belongs 115  
 To the other powers. Mortal! thy quest is vain,

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*To idols foul.*

In near-eastern myth Astarte was confused with, or perhaps identical to, both Ashtaroth (see rejected Act III below, *Judges II* 13, *Paradise Lost I* 421, or Milton's *Nativity Ode*, 200: *Moonèd Ashtaroth, / Heav'ns Queen and Mother both*) and Astoreth (*II Kings* 23, 13, or *Paradise Lost I* 438) the wife to Adonis. Cicero (*De Natura Deorum III*) links her with Venus, and says she comes from Syria and Cyprus. With Pasiphae and Semiramis (*Don Juan II* 1239 and V 480) she was worshipped as a fertility goddess. Another important source may not be myth but the sixty-seventh of Montesquieu's *Lettres Persanes*, where the name is given to the female partner in a tale of sibling incest – both principals being Zoroastrians. Voltaire also uses the name in his eastern comic romance *Zadig*. However, the most immediate inspiration may for B. have been the dual figures of the Arab maiden and the Veilèd Maiden in Shelley's *Alastor*; see 129-39 and 149 *et. seq.* Astarte, as she appears in this scene, unites the reality of the first with the inaccessibility of the second; in general she is (was) a real "other", as opposed to a figment of the protagonist's imagination – one of the advantages B. derives from taking Shelley's narrative and recasting part of it in dramatic form.

**124:** (*Can this be death? there's bloom upon her cheek*) should be contrasted with the words of Romeo to the seemingly-dead Juliet at *Romeo and Juliet V iii* 92-6: ... *beauty's ensign yet / Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, / And death's pale flag is not advanced there*. B. echoes this idea at *The Prisoner of Chillon*, 190-1: *With all the while a cheek whose bloom / Was as a mockery of the tomb ...* However, compare also *CHP IV* 102 3 ... 9: ... *a cloud / ... yet shed / A sunset charm around her, and illumine / With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead, / Of her consuming cheek, the autumnal leaf-like red.*

And we are baffled also.

Manfred: Hear me – hear me<sup>125</sup> –  
 Astarte! my beloved – speak to me –  
 I have so much endured – so much endure –  
 Look on me – the grave hath not changed thee more 120  
 Than I am changed for thee – thou loved'st 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 125  
 This punishment for both<sup>126</sup> – 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 – 130  
 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! 135  
 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,<sup>127</sup>  
 Which answered me – many things answered me – 140  
 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.<sup>128</sup> Speak to me! 145

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**125:** Manfred's lines at 117-150 may be compared to Othello's words to the dead Desdemona at V ii 275-8:

*When we shall meet at compt,  
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from Heaven,  
 And fiends will snatch at it.*

However, a more important source – though the circumstances of the lovers differ, in that Manfred never deserted Astarte – lies in the words of Aeneas to Dido at *Aeneid* VI, 456-66:

*“infelix Dido, verus mihi nuntius ergo  
 venerat exstinctam, ferroque extrema secutam?  
 funeris heu! tibi causa fui? per sidera iuro,  
 per superos, et si qua fides tellure sub ima est,  
 invitus, regina, tuo de litore cessi 460  
 sed me iussa deum, quae nunc has ire per umbras,  
 per loca senta situ cogunt noctemque profundam,  
 imperiis egere suis; nec credere quivi  
 hunc tantum tibi me discessu ferre dolorem.  
 siste gradum teque aspectu ne subtrahe nostro. 465  
 quem fugis? extremum fato, quod te adloquor, hoc est.”*

Perhaps disgusted by his hypocrisy at 463-4, Dido says nothing to Aeneas in return.

**126:** *Say ... that I do bear / This punishment for both:* one of the few sympathetic references to vicarious suffering and atonement in all B.'s work. He ordinarily displayed little interest, or belief, in the idea. The fact that Manfred's offer to suffer in Astarte's place is unanswered is doubtless significant.

**127:** Should be compared with Viola's words to Olivia at *Twelfth Night* I v 252-60:

*Write loyal cantons of contemned love  
 And sing them loud even in the dead of night;  
 Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,  
 And make the babbling gossip of the air  
 Cry out “Olivia!”*

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 –

The Phantom of Astarte:                 Manfred!  
 Manfred:   Say on – Say on<sup>129</sup> –                 150  
                   I live but in the sound – it is thy voice!  
 Phantom:     Manfred – tomorrow ends thine earthly ills.  
                   Farewell!

Manfred:                         Yet one word more – am I forgiven?  
 Phantom:     Farewell!  
 Manfred:                         Say – shall we meet again?  
 Phantom:     Farewell!  
 Manfred:                         One word, for mercy! Say thou lov'st me.                 155  
 Phantom:     Manfred!

*The Spirit of Astarte disappears.*

Nemesis:                         She's gone, and will not be recalled.<sup>130</sup>  
                   Her words will be fulfilled. Return to the earth.

A Spirit:                         He is convulsed – this is to be a mortal,  
                   And seek the things above mortality.

Another Spirit: Yet see – he mastereth himself, and makes                 160  
                   His nature tributary to his will –  
                   Had he been one of us he would have made  
                   An awful spirit.

Nemesis:                         Hast thou further question  
                   Of our great sovereign or his worshippers?

Manfred:     None.

Nemesis:                         Then for a time farewell.

Manfred:                         We meet then –   165  
                   Where? on the earth?

Nemesis:                         That will be seen hereafter.

Manfred:     Even as thou wilt – and for the grace accorded,  
                   I now depart a debtor. Fare ye well!

*Exit Manfred.*

*Scene closes – end of Act Second.*<sup>131</sup>

**128:** *I have wandered oer the earth – / And never found thy likeness:* recalls the wanderings of the Poet in Alastor.

**129:** Compare the underdeveloped final episode in *Vathek*: *Kalilah and his sister made reciprocal gestures of imprecation; all testified their horror for each other by the most ghastly convulsions, and screams that could not be smothered. All severally plunged themselves into the accursed multitude, there to wander in an eternity of unabating anguish.* (*Vathek*, ed. Lonsdale, pp.119-20.) Beckford debated whether or not to extend the story, but never printed it. For B.'s curiosity, see letter to Rogers, March 3 1818 (BLJ VI 17-18): Rogers had been to Fonthill and heard more about the extra part of *Vathek*.

**130:** *She's gone, and will not be recalled:* compare *Hamlet*, I i 52: *'Tis gone, and will not answer.*

**131:** II iv is the last scene of the play containing Alpine imagery, and thus any recollections of B.'s mountain excursion with Hobhouse. The last Alpine Journal entry may usefully be quoted here, at the lowest point of Manfred's suffering: *In the weather for this tour (of 13 days) I have been very fortunate – fortunate in a companion (Mr. H[obhouse]) fortunate in our prospects – and exempt from even the little petty accidents & delays which often render journeys in a less wild country – disappointing. – I was disposed to be pleased – I am a lover of Nature – and an Admirer of Beauty – I can bear fatigue – & welcome privation – and have seen some of the noblest views in the world. – But in all this – the recollections of bitterness – & more especially of recent*

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*& more home desolation – which must accompany me through life – have preyed upon me here – and neither the music of the Shepherd – the crashing of the Avalanche – nor the torrent – the mountain – the Glacier – the Forest – nor the Cloud – have for one moment – lightened the weight upon my heart – nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty & the power and the Glory – around – above – & beneath me. – I am past reproaches – and there is a time for all things – I am past the wish of vengeance – and I know of none like for what I have suffered – but the hour will come – when what I feel must be felt – & the — — but enough. — —  
– To you – dearest Augusta – I send – and for you – I have kept this record of what I have seen & felt. – Love me as you are beloved by me. — — (BLJ V 104-5).*



**Act Three, First version:  
Act III Scene i.**

*Enter the Abbot of St. Maurice.*

Abbot: Peace be with Count Manfred!  
 Manfred: 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.  
 Manfred: Herman, retire.

*Exit Herman.*

Abbot:	What would my reverend Guest? 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.	5          10
Manfred:	Proceed. I listen. <sup>132</sup>	
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.	15          20
Manfred:	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 –	25
Manfred:	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.	30
Manfred:	I hear thee. This is my reply. Whate’er I may have been or am doth rest between Heaven and myself. I shall not choose a mortal To be my mediator. Have I sinned Against your ordinances? Prove and punish. <sup>133</sup>	35

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**132:** Compare Walpole, *The Castle of Otranto*, Chapter II: *My lord, said the holy man, I am no intruder into the secrets of families. My office is to promote peace, to heal divisions, to preach repentance, and teach mankind to curb their headstrong passions. I forgive your highness’s uncharitable apostrophe: I know my duty, and am the minister of a mightier prince than Manfred. Hearken to him who speaks through my organs. Manfred trembled with rage and shame.*

- 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,* [40]  
*Eternal –*
- Manfred: *Charity, most reverend Father!  
Becomes thy lips so much more than this menace,  
That I would call thee back to it; but say,  
What wouldst thou with me?*
- Abbot: *It may be there are  
Things that would shake thee, but I keep them back,* [45]  
*And give thee till tomorrow to repent.  
Then, if thou dost not all devote thyself  
To penance, and with gift of all thy lands  
To the Monastery<sup>134</sup> –*

**133:** *Italicised lines from now on are those rejected when B. revised the third act.* His decision to make the alteration was in part because of the objections which William Gifford had voiced, in a memo to John Murray on receipt of the first manuscript of the Third Act: *My dear Sir, / I found your parcel here at 4 – so that it is hardly possible to do any thing by Post time – nor indeed can I say much more. I have marked a passage or two which might be omitted with advantage: but the Act requires strengthening. There is nothing to bear it out but one speech. The Friar is despicable, & the servants uninteresting. The scene with the Friar ought to be imposing, & for that purpose the Friar should be a real[,] good man – not an idiot. More dignity should be lent to the catastrophe. See how beautifully our old poet Marlow has wrought up the death of Faustus – several of our old plays have scenes of this kind – but they strove to make them impressive. Manfred should not end in this feeble way – after beginning with such magnificence & promise – & the demons should have something to do with the scene.*

*Do not send my words to Lord B. but you may take a hint from them – Say that the last Act bears no proportion in length to the two previous ... / Sincerely / W.G.* (John Murray Archive / National Library of Scotland). On March 10 1817, Murray wrote to B., enclosing Gifford's letter, and writing: *... As I told you in my last letter that Mr G was very much pleased with Act 2 – & as you know he takes a paternal interest in your literary well being – he does not by any means like the Conclusion – Now I am venturing upon the confidence with which your Lordship has ever honoured me in sending the enclosed – I fear I am not doing right – I am not satisfied – but I venture – & I entreat that you will make a point of returning them. I have told him that I have made a letter from them – but there is so much friendly good sense in them that I can not refrain – I am sure you can – & I am almost sure that you will improve what begins & continues so beautifully [–] in a drama of any kind – the last Act is the difficulty & this you must surmount.* (John Murray Archive / National Library of Scotland).

However, we know Murray did have the first version of the Third Act set up in proof, for some of B.'s revisions are found on proof sheets bound up with the fair copy. Perhaps he lacked confidence in B.'s openness to criticism. On April 14 1817, B. answered Murray: *... The speech of Manfred to the Sun is the only part of this act I thought good myself – the rest is certainly as bad as bad can be – & I wonder what the devil possessed me – I am very glad indeed that you sent me Mr Gifford's opinion without deduction – do you suppose me such a Sotheby as not to be very much obliged to him? or that in fact I was not, & am not, convinced & convicted in my conscience of the absurdity of this same act of nonsense? – I shall try at it again – in the mean time lay it upon the Shelf (the whole drama, I mean) but pray correct your copies of the 1st & 2d acts by the original M.S.* (BLJ 211-12). A mere fortnight later, on May 5th, he wrote again: *... I send you ... the new third act of "Manfred." – I have rewritten the greater part – & returned what is not altered in the proof you sent me. – The Abbot is become a good man – & the Spirits are brought in at the death – you will find I think some good poetry in this new act here & there – & if so print it – without sending me further proofs – under Mr.G[ifford]'s correction – if he will have the goodness to overlook it* (BLJ V 219).

**134:** *if thou dost not all devote thyself / To penance – and with gift of all thy lands / To the monastery:* in the original third act Christianity was to have had no more spiritual and moral dignity than this, to contrast with the powerful Neo-Platonic, Zoroastrian, Hellenistic-Roman and other mythologies which B. elsewhere employs. The immediate inspiration may be the imagined words of the priest who, in *Faust*, appropriates the jewels intended for Margarete:

*Hat ganze Länder aufgefressen,  
Und doch noch nie sich übergessen;  
Die Kirch allein, meine lieben Frauen,*

Manfred: *I understand thee. Well.*  
 Abbot: *Expect no mercy; I have warned thee –*  
 Manfred (opening the casket): *Stop –* [50]  
*There is a gift for thee within this casket –*

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

Manfred: *Ho – Ashtaroth!*<sup>135</sup>

*The Demon Ashtaroth appears, saying as follows:*

Ashtaroth's Song

*The raven sits*  
*On the Raven-stone,*  
*And his black wing flits* [55]  
*O'er the milk-white bone,*  
*To and fro, as the night-winds blow;*  
*The carcase of the assassin swings,*  
*And there alone, on the Raven-stone, +*  
*The raven flaps his dusky wings;* [60]  
*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!*<sup>136</sup> *Cheerily, cheerily!* [65]  
*Merrily, merrily speeds the ball;*  
*The dead in their shrouds, and the demons in clouds,*  
*Flock to the witches' carnival. –*

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Note + Raven-stone (Rabenstein) a translation of the German word for the Gibbet, which in Germany and Switzerland is permanent and made of stone.<sup>137</sup>

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Abbot: *I fear thee not – hence – hence –*  
*Avaunt thee, Evil One! Help! Ho! Without there!* [70]

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*Kann ungerechtes Gut verdauen.*  
*Die Kirche hat einen guten Magen ...*

**135:** *Ashtaroth*: also known as Astarte; but the goddess became a devil, and changed sex, in the middle ages. He was associated with Asmodeus (see the Apocryphal *Book of Tobit*, and *The Vision of Judgement*, 1.675 *et. seq.*) who would in the popular superstition lift people up and fly about with them. Ashtaroth's first song seems the one detail of *Manfred* lifted directly from *Faust* Part I, and it is perhaps significant that B. deleted it. Here is the penultimate scene of Goethe's play in its entirety:

FAUST: *Was weben sie dort um dem Rabenstein?*  
 MEPHISTOPHELES: *Weiss nicht, was sie kochen und schaffen.*  
 FAUST: *Schweben auf, schweben ab, neigen nich, beugen sich.*  
 MEPHISTOPHELES: *Eine Hexenzunft!*  
 FAUST: *Sie streuen und weihen.*  
 MEPHISTOPHELES: *Vorbei! vorbei!* (II.4399-404)

The dramatic contexts are different. In *Manfred* the gibbet is (or would have been) merely a joke to scare the Abbot: in *Faust* it is a presentiment of Margarete's death, past which Mephistopheles and Faust hurry nervously.

**136:** *Merrily – Merrily*: recalls Ariel's song at *The Tempest*, V i 87-94.

**137:** B. returns to the Raven-stone in 1821 / 2 at *Werner*, II ii 178.

Manfred: *Carry this man to the Shreckhorn<sup>138</sup> – 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, [75]  
Set him down safe in his cell. Away with him!*

Ashtaroth: *Had I not better bring his brethren too,  
Convent and all, to bear him company?*

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

Ashtaroth: *Come, Friar! Now an exorcism or two, [80]  
And we shall fly the lighter. –*

*Ashtaroth disappears with the Abbot, singing as follows:*

*A prodigal son, and a maid undone  
And a widow re-wedded within the year,<sup>139</sup>  
And a worldly Monk, and a pregnant Nun,  
Are things which every day appear. [85]*

Manfred (alone): *Why would this fool break in on me, and force  
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 [90]  
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 [95]  
In the immortal part of me. – What now?*

*Re-enter Herman.*

Herman: *My lord, you bade me wait on you at sunset –  
He sinks behind the mountain.*

Manfred: *Doth he so?  
I will look on him.*

*Manfred advances to the window of the hall.*

Glorious orb!<sup>140</sup> – the idol 100  
Of early nature, and the vigorous race  
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons  
Of the embrace of angels with a sex  
More beautiful than they,<sup>141</sup> which did draw down

**138:** *The Schreckhorn:* seen by B. and Hobhouse on September 24 1816. Hobhouse recorded, *Went first by the upper glacier – the Schreckhorn rose upon us above the Mettenbergh between that mountain & the Wetterhorn – the hills before us partially covered but the white razor ridge of the great giant [the Eigher] was blazing in the sun ...*

**139:** *A widow re-wedded within the year:* recalls Gertrude in *Hamlet*.

**140:** *Glorious Orb!*: this speech may owe something to the *Oration to the Sun* of Julian the Apostate, which had been translated by Thomas Taylor the Platonist. It may also be compared with the speech of Beleses about the setting sun, at *Sardanapalus* II i 1-36, and that of Myrrha about the rising sun at *Sardanapalus* V i 9-38.

**141:** See *Genesis* 6, 2 ... 4: ... *the sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose ... There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the sons*

The erring spirits who can ne'er return. 105  
 Most glorious orb! that wert a worship e'er  
 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,<sup>142</sup> till they poured 110  
 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 115  
 And hearts of all who walk beneath 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, 120  
 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 125  
 Of a more fatal nature. He is gone –  
 I follow.<sup>143</sup>

*Exit Manfred.*

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Note + “That the Sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair”, &c.: “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. – Genesis, Chapter 6th, verses 2d. & 4th. –

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*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.* This passage is in part the theme of B.'s 1821 drama *Heaven and Earth*.

**142:** *the Chaldean Shepherds*: compare *CHP* III, 14, 1-3:

*Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,  
 Till he had peopled them with beings bright  
 As their own beams ...*

or 91, 1-6:

*Not vainly did the early Persian make  
 His altar the high places and the peak  
 Of earth – o'er-gazing mountains, and thus make  
 A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek  
 The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,  
 Upreared of human hands.*

E.H.Coleridge, and CPW, both refer to Herodotus' description of the Persian religion at *Histories*, Book I 131, and to Wordsworth's *The Excursion*, IV 671-6. Neither point out that the phrase *Chaldean Shepherds* (no-one believes the Chaldean astronomers to have been shepherds) is from *The Excursion*, IV 694.

**143:** B. to Murray, July 9 1817: *P.S. – Pray was Manfred's speech to the Sun still retained in Act 3d? – I hope so – it was one of the best in the thing – & better than the Colosseum. – I have done 56 stanzas of Canto 4th. of Childe Harold – so down with your ducats.* (BLJ V 249)

## Act III scene ii.

*The mountains – the castle of Manfred at some distance. A terrace before a tower,<sup>144</sup> Time, twilight.  
Herman, Manuel, and other dependants of Manfred.*

- Herman: 'Tis strange enough; night after night for years  
He hath pursued long vigil 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 5  
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. 10  
Content thyself with what thou know'st already.
- Herman: 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 15  
I served his father – whom he nought resembles –
- Herman: 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<sup>145</sup> was proud, but gay and free,  
A warrior and a reveller; he dwelt not 20  
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.
- Herman: Beshrew the hour! 25  
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 these four years.
- Herman: Come, be friendly – 30  
Relate me some to wile away our watch.<sup>146</sup>

**144:** *a terrace before a tower:* Manfred's presence in a tower – not subsequently referred to in the act as finally received – implies that B.'s model may at this stage have been the protagonist of William Beckford's *Vathek*: ... *having ascended, for the first time, the fifteen hundred steps of his tower, he cast his eyes below, and beheld men not larger than pismires; mountains, than shells; and cities, than beehives.* [Compare above, I ii 14-16.] *The idea, which such an elevation inspired of his own grandeur, completely bewildered him: he was almost ready to adore himself; till, lifting his eyes upward, he saw the stars as high above him as they appeared when he stood on the surface of the earth. He consoled himself, however, for this intruding and unwelcome perception of his littleness, with the thought of being great in the eyes of others; and flattered himself that the light of his mind would extend beyond the reach of his sight, and extort from the stars the decrees of his destiny* (Vathek, ed. Lonsdale, p.4). See also below, rejected section, II.1-2n.

**145:** *Count Sigismund:* B. perhaps chooses the name because of King Sigismund of Burgundy (see above, III i 19n).

**146:** *Relate me some to wile away our watch:* B. may subconsciously intend an echo of *Hamlet* I i; but why Manuel and Herman should be on watch at all, since Manfred is not at war with any earthly foe, is unclear.

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 35  
Another evening; yon red cloud, which rests  
On Eigher's pinnacle, so rested then,  
So like that it might be the same; the wind  
Was faint and gusty, and the mountain snows  
Began to glitter with the climbing moon. 40  
Count Manfred was, as now, within his tower<sup>147</sup> –  
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 – 45  
As he indeed by blood was bound to do –  
The Lady Astarte, his –

Herman: *Look! Look! The tower!  
The tower's afire!*<sup>148</sup> *Oh heavens and earth, what sound,  
What dreadful sound is that?*

*Crash like thunder.*

Manuel: *Help! Help, there! To the rescue of the Count!  
The Count's in danger! What ho, there! Approach!* [5]

*The servants, vassals, and peasantry, approach, stupefied with terror. –*

Manuel: *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.*

Herman: *Come – who follows?  
What, none of ye? – ye recreants! shiver then* [10]  
*Without. I will not see old Manuel risk*

**147:** *Count Manfred was, as now, within his tower – / How occupied we knew not:* B. may consciously or unconsciously be recollecting the following passage from Rousseau's *Confessions*, about the time when he was observing the stars through a telescope: *Un soir, des paysans passant assez tard me virent dans un grotesque Équipage occupé à mon opération. La lueur qui donnait sur mon planisphère, et dont ils ne voyaient pas la cause parce que la lumière était cachée à leurs yeux par les bords du seau, ces quatre picquets, ce grand papier barbouillée de figures, ce cadre, et le jeu de ma lunette, qu'ils voyaient aller et venir, donnaient à cet objet un air de grimoire qui les effraya. Ma parure n'était pas propre à les rassurer; un chapeau clabaud par-dessus mon bonnet. et un pet-en-l'air ouaté de Maman qu'elle m'avait obligé de mettre, offrait à leurs yeux l'image d'un vrai sorcier, et comme il était près de minuit, ils ne doutèrent point que ce ne fût le commencement du sabbat. Peu curieux d'en voir davantage, ils se sauvèrent très alarmé, éveillèrent leurs voisins pour leur conter leur vision, et l'histoire courut si bien, que dès le lendemain chacun sut dans le voisinage que le sabbat se tenait chez M. Noiray (Confessions, Livre VI). A polite visit from two local Jesuits dispels the rumour.*

**148:** Rejected lines 1-2: *Look – look – the tower! / The tower's on fire!:* Manfred's mysterious presence in a tower, and the conflagration which now ensues in the rejected scene, confirms that B.'s model was at this stage Beckford's *Vathek* (see also above, this scene, opening stage direction and n.): *In the mean time, the inhabitants of Samarah, scared at the light which shone over the city, arose in haste; ascended their roofs, beheld the tower on fire, and hurried, half naked, to the square. Their love for their sovereign immediately awoke; and, apprehending him in danger of perishing in his tower, their whole thoughts were occupied with the means of his safety (Vathek, ed. Lonsdale, p.33.)* There is no explanation in the original act for the accident – or fatal act – which occasions Manfred's death.

*His few remaining years unaided.*

*Herman goes in.*

- A 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!* [15]
- 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 – quite stark –*
- Herman (*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 you, and bring*  
*What aid you can – saddle the barb – and speed* [25]  
*For the leech to the city. Quick! – some water there! –*
- Herman: *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 – can'tst hear him? – I am old,* [30]  
*And cannot catch faint sounds –*
- Herman (*inclining his head and listening*): *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.*
- Herman: *'Twill soon be over. –* [35]
- Manuel: *Oh! what a death is this! that I should live*  
*To shake my grey 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<sup>149</sup> –* [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.*

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**149:** *Alone – we know not how – unshrived – untended – / With strange accompaniments – and fearful signs: compare the words of the Ghost at Hamlet, I v 77 – 79: Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanealed, / No reckoning made, but sent to my account / With all my imperfections on my head.*



Herman: *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!*

[45]

*End of Act third, and of the poem.*

**Act Three, Revised version:**

**Act III scene i.**

*Scene – a Hall in the Castle of Manfred.  
Manfred and Herman.*

Manfred: What is the hour?  
 Herman: It wants but one till sunset –  
 And promises a lovely twilight.  
 Manfred: Say –  
 Are all things so disposed of in the tower  
 As I directed?  
 Herman: All, my Lord, are ready.  
 Here is the key and casket.  
 Manfred: It is well. 5  
 Thou may'st retire.

*Exit Herman. Manfred 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 – 10  
 The merest word that ever fooled the ear  
 From out the schoolmen's jargon – I should deem  
 The golden secret, the sought "Kalon"<sup>150</sup> found,  
 And seated in my soul. It will not last;  
 But it is well to have known it, though but once; 15  
 It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new sense,  
 And I within my tablets would note down<sup>151</sup>  
 That there is such a feeling. Who is there?

*Re-enter Herman.*

Herman: My Lord, the Abbot of St. Maurice<sup>152</sup> craves  
 To greet your presence.

*Enter the Abbot of St. Maurice.*

Abbot: Peace be with Count Manfred! 20

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**150:** *the sought "Kalon":* Greek *Καλόν*, the supremely good, the morally and aesthetically perfect: Manfred thinks he may have arrived at the moment equivalent to the one at which Faust agrees that Mephistopheles can claim his soul – when he may exclaim *Verweile doch, du bist so schön!* (*Faust*, Pt I, 1.1700).

**151:** Compare *Hamlet* I v 107-8: *My tables! – meet it is I set it down / That one may smile ...*

**152:** *the Abbot of St. Maurice:* St. Maurice is in the Rhone valley, south-east of Chillon, half-way between Villeneuve and Martigny. The Augustinian priory there is the earliest Christian site in Switzerland, and was endowed in 515 A.D. by a Duke of Burgundy called Sigismund – the name B. gives below (III iii 19) to Manfred's father. B. and Hobhouse passed it on October 6 1816. Hobhouse recorded in his diary, *there is scarcely room for the little town of St Maurice which we thought must be let into the perpendicular rocks here running down to the bank of the river – Springhetti or Springenetti took us to a very decent inn where they gave me a very good dinner and Byron some tea – after I had gone to my room Byron called me out to the gallery to look at the rocks and the church and the snowy top of the dent du midi sleeping in the moonlight & apparently close to us like a scene in the theatre – the little church is in a rocky nook above the town – slept well.* (BL Add. Mss. 56537 28r.)

Manfred: 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.

Manfred: Herman, retire.

*Exit Herman.*

Abbot: What would my reverend guest? 25  
 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, 30  
 And busy with thy name – a noble name  
 For centuries – may he who bears it now  
 Transmit it unimpaired.

Manfred: Proceed. I listen.<sup>153</sup>

Abbot: 'Tis said thou holdest converse with the things 35  
 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 40  
 Exchange thy thoughts, and that thy solitude  
 Is as an anchorite's – were it but holy.

Manfred: 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 45  
 With most unquiet eyes. Thy life's in peril –

Manfred: 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 50  
 With the true church, and through the church to heaven.

Manfred: I hear thee. This is my reply. Whate'er  
 I may have been or am doth rest between  
 Heaven and myself. I shall not choose a mortal  
 To be my mediator. Have I sinned 55  
 Against your ordinances? Prove and punish.<sup>154</sup>

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**153:** Compare Walpole, *The Castle of Otranto*, Chapter II: *My lord, said the holy man, I am no intruder into the secrets of families. My office is to promote peace, to heal divisions, to preach repentance, and teach mankind to curb their headstrong passions. I forgive your highness's uncharitable apostrophe: I know my duty, and am the minister of a mightier prince than Manfred. Hearken to him who speaks through my organs. Manfred trembled with rage and shame.*

**154:** Italicised lines from now on are those rejected when B. revised the third act. His decision to make the alteration was in part because of the objections which William Gifford had voiced, in a memo to John Murray on receipt of the first manuscript of the Third Act: *My dear Sir, / I found your parcel here at 4 – so that it is hardly possible to do any thing by Post time – nor indeed can I say much more. I have marked a passage or two which might be omitted with advantage: but the Act requires strengthening. There is nothing to bear it out but one speech. The Friar is despicable, & the servants uninteresting. The scene with the Friar ought to be imposing, & for that purpose the Friar should be a real[,] good man – not an idiot. More dignity should be lent to the catastrophe. See how beautifully our old poet Marlow has wrought up the death of Faustus – several of*

- Abbot: My son! I did not speak of punishment,  
 But patience and pardon; with thyself  
 The choice of such remains – and for the last,  
 Our institutions and our strong belief 60  
 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”<sup>155</sup> –  
 So saith the Lord – and with all humbleness  
 His servant echoes back the awful word. 65
- Manfred: Old Man! there is no power in holy men,  
 Nor charm in prayer, nor purifying form,  
 Nor penitence – nor outward look – nor fast –  
 Nor agony – nor, greater than all these,  
 The inward tortures of that deep despair 70  
 Which is remorse, without the fear of hell,  
 But all in all sufficient to itself<sup>156</sup> –  
 Would make a hell of heaven, can exorcise  
 From out the unbounded spirit the quick sense  
 Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge 75  
 Upon itself; there is no future pains  
 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 80

*our old plays have scenes of this kind – but they strove to make them impressive. Manfred should not end in this feeble way – after beginning with such magnificence & promise – & the demons should have something to do with the scene.*

*Do not send my words to Lord B. but you may take a hint from them – Say that the last Act bears no proportion in length to the two previous ... / Sincerely / W.G. (John Murray Archive/ National Library of Scotland). On March 10 1817, Murray wrote to B., enclosing Gifford’s letter, and writing: ... As I told you in my last letter that Mr G was very much pleased with Act 2 – & as you know he takes a paternal interest in your literary well being – he does not by any means like the Conclusion – Now I am venturing upon the confidence with which your Lordship has ever honoured me in sending the enclosed – I fear I am not doing right – I am not satisfied – but I venture – & I entreat that you will make a point of returning them. I have told him that I have made a letter from them – but there is so much friendly good sense in them that I can not refrain – I am sure you can – & I am almost sure that you will improve what begins & continues so beautifully [–] in a drama of any kind – the last Act is the difficulty & this you must surmount. (John Murray Archive / National Library of Scotland).*

However, we know Murray did have the first version of the third act set up in proof, for some of B.’s revisions are found on proof sheets bound up with the fair copy. Perhaps he lacked confidence in B.’s openness to criticism. On April 14 1817, B. answered Murray: ... *The speech of Manfred to the Sun is the only part of this act I thought good myself – the rest is certainly as bad as bad can be – & I wonder what the devil possessed me – I am very glad indeed that you sent me Mr Gifford’s opinion without deduction – do you suppose me such a Sotheby as not to be very much obliged to him? or that in fact I was not, & am not, convinced & convicted in my conscience of the absurdity of this same act of nonsense? – I shall try at it again – in the mean time lay it upon the Shelf (the whole drama, I mean) but pray correct your copies of the 1st & 2d acts by the original M.S. (BLJ 211-12).* A mere fortnight later, on May 5, he wrote again: ... *I send you ... the new third act of “Manfred.” – I have rewritten the greater part – & returned what is not altered in the proof you sent me. – The Abbot is become a good man – & the Spirits are brought in at the death – you will find I think some good poetry in this new act here & there – & if so print it – without sending me further proofs – under Mr.G[ifford]’s correction – if he will have the goodness to overlook it (BLJ V 219).*

**155:** “vengeance is mine alone” / *So saith the Lord: Deuteronomy 32, 35: To me belongeth vengeance, and recompense; their foot shall slide in due time: for the day of their calamity is at hand. Also Romans, 12, 19: Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.*

**156:** Echoes Lodovico’s words at *Othello* 261-2: *Is this the noble Moor whom our full Senate / Call all in all sufficient?*

	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 –	85
	And all our church can teach thee shall be taught, And all we can absolve thee shall be pardoned.	
Manfred:	When Rome's sixth emperor <sup>157</sup> was near his last, The victim of a self-inflicted wound To shun the torments of a public death	90
	From senates once his slaves, a certain soldier, With show of loyal pity, would have staunched The gushing throat with his officious robe; The dying Roman thrust him back and said, Some empire still in his expiring glance,	95
	"It is too late – is this fidelity?"	
Abbot:	And what of this?	
Manfred:	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 within heaven. Hast thou no hope?	100
	'Tis strange – even those who do despair above, Yet shape themselves some phantasy on earth, To which frail twig they cling like drowning men.	
Manfred:	Aye, Father! I have had those earthly visions, And noble aspirations in my youth <sup>158</sup> –	105
	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,	110
	Even in the foaming strength of its abyss,	

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**157:** Rome's sixth Emperor: this was Galba. Manfred (and/or B.) confuses his death with that of Nero, the fifth Emperor. A modern version of the classical account gives different emphases: ... *with the help of his scribe, Epaphroditus, he [Nero] stabbed himself in the throat and was already half dead when a cavalry officer entered, pretending to have rushed to his rescue, and staunched the wound with his cloak. Nero muttered, "Too late! But, ah, what fidelity!"* (Suetonius, *The Twelve Caesars*, tr. Graves, p.238). The error may lie in the fact that Suetonius' *Life* is the sixth chapter of his book, which starts with a life of Julius Caesar, who was not an emperor. See also *Don Juan* III st.109. Nero could be seen as an alter ego for Manfred: Pausanias (in Thomas Taylor's translation – see above, II ii 93, commentary on B.'s note) writes thus of him: ... *Nero acted very impiously towards his mother, and behaved with a like cruelty towards his wives, which shewed that he was entirely destitute of Love* (III 60). He also portrays Nero as a sacrilegious investigator of mysteries: *I have seen ... the Alcyonian lake, through which ... Bacchus descended to Hades, in order to lead back Semele ... The depth of this lake is immense; nor do I know any man who has been able by any artifice whatever to reach its bottom: for even Nero, who joined ropes together of many stadia in length, and fastened lead at the end, with whatever else might be useful for this purpose, could never find the bottom ... It is however by no means lawful for me to divulge to all men the nocturnal ceremonies, which are performed every year by the side of this lake, to Bacchus* (ibid, I 246).

**158:** The dialogue about Manfred's youthful aspirations to leadership has obvious parallels with B.'s own half-hearted gestures towards political involvement in the Lords earlier in his career. One model for the Abbot may be Father Aucher, B.'s Armenian teacher on the Isola San Lazzaro, the avowed aim of whose brotherhood impressed both B. and Hobhouse when they visited the island on November 29 1816: *We all were highly delighted with the society, and shall not forget the answer given to us when we asked our monk what was the purpose of the establishment – "The illumination of our people"* (BL.Add.Mss. 56538 23 r.-v.). B., who stayed longer with the monks than did Hobhouse, probably realised that his version of *illumination* was not the same as theirs.

(Which casts up misty columns that become  
 Clouds raining from the re-ascended skies)  
 Lies low but mighty still. But this is past;  
 My thoughts mistook themselves. 115

Abbot: And wherefore so?  
 Manfred: I could not tame my nature down;<sup>159</sup> 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 120  
 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?  
 Manfred: Because my nature was averse from life – 125  
 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>160</sup>  
 Which dwells but in the desert – and sweeps o'er  
 The barren sands, which bear no shrubs to blast, 130  
 And revels o'er their wild and arid waves,  
 And seeketh not, so that it is not sought,  
 But being met is deadly; such hath been  
 The course of my existence – but there came  
 Things in my path – which are no more. 135

Abbot: Alas!  
 I 'gin to fear that thou art past all aid  
 From me and from my calling – yet so young –  
 I still would –

**159:** Compare *Coriolanus* III ii 110-23:

*Well, I must do it.*  
*Away, my disposition, and possess me*  
*Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,*  
*Which quired with my drum, into a pipe,*  
*Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice*  
*That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves*  
*Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up*  
*The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue*  
*Make motion through my lips, and my armed knees,*  
*Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his*  
*That hath received an alms! I will not do't:*  
*Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,*  
*And by my body's action teach my mind*  
*A most inherent baseness.*

**160:** ... *the most lone Simoom*: compare *The Giaour*, 282:

*He came, he went, like the Simoom,*  
*That harbinger of fate and gloom,*  
*Beneath whose widely-wasting breath*  
*The very cypress droops to death ...*

or *Don Juan*, IV 456:

*The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,*  
*Even as the Simoom sweeps the blasted plains.*

B.'s knowledge of the Simoom may have started with the huge note on it which Southey appended to Book Two of *Thalaba the Destroyer* (1801).

Manfred:                    Look on me! there is an order  
 Of mortals on the earth who do become  
 Old in their youth, and die e'er middle age,                    140  
 Without the violence of warlike death –  
 Some perishing of pleasure, some of study  
 Some worn with toil, and some with mere weariness –  
 Some of disease, and some insanity,  
 And some of withered, or of broken hearts –                    145  
 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  
 I have partaken, and of all these things                    150  
 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 –

Manfred:                    Old Man! I do respect  
 Thine order, and revere thine years; I deem                    155  
 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 (solus): This should have been a noble creature. He                    160  
 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                    165  
 Mixed and contending without end or order,  
 All dormant or destructive;<sup>161</sup> he will perish –  
 And yet he must not; I will try once more,  
 For such are worth redemption – and my duty  
 Is to dare all things for a righteous end.                    170  
 I'll follow him, but cautiously – though surely.

*Exit Abbot. Scene closes.*

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**161:** Echoes several Byronic meditations on mankind, most remarkably his reflections on Burns, in the Journal entry for December 13 1813 (BLJ III 239): *Allen ... has lent me a quantity of Burns's unpublished, and never-to-be-published, Letters. They are full of oaths and obscene songs. What an antithetical mind! – tenderness, roughness – delicacy, coarseness – sentiment, sensuality – soaring and grovelling – dirt and deity – all mixed up in that one compound of inspired clay!*

## Act III scene ii.

*Manfred. Enter Herman.*

Herman: My lord, you bade me wait on you at sunset –  
He sinks behind the mountain.

Manfred: Doth he so?  
I will look on him.

*Manfred advances to the window of the Hall.*

Glorious orb!<sup>162</sup> – the idol

Of early nature, and the vigorous race  
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons + 5  
Of the embrace of angels with a sex  
More beautiful than they,<sup>163</sup> which did draw down  
The erring spirits who can ne'er return.  
Most glorious orb! that wert a worship e'er  
The mystery of thy making was revealed – 10  
Thou earliest minister of the almighty,  
Which gladdened on their mountain-tops the hearts  
Of the Chaldean shepherds,<sup>164</sup> till they poured  
Themselves in orisons – thou material god,  
And representative of the unknown! 15  
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 beneath thy rays;  
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes, 20  
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 25  
Of love and wonder was for thee, then take  
My latest look – thou wilt not beam on one

**162:** *Glorious Orb!*: this speech may owe something to the *Oration to the Sun* of Julian the Apostate, which had been translated by Thomas Taylor the Platonist. It may also be compared with the speech of Beleses about the setting sun, at *Sardanapalus* II i 1-36, and that of Myrrha about the rising sun at *Sardanapalus* V i 9-38.

**163:** See *Genesis* 6, 2 ... 4: ... *the sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose ... 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.* This passage is in part the theme of B.'s 1821 drama *Heaven and Earth*.

**164:** *the Chaldean Shepherds*: compare *CHP* III, 14, 1-3:

*Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,  
Till he had peopled them with beings bright  
As their own beams ...*

or 91, 1-6:

*Not vainly did the early Persian make  
His altar the high places and the peak  
Of earth – o'er-gazing mountains, and thus make  
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek  
The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,  
Upreared of human hands.*

E.H.Coleridge, and CPW, both refer to Herodotus' description of the Persian religion at *Histories*, Book I 131, and to Wordsworth's *The Excursion*, IV 671-6. Neither point out that the phrase *Chaldean Shepherds* (no-one believes the Chaldean astronomers to have been shepherds) is from *The Excursion*, IV 694.



To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been  
 Of a more fatal nature. He is gone –  
 I follow.<sup>165</sup>

30

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Note + “That the Sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair”, &c.: “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. – Genesis, Chapter 6th, verses 2d. & 4th.

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**165:** B. to Murray, July 9 1817: *P.S. – Pray was Manfred’s speech to the Sun still retained in Act 3d? – I hope so – it was one of the best in the thing – & better than the Colosseum. – I have done 56 stanzas of Canto 4th. of Childe Harold – so down with your ducats.* (BLJ V 249)

## Act III scene iii.

Herman:	'Tis strange enough; night after night for years He hath pursued long vigil 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.	5
Manuel:	'Twere dangerous. Content thyself with what thou know'st already. –	10
Herman:	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 – There be more sons in like predicament. But wherein do they differ?	15
Manuel:	I speak not Of features or of form, but mind and habits. Count Sigismund <sup>166</sup> 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.	20
Herman:	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.	25
Manuel:	These walls Must change their chieftain first; oh, I have seen Some strange things in these four years.	
Herman:	Come, be friendly – Relate me some to wile away our watch. <sup>167</sup> I've heard thee darkly speak of an event Which happened hereabouts by this same tower.	30
Manuel:	That was a night indeed. I do remember 'Twas twilight, as it may be now, and such Another evening; yon red cloud, which rests On Eigher's pinnacle, so rested then, So like that it might be the same; the wind Was faint and gusty, and the mountain snows Began to glitter with the climbing moon. Count Manfred was, as now, within his tower <sup>168</sup> –	35 40

**166:** *Count Sigismund*: B. perhaps chooses the name because of King Sigismund of Burgundy (see above, III i 19n).

**167:** *Relate me some to wile away our watch*: B. may subconsciously intend an echo of *Hamlet* I i; but why Manuel and Herman should be on watch at all, since Manfred is not at war with any earthly foe, is unclear.

**168:** *Count Manfred was, as now, within his tower – / How occupied we knew not*: B. may consciously or unconsciously be recollecting the following passage from Rousseau's *Confessions*, about the time when he was

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 – 45  
 As he indeed by blood was bound to do –  
 The Lady Astarte, his –

*Enter the Abbot.*<sup>169</sup>

Abbot: Where is your master?  
 Heman: Yonder, in the tower.  
 Abbot: I must speak with him –  
 Manuel: 'Tis impossible –  
 He is most private – and must not be thus 50  
 Intruded on –  
 Abbot: Upon myself I take  
 The forfeit of my fault, if fault there be;  
 But I must see him –  
 Herman: Thou hast seen him once  
 This eve already.  
 Abbot: Sirrah! I command thee –  
 Knock, and apprise the Count of my approach – 55  
 Herman: 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 –  
 One moment; I will tell you further.

*Exeunt. Scene closes.*

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observing the stars through a telescope: *Un soir, des paysans passant assez tard me virent dans un grotesque Équipage occupé à mon opération. La lueur qui donnait sur mon planisphère, et dont ils ne voyaient pas la cause parce que la lumière était cachée à leurs yeux par les bords du seau, ces quatre picquets, ce grand papier barbouillée de figures, ce cadre, et le jeu de ma lunette, qu'ils voyaient aller et venir, donnaient à cet objet un air de grimoire qui les effraya. Ma parure n'était pas propre à les rassurer; un chapeau clabaud par-dessus mon bonnet. et un pet-en-l'air ouaté de Maman qu'elle m'avait obligé de mettre, offrait à leurs yeux l'image d'un vrai sorcier, et comme il était près de minuit, ils ne doutèrent point que ce ne fût le commencement du sabbat. Peu curieux d'en voir davantage, ils se sauvèrent très alarmé, éveillèrent leurs voisins pour leur conter leur vision, et l'histoire courut si bien, que dès le lendemain chacun sut dans le voisinage que le sabbat se tenait chez M. Noïray (Confessions, Livre VI). A polite visit from two local Jesuits dispels the rumour.*

**169:** The need to restart the dialogue between Manfred and the Abbot, with a view to meeting Gifford's objections to the Abbot's having been portrayed in the original version as *an idiot*, is not handled by B. with any dramatic subtlety.

## Act III scene iv.

*Interior of the tower. Manfred alone.*

Manfred: The stars are forth; the moon above the tops  
 Of the snow-shining mountains; Beautiful!  
 I linger yet with Nature, for the night  
 Hath been to me a more familiar face  
 Than that of Man, and in her starry shade 5  
 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 Colosseum's wall 10  
 Midst the chief relics of Almighty Rome;<sup>170</sup>  
 The trees which grew along the broken arches  
 Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars  
 Shone through the rents of ruin, from afar  
 The watchdog bayed beyond the Tiber; and 15  
 More near, from out the Cæsar's palace, came  
 The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,  
 Of distant sentinels the fitful song,  
 Begun and died upon the gentle wind.  
 Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach 20  
 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; 25  
 Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;  
 But the gladiator's bloody circus stands –  
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!  
 While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,  
 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay. 30  
 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon! upon  
 All this,<sup>171</sup> 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, 35  
 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 40  
 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

**170:** *I stood within the Colosseum's wall / Midst the chief relics of Almighty Rome:* B. was in Rome from April 29 to May 20 1817. It is in his first letter from there (May 5: BLJ V 219) that he announces to Murray the completion and dispatch of the revised third act of *Manfred* – which includes this scene. Compare *CHP* IV sts.128-31, which are part of the original draft, preceding the additions made in Venice at Hobhouse's suggestion.

**171:** *And thou didst shine thou rolling moon upon / All this ... Astarte* was a moon goddess.

Themselves in pensive order.

*Enter the Abbot.*

Abbot:	My good Lord! <sup>172</sup>	45
	I crave a second grace for this approach; But do not let my humble zeal offend By its abruptness – all it hath of ill Recoils on me – its good in the effect May be upon your head – could I say – <i>heart</i> –	50
	Could I touch <i>that</i> with words or prayers, I should Recall a noble spirit which hath wandered; But is not yet all lost.	
Manfred:	Thou know'st me not – My days are numbered – and my deeds recorded – Retire – or it will be dangerous – Away!	55
Abbot:	Thou dost not mean to menace me?	
Manfred:	Not I – I simply tell thee peril is at hand, And would preserve thee.	
Abbot:	What dost mean?	
Manfred:	Look there! What dost thou see?	
Abbot:	Nothing.	
Manfred:	Look there, I say – And steadfastly – now tell me what thou seest?	60
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.	65
Manfred:	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?	70
Manfred:	Why, aye – what doth he here? I did not send for him <sup>173</sup> – 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 <sup>174</sup> – from his eye	75

**172:** For the Abbot's tone on his second entrance, compare Murray's letter to B. of March 10 requesting a rewritten third act (quoted above, page): *Now I am venturing upon the confidence with which your Lordship has ever honoured me in sending the enclosed – I fear I am not doing right – I am not satisfied – but I venture – & I entreat that you will make a point of returning them.*

**173:** Manfred's sudden change from delight at the Abbot's terror to the realisation that the Spirit was for once not one summoned by him constitutes one of the play's few comic moments. It is borrowed from Schiller's unfinished novel *Der Geisterseher*, in which a Sicilian charlatan exclaims, when an apparition appears unannounced in his spectacle, "Who is this among us? ... You were not the one I wanted". When Byron wrote the April 2nd 1817 letter in which he refers to Schiller's novel (BLJ V 203), he had written the first version of *Manfred's* third act, but not the second, in which this line occurs.

**174:** *on his brow / The Thunder-scars are graven:* compare *The Vision of Judgement*, st.24:

Glares forth the Immortality of hell –  
Avaunt!

Manfred: Pronounce – what is thy mission?  
Spirit:<sup>175</sup> Come!

Abbot: What art thou, unknown being? Answer! Speak! 80  
Spirit: The genius of this mortal. Come! 'tis time.  
Manfred: I am prepared for all things, but deny  
The power which summons me; who sent thee here?  
Spirit: Thou'lt know anon! Come! Come!  
Manfred: I have commanded  
Things of an essence greater far than thine, 85  
And striven with thy masters. Get thee hence!  
Spirit: Mortal! thine hour has come. Away, I say.  
Manfred: I knew and know my hour is come,<sup>176</sup> but not  
To render up my soul to such as thee –  
Away! I'll die as I have lived – alone. 90  
Spirit: Then I must summons up my brethren. Rise!

*Other Spirits rise up.*

Abbot: Avaunt! Ye evil ones! Avaunt! I say –  
Ye have no power where piety hath power –  
And I do charge ye in the name –  
Spirit: Old Man,  
We know ourselves, our mission, and thine order – 95  
Waste not thy pious words on idle uses –  
It were in vain – this man is forfeited.  
Once more, I summons him! Away! Away!  
Manfred: I do defy ye, though I feel my soul  
Is ebbing from me – yet I do defy ye – 100  
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!

*But bringing up the rear of this bright host  
A Spirit of a different aspect waved  
His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast  
Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved –  
His brow was like the Deep when tempest-tost –  
Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved  
Eternal wrath on his immortal face –  
And where he gazed a gloom pervaded Space.*

Or see *Paradise Lost*, I 599-606:

*Darkend so, yet shon  
Above them all th'Arch-Angel: but his face  
Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care  
Sat on his faded cheek, but under Brows  
Of dauntless courage, and considerat Pride  
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast  
Signes of remorse and passion to behold  
The fellows of his crime ...*

**175:** The identity of the Spirit is never made clear. Despite the echoes recorded in the notes, he is not unambiguously Satan, but a form, as he says at l.81, of Genius, similar perhaps to the one given Pope Julius II in Erasmus' dialogue *Iulius Exclusus*.

**176:** *I knew and know my hour is come*: contrast Walpole, *The Castle of Otranto*, Chapter IV: *Manfred ... starting in an agony of terror and amazement, ... cried, Ha! what art thou, thou dreadful spectre! Is my hour come?*

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?	105
Manfred:	Thou false fiend! thou liest!	
	My life is in its last hour – <i>that</i> 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! <sup>177</sup>	110     115    120
Spirit:	But thy many crimes Have made thee —	
Manfred:	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, <i>that</i> I feel – Thou never shalt possess me, <i>that</i> I know. What I have done is done! <sup>178</sup> – 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>179</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. <i>Thou</i> 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. <sup>180</sup> Back, ye baffled fiends! The hand of Death is on me <sup>181</sup> – but not yours!	125        130          135    140

*The demons disappear.*

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**177:** Manfred's tone when faced by his Genius derives from that of Beckford's *Vathek*, similarly placed: *Whoever thou art, withhold thy useless admonitions: thou wouldst either delude me, or art thyself deceived. If what I have done be so criminal, as thou pretendest, there remains not for me a moment of grace. I have traversed a sea of blood, to acquire a power, which will make thy equals tremble: deem not that I shall retire, when in view of the port; or, that I will relinquish her, who is dearer to me than either my life, or thy mercy. Let the sun appear! Let him illumine my career! it matters not where it may end.* (*Vathek*, ed. Lonsdale, p.105.)

**178:** *What I have done is done:* compare *Macbeth*, V i 66: *What's done cannot be undone ...*

179: Compare *Paradise Lost* I 254-5: *The mind is its own place, and in it self / Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.*

**180:** *I ... was my own destroyer and will be / My own hereafter:* compare *Epistle to Augusta*, 23-4: *I have been cunning in mine overthrow / The careful pilot of my proper woe.*

**181:** *The hand of death is on me:* compare the soldier's line at the death of Enobarbus, *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV ix 28: *The hand of death hath raught him.*

- 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 – though 'twere but in thought – but die not thus.
- Manfred: 'Tis over. My dull eyes can fix thee not, 145  
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!<sup>182</sup>  
But yet one prayer – alas! how fares it with thee? 150
- Manfred: Old Man!<sup>183</sup> 'tis not so difficult to die.<sup>184</sup>

*Manfred expires*

- Abbot: He's gone – his soul hath ta'en its earthless flight.  
Whither?<sup>185</sup> I dread to think – but he is gone.

*End of Act third, and of this poem.*

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**182:** *Cold! Cold! even to the heart!*: compare the words of Othello to the dead Desdemona at V iii 278: *Cold, cold, my girl! / Even like thy chastity.*

**183:** The Abbot's final line *Whither? I dread to think – but he is gone* was said in the act's first version by the senior servant Manuel. Manfred's own final line *Old Man! 'Tis not so difficult to die* gains greatly in strength by being said, not to Manuel, but to the Abbot. See next note.

**184:** "Three or four times he was bedewed with profuse sweats; and these again were succeeded by an extreme dryness and burning heat of the skin. He was next covered with small livid spots: symptoms of shivering followed, but these he drove away with a determined resolution. He then became tranquil and composed, and, after some time, decided to go to bed, it being already night. 'Falkland,' said he, pressing his hand, 'the task of dying is not so difficult as some imagine. When one looks back from the brink of it, one wonders that so total a subversion can take place at so easy a price.' (Godwin, *Caleb Williams*, Bk. I Chap. V). When B. received the first edition he was furious, because Manfred's final line had been cut. On August 12 1817 he wrote to Murray: ... *You have destroyed the whole effect & moral of the poem by omitting the last line of Manfred's speaking – & why this was done I know not* (BLJ V 257). On September 9 Murray wrote back: ... *Mr Gifford after consulting me omitted your close of the drama from no other motive than because he thought the words you allude too [sic] – lessened the effect – & I was convinced of this myself – and the omission to send a copy to you earlier was merely that having no direct opportunity it did not occur to me to send it by post & upon my honour the alteration was so trivial in my mind that I forgot the importance which it might have in the eye of an author – I have written up this day to have the page cancelled and your reading restored – In future I propose to send you every proof by post – with any suggestions of Mr G[ifford] upon them for your approbation* (John Murray Archive / National Library of Scotland: LJM 241).

**185:** An answer to the Abbot's worry may lie in the introduction to a monograph by Thomas Taylor, *A Dissertation on the Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries*, published early in 1816 (it had first appeared as a book in 1790) in a number of *The Pamphleteer* which also contained an essay called *On the Punishment of Death* by John William Polidori, B.'s doctor and travelling companion: ... *I now proceed to prove that the shews of the lesser mysteries were designed by the ancient theologians, their founders, to signify occultly the condition of the impure soul invested with a terrene body, and merged in a material nature: or, in other words, to signify that such a soul in the present life might be said to die, as far as it is possible for soul to die; and that on the dissolution of the present body, while in a state of impurity, it would experience a death still more durable and profound.* (*The Pamphleteer*, Vol. VIII p.36) Manfred's soul, being radically impure, may perhaps anticipate a similar fate.



**Z45: Manfred: a Dramatic Poem.** *Start of writing doubtful; much written in Switzerland, Milan, Venice, 1816; finished Venice with first version of Act III, 28th February 1817, with second version of Act III, 5th May 1817; first published by John Murray 16th June 1817.* (3 issues) 1817 (2nd edition)

1817. 8vo.	5s 5d	6,000
Second edition	5s 5d	1,000
Edition sold out		

Philadelphia 1817, New York 1817, 1817, London 1824, 1825, Brussels (c. 1830) London 1863 (as Manfred: a Choral Tragedy in 3 acts); ed. G. Ferrando, Florence 1826; ed. F. Carter 1829; Nineteenth Century Verse Dramas compiled by G.B.Kauvar and G.C.Sorensen (Rutherford N.J. 1973) includes Manfred [MSS: rough draft: New York Morgan; fair copy: JMA, fair copy of The Incantation by Claire Claremont; proofs, Huntington, Rosenbach Library Philadelphia.]

First edition 6,000 copies. Copyright 300 gs to Byron.

**Reviewed.** American Monthly Magazine (September 1817); La Belle Assemblée (supplement for 1817); Blackwood's Edinburgh Monthly Magazine (June 1817) by John Wilson; British Critic (July 1817); British Review (August 1817) by William Roberts; Champion (June 22nd 1817); Critical Review (June 1817); Eclectic Review (July 1817) by Josiah Conder; Edinburgh Review (August 1817) by Francis Jeffrey; European Magazine (August 1817); Gentleman's Magazine (July 1817, from The Day and New Times); Gloucestershire Repository (October 17th 1817); Knight Errant (July 19th 1817); Lady's Monthly Museum (August 1817); Literary Gazette (June 21st 1817) perhaps by George Croly; Monitor (June 1817, 170-6 / 177-82); Monthly Magazine (July 1817); Monthly Review (July 1817); Portico (October 1817); Sale-Room (Edinburgh: June 21st 1817); Scots Magazine / Edinburgh Magazine (June 1817); Theatrical Inquisitor (August 1817); Kunst und Alterthum Weimar (June 1820) by Goethe, reprinted in Sämtliche Werke vol 37, Stuttgart 1907, pp 184-7

**Foreign Reviews. French.** Journal des Débats, Paris, September 14th, 18th and 24th and October 2nd 1818 by Malte-Brun. A general survey of Byron's work to date with a long final section on Manfred. La Renommée, Paris, July 7th and 18th, and August 4th 1819 by Pierre Lebrun. Another survey with a final section on Manfred. **German.** Morgenblatt (Literaturblatt p 107) 16 September 1817

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Seeman, Berlin 1843; Leipzig 1853 (anon – F. Friedman?); (with Hebrew Melodies and The Prisoner of Chillon) by A.R.Nielo, Münster 1857; by Hermann von Kösen, Leipzig 1858; (with The Giaour, Parisina and The Prisoner of Chillon) by Josef Emmanuel Hilscher in his Dichtungen, Prague 1863, (alone) Stuttgart 1886; (with Cain, Heaven and Earth, and Sardanapalus) by W. Grüzmacher, Hildburghausen 1870 (with Cain only) Leipzig 1886; by L. Freytag, Berlin 1872; by Adolf Seubert, Leipzig 1874; (with music by Robert Schumann) Leipzig (c. 1880); by Thierry Preyer, Frankfurt 1883; by Woldemar Starke) lim. ed. Munich 1912; by Heinrich O. Proskauer, Basle 1975; by Joseph Emmanuel Hilscher, Basle 1975 (parallel text); by Otto Gildemeister (rpt: parallel text) Frankfurt am Main, 1969; **Modern Greek** by E. Green (Σπικκου Γρηγ) Patras 1864; by T. A. Kamarados, Athens 1883; by A. M. Stratigopolous, Athens 1924; by Lila Karanikola, Athens 1973; (with The Bride of Abydos) by Ioanna Driva, Athens 1974; **Hebrew** by David Frischmann, Warsaw 1900, reprinted 1922; **Hungarian** by Lázár Horváth, Budapest 1842; by Imre Kludik, Szolnok 1884; by Emil Abrányi, Budapest 1891, 1897; **Icelandic** by Matthias Jochumsson, Copenhagen 1875; **Italian** by Silvio Pellico, Milan 1818, reprinted 1859 (prose); by Marcello Mazzoni, Milan 1832; by Andrea Maffei, Florence 1870; int. and ed. Guido Ferrando, Florence 1926, rpt parallel text Florence 1950; Manfred (Byron; Schumann) version in Italian by C.Bene, Florence 1980; by Franco Buffoni, parallel text, Milan 1984; ed. S.Gori, Milan 1994; **Japanese** version by T.Kitamura, 1891; by K.Ogawa, Tokyo 1960; **Latvian** by A. Johansons, Riga 1940; **Polish** by Edmund Stanislaus Bojanowski, Wroclaw 1835; by F. D. Morawski in Poematów, Leszno 1853, reprinted separately Lwow 1885; by Michal Chodzke, Paris 1859; **Romanian** by Th. M. Stoenescu, Bucharest 1884-5; anon (in prose) 1894; **Russian** by “O.”, Moskovski Vyestnik (Moscow) July 1825; by M. Vronchenko, St. Petersburg 1828; by A. Borodin, Panteon (St. Petersburg) February 1841; by E. Zarin, Biblioteka dlya Chteniya (St. Petersburg) August 1858; by D. Minaev, Russkoe Slovo (St. Petersburg) April 1853; by Ivan A. Bunin, Moscow 1904 (1912??), reprinted 1977; **Serbo-Croat** by C.Mitelic, Zagreb 1894; **Spanish**, Paris 1829, 1830 (both anon); by José Alcalá Galiano (int. only) and Fernandez de las Peñas (tr.), Madrid 1861; (with Oscar of Alva) by Ángel R. Chaves, Madrid 1876

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