

Ancient Greek Writings for Extra Credit

How we went to every hill, brook,
And holy place, and when early Spring
Filled the woods with noises of birds
And a choir of nightingales – we two
In solitude were wandering there.

Sappho

He who wins of a sudden, some noble prize
In the rich years of youth
Is raised high with hope; his manhood takes wings;
He has in his heart what is better than wealth
But brief is the season of man's delight.
Soon it falls to the ground;
Some dire decision uproots it.
-Thing of a day! Such is man: a shadow in a dream.
Yet when god-given splendor visits him
A bright radiance plays over him, and how
sweet is life!

Pindar on the pursuit of excellence.

Numberless are the world's wonders, but none
More wonderful than man; the storm gray sea
Yields to his prows, the huge crests bear him high;
Earth, holy and inexhaustible, is graven
With shining furrows where his plows have gone...

Words also, and thought as rapid as air,
He fashions to his good use; statecraft is his,
And his the skill that deflects the arrows of snow,
The spears of winter rain; from every wind
He has made himself secure – from all but one;
In the late wind of death he cannot stand.

O clear intelligence, force beyond all measure!
O fate of man, working both good and evil!
When the laws are kept, how proudly his city stands!
When the laws are broken, what of his city then?
Never may the anarchic man find rest at
My hearth
Never be it said that my thoughts are his thoughts.

Sophocles from Antigone

