

Say Hello to
your very own book of
Quotes



QuotationsBook

Quotes by Byron, Lord

from QuotationsBook.com

George Gordon (Noel) Byron, 6th Baron Byron (January 22, 1788April 19, 1824) was an Anglo-Scottish poet and leading figure in Romanticism. Among his best-known works are the narrative poems Childe Harold's Pilgrimage and Don Juan. The latter remained incomplete on his death.

My turn of mind is so given to taking things in the absurd point of view, that it breaks out in spite of me every now and then.

- Byron, Lord

Of all the barbarous middle ages, that which is most barbarous is the middle age of man! it is -- I really scarce know what; but when we hover between fool and sage, and don't know justly what we would be at -- a period something like a printed page, black letter upon foolscap, while our hair grows grizzled, and we are not what we were.

- Byron, Lord

What is the worst of woes that wait on age? What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow? To view each loved one blotted from life's page, And be alone on earth, as I am now.

- Byron, Lord

My time has been passed viciously and agreeably; at thirty-one so few years months days

hours or minutes remain that Carpe Diem is not enough. I have been obliged to crop even the seconds -- for who can trust to tomorrow?

- Byron, Lord

A lady of a certain age, which means certainly aged.

- Byron, Lord

I always looked to about thirty as the barrier of any real or fierce delight in the passions, and determined to work them out in the younger ore and better veins of the mine --and I flatter myself (perhaps) that I have pretty well done so --and now the dross is coming.

- Byron, Lord

I shall soon be six-and-twenty. Is there anything in the future that can possibly console us for not being always twenty-five?

- Byron, Lord

It was one of the deadliest and heaviest feelings of my life to feel that I was no longer a boy. From that moment I began to grow old in my own esteem --and in my esteem age is not estimable.

- Byron, Lord

It is very iniquitous to make me pay my debts -- you have no idea of the pain it gives one.

- Byron, Lord

Thy decay's still impregnate with divinity.

- Byron, Lord

I stood among them, but not of them; in a shroud of thoughts which were not their thoughts.

- Byron, Lord

He scratched his ear, the infallible resource to which embarrassed people have recourse.

- Byron, Lord

A thousand years may scare form a state. An hour may lay it in ruins.

- Byron, Lord

Prolonged endurance tames the bold.

- Byron, Lord

I am about to be married, and am of course in all the misery of a man in pursuit of happiness.

- Byron, Lord

Posterity will never survey a nobler grave than this: here lie the bones of Castlereagh: stop, traveler, and piss.

- Byron, Lord

Your letter of excuses has arrived. I receive the letter but do not admit the excuses except in courtesy, as when a man treads on your toes and begs your pardon -- the pardon is granted, but the joint aches, especially if there is a corn upon it.

- Byron, Lord

It is useless to tell one not to reason but to believe --you might as well tell a man not to wake but sleep.

- Byron, Lord

I awoke one morning and found myself famous.

- Byron, Lord

Folly loves the martyrdom of fame.

- Byron, Lord

Fame is the thirst of youth.

- Byron, Lord

My great comfort is, that the temporary celebrity I have wrung from the world has been in the very teeth of all opinions and prejudices. I have flattered no ruling powers; I have never concealed a single thought that tempted me.

- Byron, Lord

The mind can make substance, and people planets of its own with beings brighter than have been, and give a breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.

- Byron, Lord

All farewells should be sudden, when forever.

- Byron, Lord

Tempted fate will leave the loftiest star.

- Byron, Lord

But I hate things all fiction... there should always be some foundation of fact for the most airy fabric -- and pure invention is but the talent of a liar.

- Byron, Lord

Romances I never read like those I have seen.

- Byron, Lord

Constancy... that small change of love, which people exact so rigidly, receive in such counterfeit coin, and repay in baser metal.

- Byron, Lord

The reason that adulation is not displeasing is that, though untrue, it shows one to be of consequence enough, in one way or other, to induce people to lie.

- Byron, Lord

We have progressively improved into a less spiritual species of tenderness -- but the seal is not yet fixed though the wax is preparing for the impression.

- Byron, Lord

Our thoughts take the wildest flight: Even at the moment when they should arrange themselves in thoughtful order.

- Byron, Lord

A woman should never be seen eating or drinking, unless it be lobster salad and Champagne, the only true feminine and becoming viands.

- Byron, Lord

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying, streams like the thunderstorm against the wind.

- Byron, Lord

A mistress never is nor can be a friend. While you agree, you are lovers; and when it is over, anything but friends.

- Byron, Lord

Friendship is Love without his wings!

- Byron, Lord

I have always laid it down as a maxim --and found it justified by experience --that a man and a woman make far better friendships than can exist between two of the same sex --but then with the condition that they never have made or are to make love to each other.

- Byron, Lord

I have had, and may have still, a thousand friends, as they are called, in life, who are like one's partners in the waltz of this world --not much remembered when the ball is over.

- Byron, Lord

I have a notion that gamblers are as happy as most people, being always excited; women, wine, fame, the table, even ambition, sate now and then, but every turn of the card and cast of the dice keeps the gambler alive -- besides one can game ten times longer than one can do any thing else.

- Byron, Lord

I really cannot know whether I am or am not the Genius you are pleased to call me, but I am very willing to put up with the mistake, if it be one. It is a title dearly enough bought by most men, to render it endurable, even when not quite clearly made out, which it never can be till the Posterity, whose decisions are merely dreams to ourselves, has sanctioned or denied it, while it can touch us no further.

- Byron, Lord

All who joy would win must share it. Happiness was born a Twin.

- Byron, Lord

I do detest everything which is not perfectly mutual.

- Byron, Lord

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter. Sermons and soda water the day after.

- Byron, Lord

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk; the best of life is but intoxication.

- Byron, Lord

He who surpasses or subdues mankind, must look down on the hate of those below.

- Byron, Lord

As falls the dew on quenchless sands, blood only serves to wash ambition's hands.

- Byron, Lord

America is a model of force and freedom and moderation -- with all the coarseness and rudeness of its people.

- Byron, Lord

I would rather have a nod from an American, than a snuff-box from an emperor.

- Byron, Lord

The Angels were all 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.

- Byron, Lord

Who tracks the steps of glory to the grave?

- Byron, Lord

Sighing that Nature formed but one such man, and broke the die.

- Byron, Lord

So for a good old-gentlemanly vice, I think I must take up with avarice.

- Byron, Lord

To have joy one must share it. Happiness was born a twin.

- Byron, Lord

Hatred is the madness of the heart.

- Byron, Lord

The heart will break, but broken live on.

- Byron, Lord

I cannot help thinking that the menace of Hell makes as many devils as the severe penal codes of inhuman humanity make villains.

- Byron, Lord

History is the devil's scripture.

- Byron, Lord

And having wisdom with each studious year, in meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
and shaped his weapon with an edge severe, sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer.

- Byron, Lord

The place is very well and quiet and the children only scream in a low voice.

- Byron, Lord

But what is Hope? Nothing but the paint on the face of Existence; the least touch of truth
rubs it off, and then we see what a hollow-cheeked harlot we have got hold of.

- Byron, Lord

Man is born passionate of body, but with an innate though secret tendency to the love of

Good in his main-spring of Mind. But God help us all! It is at present a sad jar of atoms.

- Byron, Lord

Keep thy smooth words and juggling homilies for those who know thee not.

- Byron, Lord

It has been said that the immortality of the soul is a grand peut-tre --but still it is a grand one. Everybody clings to it --the stupidest, and dullest, and wickedest of human bipeds is still persuaded that he is immortal.

- Byron, Lord

For pleasures past I do not grieve, nor perils gathering near; My greatest grief is that I leave nothing that claims a tear.

- Byron, Lord

The way to be immortal (I mean not to die at all) is to have me for your heir. I recommend you to put me in your will and you will see that (as long as I live at least) you will never even catch cold.

- Byron, Lord

I am sure of nothing so little as my own intentions.

- Byron, Lord

There is no instinct like that of the heart.

- Byron, Lord

This is the patent age of new inventions for killing bodies, and for saving souls. All propagated with the best intentions.

- Byron, Lord

Who surpasses or subdues mankind, must look down on the hate of those below.

- Byron, Lord

Nothing can confound a wise man more than laughter from a dunce.

- Byron, Lord

When we think we lead we are most led.

- Byron, Lord

With just enough of learning to misquote.

- Byron, Lord

Letter writing is the only device for combining solitude with good company.

- Byron, Lord

It is not one man nor a million, but the spirit of liberty that must be preserved. The waves

which dash upon the shore are, one by one, broken, but the ocean conquers nevertheless. It overwhelms the Armada, it wears out the rock. In like manner, whatever the struggle of individuals, the great cause will gather strength.

- Byron, Lord

And, after all, what is a lie? 'Tis but the truth in masquerade.

- Byron, Lord

When one subtracts from life infancy (which is vegetation), sleep, eating and swilling, buttoning and unbuttoning -- how much remains of downright existence? The summer of a dormouse.

- Byron, Lord

Between two worlds life hovers like a star, twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.

- Byron, Lord

It is very certain that the desire of life prolongs it.

- Byron, Lord

Life's enchanted cup sparkles near the brim.

- Byron, Lord

I am acquainted with no immaterial sensuality so delightful as good acting.

- Byron, Lord

The poor dog, in life the firmest friend. The first to welcome, foremost to defend.

- Byron, Lord

Think not I am what I appear.

- Byron, Lord

What makes a regiment of soldiers a more noble object of view than the same mass of mob? Their arms, their dresses, their banners, and the art and artificial symmetry of their position and movements.

- Byron, Lord

Like the measles, love is most dangerous when it comes late in life.

- Byron, Lord

Man's love is of man's life a part; it is a woman's whole existence. In her first passion, a woman loves her lover, in all the others all she loves is love.

- Byron, Lord

Who loves, raves.

- Byron, Lord

The best way will be to avoid each other without appearing to do so -- or if we jostle, at any rate not to bite.

- Byron, Lord

Lovers may be -- and indeed generally are -- enemies, but they never can be friends, because there must always be a spice of jealousy and a something of Self in all their speculations.

- Byron, Lord

Though women are angels, yet wedlock's the devil.

- Byron, Lord

All tragedies are finished by a death, all comedies by a marriage.

- Byron, Lord

I have great hopes that we shall love each other all our lives as much as if we had never married at all.

- Byron, Lord

I know that two and two make four -- and should be glad to prove it too if I could -- though I must say if by any sort of process I could convert 2 and 2 into five it would give me much greater pleasure.

- Byron, Lord

It is singular how soon we lose the impression of what ceases to be constantly before us. A year impairs, a luster obliterates. There is little distinct left without an effort of memory, then indeed the lights are rekindled for a moment --but who can be sure that the Imagination is not the torch-bearer?

- Byron, Lord

What a strange thing man is; and what a stranger thing woman.

- Byron, Lord

A woman who gives any advantage to a man may expect a lover -- but will sooner or later find a tyrant.

- Byron, Lord

There is something to me very softening in the presence of a woman, some strange influence, even if one is not in love with them, which I cannot at all account for, having no very high opinion of the sex. But yet, I always feel in better humor with myself and every thing else, if there is a woman within ken.

- Byron, Lord

But as to women, who can penetrate the real sufferings of their she condition? Man's very sympathy with their estate has much of selfishness and more suspicion. Their love, their virtue, beauty, education, but form good housekeepers, to breed a nation.

- Byron, Lord

I think the worst woman that ever existed would have made a man of very passable reputation -- they are all better than us and their faults such as they are must originate with ourselves.

- Byron, Lord

I am as comfortless as a pilgrim with peas in his shoes -- and as cold as Charity, Chastity or any other Virtue.

- Byron, Lord

Are we aware of our obligations to a mob? It is the mob that labor in your fields and serve in your houses -- that man your navy, and recruit your army -- that have enabled you to defy the world, and can also defy you when neglect and calamity have driven them to despair. You may call the people a mob; but do not forget that a mob too often speaks the sentiments of the people.

- Byron, Lord

I have imbibed such a love for money that I keep some sequins in a drawer to count, and cry over them once a week.

- Byron, Lord

Ready money is Aladdin's lamp.

- Byron, Lord

Yes! Ready money is Aladdin's lamp.

- Byron, Lord

Though sages may pour out their wisdom's treasure, there is no sterner moralist than pleasure.

- Byron, Lord

We are all selfish and I no more trust myself than others with a good motive.

- Byron, Lord

Where there is mystery, it is generally suspected there must also be evil.

- Byron, Lord

Switzerland is a curst, selfish, swinish country of brutes, placed in the most romantic region of the world.

- Byron, Lord

As long as I retain my feeling and my passion for Nature, I can partly soften or subdue my other passions and resist or endure those of others.

- Byron, Lord

The good old times -- all times when old are good.

- Byron, Lord

Roll on, deep and dark blue ocean, roll. Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain. Man marks the earth with ruin, but his control stops with the shore.

- Byron, Lord

Opinions are made to be changed --or how is truth to be got at?

- Byron, Lord

The great art of life is sensation, to feel that we exist, even in pain.

- Byron, Lord

Like other parties of the kind, it was first silent, then talky, then argumentative, then disputatious, then unintelligible, then altogether, then inarticulate, and then drunk. When we had reached the last step of this glorious ladder, it was difficult to get down again without stumbling.

- Byron, Lord

There is no such thing as a life of passion any more than a continuous earthquake, or an eternal fever. Besides, who would ever shave themselves in such a state?

- Byron, Lord

In her first passion, a woman loves her lover, in all the others all she loves is love.

- Byron, Lord

Though I love my country, I do not love my countrymen.

- Byron, Lord

Alas! how deeply painful is all payment!

- Byron, Lord

Pythagoras, Locke, Socrates -- but pages might be filled up, as vainly as before, with the sad usage of all sorts of sages, who in his life-time, each was deemed a bore! The loftiest minds outrun their tardy ages.

- Byron, Lord

There is no sterner moralist than pleasure.

- Byron, Lord

Whenever I meet with anything agreeable in this world it surprises me so much -- and pleases me so much (when my passions are not interested in one way or the other) that I go on wondering for a week to come.

- Byron, Lord

As to Don Juan, confess that it is the sublime of that there sort of writing; it may be bawdy, but is it not good English? It may be profligate, but is it not life, is it not the thing? Could

any man have written it who has not lived in the world? and tooled in a post-chaise? in a hackney coach? in a Gondola? against a wall? in a court carriage? in a vis a vis? on a table? and under it?

- Byron, Lord

Poetry should only occupy the idle.

- Byron, Lord

I by no means rank poetry high in the scale of intelligence --this may look like affectation but it is my real opinion. It is the lava of the imagination whose eruption prevents an earthquake.

- Byron, Lord

I have simplified my politics into an utter detestation of all existing governments; and, as it is the shortest and most agreeable and summary feeling imaginable, the first moment of an universal republic would convert me into an advocate for single and uncontradicted despotism. The fact is, riches are power, and poverty is slavery all over the earth, and one sort of establishment is no better, nor worse, for a people than another.

- Byron, Lord

A bargain is in its very essence a hostile transaction do not all men try to abate the price of all they buy? I contend that a bargain even between brethren is a declaration of war.

- Byron, Lord

I like his holiness very much, particularly since an order, which I understand he has lately given, that no more miracles shall be performed.

- Byron, Lord

What a strange thing is the propagation of life! A bubble of seed which may be spilt in a whore's lap, or in the orgasm of a voluptuous dream, might (for aught we know) have formed a Caesar or a Bonaparte -- there is nothing remarkable recorded of their sires, that I know of.

- Byron, Lord

I should be very willing to redress men wrongs, and rather check than punish crimes, had not Cervantes, in that all too true tale of Quixote, shown how all such efforts fail.

- Byron, Lord

This sort of adoration of the real is but a heightening of the beau ideal.

- Byron, Lord

My attachment has neither the blindness of the beginning, nor the microscopic accuracy of the close of such liaisons.

- Byron, Lord

I am always most religious upon a sunshiny day...

- Byron, Lord

The beginning of atonement is the sense of its necessity.

- Byron, Lord

The king-times are fast finishing. There will be blood shed like water, and tears like mist; but the peoples will conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it, but I foresee it.

- Byron, Lord

The dead have been awakened -- shall I sleep? The world's at war with tyrants -- shall I crouch? the harvest's ripe -- and shall I pause to reap? I slumber not; the thorn is in my couch; Each day a trumpet soundeth in mine ear, its echo in my heart.

- Byron, Lord

They never fail who die in a great cause.

- Byron, Lord

Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

- Byron, Lord

Science is but the exchange of ignorance for that which is another kind of ignorance.

- Byron, Lord

I should like to know who has been carried off, except poor dear me -- I have been more

ravished myself than anybody since the Trojan war.

- Byron, Lord

Self-love for ever creeps out, like a snake, to sting anything which happens to stumble upon it.

- Byron, Lord

It is true from early habit, one must make love mechanically as one swims; I was once very fond of both, but now as I never swim unless I tumble into the water, I don't make love till almost obliged.

- Byron, Lord

Sincerity may be humble, but she cannot be servile.

- Byron, Lord

If I am fool, it is, at least, a doubting one; and I envy no one the certainty of his self-approved wisdom.

- Byron, Lord

There is something pagan in me that I cannot shake off. In short, I deny nothing, but doubt everything.

- Byron, Lord

Sleep hath its own world, and a wide realm of wild reality. And dreams in their development have breath, and tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.

- Byron, Lord

Smiles form the channel of a future tear.

- Byron, Lord

I only go out to get me a fresh appetite for being alone.

- Byron, Lord

Society is now one polished horde, formed of two mighty tribes, the Bores and Bored.

- Byron, Lord

In solitude, where we are least alone.

- Byron, Lord

The busy have no time for tears.

- Byron, Lord

Sorrow is knowledge, those that know the most must mourn the deepest, the tree of knowledge is not the tree of life.

- Byron, Lord

The Cardinal is at his wit's end -- it is true that he had not far to go.

- Byron, Lord

All are inclined to believe what they covet, from a lottery-ticket up to a passport to Paradise.

- Byron, Lord

Dreading that climax of all human ills the inflammation of his weekly bills.

- Byron, Lord

Here lies interred in the eternity of the past, from whence there is no resurrection for the days -- whatever there may be for the dust -- the thirty-third year of an ill-spent life, which, after a lingering disease of many months sank into a lethargy, and expired, January 22d, 1821, A.D. leaving a successor inconsolable for the very loss which occasioned its existence.

- Byron, Lord

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print; A book's a book, although there's nothing in it.

- Byron, Lord

The reading or non-reading a book will never keep down a single petticoat.

- Byron, Lord

It is by far the most elegant worship, hardly excepting the Greek mythology. What with incense, pictures, statues, altars, shrines, relics, and the real presence, confession, absolution, -- there is something sensible to grasp at. Besides, it leaves no possibility of doubt; for those who swallow their Deity, really and truly, in transubstantiation, can hardly find any thing else otherwise than easy of digestion.

- Byron, Lord

The lapse of ages changes all things -- time, language, the earth, the bounds of the sea, the stars of the sky, and every thing about, around, and underneath man, except man himself.

- Byron, Lord

Out of chaos God made a world, and out of high passions comes a people.

- Byron, Lord

For in itself a thought, a slumbering thought, is capable of years, and curdles a long life into one hour.

- Byron, Lord

The power of thought, the magic of the mind.

- Byron, Lord

Oh Time! the beautifier of the dead, adorer of the ruin, comforter and only healer when the heart hath bled... Time, the avenger!

- Byron, Lord

I swims in the Tagus all across at once, and I rides on an ass or a mule, and swears Portuguese, and have got a diarrhea and bites from the mosquitoes. But what of that? Comfort must not be expected by folks that go a pleasuring.

- Byron, Lord

I am so convinced of the advantages of looking at mankind instead of reading about them, and of the bitter effects of staying at home with all the narrow prejudices of an Islander, that I think there should be a law amongst us to set our young men abroad for a term among the few allies our wars have left us.

- Byron, Lord

Truth is always strange, stranger than fiction.

- Byron, Lord

If we must have a tyrant, let him at least be a gentleman who has been bred to the business, and let us fall by the axe and not by the butcher's cleaver.

- Byron, Lord

Every day confirms my opinion on the superiority of a vicious life -- and if Virtue is not its own reward I don't know any other stipend annexed to it.

- Byron, Lord

The fact is that my wife if she had common sense would have more power over me than any other whatsoever, for my heart always alights upon the nearest perch.

- Byron, Lord

Women hate everything which strips off the tinsel of sentiment, and they are right, or it would rob them of their weapons.

- Byron, Lord

But words are things, and a small drop of ink, falling like dew, upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

- Byron, Lord

What should I have known or written had I been a quiet, mercantile politician or a lord in waiting? A man must travel, and turmoil, or there is no existence.

- Byron, Lord

Nothing so fretful, so despicable as a Scribbler, see what I am, and what a parcel of Scoundrels I have brought about my ears, and what language I have been obliged to treat them with to deal with them in their own way; -- all this comes of Authorship.

- Byron, Lord

To withdraw myself from myself has ever been my sole, my entire, my sincere motive in scribbling at all.

- Byron, Lord

In general I do not draw well with literary men -- not that I dislike them but I never know what to say to them after I have praised their last publication.

- Byron, Lord

If I don't write to empty my mind, I go mad. As to that regular, uninterrupted love of writing. I do not understand it. I feel it as a torture, which I must get rid of, but never as a pleasure. On the contrary, I think composition a great pain.

- Byron, Lord

No more we meet in yonder bowers
Absence has made me prone to roving;
But older, firmer hearts than ours,
Have found monotony in loving.

- Byron, Lord

So much alarmed that she is quite alarming,
All Giggle, Blush, half Pertness, and half
Pout.

- Byron, Lord

What men call gallantry, and gods adultery, is much more common where the climate's sultry.

- Byron, Lord

And yet a little tumult, now and then, is an agreeable quickener of sensation; such as a revolution, a battle, or an adventure of any lively description.

- Byron, Lord

It is odd but agitation or contest of any kind gives a rebound to my spirits and sets me up for a time.

- Byron, Lord

Adversity is the first path to truth.

- Byron, Lord

I have a great mind to believe in Christianity for the mere pleasure of fancying I may be damned.

- Byron, Lord

Men are the sport of circumstances when it seems circumstances are the sport of men.

- Byron, Lord

This place is the Devil, or at least his principal residence, they call it the University, but any other appellation would have suited it much better, for study is the last pursuit of the society; the Master eats, drinks, and sleeps, the Fellows drink, dispute and pun, the employments of the undergraduates you will probably conjecture without my description.

- Byron, Lord

The dew of compassion is a tear.

- Byron, Lord

Her great merit is finding out mine -- there is nothing so amiable as discernment.

- Byron, Lord

No ear can hear nor tongue can tell the tortures of the inward hell!

- Byron, Lord

There's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms as rum and true religion.

- Byron, Lord

What an antithetical mind! -- tenderness, roughness -- delicacy, coarseness -- sentiment, sensuality -- soaring and groveling, dirt and deity -- all mixed up in that one compound of inspired clay!

- Byron, Lord

Why I came here, I know not; where I shall go it is useless to inquire -- in the midst of myriads of the living and the dead worlds, stars, systems, infinity, why should I be anxious about an atom?

- Byron, Lord

O Gold! I still prefer thee unto paper, which makes bank credit like a bark of vapor.

- Byron, Lord

Oh! too convincing -- dangerously dear -- In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!

- Byron, Lord

The drying up a single tear has more of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

- Byron, Lord

A man must serve his time to every trade save censure -- critics all are ready made.

- Byron, Lord

Critics are already made.

- Byron, Lord

That low vice, curiosity!

- Byron, Lord

For the sword outwears its sheath, and the soul wears out the breast. And the heart must
pause to breathe, and love itself have rest.

- Byron, Lord

I have seen a thousand graves opened, and always perceived that whatever was gone, the teeth and hair remained of those who had died with them. Is not this odd? They go the very first things in youth and yet last the longest in the dust.

- Byron, Lord

Death, so called, is a thing which makes men weep, and yet a third of life is passed in sleep.

- Byron, Lord

Oh who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried

- Byron, Lord



QuotationsBook