

ДЖОРДЖ НОЭЛ ГОРДОН БАЙРОН

(1788-1824)



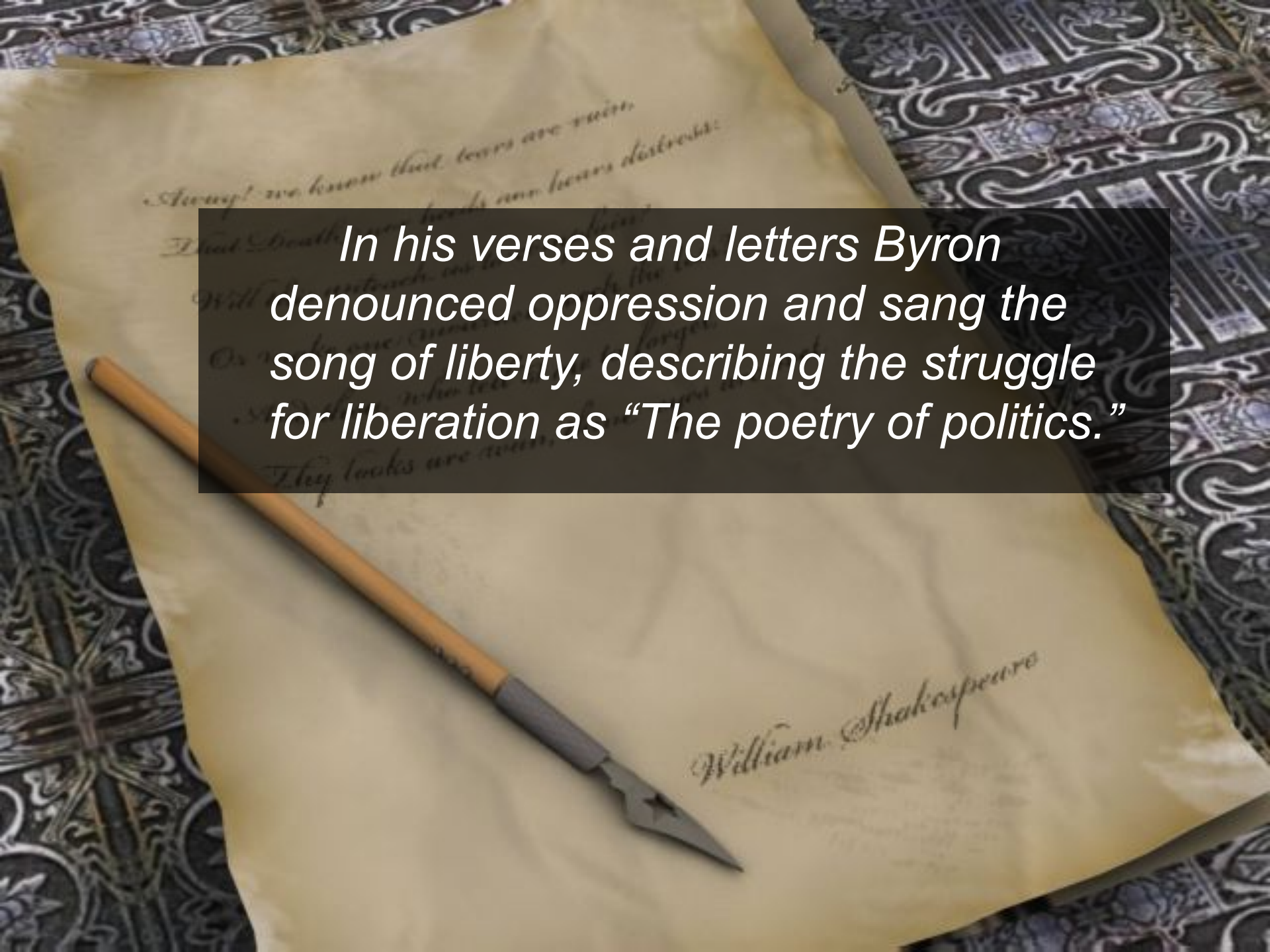
Работу выполнила:
Пименова Дарья ФФ II курс

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George Gordon Byron is one of the world's many great poets who died while they were still quite young. The last six years of his life were spent in exile in Italy and Greece.




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*Strong! we know that tears are ruin,
That death is but a sleep and hours distant;
Will you not wake us up, and let us see
Our country, who has been so long
They look as if they were*

William Shakespeare

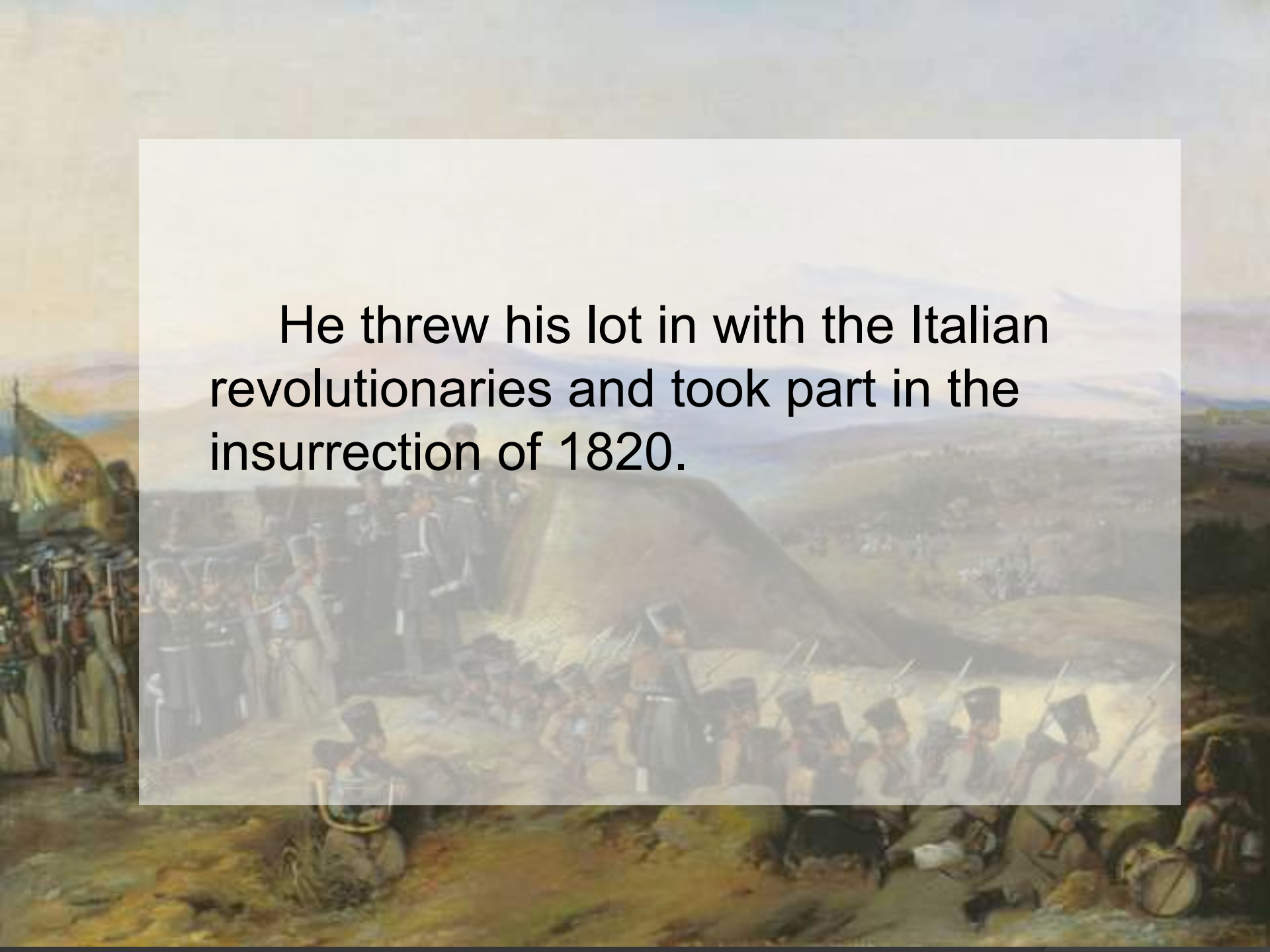
In his verses and letters Byron denounced oppression and sang the song of liberty, describing the struggle for liberation as “The poetry of politics.”

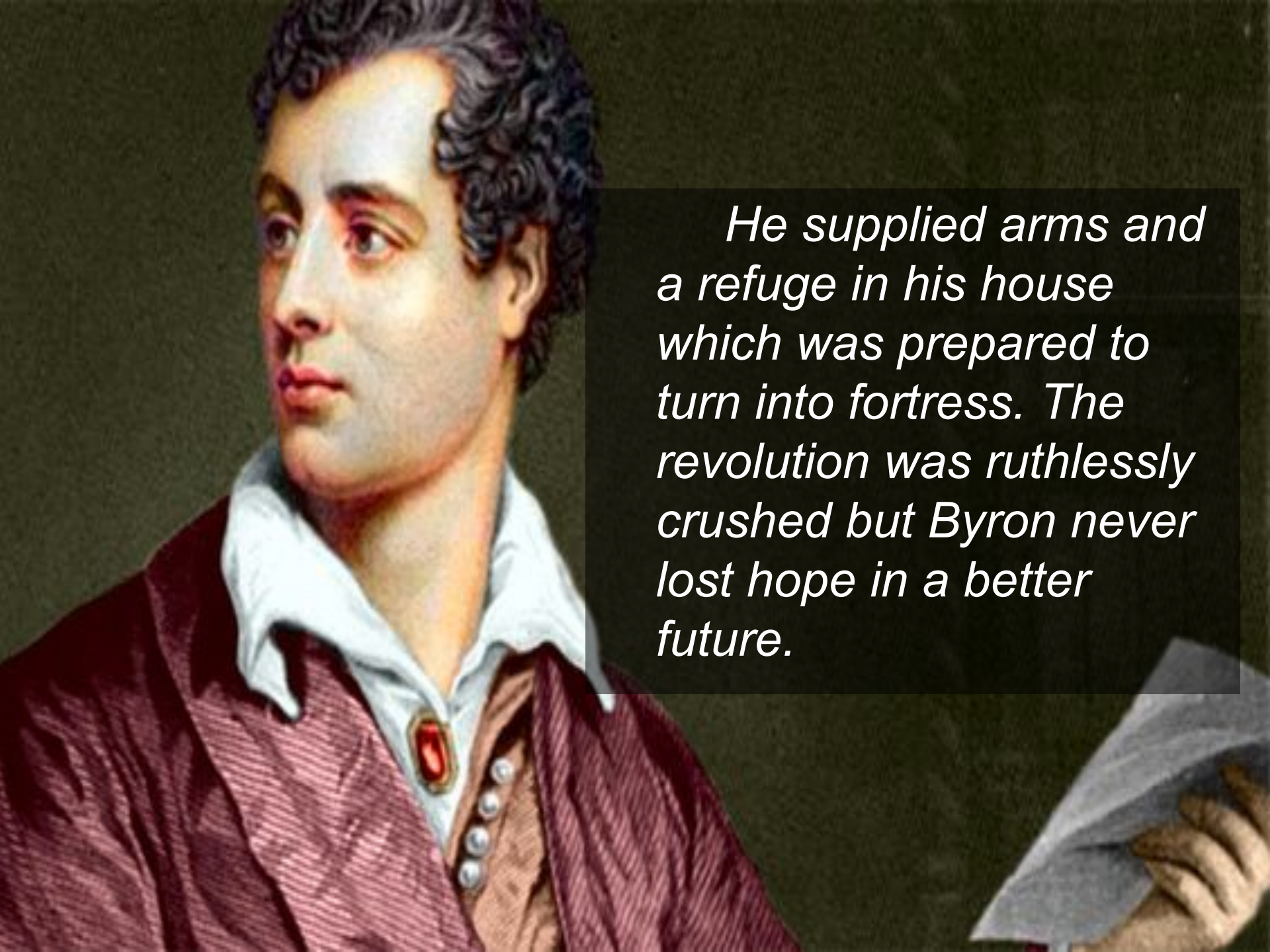


*“The king times are fast finishing.
There will be blood but the peoples will
conquer in the end. I shall not live to
see but I foresee it.”*

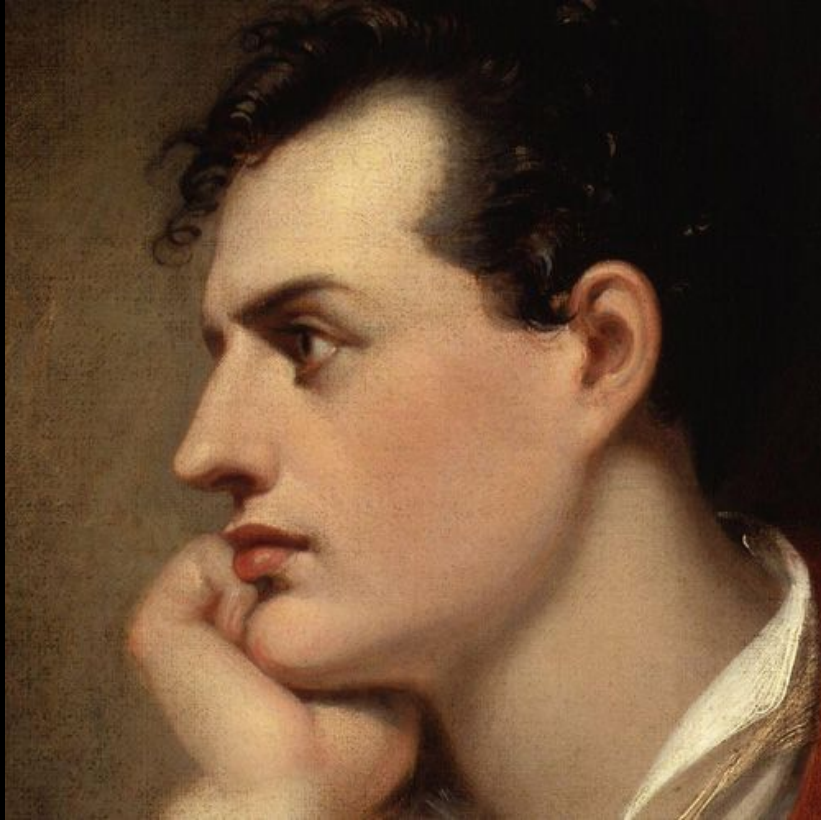
EDWARD I.

He threw his lot in with the Italian revolutionaries and took part in the insurrection of 1820.



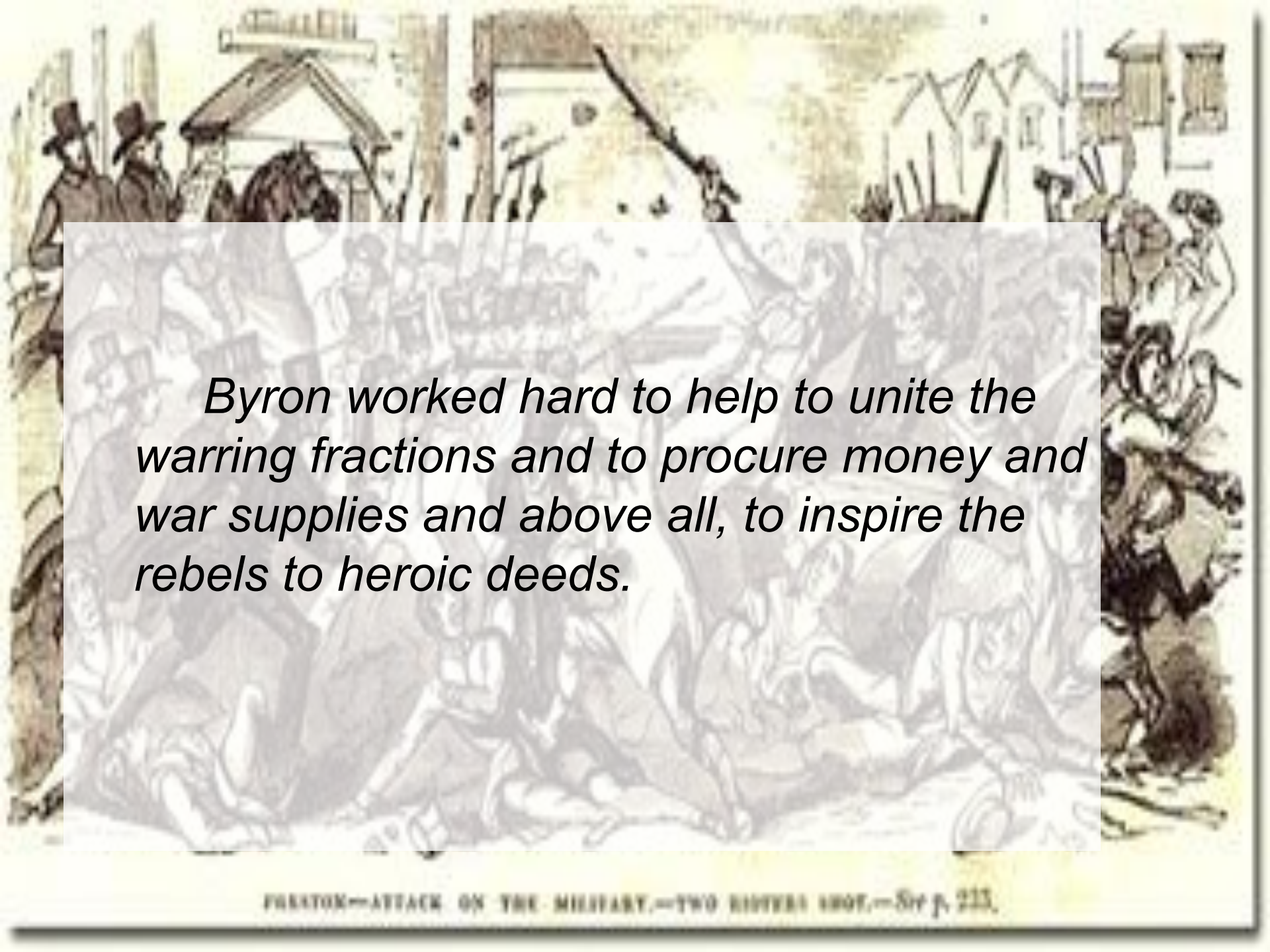


He supplied arms and a refuge in his house which was prepared to turn into fortress. The revolution was ruthlessly crushed but Byron never lost hope in a better future.



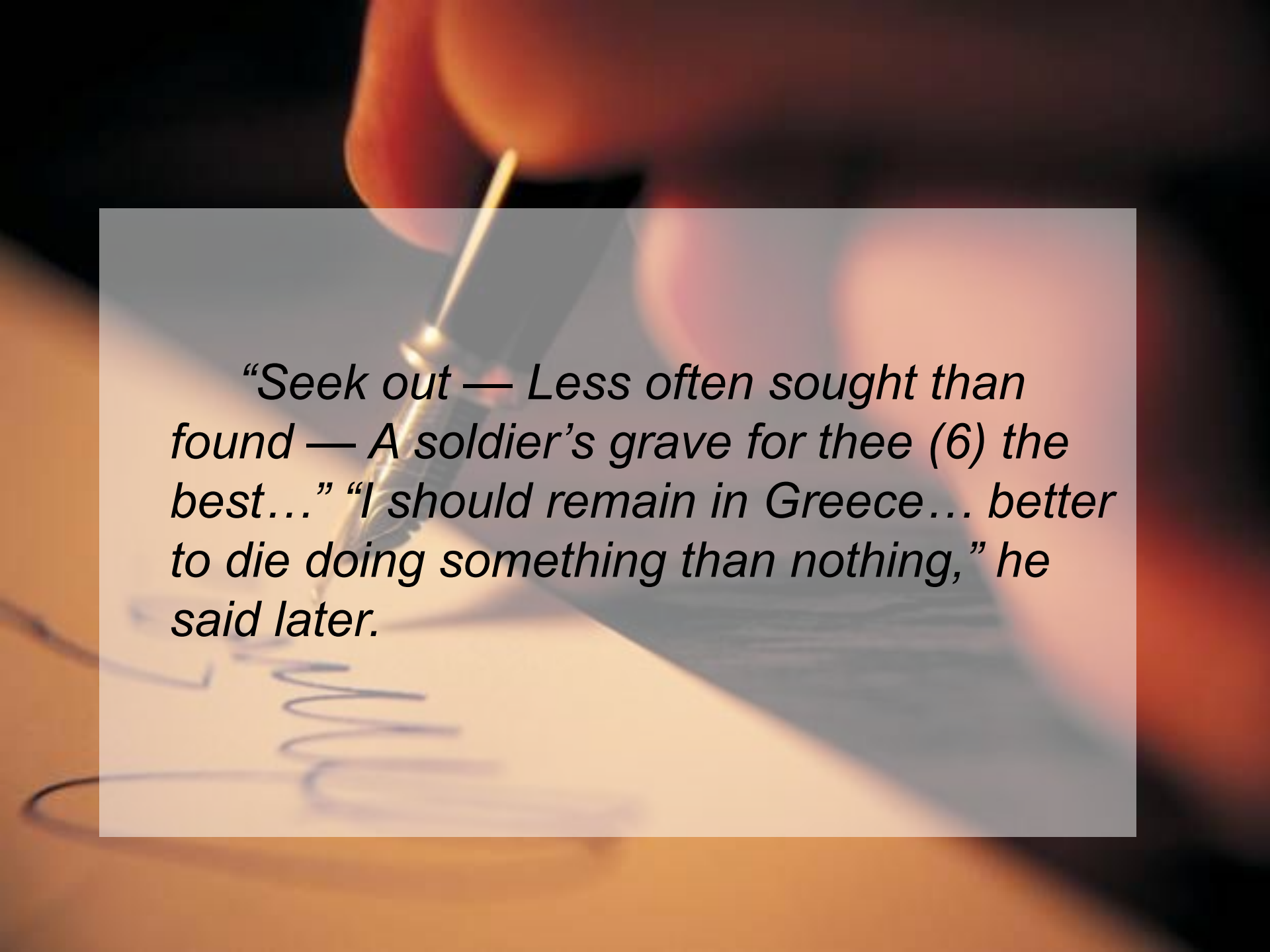
In Greece the war of liberation began in 1821 and was carried on with some success for two years. In 1823 however the Turks gained the ascendancy and it was then that Byron joined the struggle.

At first after his arrival, Byron lived on an island, arranging for a loan to be sent to Greece. He did not write much poetry at that time. Instead he wrote letters and messages to influential people trying to bring home to them the real situation.



Byron worked hard to help to unite the warring factions and to procure money and war supplies and above all, to inspire the rebels to heroic deeds.

Although he knew how dangerous it was in his weak state of health to remain in the damp, insanitary conditions, he refused to leave and this is what he wrote on January 22, 1824, his last birthday:



“Seek out — Less often sought than found — A soldier’s grave for thee (6) the best...” “I should remain in Greece... better to die doing something than nothing,” he said later.



- *In April Byron fell a victim to marsh fever after an attack on Lepanto, still held by the Turks, had been prepared. The dying Byron imagined he was leading an attack on Lepanto. His last words were “Forwards... follow me...” Thus died the great poet to whom freedom was dearer than life itself.*

Handwritten signature in cursive script, possibly reading "B. J. ...".