

Dead Poets Society:

A collection of some of the texts referred to in the movie and the novel.

Lord Byron: She Walks in Beauty

Robert Herrick: To The Virgins to Make Much of Time

Arthur O'Shaughnessy: Ode.

William Shakespeare: Sonnet 116.

Robert Frost: The Road Not Taken

Henry David Thoreau: Walden - Or Life in the Woods.

Walt Whitman: O Me, O Life.

Walt Whitman: Song of Myself.

Compiled and annotated by

Hans J. Klarskov Mortensen.

LORD BYRON:

She Walks in Beauty

I

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

II

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

III

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

From

Hebrew Melodies.

Advertisement.

The subsequent poems were written at the request of my friend, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, for a Selection of Hebrew Melodies, and have been published, with the music, arranged by Mr. Braham and Mr. Nathan.

January, 1815

The poem was written in the morning after Byron had seen his beautiful cousin, Mrs Robert John Wilmot. She was wearing a black mourning gown brightened with spangles (pailletter).

I.

beauty: sk nhed
climes: himmelstr g
starry: stjernebesat
aspect: udseende
mellow'd: modnet, mildnet
tender: blid
gaudy: prangende

II

shade: skygge

ray: str le

impaired: h mmet

grace: ynde

raven: ravnsort

tress: kr lle

dwelling-place: opholdssted

III

cheek: kind

brow: bryn

eloquent: veltalende

tints: farvesk r

glow: gl de

Robert Herrick:
(1591-1674)

To The Virgins, To Make Much Of Time.

Herrick 1648: Original Text Reference.
Publication Date: 1648.
Ed. (text): N. J. Endicott; (e-text): I. Lancashire.
Rep. Poetry: 3RP.1.200.

1 Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
2 Old Time is still a-flying;
3 And this same flower that smiles today,
4 To-morrow will be dying.

5 The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
6 The higher he's a-getting;
7 The sooner will his race be run,
8 And nearer he's to setting.

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

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

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Screen Design (Electronic Edition): Sian Meikle (University of Toronto Library)
Scanning: Sharine Leung (Centre for Computing in the Humanities)

gather: saml
rosebuds: rosenknopper
ye=you
a-flying: går hurtigt
2.
glorious: storslåede
setting: hvilested

3.
succeed: følger efter
4.
coy: sky
go marry: være glade
prime: højdepunkt, det bedste

tarry: vente, bie

Arthur O'Shaughnessy
(1844-81)

Ode.

We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;-
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying,
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

Brendan Kennelly (ed.):
The Penguin Book of Irish Verse, Penguin 1970

I.

to wander: vandre, gå om-
kring
sea-breaker: bølgebryder
desolate: øde
world-forsaker: en som for-
sager verden, trækker sig
tilbage fra verden.
pale: bleg
mover: bevæger

2.

ditty: sang
fabulous: fantastisk
fashion: forme

glory: storhed
at pleasure: efter forgodtbefin-
dende
conquer: besejre

3.

Nineveh: Assyriens gamle ho-
vedstad ved floden Tigris.
Babel: Babylon, Babyloniens-
hovedstad ved floden Eufrat.
mirth: munterhed
o'erthrew=overthrew: væltede
prophesy: profetere, spå

William Shakespeare:

Sonnet 116

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come:
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

impediment: hindringer

alter: forandre sig

alteration: forandring

tempest: storme

bark: skib(stype)

star ... hight be taken: i gamle dage navigerede

skibene v hj.a. stjernerne, de tog stjernes "højde"

sickle: segl, (redskab til at skære f.eks. korn i hø
sten)

compass: kompas

bear it out: egl. udhamre, men Sh. spiller for-
modentlig på den maritime betydning: bear (to
windward)= krydse op mod vinden

doom: dommedag

upon me proved: bevist for mig

Shakespeare's sonnets (1598-1609): - A loosely related series of one hundred fifty-four Sonnets. The first part of the collection is addressed to a young friend; the last part is addressed to a mysterious "dark lady."

Robert Frost :

The Road Not Taken

(From Mountain Interval, 1916)

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Frost, Robert (1874-1963) -

ROAD NOT TAKEN

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I marked the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I

I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Robert Frost: American poet best known for his realistic depictions of rural New England life. First published in England, his work was long ignored in his own country. Once established, he became one of America's bestloved and most honored poets. Frost won four Pulitzer Prizes. The Road Not Taken (1916) - One of Frost's best-known poems. At a fork in the road, the poet tells why he "took the one less traveled by."

diverged: gik i hver sin retning
undergrowth: underskov
fair: smuk
the better claim: (her) var mere indbydende
wanted: kunne trænge til
wear: slid

Henry David Thoreau:

from

Walden - or Life in the Woods.

.... I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it, whether it is of the devil or of God, and have somewhat hastily concluded that it is the chief end of man here to "glorify God and enjoy him forever."

.....

I left the woods for as good a reason as I went there. Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare any more time for that one. It is remarkable how easily and insensibly we fall into a particular route, and make a beaten track for ourselves. I had not lived there a week before my feet wore a path from my door to the pond-side; and though it is Eve or six years since I trod it, it is still quite distinct. It is true, I fear, that others may have fallen into it, and so helped to keep it open. The surface of the earth is soft and impressible by the feet of men; and so with the paths which the mind travels. How worn and dusty, then, must be the Highways of the world, how deep the ruts of tradition and conformity! I did not wish to take a cabin passage, but rather to go before the mast and on the deck of the world, for there I could best see the moonlight amid the mountains. I do not wish to go below now.

I learned this, at least, by my experiment: that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his

deliberately: bevidst
front: konfrontere
put to rout: jag på flugt
sturdily: robust
swath: skår,
marrow: marv
mean: slet
meanness: slethed
sublime: sublimt, stort
account: redegørelse

insensible: umærkeligt
route: vej
a beaten track: en slagen vej
Eve: visse udgaver af Walden har her "five" istedet for.
distinct: tydelig
impressible: påvirkelig
rut: hjulspor
a cabin passage: rejse som passager
go before the mast: rejse som sømand
go below: tørne ind
endeavors: bestræber sig på
invisible: usynlig
boundary: grænse
establish: rejse
in his favor: til hans fordel
license: her: frihed
solitude: ensomhed

toadstool: paddehat

but one: kun en
quadruped: firfodet dyr
hush: tys
whoa: prr... (til hest)
Bright: (ironisk:) den/de kloge
extravagant: ødsel
yarded: indhegnet
migrating: omvandrende

life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

It is a ridiculous demand which England and America make, that you shall speak so that they can understand you. Neither men nor toadstools grow so. As if that were important, and there were not enough to understand you without them.

As if Nature could support but one order of understandings, could not sustain birds as well as quadrupeds, flying as well as creeping things, and hush and whoa, which Bright can understand, were the best English. As if there were safety in stupidity alone. I fear chiefly lest my expression may not be extravagant enough, may not wander far enough beyond the narrow limits of my daily experience, so as to be adequate to the truth of which I have been convinced. Extra vagance! it depends on how you are yarded. The migrating buffalo, which seeks new pastures in another latitude, is not extravagant like the cow which kicks over the pail, leaps the cowyard fence, and runs after her calf, in milking time. I desire to speak somewhere without bounds; like a man in a waking moment, to men in their waking moments; for I am convinced that I cannot exaggerate enough even to lay the foundation of a true expression. Who that has heard a strain of music feared then lest he should speak extravagantly any more forever? In view of the future or possible, we should live quite laxly and undefined in front our outlines dim and misty on that side; as our shadows reveal an insensible perspiration toward the sun. The volatile truth of our words should continually betray the inadequacy of the residual statement. Their truth is instantly translated; its literal monument alone remains. The words which express our faith and piety are not definite; yet they are significant and fragrant like frankincense to superior natures.

Why level downward to our dullest perception always, and praise that as common sense? The commonest sense is the sense of men asleep, which they express by snoring. So metimes we are inclined to class those who are once-and-a-halfwitted with the half-witted, because we appreciate only a third part of their wit.

pastures: enge
latitude: breddegrad
pail: spand
waking: opvågnende
convinced: overbevist om
strain of music: et stykke musik
lest: for at
laxly: løst
undefined: uafgrænset
in front?:
dim: uklart

misty: tåget
reveal: afslører
volatile: flygtige
betray: afsløre
inadequacy: utilstrækkelighed
residual: tilbageblevne
instantly: omgående
literal: bogstavelige
faith: tro
piety: fromhed
significant: betydningsfulde
fragrant: velduftende
frankincense: røgelse
level: nivellere
dull: flade
perception: opfattelse
snoring: snorken
once-and-a-halfwitted: kloge
half-witted: svage i ånden
appreciate: værdsætter
wit: vid, forstand

Thoreau, Henry David (1817-1862) - American writer, transcendentalist, and naturalist whose journal was the source of all his writings. Thoreau published only two books during his lifetime but has since grown to be regarded as an important literary figure. *Walden or Life in the Woods* (1854) - Thoreau's most famous work describes his experiment in essential living in a cabin at Walden Pond. It sets forth his philosophies and urges that life should be lived more simply.

Walt Whitman:

O Me! O Life

O ME! O life! of the questions of these recurring,
Of the endless trains of the faithless, of cities fill'd with the foolish,
Of myself forever reproaching myself, (for who more foolish than I, and who more
faithless?)
Of eyes that vainly crave the light, of the objects mean, of the struggle ever renew'd,
Of the poor results of all, of the plodding and sordid crowds I see around me,
Of the empty and useless years of the rest, with the rest me intertwined,
The question, O me! so sad, recurring - 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.
(1854)

from *Leaves of Grass*

recur: vende tilbage
faithless: troløse, uden overbevisning
reproach: bebrejde
vainly: forgæves
crave: kræver, råbet på
plodding: tung
sordid: ussel
intertwined: sammenvævet med, filtret ind i
amid: blandt
contribute: bidrage med

Walt Whitman:

1819-1892

Song Of Myself

1

CELEBRATE myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their parents the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.

2

Houses and rooms are full of perfumes, the shelves are crowded with perfumes,
I breathe the fragrance myself and know it and like it,
The distillation would intoxicate me also, but I shall not let it.

The atmosphere is not a perfume, it has no taste of the distillation, it is odorless,
It is for my mouth forever, I am in love with it,
I will go to the bank by the wood and become undisguised and naked,
I am mad for it to be in contact with me.

The smoke of my own breath,
Echoes, ripples, buzz'd whispers, love-root, silk-thread, crotch
and vine,
My respiration and inspiration, the beating of my heart, the passing of blood and air
through my lungs,
The sniff of green leaves and dry leaves, and of the shore and dark-color'd sea-rocks,
and of hay in the barn,
The sound of the belch'd words of my voice loos'd to the eddies of the wind,
A few light kisses, a few embraces, a reaching around of arms,
The play of shine and shade on the trees as the supple boughs wag,

The delight alone or in the rush of the streets, or along the fields and hill-sides,
The feeling of health, the full-noon trill, the song of me rising from bed and meeting the sun.

Have you reckon'd a thousand acres much? have you reckon'd the earth much?
Have you practis'd so long to learn to read?
Have you felt so proud to get at the meaning of poems?

Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin of all poems,
You shall possess the good of the earth and sun, (there are millions of suns left,)
You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the spectres in books,
You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me,
You shall listen to all sides and filter them from your self.

1

assume: påtage (sig), antage
loafe: drive
at my ease: som det passer mig
spear: spyd
soil: jord
cease: høre op

creed: tro(sretning)
school: (tanke)skole
in abeyance: i trods mod
harbor: give ly til
permit: tillade
hazard: risiko
check: kontrol

shelves: hylder
crowded: myldrer med, proppet med
fragrance: duft
distillation: destillat
intoxicate: beruse
odorless: lugtfri
wag: svinger
trill: trille
recon: anset for
possess: eje

origin: oprindelsen
feed on: fødes af
spectre: spøgelser

undisguised: uforklædt, util-sløret
ripples: krusninger
buzz'd whispers: summet
hvisken
thread: tråd
crotch: skidt (i bukser)
vine: vinstok
respiration: åndedrag
hay: hø
barn: lade
belch'd: ræbede
eddy: hvirvel

embrace: omfavnelse
shine and shade: lys og skygge
supple: smidig
bough: gren

(The above is only a short extract from the poem. All in all it is about 50 times as long as this extract)

Whitman, Walt (1819-1892) - One of the greatest American poets. Although Whitman thought he was a great poet of democracy, his work, unfavorably received by the critics of his day, never enjoyed a mass popularity. Public recognition of his genius came slowly, at first abroad and later at home. Leaves of Grass (1855) - Whitman's best-known work was originally a collection of twelve untitled poems that was expanded over eight subsequent revisions. The book is known for its radical, irregular style and content.