

부동산건설대학원 영어특강자료 (2019-2학기)

**Topic: *Carpe Diem***

**<Adopted from *Dead Poets Society*>**

## Section I: *Today* <John Denver>

Today while the blossoms  
Still cling to the vine. I'll taste your strawberries,  
I'll drink your sweet wine  
A million tomorrows shall all pass away.  
Ere I forget all the joy that is mine, today .  
I'll be a dandy and I'll be a rover. You'll know who I am by the songs that I sing.  
I'll feast at your table, I'll sleep in your clover.  
Who cares what tomorrow shall bring.

Today while the blossoms  
Still cling to the vine. I'll taste your strawberries,  
I'll drink your sweet wine.  
A million tomorrows shall all pass away.  
Ere I forget all the joy that is mine ,today .

I can't be contented with yesterday's glory..  
I can't live on promises winter to spring.  
Today is my moment and now is my story.  
I'll laugh and I'll cry and I'll sing.

Today while the blossoms  
Still cling to the vine  
I'll taste your strawberries, I'll drink your sweet wine.  
A million tomorrows shall all pass away.  
Ere I forget all the joy that is mine, today.

Today while the blossoms Still cling to the vine  
I'll taste your strawberries,  
I'll drink your sweet wine  
A million tomorrows shall all pass away.  
Ere I forget all the joy that is mine, today.

## Section II: *Carpe Diem*

<Adopted from *Dead Poets Society*>

<ACT I>

**KEATING**

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, old time is still a flying, and this same flower that smiles today, tomorrow will be dying." The Latin term for that sentiment is *Carpe Diem*. Now who knows what that means?

Meeks immediately puts his hand up. *Carpe Diem*. That's "seize the day."

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may. Why does the writer use these lines?

Because we are food for worms lads. Because, believe it or not, each and every one of us in this room is one day going to stop breathing, turn cold, and die.

Now I would like you to step forward over here and peruse some of the faces from the past. You've walked past them many times. I don't think you've really looked at them.

They're not that different from you, are they? Same haircuts. Full of hormones, just like you. Invincible, just like you feel. The world is their oyster. They believe they're destined for great things, just like many of you. Their eyes are full of hope, just like you. Did they wait until it was too late to make from their lives even one iota of what they were capable? Because you see gentlemen, these boys are now fertilizing daffodils. But if you listen real close, you can hear them whisper their

legacy to you. Go on, lean in. *Carpe Diem*

<ACT II>

**KEATING**

Gentlemen, open your text to page twenty-one of the introduction. Mr. Perry, will you read the opening paragraph of the preface, entitled "Understanding Poetry"?

**NEIL**

Understanding Poetry, by Dr. J. Evans Pritchard, Ph.D. To fully understand poetry, we must first be fluent with its meter, rhyme, and figures of speech. Then ask two questions: One, how artfully has the objective of the poem been rendered, and two, how important is that objective. Question one rates the poem's perfection, question two rates its importance. And once these questions have been answered, determining a poem's greatest becomes a relatively simple matter.

**KEATING**

Excrement. That's what I think of Mr. J. Evans Pritchard. We're not laying pipe, we're talking about poetry.

I mean, how can you describe poetry like American Bandstand? I like Byron, I give him a 42, but I can't dance to it.

Now I want you to rip out that page.

Thank you Mr. Dalton. Gentlemen, tell you what, don't just tear out that page,

tear out the entire introduction. I want it gone, history. Leave nothing of it. Rip it out. Rip! Begone J. Evans Pritchard, Ph.D. Rip, shred, tear. Rip it out. I want to hear nothing but ripping of Mr. Pritchard.

We'll perforate it, put it on a roll.

*Keating holds out the basket to Charlie who spits out a wad of paper.*

Thank you Mr. Dalton. Armies of academics going forward, measuring poetry. No, we will not have that here. No more of Mr. J. Evans Pritchard. Now in my class you will learn to think for yourselves again. You will learn to savor words and language. No matter what anybody tells you, words and ideas can change the world. I see that look in Mr. Pitt's eye, like nineteenth century literature has nothing to do with going to business school or medical school. Right? Maybe. Mr. Hopkins, you may agree with him, thinking "Yes, we should simply study our Mr. Pritchard and learn our rhyme and meter and go quietly about the business of achieving other ambitions." I have a little secret for ya. Huddle up. Huddle up!

*The boys get up from their seats and gather around Keating in the center of the class.*

We don't read and write poetry because it's cute. We read and write poetry because we are members of the human race. And the human race is filled with passion. Medicine, law, business, engineering, these are all noble pursuits, and necessary to sustain life. But poetry, beauty, romance, love, these are what we stay alive for. To quote from Whitman: "O me, o life of the questions of these recurring, of the endless trains of the faithless, of cities filled with the foolish. What good amid

these, o me, o life? Answer: that you are here. That life exists, and identity. That the powerful play goes on, and you may contribute a verse. That the powerful play goes on and you may contribute a verse. What will your verse be?

## 사전 활용 정보

초보자들을 위한 영영사전들

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