Мероприятие, посвящённое жизни и творчеству

и творчеству М.Ю. Пермонтова и Д.Г. Байрона But Words are







"... Нет, я не Байрон."

# Byronism

Let as the word of some, that said on age?

Let thomps the wright desper on the borns?

him said low one blotted from Lipe's page,

I be alone on taith is I am there.

Your the Clasticer humbly let me bons,

" hearts divided and in lopes destroy'd:

upl Tome Rol yet hall ting if Iny looks with stance

I hath he reft whiter my sullering it,

ith the ills of Bld minerallier years alloy'd.

End of the Pier.



### My soul is dark...

the my supple and the compact havery ?

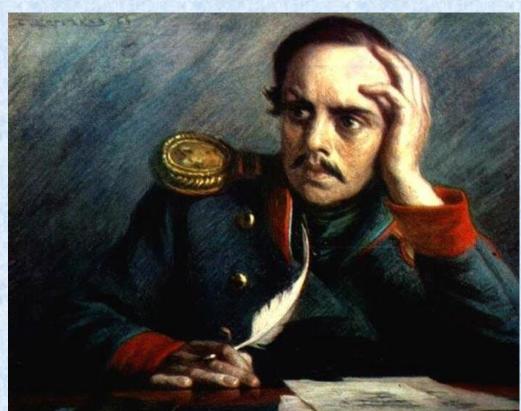
The surprise one to compact havery?

The surprise one to afore Durant?

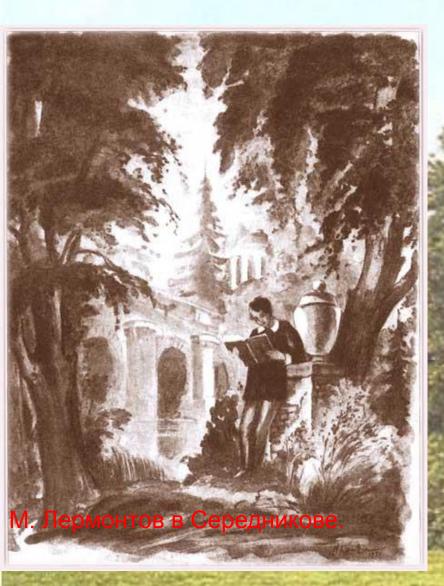
My comme lover to afore Durant?

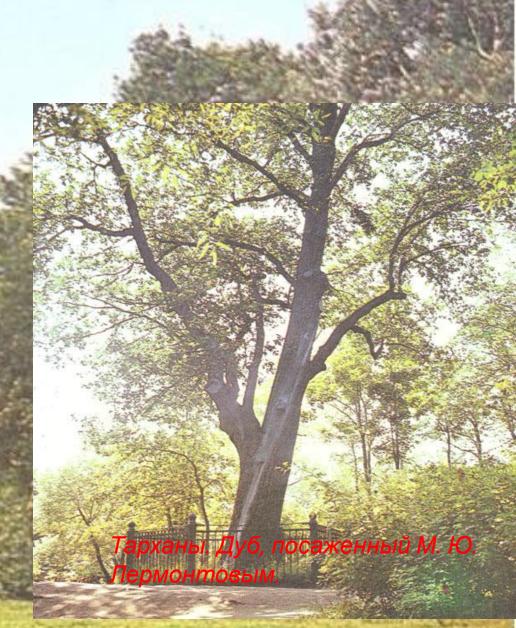
My comme lover to the plant with the compact of the comp





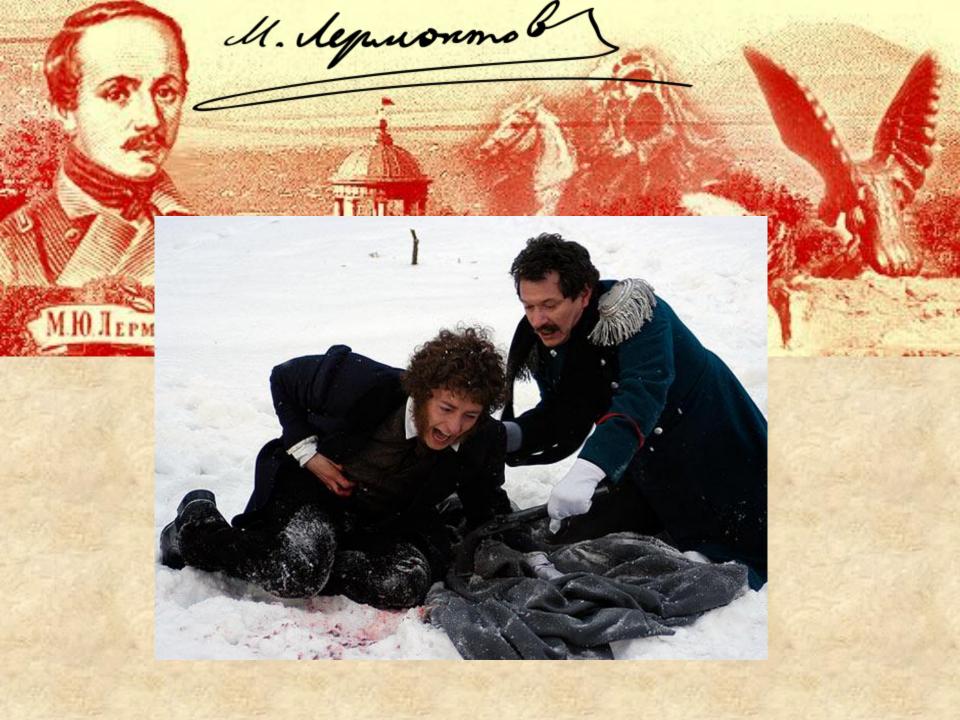


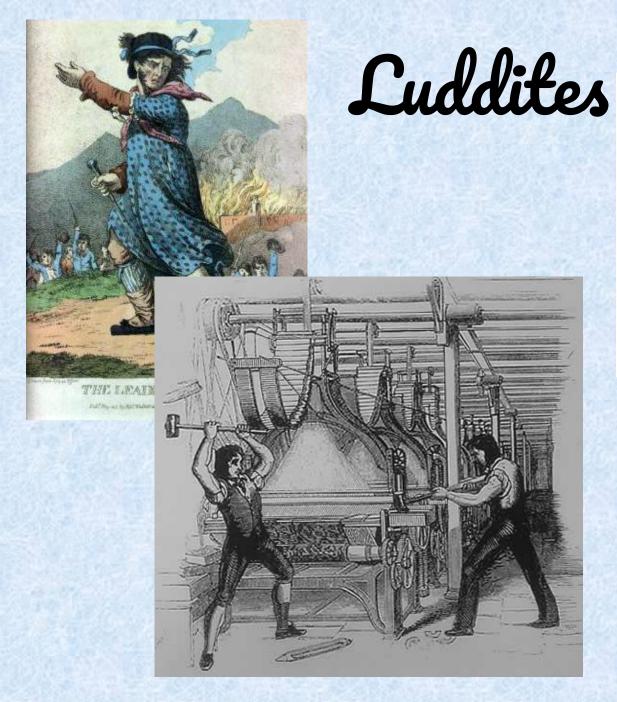








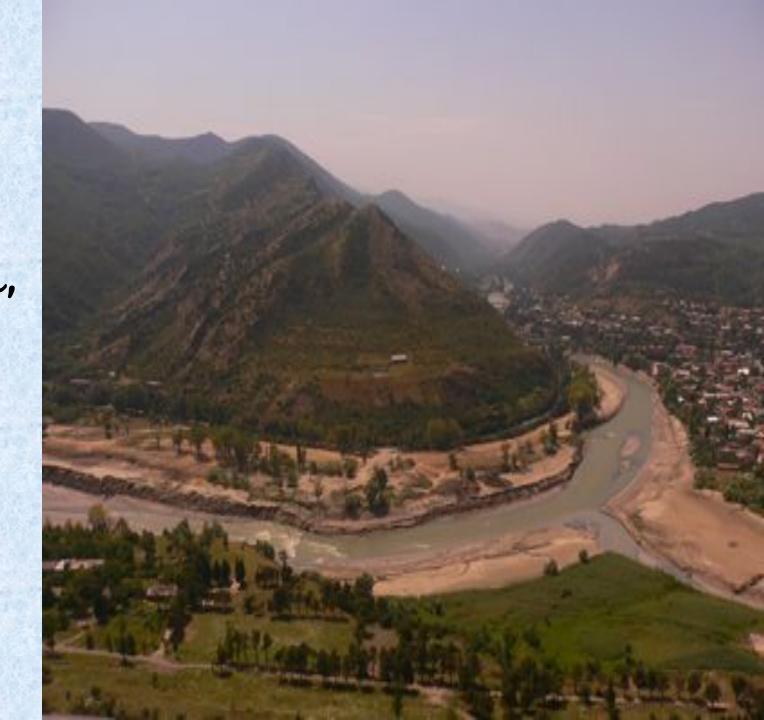






Myron

«Там, где, сливаяся, шумят, Обнявшись, будто две сестры, Струи Прагвы и Куры.."



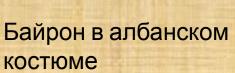




### They have much in common...









### Mad, Bad and Dangerous to Know





Pyron's Muses









#### Lermontov's muses

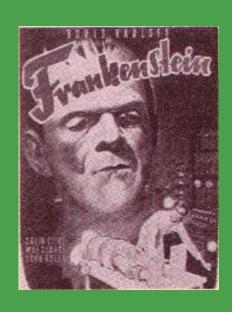


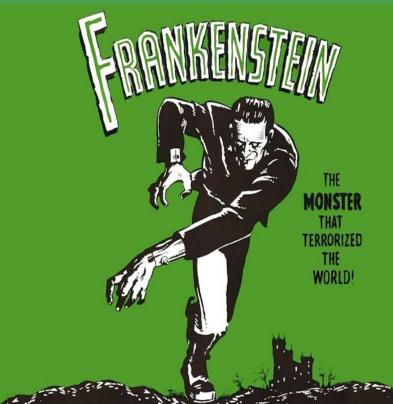






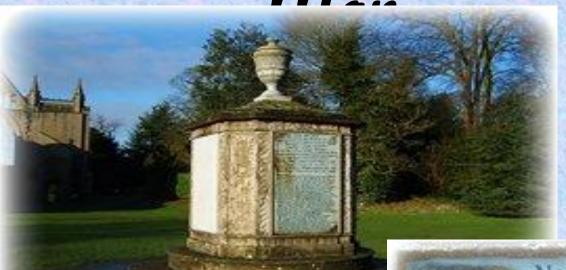








## All the virtues of





Near this Spot

are deposited the Remains of one
who possessed Beauty without Vanity.
Strength without Insolence.
Courage without Ferosity,
and all the virtues of Man without his Vices
This praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
if inscribed over human Ashes.

Is but a just tribute to the Memory of

BOATSWAIN, a DOG,
who was born in Newfoundland May 1803
and died at Newstead Nov! 18th 1808.









### The End

