

Carpe Diem Poems

The first was Horace's Carpe Diem. But this is what it led to:

(You can find this song on Youtube)

Only the Good Die Young by Billie Joel (1949 -)

Come out Virginia, don't let me wait
You Catholic girls start much too late
aw But sooner or later it comes down to fate
I might as well be the one

well, They showed you a statue, told you to pray
They built you a temple and locked you away
Aw, but they never told you the price that you pay
For things that you might have done.....
Only the good die young
that's what I said
only the good die young x2

You might have heard I run with a dangerous crowd
We ain't too pretty we ain't too proud
We might be laughing a bit too loud
aw But that never hurt no one

So come on Virginia show me a sign
Send up a signal I'll throw you the line
The stained-glass curtain you're hiding behind
(you know)
Never lets in the sun
darlin' only the good die young
woah
I tell ya
only the good die young x2

You got a nice white dress and a party on your confirmation
You got a brand new soul
mmmm, And a cross of gold
But Virginia they didn't give you quite enough information
You didn't count on me
When you were counting on your rosary
(oh woah woah)

Homework:
Read / Annotate
"ONLY THE GOOD
DIE YOUNG"
Horace's "CARPE
DIEM"
AND
SHAKESPEARE'S
"CARPE DIEM"
FOR MONDAY'S
CLASS JAN. 30

"THE FLEA"
IN CLASS

"TO THE VIRGINS..."
AND
"HOW FAST..."
FOR WEDNESDAY'S
CLASS FEB 1

The most famous of Horace's odes uses agricultural metaphors to urge us to embrace the pleasures available in everyday life instead of relying on remote aspirations for the future—hence his immortal motto “Carpe Diem”, or “pluck the day”:

TU NE QUAESIERIS—SCIRE NEFAS—QUEM MIHI, QUEM TIBI
FINEM DI DEDERINT, LEUCONOË, NEC BABYLONIOS
TEMPTARIS NUMEROS. UT MELIUS, QUICQUID ERIT, PATI!
SEU PLURES HIEMES, SEU TRIBUIT IUPPITER ULTIMAM,
QUAE NUNC OPPOSITIS DEBILITAT PUMICIBUS MARE
TYRHENUM. SAPIAS, VINA LIQUES, ET SPATIO BREVI
SPEM LONGAM RESECES. DUM LOQUIMUR, FUGERIT INVIDA
AETAS: CARPE DIEM, QUAM MINIMUM CREDULA POSTERO.

HORACE'S "CARPE DIEM"
(65 BC - 8 BC)

Ask not—we cannot know—what end the gods have set for you, for me; nor attempt the Babylonian reckonings Leuconoë. How much better to endure whatever comes, whether Jupiter grants us additional winters or whether this is our last, which now wears out the Tuscan Sea upon the barrier of the cliffs! Be wise, strain the wine; and since life is brief, prune back far-reaching hopes! Even while we speak, envious time has passed: pluck the day, putting as little trust as possible in tomorrow.

Note: Leuconoë is likely a person to whom Horace is giving advice.

Carpe Diem

William Shakespeare

(1564 - 1616)

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear! your true-love's coming
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journey's end in lovers' meeting—
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty,—
Then come kiss me, Sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

The Flea by John Donne (1573 - 1631)

1 Marke but this flea, and marke in this,
2 How little that which thou deny'st me is;
3 Me it suck'd first, and now sucks thee,
4 And in this flea our two bloods mingled bee;
5 Confesse it, this cannot be said
6 A sinne, or shame, or losse of maidenhead,
7 Yet this enjoys before it woove,
8 And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two,
9 And this, alas, is more than wee would doe.

10 Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
11 When we almost, nay more than maryed are.
12 This flea is you and I, and this
13 Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is;
14 Though parents grudge, and you, w'are met,
15 And cloysterd in these living walls of Jet.
16 Though use make thee apt to kill me,
17 Let not to this, selfe murder added bee,
18 And sacrilege, three sinnes in killing three.

19 Cruell and sodaine, has thou since
20 Purpled thy naile, in blood of innocence?
21 In what could this flea guilty bee,
22 Except in that drop which it suckt from thee?
23 Yet thou triumph'st, and saist that thou
24 Find'st not thyself, nor mee the weaker now;
25 'Tis true, then learne how false, feares bee;
26 Just so much honor, when thou yeeld'st to mee,
27 Will wast, as this flea's death tooke life from thee.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

by Robert Herrick (1591 - 1634)

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying :
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer ;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may go marry :
For having lost but once your prime
You may for ever tarry.

How fast thou fliest, O Time, on Loves swift wings

By Lady Mary Wroth (1587 - 1651)

How fast thou fliest, O Time, on Loves swift wings,
To hopes of joy, that flatters our desire:
Which to a Lover still contentment brings;
Yet when we should enjoy, thou dost retire.

Thou stay'st thy pace (false Time) from our desire
When to our ill thou hast'st with Eagles wings:
Slow only to make us see thy retire
Was for Despaire, and harme, which sorrow brings.

O slake thy pace, and milder passe to Love,
Be like the Bee, whose wings she doth but use
To bring home profit; masters good to prove,
Laden, and weary, yet againe pursues.

So lade thy selfe with hony of sweet joy,
And do not me the Hive of Love destroy.

To His Coy Mistress
BY ANDREW MARVELL

(1621 - 1678)

Had we but world enough and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.

 But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long-preserved virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust;
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

 Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapped power.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Through the iron gates of life:
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.