



LYSISTRATA: An easy task if the love's raging home-sickness  
Doesn't start trying out how well each other  
Will serve instead of us. But I'll know at once  
If they do. O where's that girl, Reconciliation?

Bring first before me the Spartan delegates,  
And see you lift no rude or violent hands—  
None of the churlish ways our husbands used.  
But lead them courteously, as women should.  
And if they grudge fingers, guide them by other methods,  
And introduce them with ready tact. The Athenians  
Draw by whatever offers you a grip.  
Now, Spartans, stay here facing me. Here you,  
Athenians. Both hearken to my words.  
I am a woman, but I'm not a fool.  
And what of natural intelligence I own  
Has been filled out with the remembered precepts  
My father and the city-elders taught me.  
First I reproach you both sides equally  
That when at Pylae and Olympia,  
At Pytho and the many other shrines  
That I could name, you sprinkle from one cup  
The altars common to all Hellenes, yet  
You wrack Hellenic cities, bloody Hellas  
With deaths of her own sons, while yonder clangs  
The gathering menace of barbarians.

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