

# Making of the Western Mind Institute for the Study of Western Civilization Week 27, Byron





George Gordon, Lord Byron, 1788-1824 (age 36)











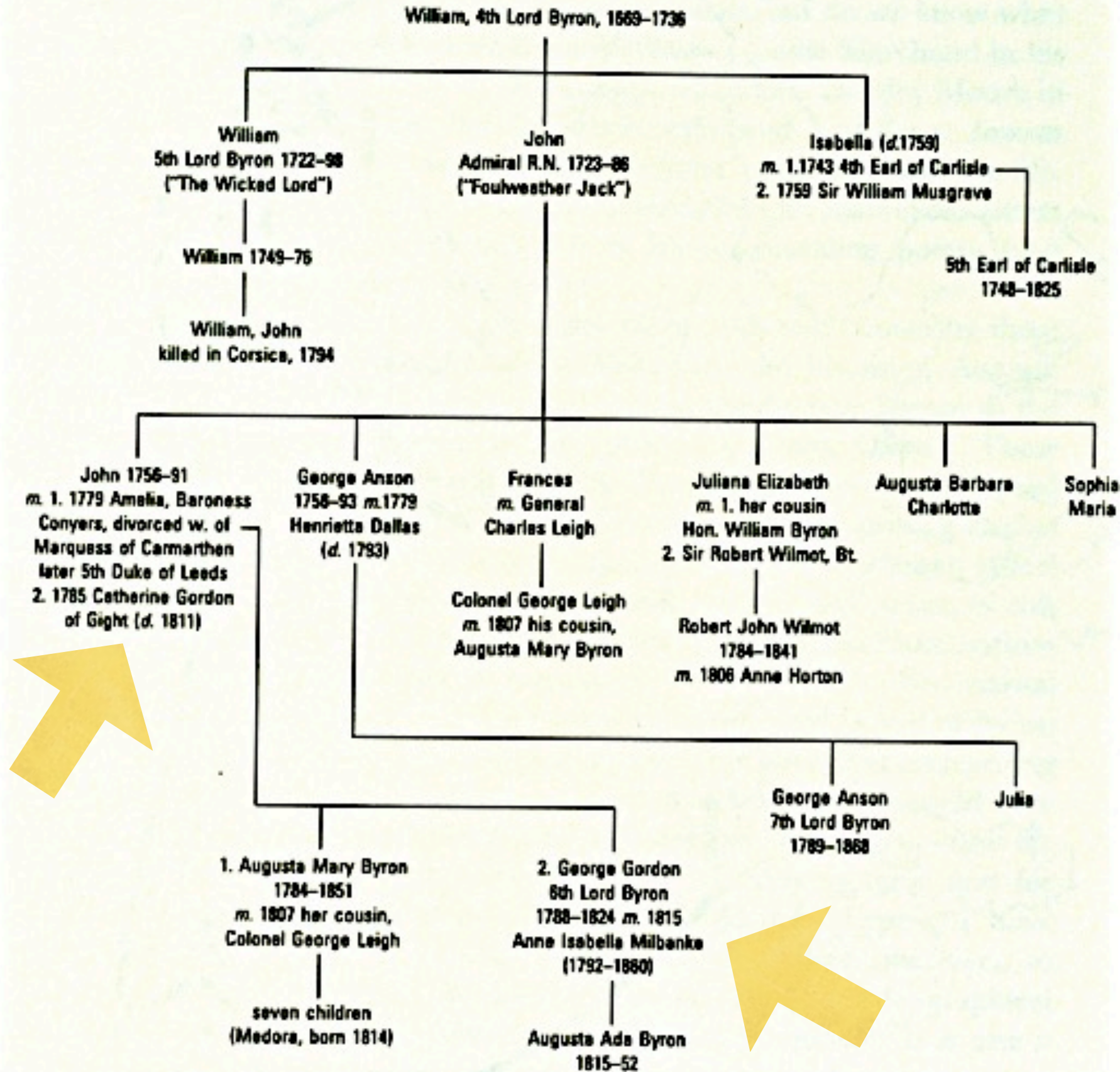


Catherine Gordon, Castle of Gight, Aberdeenshire





Captain John  
“Mad Jack” Byron  
1756-1792











Catherine Gordon married John Byron, May 1785













# Aberdeen Scotland





54 Broad Street, Aberdeen, Scotland

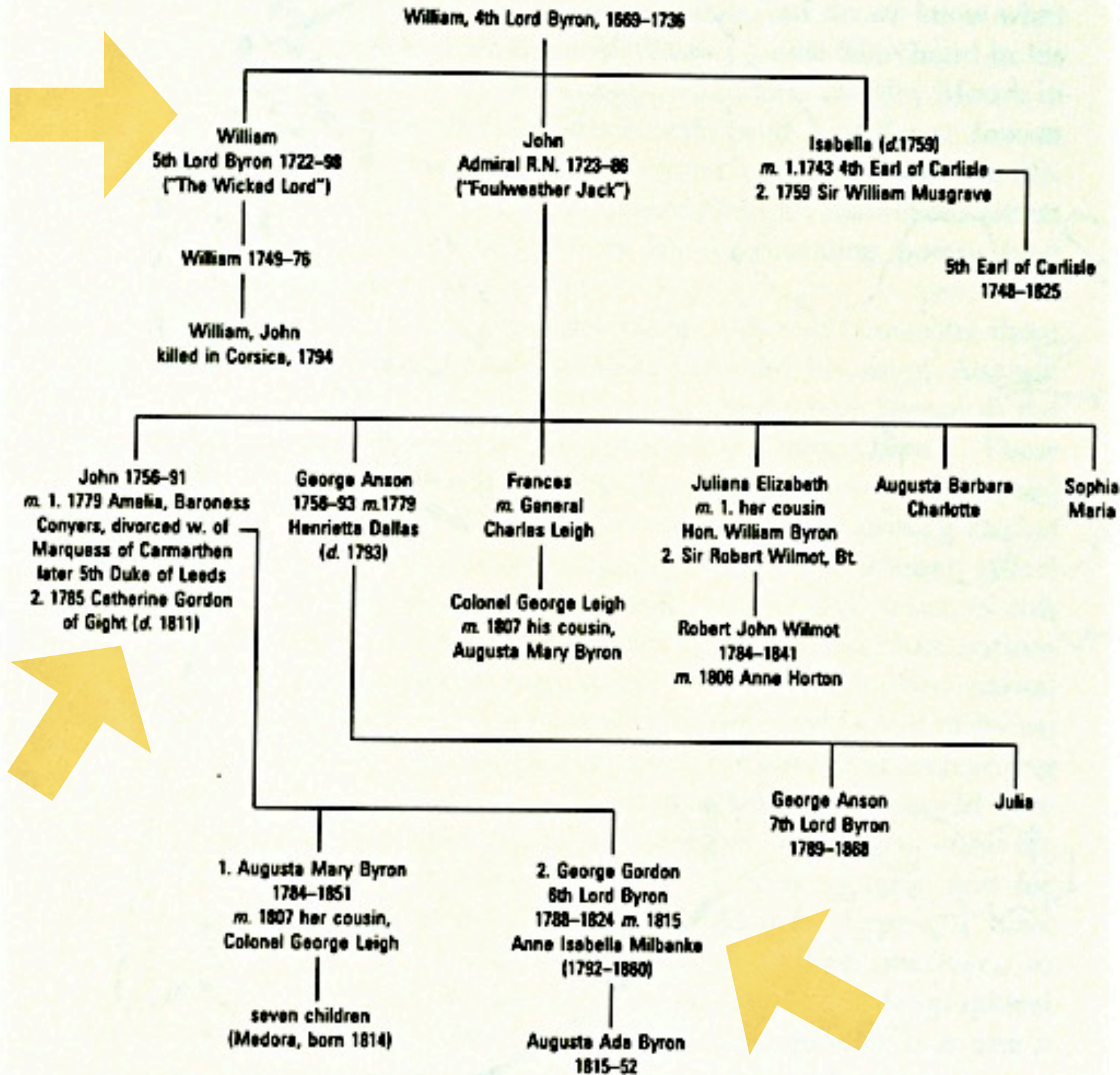








“Mad Jack” Byron  
1798  
5th Lord Byron dies







1798, George Gordon, becomes Lord Byron

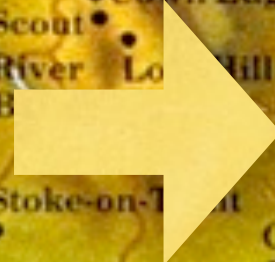


Where science first dawn'd on the powers of reflection,  
And friendships were form'd, too romantic to last . . .



**Newstead Abbey, 3200 acres, 16 farms,  
Catherine income 150 pounds a year**

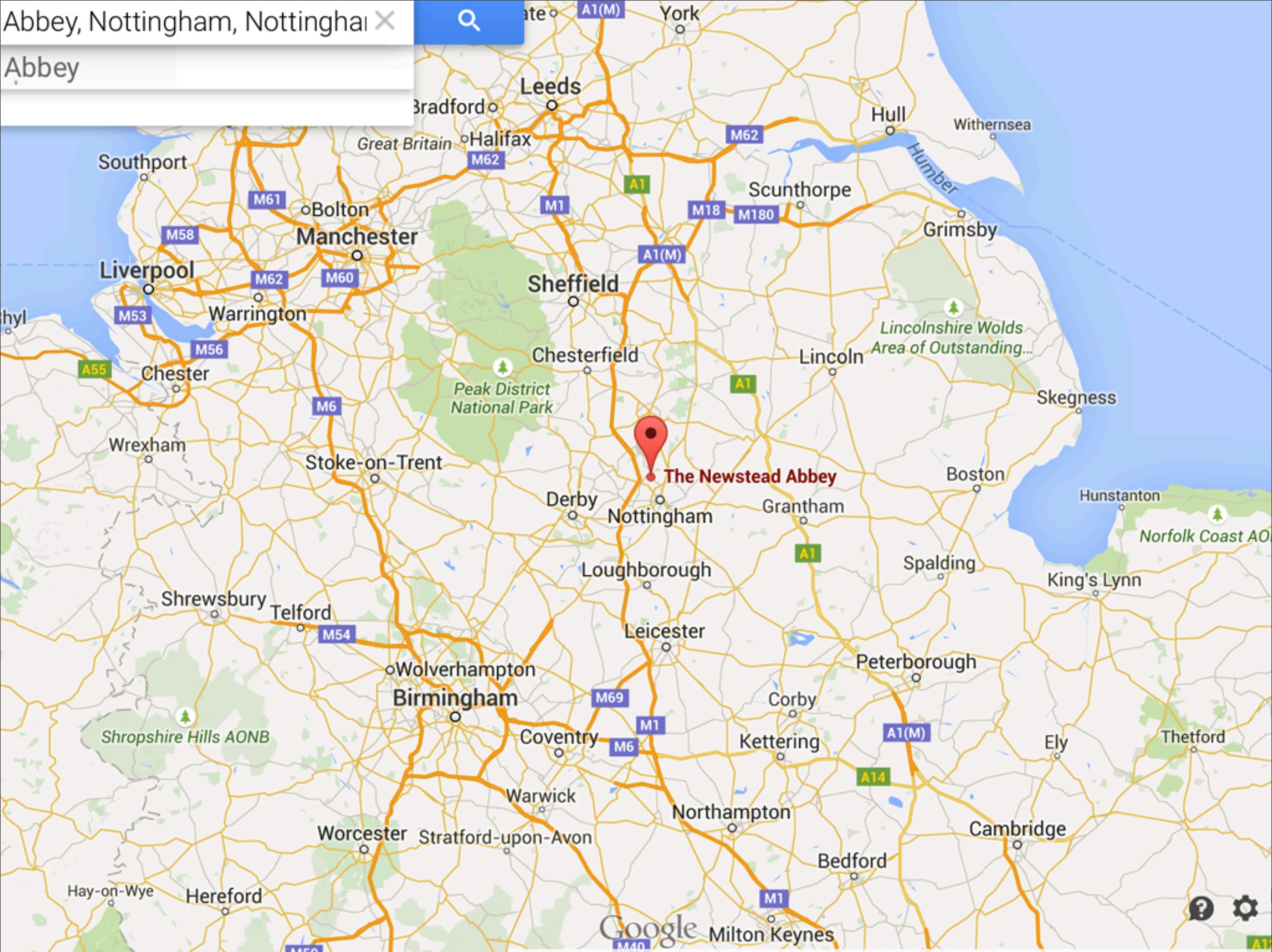






Abbey, Nottingham, Nottingham

Abbey





















































*Byron*

*1788 - 1824*

*But there is that  
within me  
which shall live  
Torture and time,  
and breathe  
when I expire*





*Byron*

1788 - 1824

*But there is that  
within me  
which shall live  
For aye and time,  
and breathe  
when I expire*





























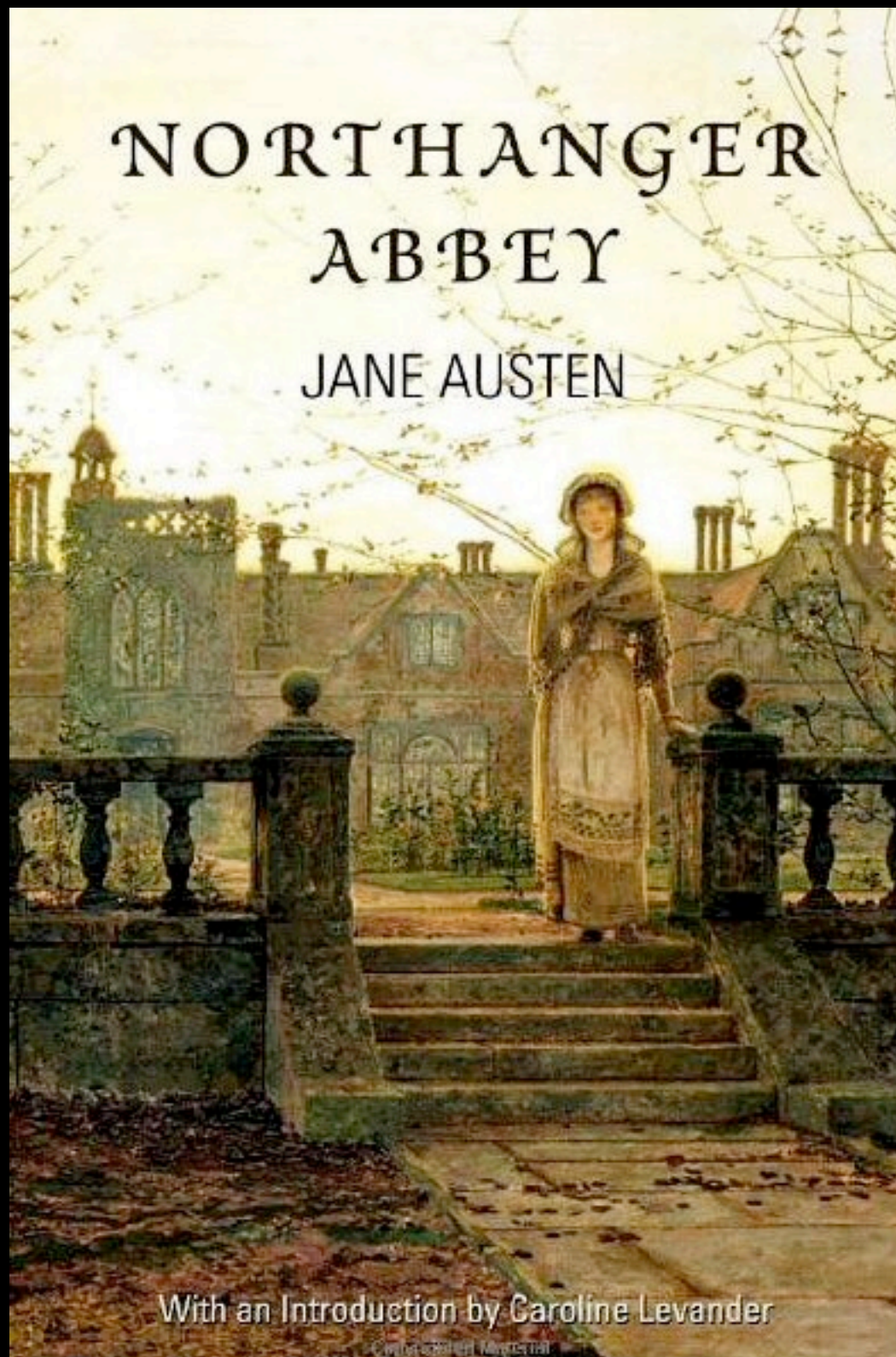












# Jane Austen's Northanger Abbey 1798-99









1799, Georgie goes to London  
guest of lawyer John Hanson  
share stories of his nurse May



A photograph of a large, multi-story red brick building, likely a historical residence or institutional building. The building features a prominent bay window with multiple panes and decorative stonework. The roof is gabled with a stepped edge. The sky is blue with some light clouds. The text "1801-1805, George goes to Harrow" is overlaid on the left side of the image.

1801-  
1805,  
George  
goes to  
Harrow



1801-  
1805,  
George  
goes to  
Harrow



George the Rebel











# 1805-1809, Cambridge





























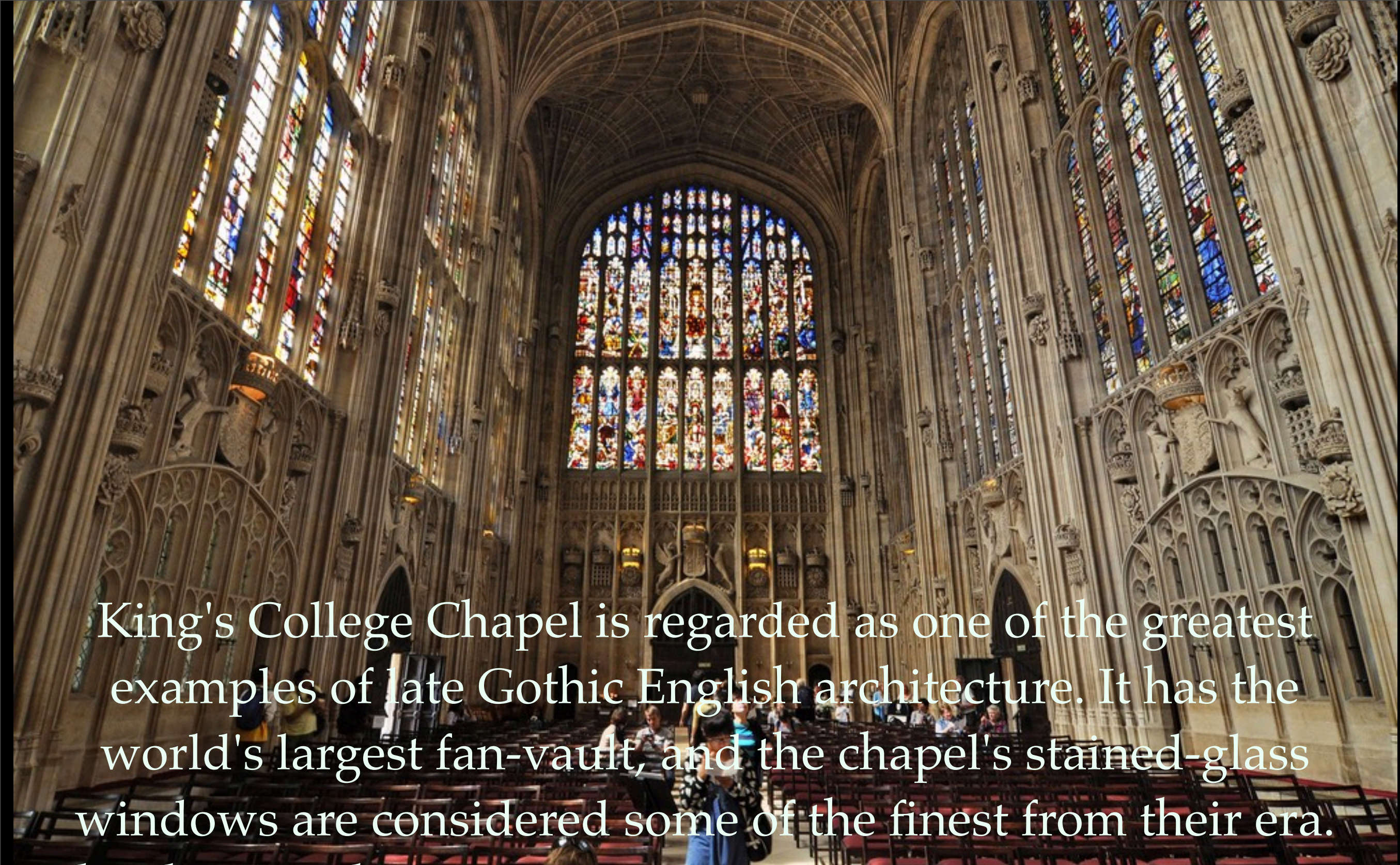
In 1508 Henry VII began to take an interest in the college, most likely as a political move to legitimize his new position. The building of the college's chapel, begun in 1446, was finally finished in 1544 during the reign of Henry VIII.









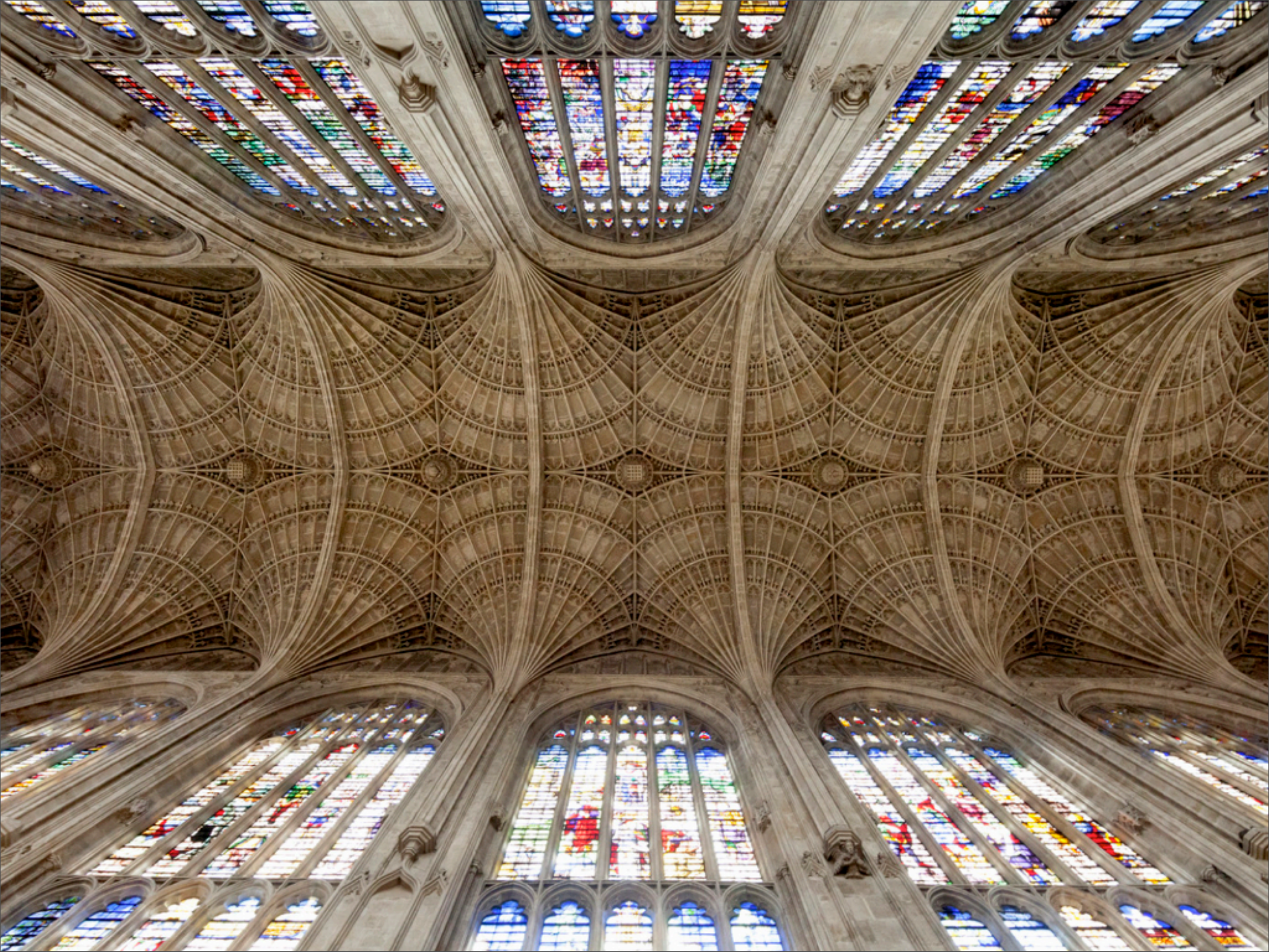


King's College Chapel is regarded as one of the greatest examples of late Gothic English architecture. It has the world's largest fan-vault, and the chapel's stained-glass windows are considered some of the finest from their era. The chapel's choir, composed of male students at King's and choristers from the nearby King's College School, is one of the most accomplished and renowned in the world.



























1805-1809, Cambridge



Trinity College Great Gate



Byron at Cambridge.  
'As might be supposed I like  
a College Life extremely,  
especially as I have escaped  
the Trammels or rather  
Fetters of my domestic  
Tyrant Mrs Byron.'

39

Lord Byron



# THE GREAT COURT, TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE





**Trinity College** is a college of the University of Cambridge in England. With around 600 undergraduates, 300 graduates, and over 180 fellows, it is the largest college in either of the Oxbridge universities by number of undergraduates.





Members of Trinity have won 32 Nobel Prizes out of the 91 won by members of Cambridge University, the highest number of any college.





Trinity alumni include six British prime ministers (all Tory or Whig / Liberal), physicists Isaac Newton, James Clerk Maxwell, Ernest Rutherford and Niels Bohr, mathematician Srinivasa Ramanujan, the poet Lord Byron, philosophers Ludwig Wittgenstein and Bertrand Russell and Soviet spies Kim Philby, Guy Burgess and Anthony Blunt.

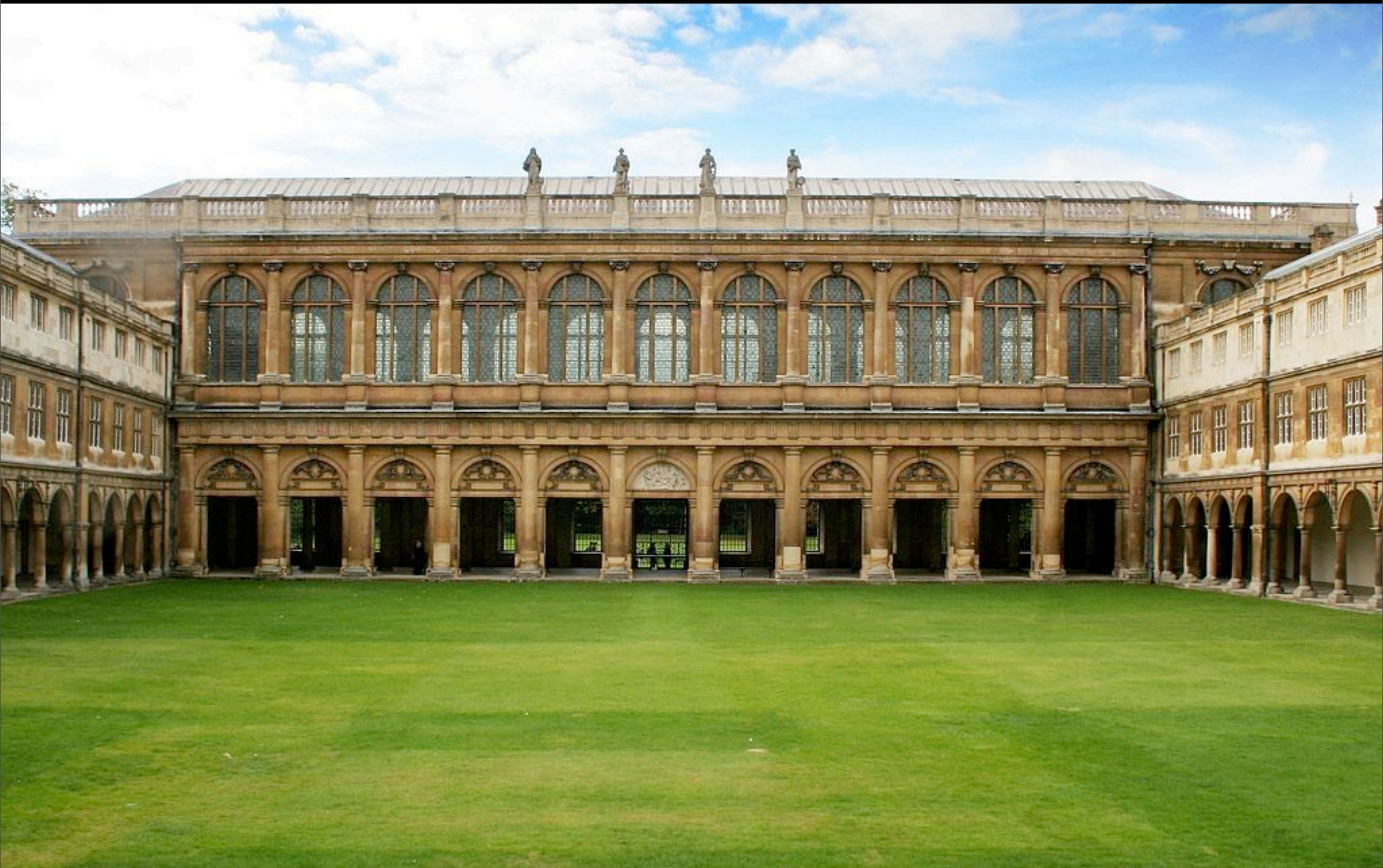




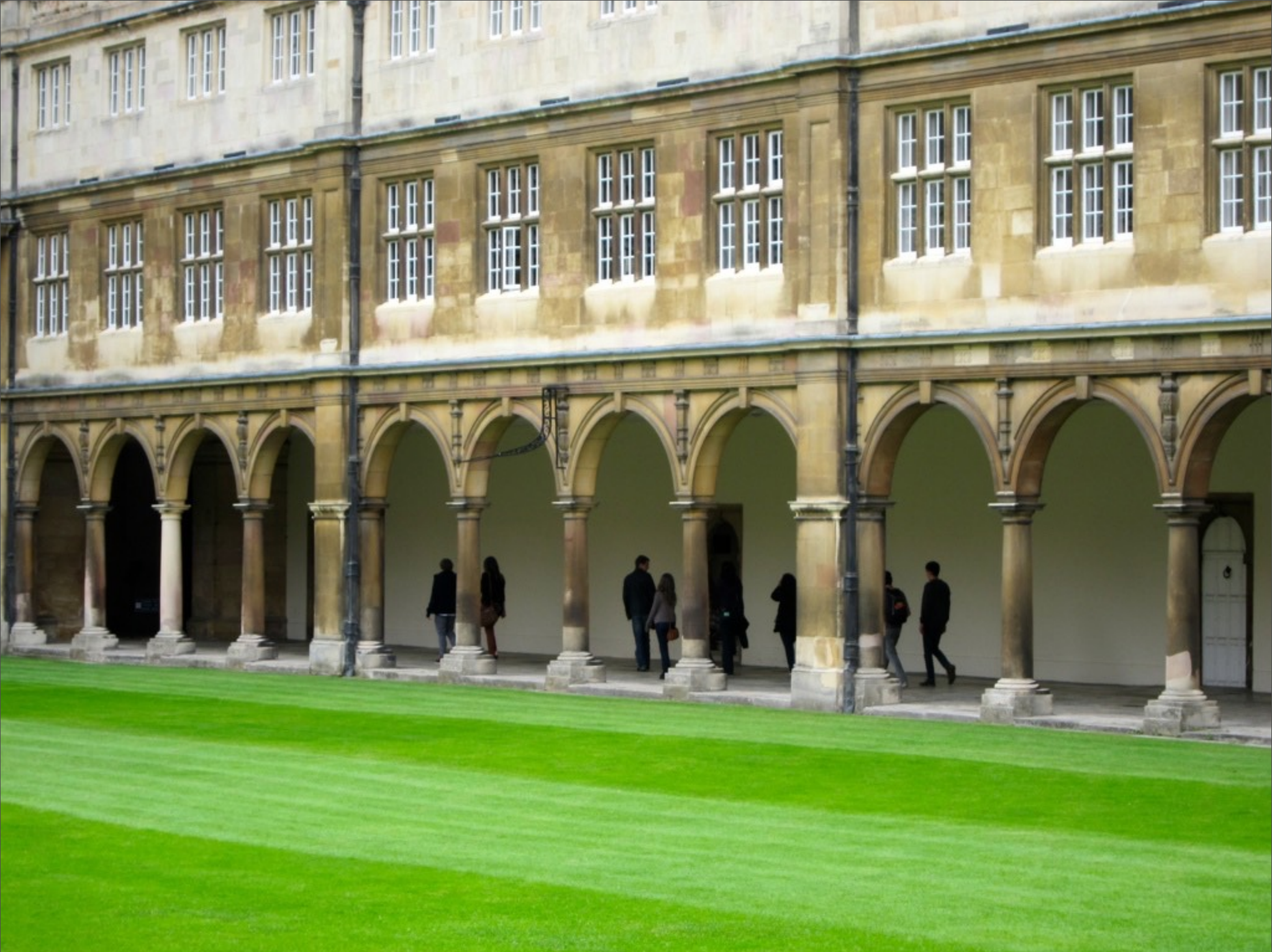




# WREN LIBRARY (SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN) 1676











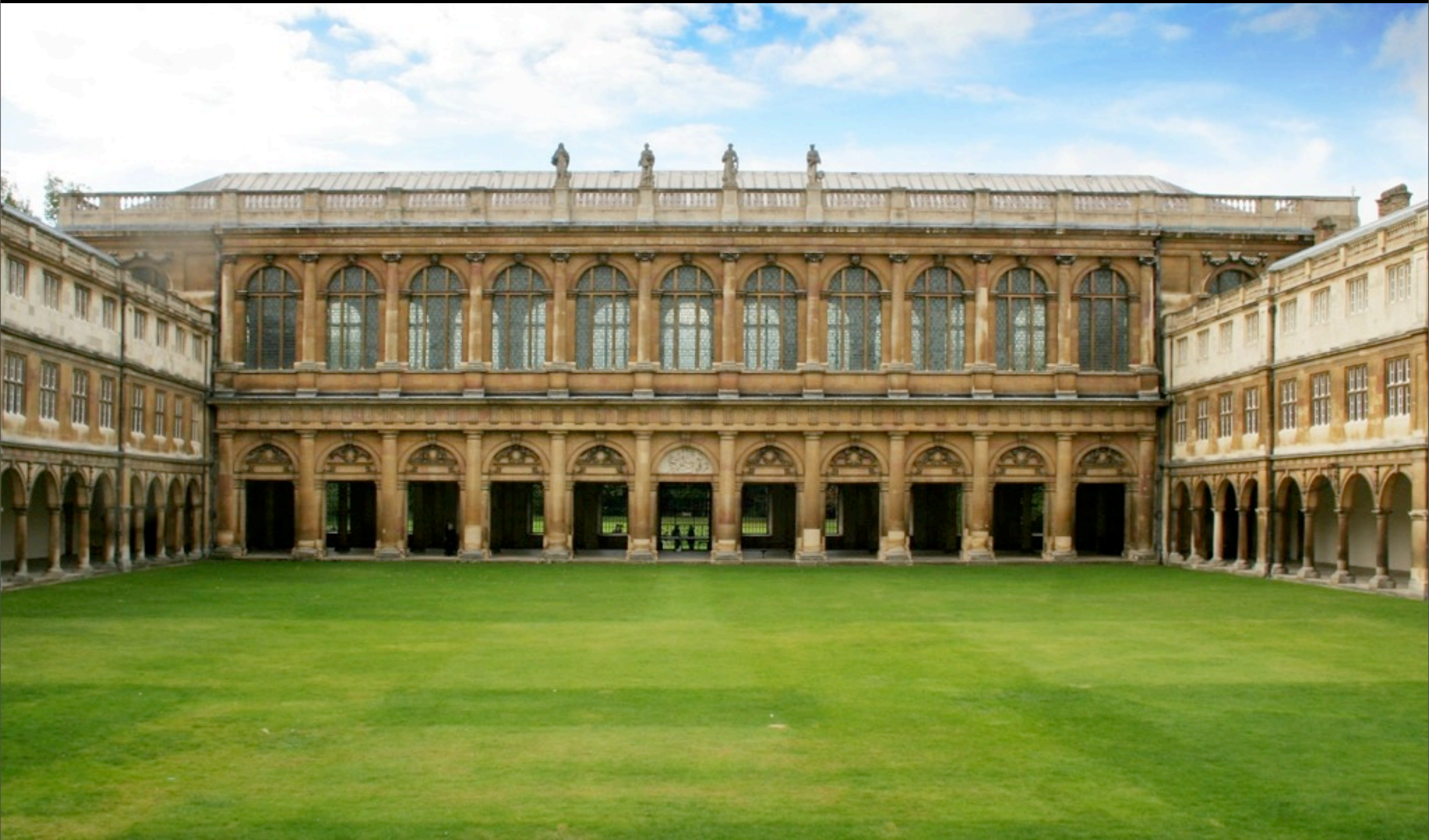






















# HOURS OF IDLENESS,

A

*SERIES OF POEMS,*

ORIGINAL

AND

*TRANSLATED,*

---

BY GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON,

A MINOR.

---

*Μητ' ἂρ με μάλ' αἶψα πάντε τι νεύει.*

HOMER. *Iliad*, 10.

*Virginibus puerisque Canto.*

HORACE.

He whistled as he went for want of thought.

DRYDEN.

---

**Newark:**

Printed and sold by S. and J. RIDGE;

SOLD ALSO BY B. CROSEY AND CO. STATIONER'S COURT;

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, PATERNOSTER-

ROW; F. AND C. RIVINGTON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-

YARD; AND J. MAWMAN, IN THE POULTRY,

LONDON.

---

1807.



Byron publishes first  
poems 1807 age 19



# The Cornelian

by George Gordon, Lord Byron

(composed: October 1806)

(From Hours of Idleness - 1807)

1. 1  
2. No specious splendour of this stone  
3.     Endears it to my memory ever;  
4. With lustre *only once* it shone,  
5.     And blushes modest as the giver.  
2  
6. Some, who can sneer at friendship's ties,  
7.     Have, for my weakness, oft reprov'd me;  
8. Yet still the simple gift I prize,—  
9.     For I am sure the giver lov'd me.  
3  
10. He offer'd it with downcast look,  
11.     As *fearful* that I might refuse it;  
12. I told him when the gift I took,  
13.     My *only fear* should be to lose it.  
4  
14. This pledge attentively I view'd,  
15.     And *sparkling* as I held it near,  
16. Methought one drop the stone bedew'd,  
17.     And ever since *I've lov'd a tear*.  
5  
18. Still, to adorn his humble youth,  
19.     Nor wealth nor birth their treasures yield;  
20. But he who seeks the flowers of truth,  
21.     Must quit the garden for the field.  
6

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19.     Nor wealth nor birth their treasures yield;  
20. But he who seeks the flowers of truth,  
21.     Must quit the garden for the field.  
6  
22. 'Tis not the plant uprear'd in sloth,  
23.     Which beauty shows, and sheds perfume;  
24. The flowers which yield the most of both  
25.     In Nature's wild luxuriance bloom.  
7  
26. Had Fortune aided Nature's care,  
27.     For once forgetting to be blind,  
28. *His* would have been an ample share,  
29.     If well proportion'd to his mind.  
8  
30. But had the Goddess clearly seen,  
31.     His form had fix'd her fickle breast;  
32. *Her* countless hoards would *his* have been,  
33.     And none remain'd to give the rest.



Elegy On Newstead Abbey  
by George Gordon, Lord Byron  
(From *Hours of Idleness* - 1807)

1.1

2. Newstead! fast-falling, once-resplendent dome!  
3. Religion's shrine! repentant HENRY's pride!  
4. Of warriors, monks, and dames the cloister'd tomb,  
5. Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide,

2

6. Hail to thy pile! more honour'd in thy fall  
7. Than modern mansions in their pillar'd state;  
8. Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,  
9. Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

3

10. No mail-clad serfs, obedient to their lord,  
11. In grim array the crimson cross demand;  
12. Or gay assemble round the festive board  
13. Their chief's retainers, an immortal band:

4

14. Else might inspiting Fancy's magic eye  
15. Retrace their progress through the lapse of time,  
16. Marking each ardent youth, ordain'd to die,  
17. A votive pilgrim in Judea's clime.



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A

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ORIGINAL

AND

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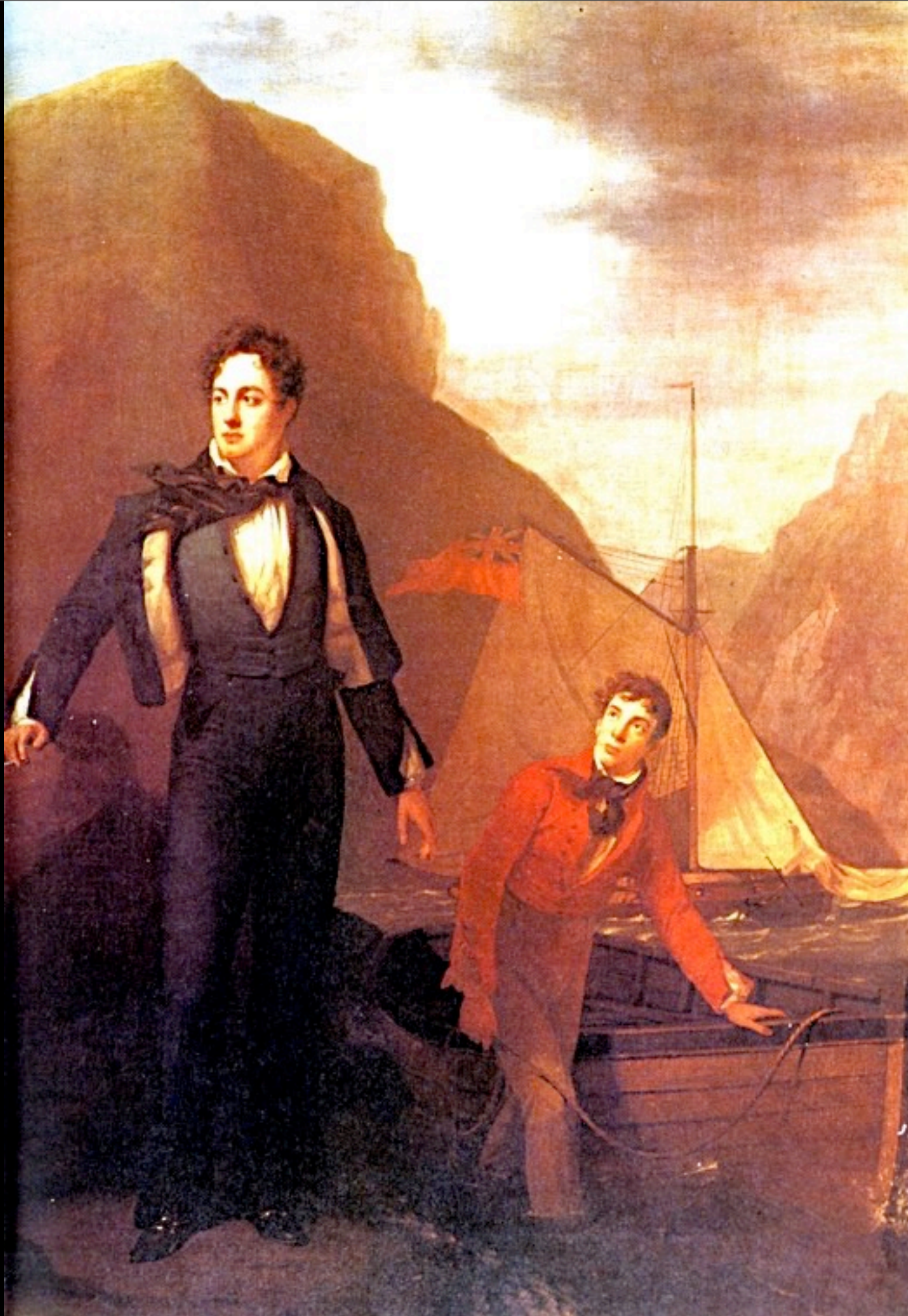
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1807.



Byron publishes first  
poems 1807 age 19



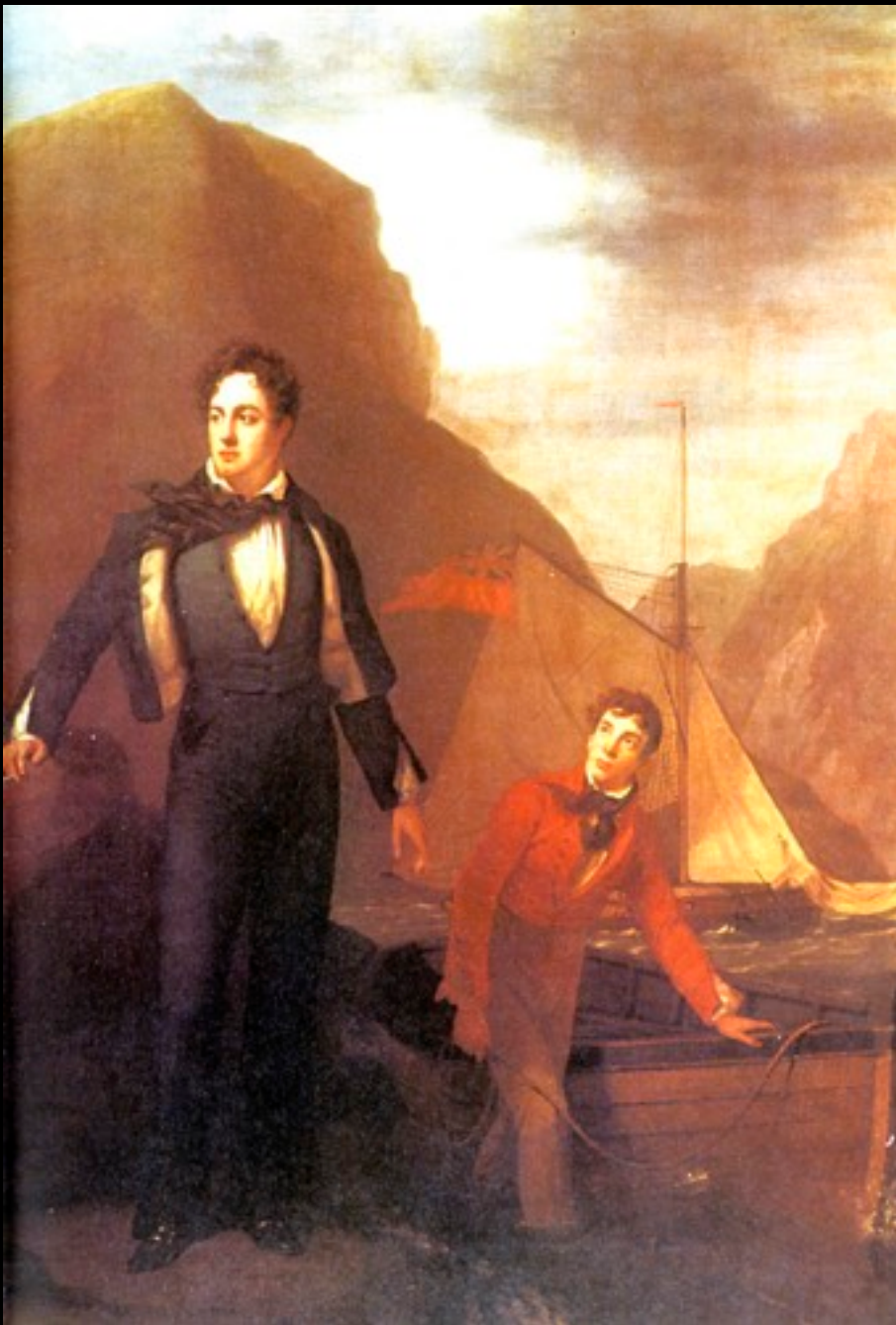


From 1809 to 1811, Byron went on the Grand Tour, then customary for a young nobleman. He travelled with Hobhouse for the first year and his entourage of servants included Byron's trustworthy valet, William Fletcher. The Napoleonic Wars forced him to avoid most of Europe, and he instead turned to the Mediterranean.

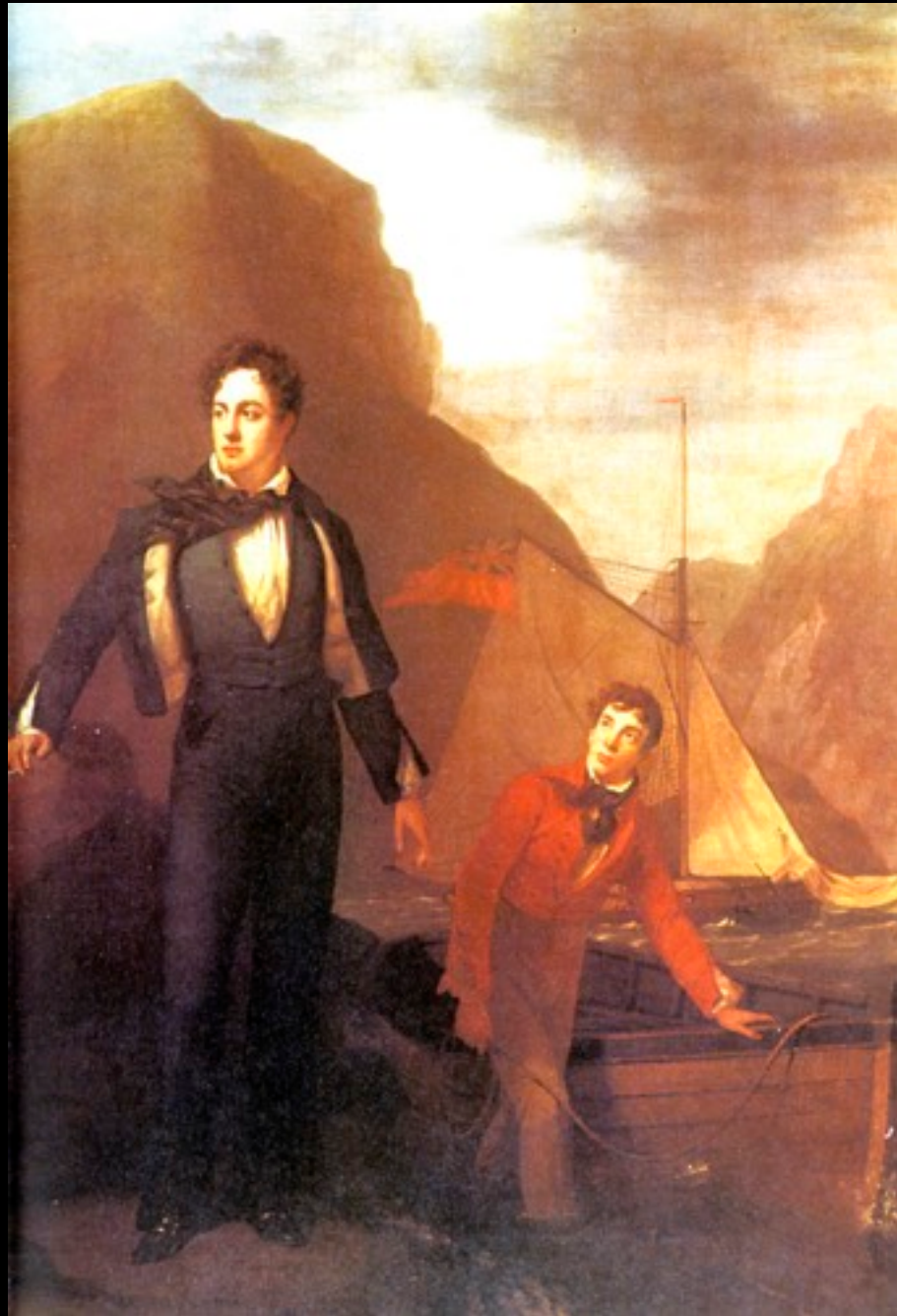


*“Childe H*

Adieu, adieu! my native shore  
Fades o'er the water blue;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native Land – Good Night!

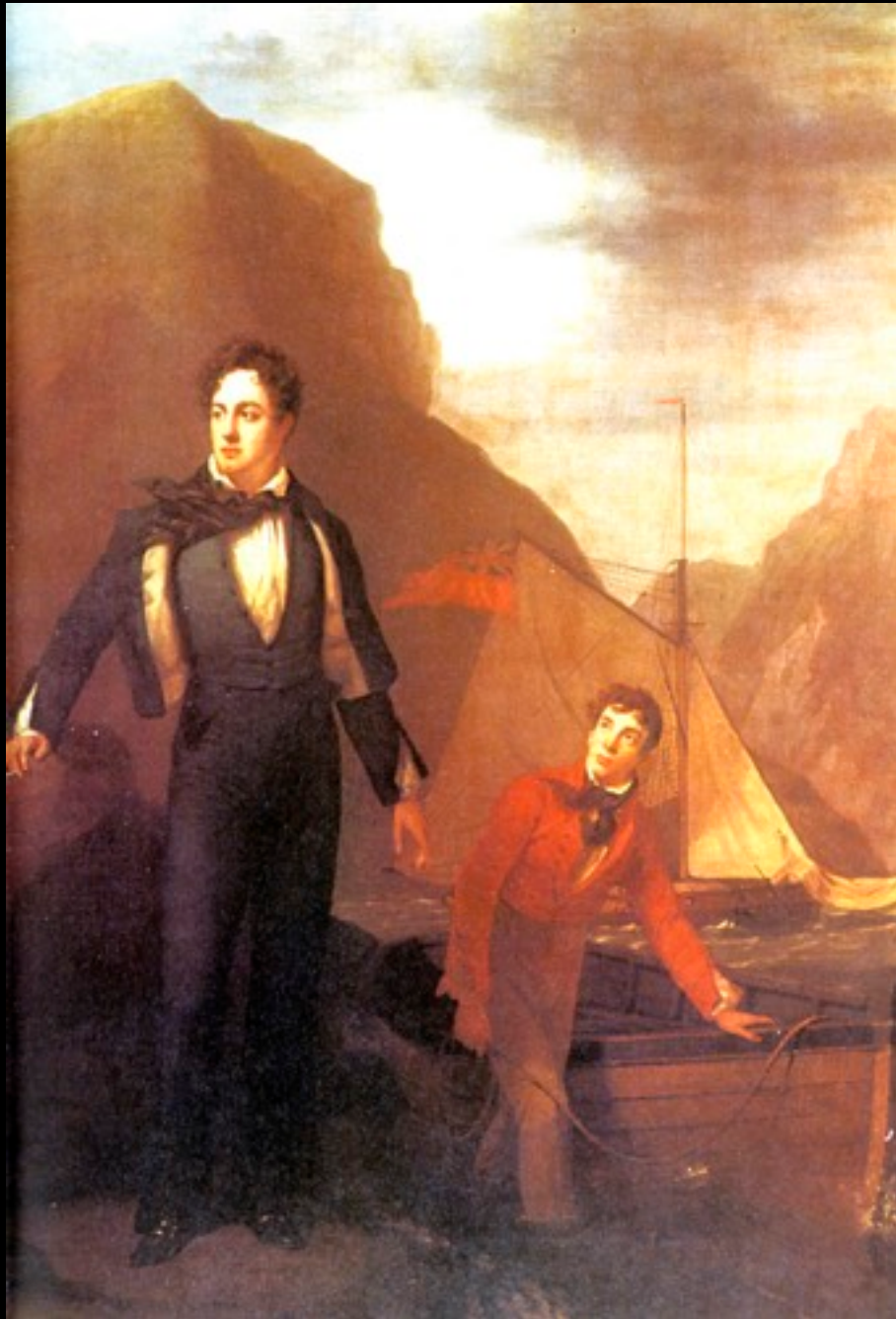






A few short hours and He will rise,  
To give the Morrow birth;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my mother Earth.  
Deserted is my own good Hall,  
Its hearth is desolate;  
Wild weeds are gathering on wall,  
My Dog howls at the gate.

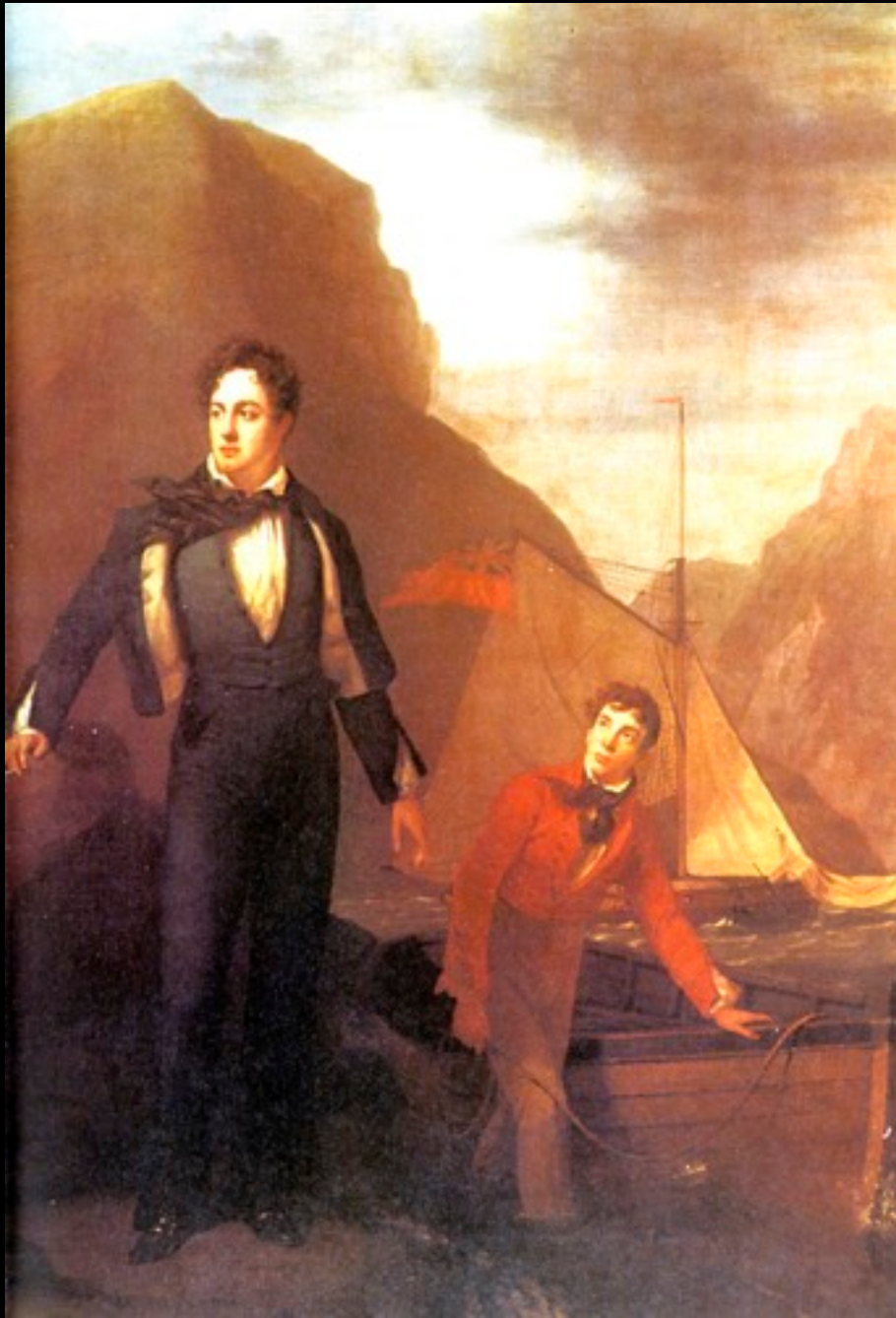




.....

And now I'm in the world alone,  
Upon the wide, wide sea:  
But why should I for others groan,  
When none will sigh for me?  
Perchance my Dog will whine in vain,  
Till fed by stranger hands;  
But long ere I come back again  
He'd tear me where his stands.





With thee my bark , I'll swiftly go  
Athwart the foaming brine;  
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
So not again to mine.  
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves,  
And when you fail my sight,  
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!  
My native Land – Good night!



# EUROPE IN 1810 At the Height of Napoleon's Power

MILES 0 50 100 200 300

- French Empire \*
- "Greater Empire," subject to Napoleon, undergoing internal reform. \*
- Nominal Allies of Napoleon. \*
- Openly hostile to Napoleon; protected by British fleet.
- Hostile to Napoleon.
- Battles
- Continental System, boycotting British trade.









# The Ladies of Cadiz

1

Oh never talk again to me  
Of northern climes and British ladies;  
It has not been your lot to see,  
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz  
Although her eye be not of blue,  
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,  
How far its own expressive hue  
The languid azure eye surpasses!



Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole  
The fire, that through those silken lashes  
In darkest glances seem to roll,  
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes:  
And as along her bosom steal  
In lengthen'd flow her raven tresses,  
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,  
And curl'd to give her neck caresses.



Our English maids are long to woo,  
And frigid even in possession;  
And if their charms be fair to view,  
Their lips are slow at Loves confession:  
But, born beneath a brighter sun,  
For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is,  
And who,—when fondly, fairly won,—  
Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?



The Spanish maid is no coquette,  
Nor joys to see a lover tremble,  
And if she love, or if she hate,  
Alike she knows not to dissemble.  
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—  
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;  
And, though it will not bend to gold,  
'Twill love you long and love you dearly.



The Spanish girl that meets your love  
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,  
For every thought is bent to prove  
Her passion in the hour of trial.  
When thronging foemen menace Spain,  
She dares the deed and shares the danger;  
And should her lover press the plain,  
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.



And when, beneath the evening star,  
She mingles in the gay Bolero,  
Or sings to her attuned guitar  
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,  
Or counts her beads with fairy hand  
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,  
Or joins Devotion's choral band,  
To chaunt the sweet and hallow'd vesper;—



7

In each her charms the heart must move  
Of all who venture to behold her;  
Then let not maids less fair reprove  
Because her bosom is not colder:  
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam  
Where many a soft and melting maid is,  
But none abroad, and few at home,  
May match the dark-eyed Girl of Cadiz.













“Written After Swimming from Sestos to Abydos”





**Hero and Leander** is the Greek myth relating the story of **Hero** (Ancient Greek: *Hērō*; pron. like "hero" in English), a priestess of Aphrodite (Venus in Roman mythology) who dwelt in a tower in Sestos on the European side of the Hellespont (today's Dardanelles), and **Leander** (Ancient Greek: *Léandros*), a young man from Abydos on the opposite side of the strait. Leander fell in love with Hero and would swim every night across the Hellespont to spend time with her. Hero would light a lamp at the top of her tower to guide his way.



# “Written After Swimming from Sestos to Abydos”



Key word "ague" = chills fever from Latin "acuto"





If, in the month of dark **December**,  
**Leander**, who was nightly wont  
(What **maid** will not the **tale** remember?)  
To cross thy stream, broad **Hellespont**!





If, when the wintry **tempest** roared,  
He sped to **Hero**, nothing loath,  
And thus of old thy **current** poured,  
Fair **Venus**! how I pity both!





For me, degenerate modern wretch,  
Though in the genial month of May,  
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,  
And think I've done a feat today.





But since he crossed the rapid tide,  
According to the doubtful story,  
To woo -and -Lord knows what beside,  
And swam for Love, as I for Glory;





'Twere hard to say who fared the best:  
Sad **mortals**! thus the **gods** still **plague** you!  
He lost his **labour**, I my jest;  
For he was **drowned**, and I've the **ague**.



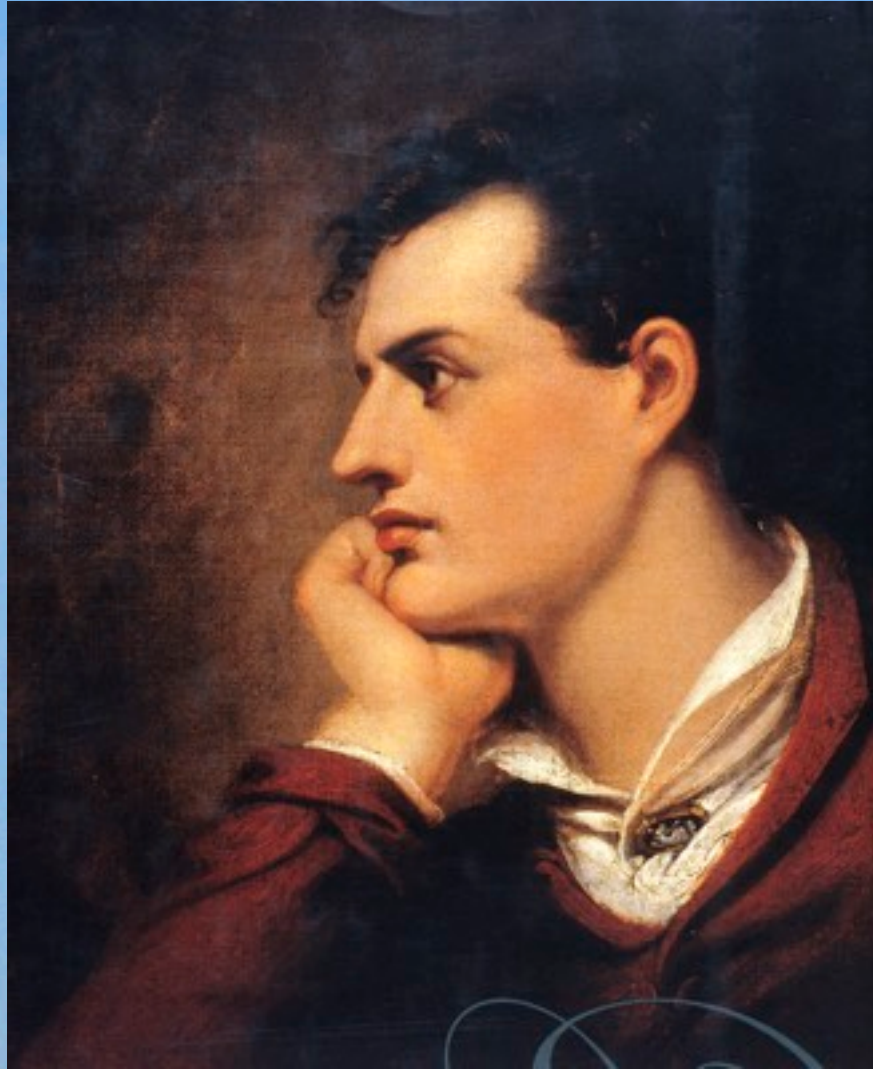






Byron in Albanian dress, by Thomas Phillips





1811, Byron returns to England  
1812, March, Publication of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage



*Handwritten signature: K. Lamb*

# Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

CANTO THE THIRD.

BY LORD BYRON.

"Afin que cette application vous feroit de penser à autre chose; il n'y a en vérité de remède que celui-là et le temps."

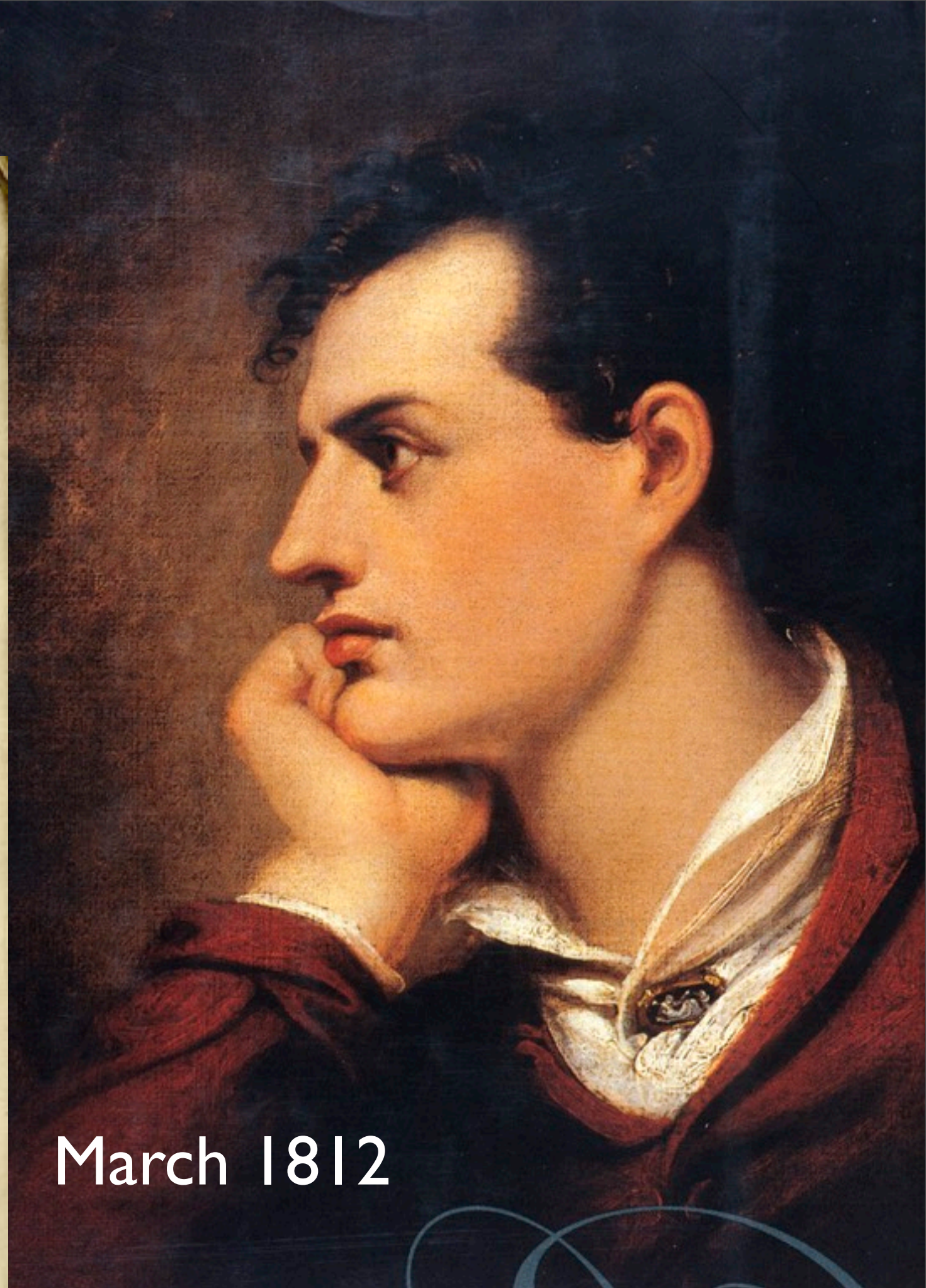
*Lettre du Roi de Prusse à D'Alembert, Sept. 7, 1776.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1816.

March 1812





1812 (March) publication of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage Canto I  
Penguin, P. 56

small number printed first / expensive  
when available sells out

when Canto 2 and 3 and 4 appear they sell in thousands  
complete probably 20,000 copies (upper classes / expensive)

Childe Harold: (compare to Werther)  
totally new poetic figure in lit  
the POSE! artist-reality  
the self-conscious egoist  
the wanderer  
the european in search of new experience  
the attraction of the East  
lost love  
suffering and worried about suffering  
war  
oppression / revolution / war



Byron becomes Childe Harold and Harold=Byron

BYRON FAMOUS OVERNIGHT

BYRON THE FAMOUS YOUNG MAN REFLECTS ALL THE  
LITERARY CREATION OF CHILDE HAROLD

THE POET AS "ROCK STAR"



Byron and Childe Harold embody one of the principle themes of all 19th century literature: the lonely sensitive artistic individual at war with conventional society: *épater le bourgeois*....  
Byron's Hero and his own life mesh to play out role of lonely artist

Byron: self consc. and image: invents Byron collar  
live & die before the mirror  
hair / new style / long / disheveled / onion soup



*Handwritten signature: K. Lamb*

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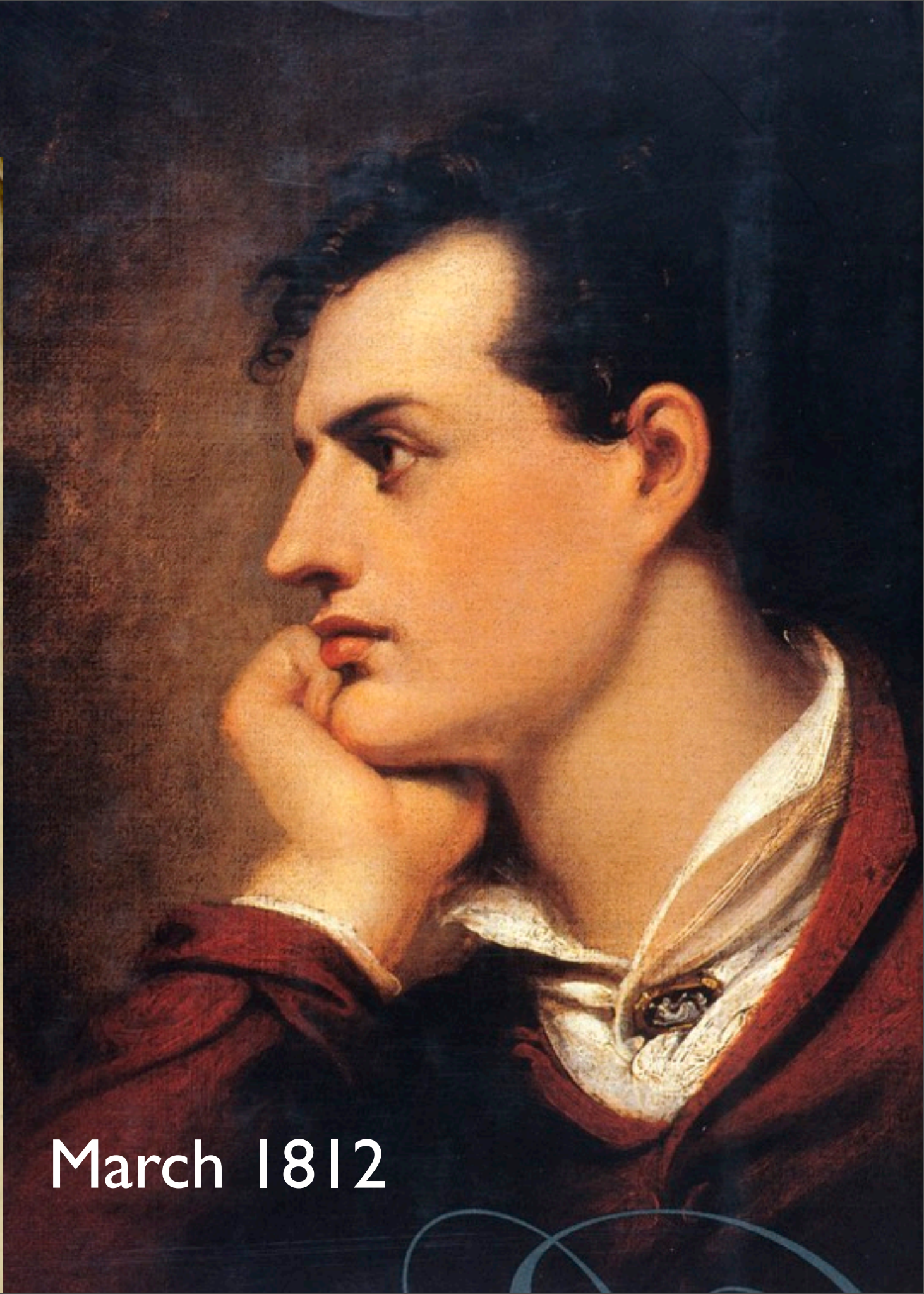
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# Regency Era 1811-1820

The British Regency was the period from 1811-1820. King George III was deemed mad and unfit to rule so his son became his proxy, the Prince Regent, or Prinny to his close friends. On the death of George III in 1820, the Prince Regent became George IV.

The term Regency (or Regency era) is often stretched to include more years than the official decade of the Regency.

George IV 1762 –1830 was king of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and king of Hanover following the death of his father, George III, on 29 January 1820, until his own death ten years later. From 1811 until his accession, he served as Prince Regent during his father's final mental illness. (PD-Art)



**SUZI LOYE**  
[suzilove.com](http://suzilove.com)

1838 George III. Miniature by Henry Pierce Bone. Bought by Prince Albert. [royalcollection.org.uk](http://royalcollection.org.uk)



King George IV. After nine-years as Prince Regent, George Augustus Frederick ruled from 1820 until his death. The era was marked by victory in the Napoleonic Wars in Europe. He philandered incessantly, preferring older women, especially London socialite Maria Fitzherbert. He had a poor relationship with both his father and his wife, Caroline of Brunswick, whom he even forbade to attend his coronation. He was called "The Prince of Whales."







Gent.



No Gent.

Pub. by T. Tegg N° 111 Chancery Lane July 5. 1845



& Re.gent !!



# Our Tempestuous Day

An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king,--  
Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow  
Through public scorn,--mud from a muddy spring,--  
Rulers who neither see, nor feel, nor know,  
But leech-like to their fainting country cling,  
Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow,--  
A people starved and stabbed in the untilled field,--  
An army, which liberticide and prey  
Makes as a two-edged sword to all who wield,--  
Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and slay;  
Religion Christless, Godless--a book sealed;  
A Senate,--Time's worst statute unrepealed,--  
Are graves, from which a glorious Phantom may  
Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day. (Shelley 1792-1822)





George, Prince Regent by Thomas Lawrence, 1814





King George IV (1762-1830) by Thomas Lawrence



# Byron arrives in the middle of REGENCY partying





# REGENCY LONDON



## THE RICH AND THE POOR







# Covent Garden, “Square of Venus” ie Prostitution





# THE REGENCY CIRCLE 1812



Son: Lord William Lamb  
Lord Melbourne





**Elizabeth Lamb, Viscountess Melbourne** (née Elizabeth Milbanke; 1751 – 1818) was one of the most influential of the political hostesses of the extended Regency period, and the wife of Whig politician Peniston Lamb, 1st Viscount Melbourne. She was the **mother of William Lamb, 2nd Viscount Melbourne** who became **Prime Minister of the United Kingdom** amongst several other influential children. Lady Melbourne was known not just for her political influence but also for her friendships and romantic relationships with members of London society including Georgiana Cavendish, Duchess of Devonshire, George, Prince of Wales and Lord Byron.





Lady Caroline Lamb by Thomas Lawrence





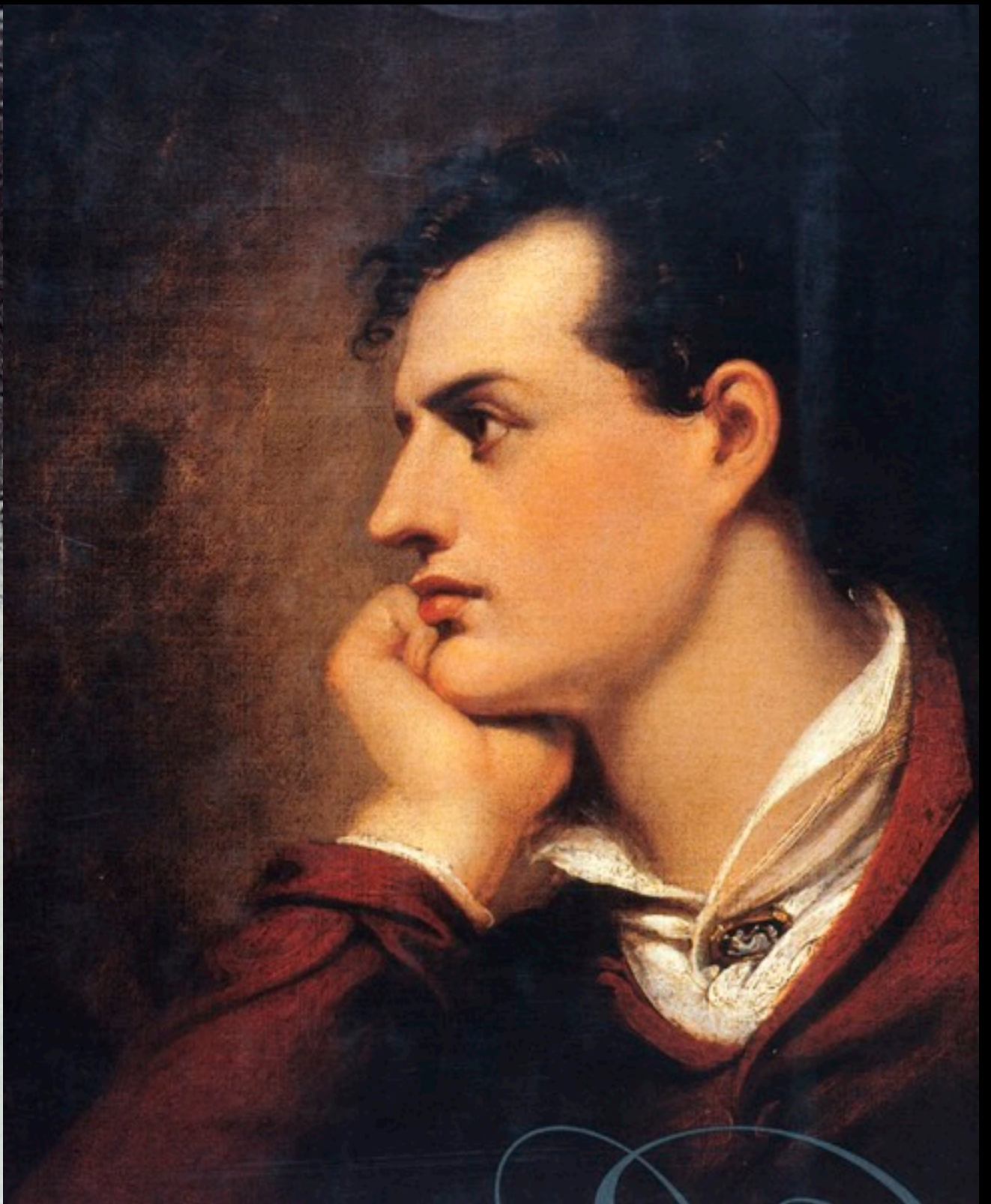
Lady Caroline Lamb





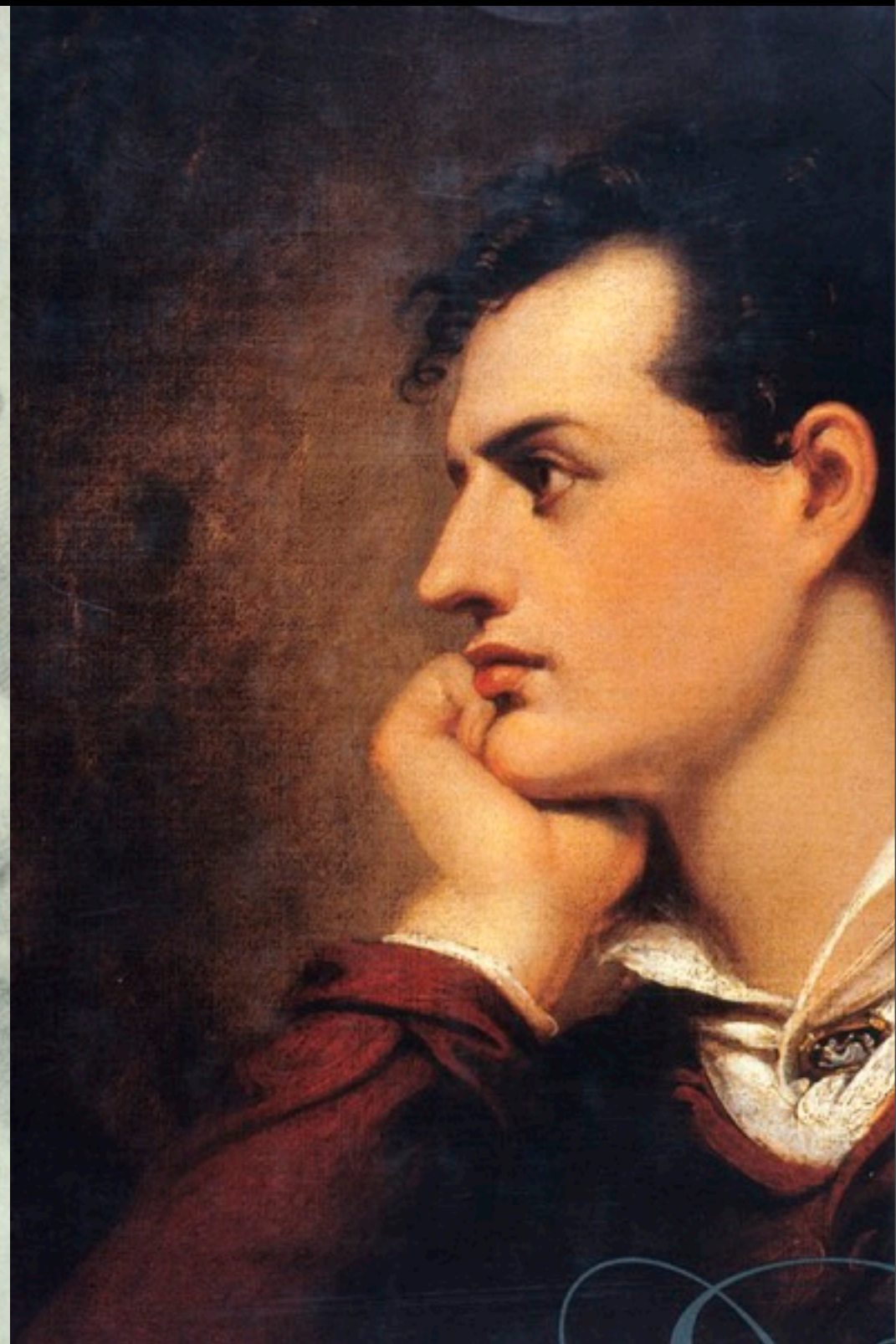
Annabella Milbanke Byron





1813, Augusta Byron Leigh





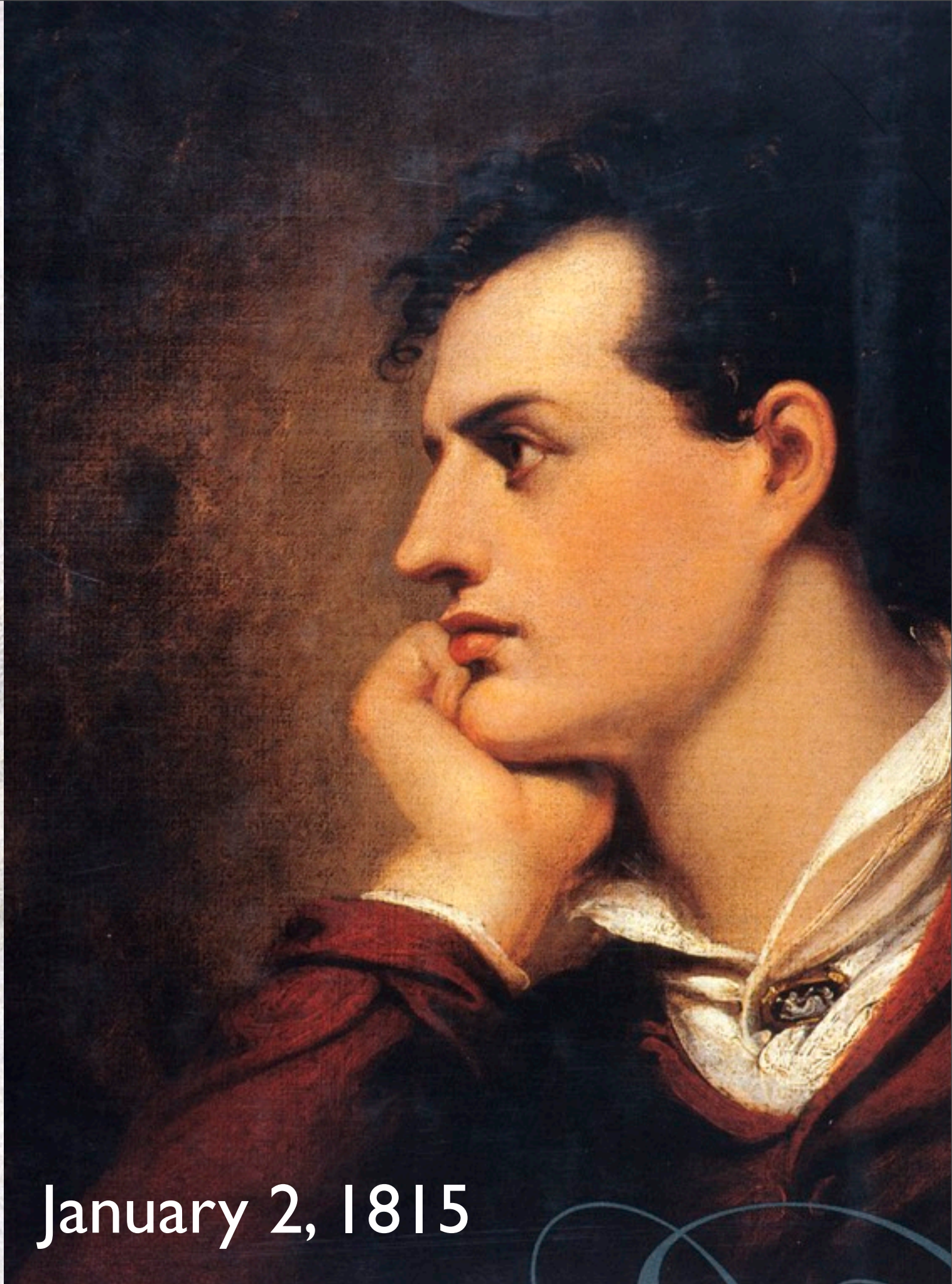
# 1814, Correspondence: Byron & Annabella





Jan 1815 They marry in County Durham, Northern England





January 2, 1815





Jan 1815: Byron & Annabella rent insanely expensive house









# She Walks in Beauty

BY LORD BYRON (GEORGE GORDON)

She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.





One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impaired the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.





And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

---









Dec 10, 1815: Augusta Ada Byron





**Augusta Ada Byron**  
(10 1815 -1852), born **Augusta Ada Byron** and now commonly known as **Ada Lovelace**, was an English mathematician and writer chiefly known for her work on Charles Babbage's early mechanical general-purpose computer, the Analytical Engine. Her notes include what is recognized as the first algorithm intended to be carried out by a machine. Because of this, she is regarded as the first computer programmer.



# Ada (programming language) Paradigm

Multi-paradigm

**Family**

Pascal

**Designed by**

- MIL-STD-1815, Ada 83: Jean Ichbiah
- Ada 95: Tucker Taft
- Ada 2005: Tucker Taft
- Ada 2012: Tucker Taft

**First appeared**

February 1980; 40 years ago

Website  
[www.adaic.org](http://www.adaic.org)

**Influenced by**

ALGOL 68, Pascal, C++ (Ada 95), Smalltalk (Ada 95),  
Modula-2 (Ada 95) Java (Ada 2005), Eiffel (Ada 2012)

**Influenced**

C++, Chapel,<sup>[6]</sup> "Drago"., Eiffel, "Griffin"., Java, Nim, ParaSail,  
PL/SQL. PL/paSQL. Python. Ruby. Seed7. "SPARforte"..





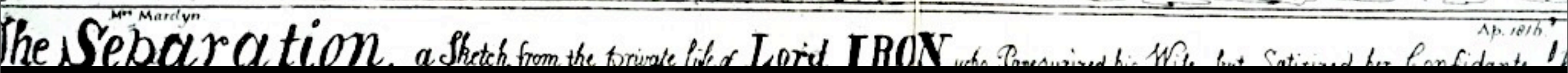
Dec 10, 1815: Augusta Ada Byron Lovelace





Lady Milbanke





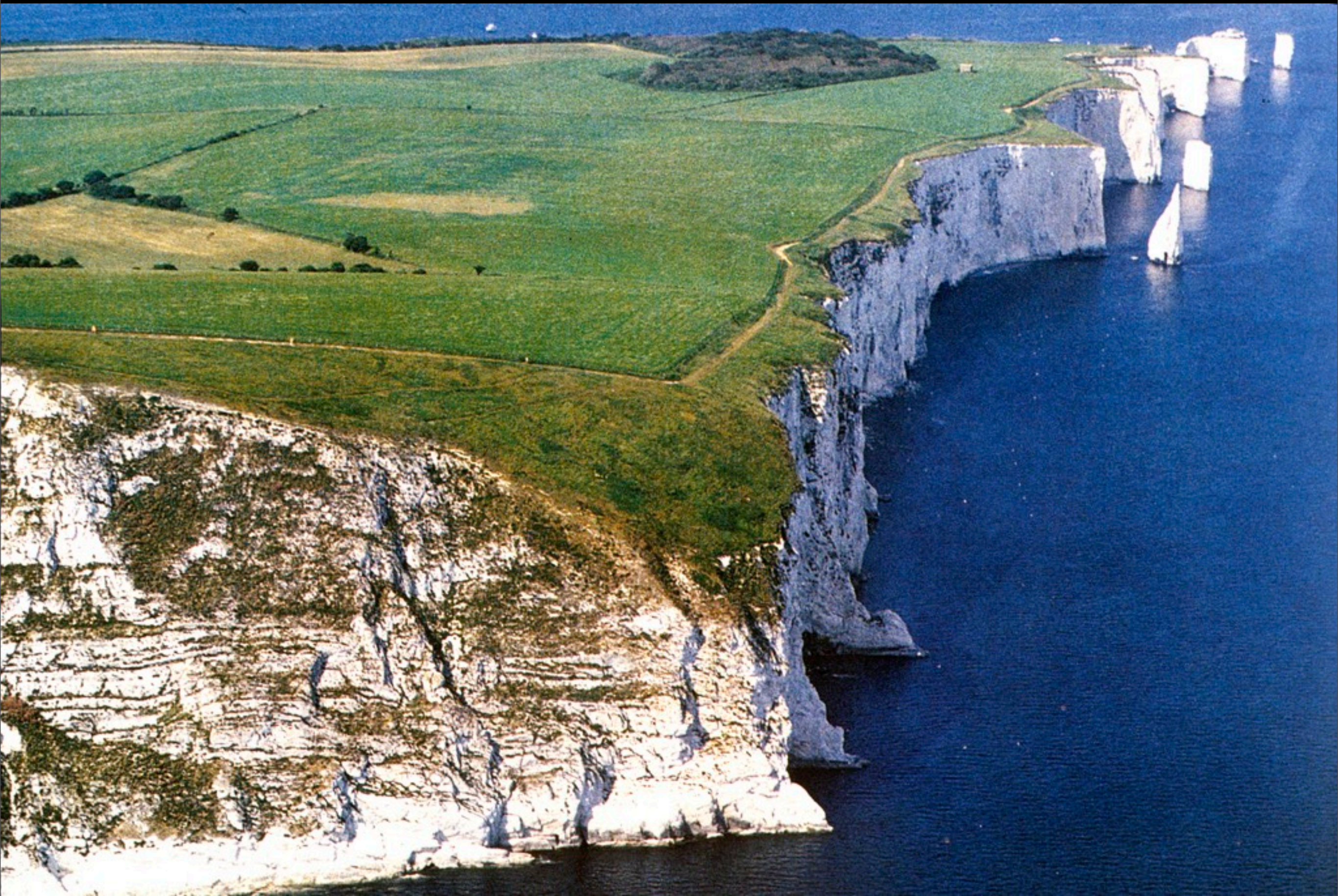
SaturdayMay 23, 2020



# Byron's Carriage on public display before he left England

























# Villa Diodati



























IGNATIUS CRITICAL EDITIONS

# Frankenstein

*Mary Shelley*



*"You have read this strange and terrific story, Margaret; and do you not feel your blood congeal with horror like that which even now curdles mine?"*

EDITED BY JOSEPH PEARCE



# FRANKENSTEIN;

OR,

## THE MODERN PROMETHEUS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
To mould me man? Did I solicit thee  
From darkness to promote me?—

PARADISE LOST.

VOL. I.

London:

PRINTED FOR  
LACKINGTON, HUGHES, HARDING, MAJOR, & JONES,  
FINSBURY SQUARE.

1818.

Chapter 7<sup>th</sup>

21/95

It was on a dreary night of November  
that I beheld ~~the frame on which~~ my man <sup>was</sup> completed. And  
with an anxiety that almost amount-  
ed to agony, I collected instruments of life  
around me and ~~endeavored~~ <sup>tried</sup> to infuse a  
spark of being into the lifeless thing  
that lay at my feet. It was already  
one in the morning, the rain pattered  
dismally against the window-pane, &  
my candle was nearly burnt out, when  
by the glimmer of the half-extinguish-  
ed light I saw the dull yellow eye of  
the creature open. It breathed hard,  
and a convulsive motion agitated  
its limbs.

But how ~~how~~ can I describe my  
emotion at this catastrophe, or how deli-  
cate the wretch whom with such  
infinite pains and care I had endeavored  
to form. His limbs were in proportion  
<sup>beautiful</sup> and I had selected his features & as  
~~handsome~~ <sup>beautiful</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>handsome</sup>. ~~His~~ <sup>His</sup> Great God! His  
yellow skin scarcely covered the work of  
muscles and arteries beneath; his hair  
of a lustre black, <sup>was</sup> flowing and his teeth of a pearly white  
app but these luxuriances only ~~formed~~  
formed a more horrid contrast with  
his watery eyes that seemed almost of  
the same colour as the sun white  
sockets in which they were set,



## 13

१



Byron opens and closes Canto III by addressing his absent daughter (she was taken by his wife Annabella when she left him).

This opening indicates Byron's **sense of loss and isolation** in being bereft of his beloved daughter, and by extension the family of which she was a part and the union between himself and the former Lady Byron.

Annabella Byron had already left her husband, taking their young daughter with them, and asked for a separation on the grounds that Byron was either insane or cruel. With the Milbanke family hiring expensive lawyers, he finally agreed to it. By this time the English media was spreading **rumors of infidelity, violence, and incest** on Byron's part, going so far as to call for his exile.

In 1816 Byron left England, never to return. In so leaving, he also abandoned any reasonable hope of seeing his daughter again. One can see from this biography why this canto features a man traveling and turning his back on the conflicts in the world.



# Childe Harold's Pilgrimage Canto III

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!  
ADA! sole daughter of my house and heart?  
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,  
And then we parted, -- not as now we part,  
But with a hope. --

Awaking with a start,  
The waters heave around me; and on high  
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,  
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,  
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.xt



## II

Once more upon the waters! yet once more! 10  
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed  
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!  
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!  
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,  
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,  
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,  
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail  
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.



### III

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,  
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind; 20  
Again I seize the theme, then but begun,  
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind  
Bears the cloud onwards: in that Tale I find  
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,  
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,  
O'er which all heavily the journeying years  
Plod the last sands of life, -- where not a flower appears.



## IV

Since my young days of passion -- joy, or pain,  
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,  
And both may jar: it may be, that in vain 30  
I would essay as I have sung to sing.  
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling  
So that it wean me from the weary dream  
Of selfish grief or gladness -- so it fling  
Forgetfulness around me -- it shall seem  
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.



# V

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,  
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,  
So that no wonder waits him; nor below  
Can love, or sorrow, frame, ambition, strife, 40  
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife  
Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell  
Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife  
With airy images, and shapes which dwell  
Still unimpair'd though old, in the soul's  
haunted cell.



## 13

१









Byron  
goes  
on  
to  
Italy  
1816  
Shelleys  
follow.





# Italy 1820 Revolution in the air



# DRIVE OUT THE AUSTRIANS





























# Palazzo Moncenigo



















Pub<sup>d</sup> Jan<sup>y</sup> 1, 1823 by J. Johnson & Co. Cheapside.

1<sup>st</sup> Byron.  
**A NOBLE POET** - *Scratching up his Ideas.*

1 Jan. 1823







# **VENEZIA**

## **S. POLO**

Limite e Nome di Sestiere

Linee e fermate dei vaporetti

0 300m











## Byron meets Teresa Guiccioli





Family active in the secret society of the Carbonari working for Italian independence. Byron joins.





# Austrian secret police & army on constant patrol





Teresa brings Byron to  
her city of Ravenna















QVI COBYMCEONIT MEDIMMOYE IMMOMYE TRIBVNAL LVSTRAVITQVE ANIMO CVNGTA POETA SVO DOCTVS ADEST DANTES SVA QVEM FLORENTIA SAEPE  
 SENSIT CONSILIS AC PIETATE PATRE MV NIL POTVIT TANTO MORS SAEVA NOCERE POETAE QVEM VIVVM VIRTVS CARMEN IMAGO FACIT















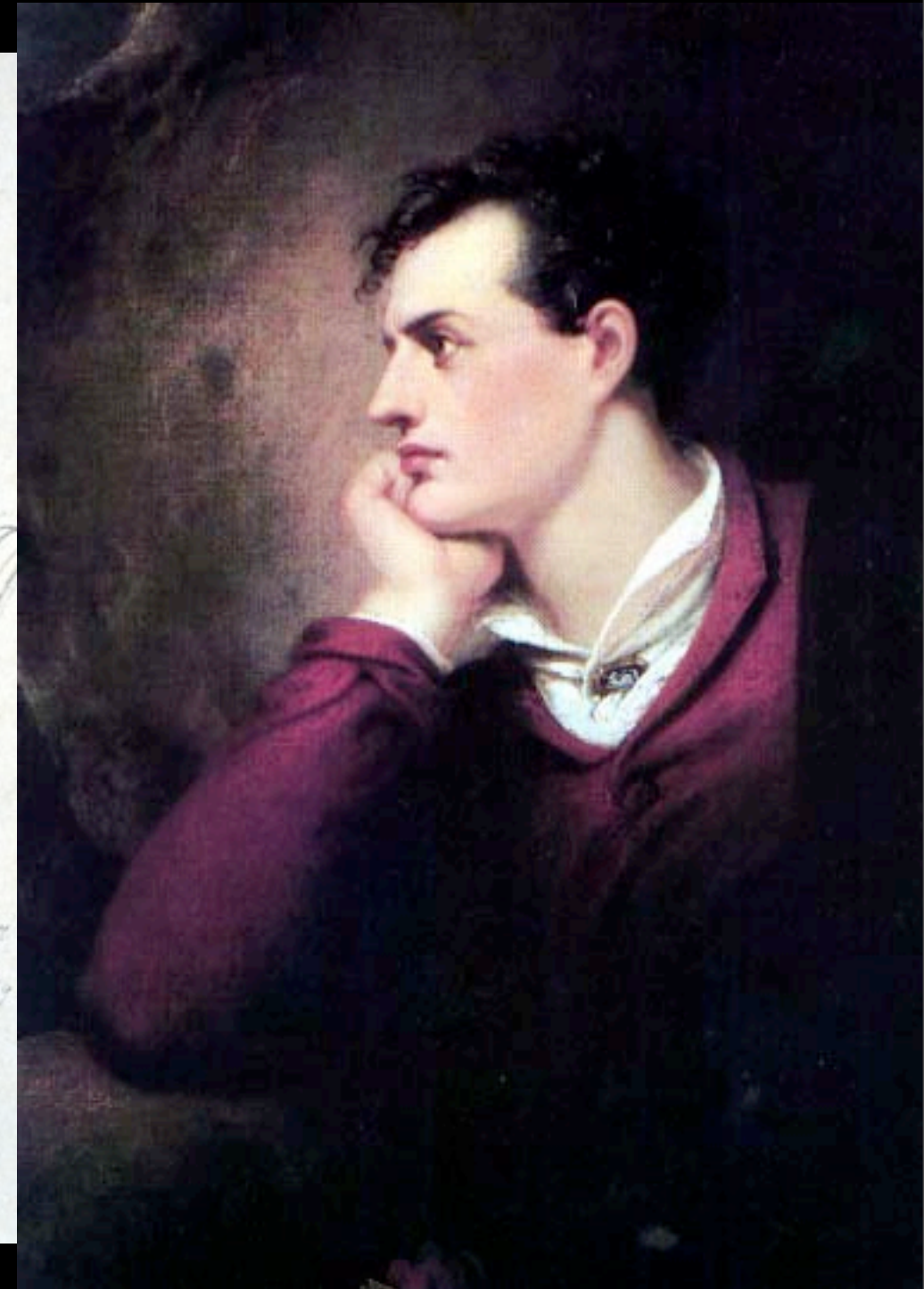
QVI ERA LA CASA  
OVE DIMORÒ NEL MDCCCXIX  
GEORGE GORDON LORD BYRON  
GRANDE POETA INGLESE  
AMICO DEI PATRIOTI RAVENNATI







# One problem in Ravenna: Il Barone, her husband.





Soon Austrians after  
Byron and Teresa  
so they go to Pisa



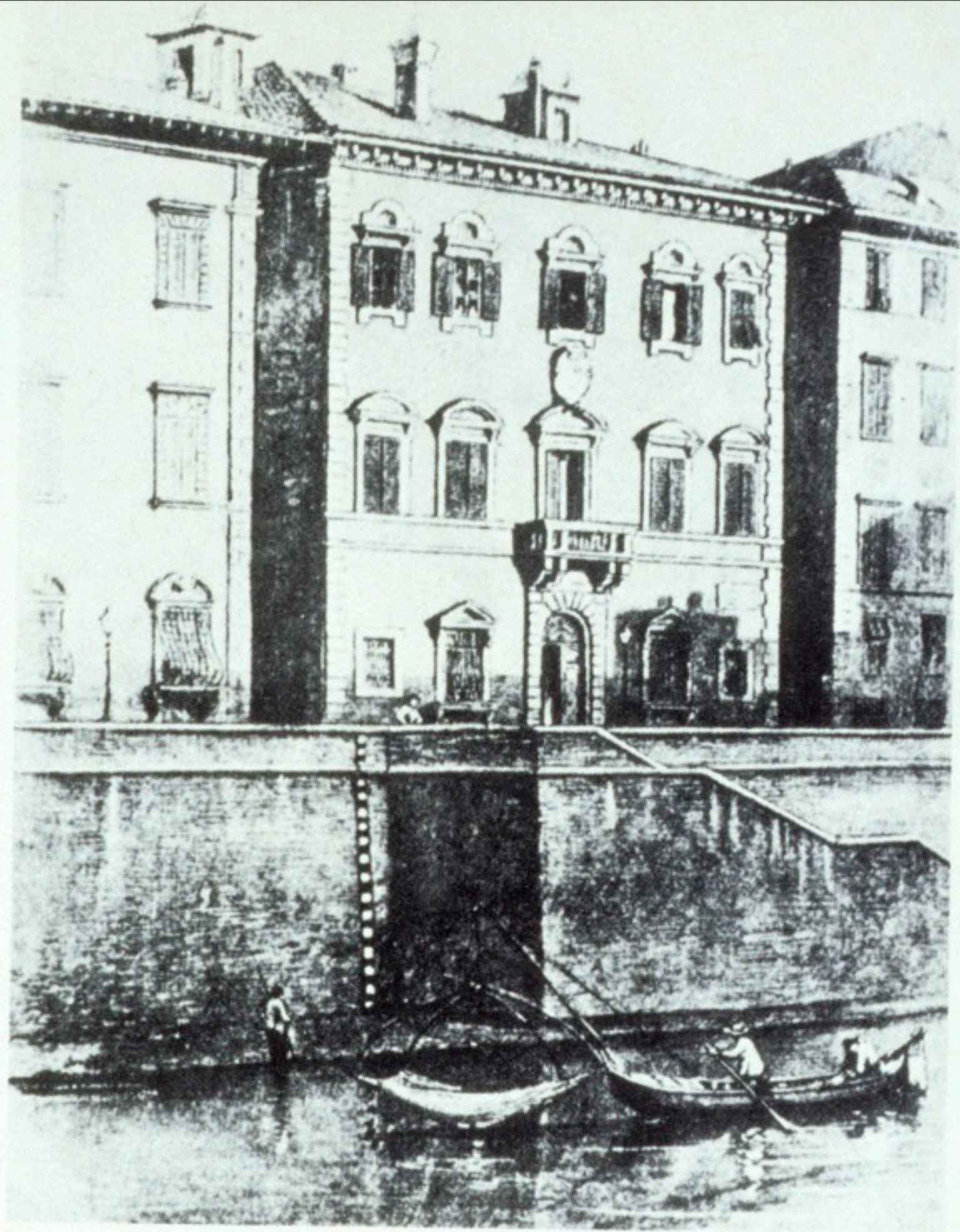






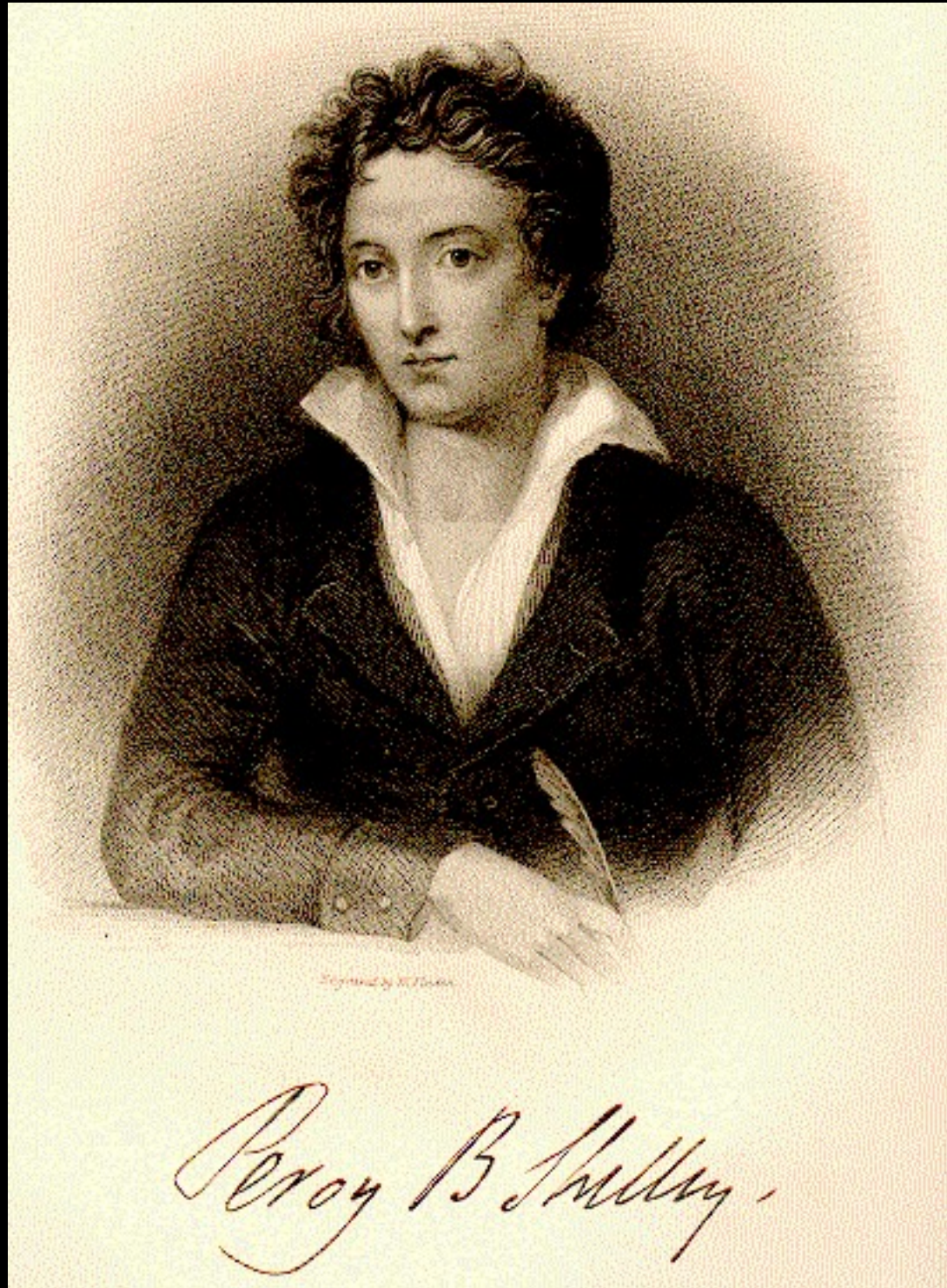
# Casa Lanfranchi Pisa

Byron's Casa Lanfranchi  
at Pisa, a sixteenth-century  
palazzo on the bank of  
the Arno.





# The Shelleys Join the Byrons





# Carriage trips out to the Pisan countryside











Death of Shelley, July 9, 1822, Viarregio, Italy



Catastrophe for the group. No one ever the same.  
They disband, Mary goes home. Byron turns  
attention to Greece.



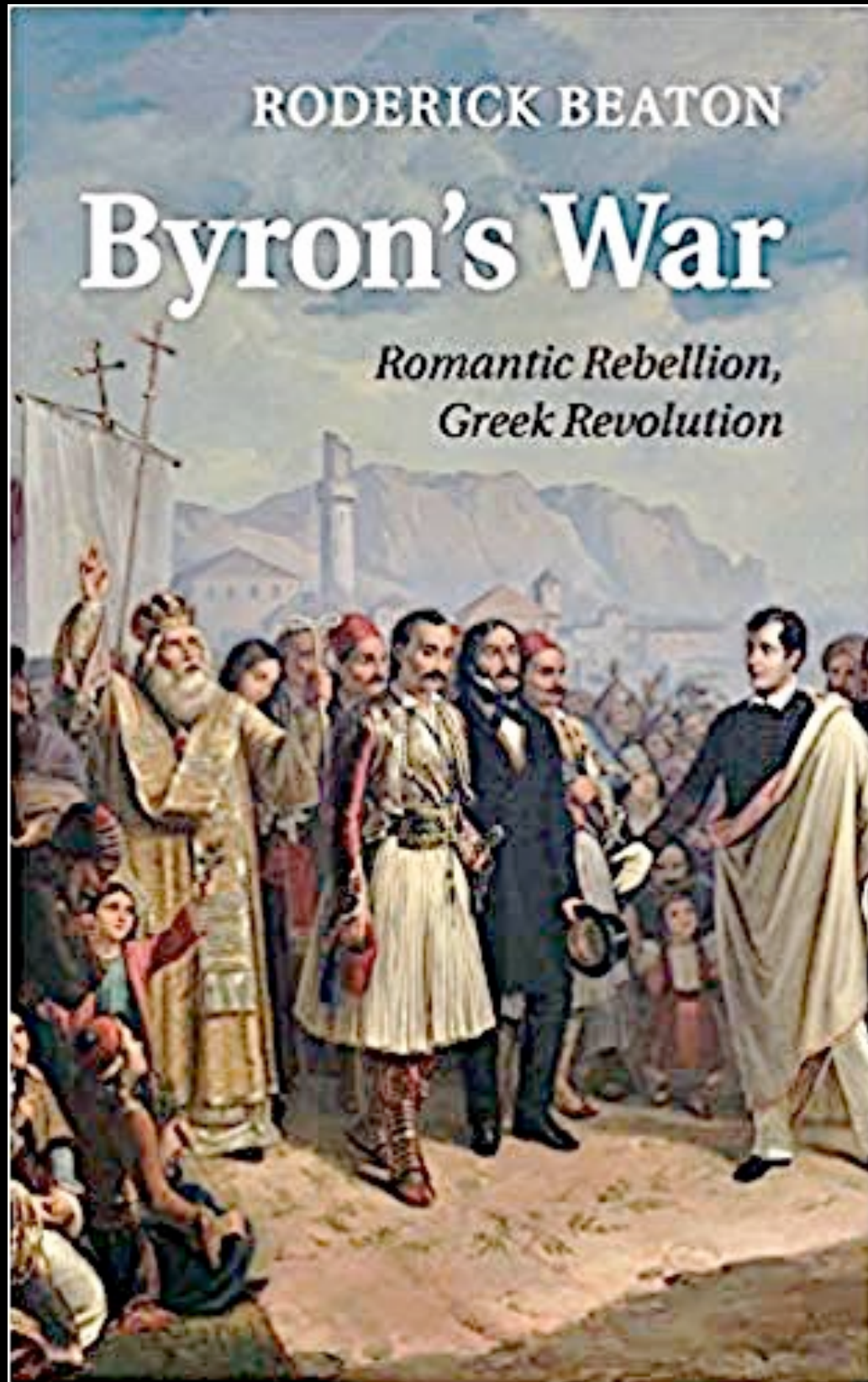


# Byron to Greece 1824. REVOLUTION





1824





# Raising funds buying arms to take to Greece.

last we're off for Turkey,  
knows when we shall come back!  
foul and tempests murky  
unship us in a crack.





# Reception of Lord Byron at Missolonghi

## He will now lend his fame to the Greek Revolution



International front page news.



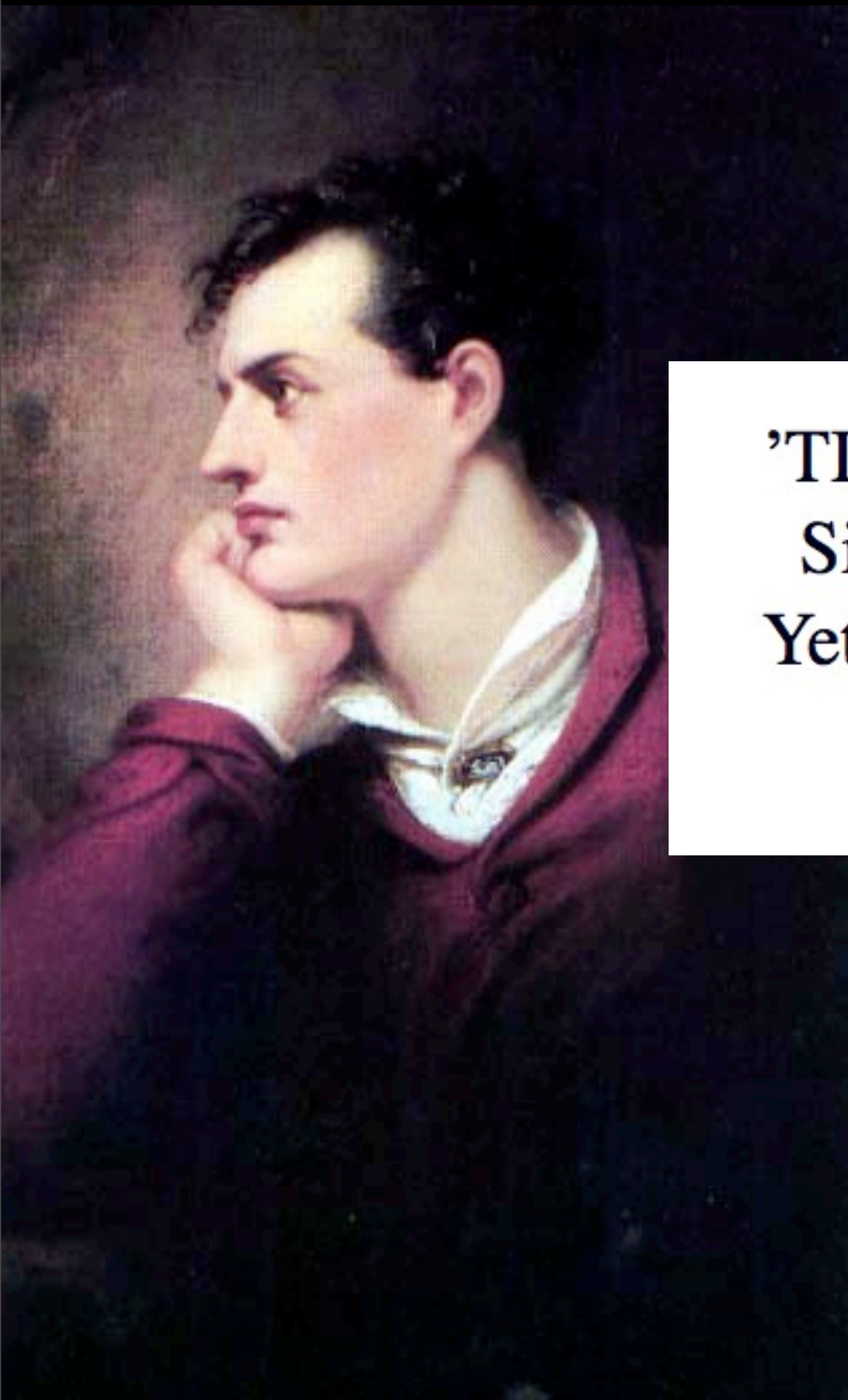


Byron and his dog Lion, with Byron's Suliote guards in the background.



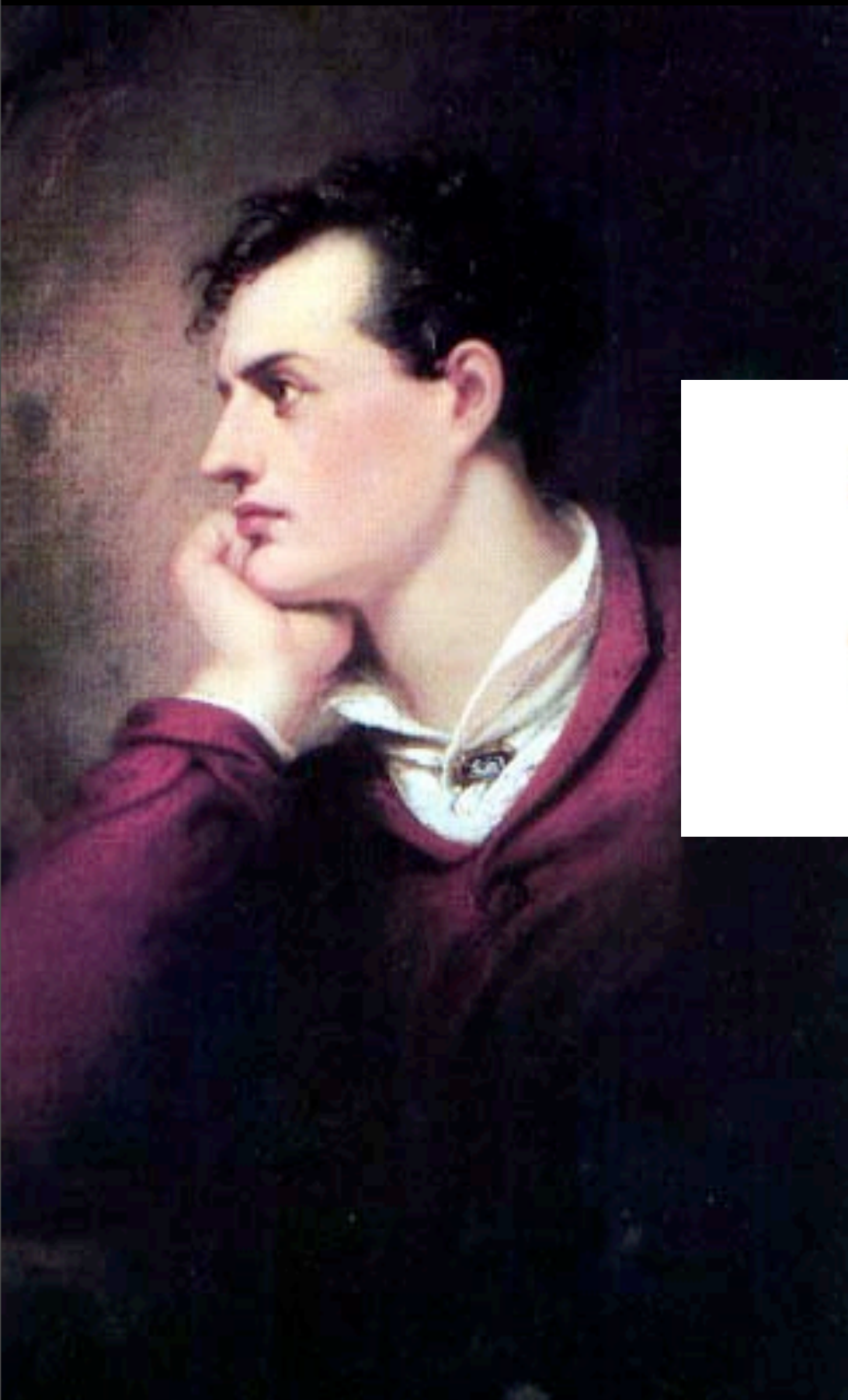






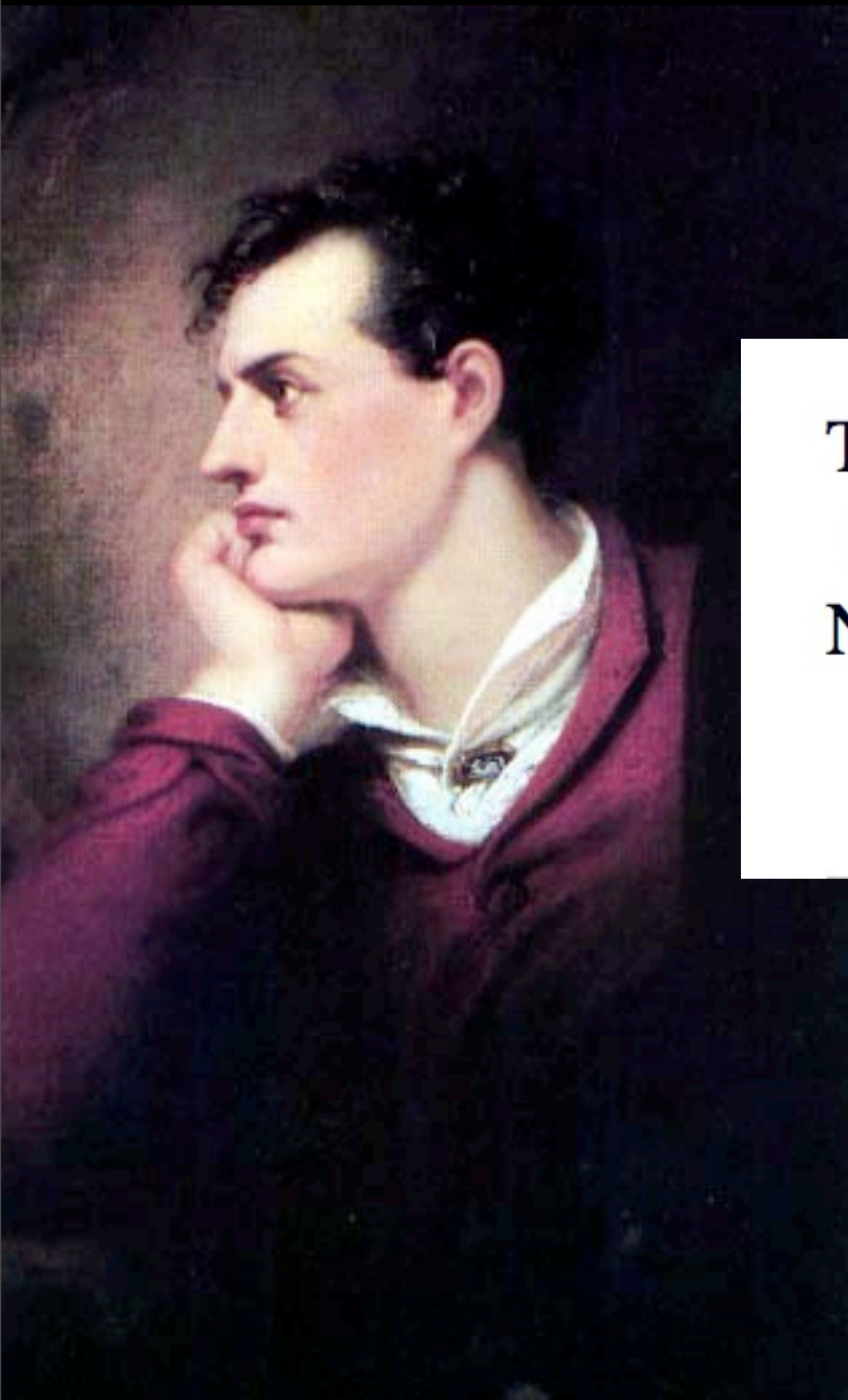
'TIS time this heart should be unmoved,  
Since others it hath ceased to move:  
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love!





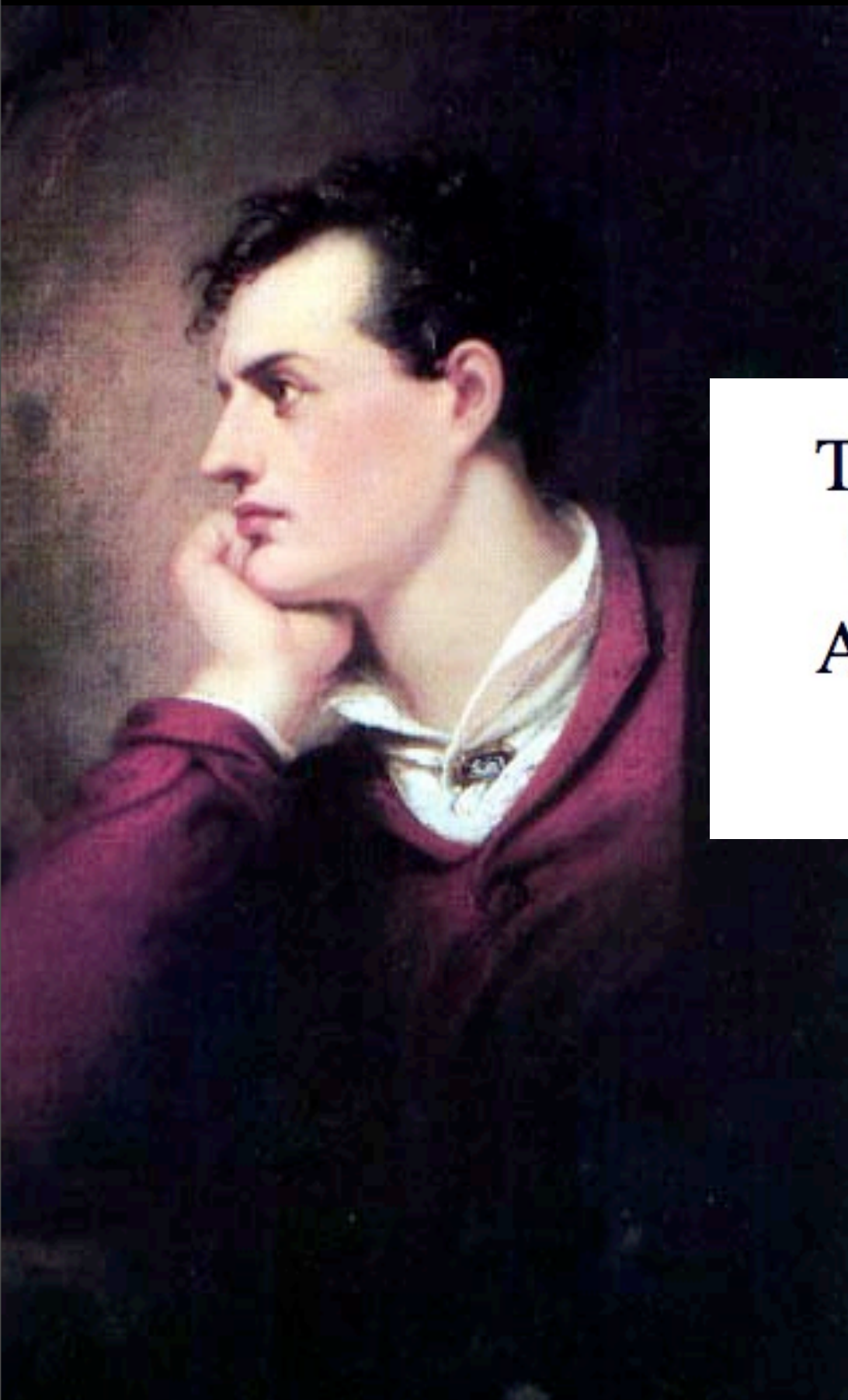
My days are in the yellow leaf;  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone!





The fire that on my bosom preys  
Is lone as some volcanic isle;  
No torch is kindled at its blaze—  
A funeral pile.





The hope, the fear, the jealous care,  
The exalted portion of the pain  
And power of love, I cannot share,  
But wear the chain.

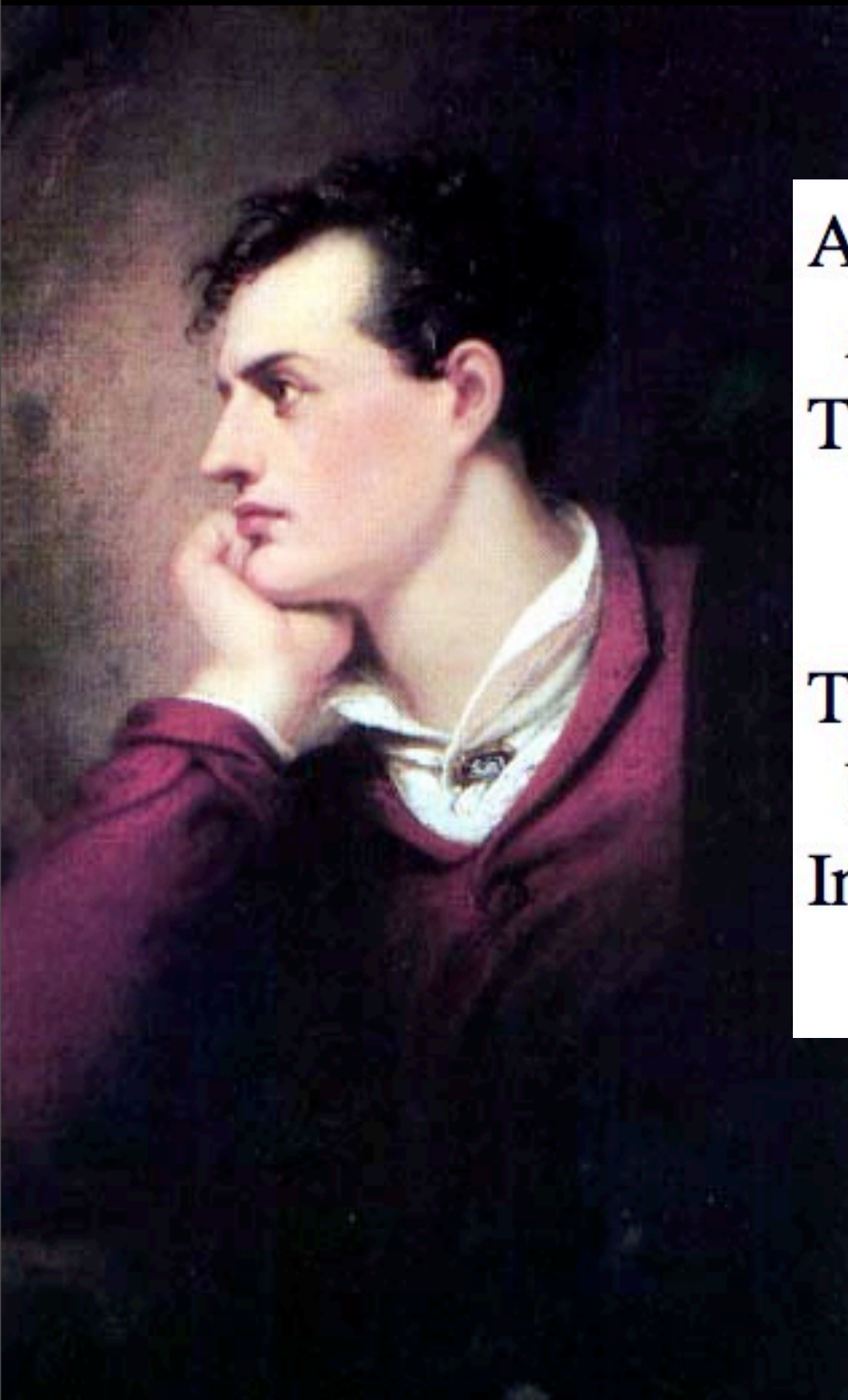




But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—  
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,  
Where glory decks the hero's bier,  
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,  
Glory and Greece, around me see!  
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,  
Was not more free.





Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)  
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*  
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,  
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,  
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee  
Indifferent should the smile or frown  
Of beauty be.





If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*  
The land of honourable death  
Is here:—up to the field, and give  
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest.

AT MISSOLONGHI, *January 22, 1824.*





April 19, 1824, Missolonghi, Greece





Brewer: "Byron achieved everything he could have wished. His presence in Greece, and in particular his death there, drew to the Greek cause not just the attention of sympathetic nations, but their increasing active participation...Despite the critics, Byron is primarily remembered with admiration as a poet of genius, with something approaching veneration as a symbol of high ideals, and with great affection as a man: for his courage and his ironic slant on life, for his generosity to the grandest of causes and to the humblest of individuals, for the constant interplay of judgment and sympathy. In Greece he is still revered as no other foreigner, and as very few Greeks are, and like a Homeric hero he is accorded an honorific standard epithet, *megalos kai kalos*, a great and good man"

David Brewer(2011). *The Greek War of Independence*. London: Overlook Duckworth





Byron and his dog Lion, with Byron's Suliote the background.



In London, widespread shock at his death. Front page headlines. Thousands come to walk past his bier when it pauses in London on way to his home at Newstead.











St Mary Magdalene Parish, Hucknall, Nottinghamshire





























A handwritten signature of Lord Byron in cursive script, written in dark ink on a white background.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, 1788-1824





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