

MAGISTRATE

Come, force the gates with crowbars, prise them apart!

I'll prise away myself too. . . (LYSISTRATA *appears*.)

LYSISTRATA: Stop this banging.

I'm coming of my own accord. . . Why bars?

It is not bars we need but common sense.

MAGISTRATE: Indeed, you slut! Where is the archer now?

Arrest this woman, tie her hands behind.

LYSISTRATA: If he brushes me with a finger, by Artemis,

The public menial, he'll be sorry for it.

MAGISTRATE: Are you afraid? Grab her about the middle.

Two of you then, lay hands on her and end it.

CALONICE: By Pandrosos I if your hand touches her

I'll spread you out and trample on your guts.

MAGISTRATE: My guts! Where is the other archer gone?

Bind that minx there who talks so prettily.

MYRRHINE: By Phosphor, if your hand moves out her way

You'd better have a surgeon somewhere handy.

MAGISTRATE: You too! Where is that archer? Take that woman.

I'll put a stop to these surprise-parties.

STRATYLLIS: By the Tauric Artemis, one inch nearer

My fingers, and it's a bald man that'll be yelling.

MAGISTRATE: Tut tut, what's here? Deserted by my archers. . .

But surely women never can defeat us;

Close up your ranks, my Scythians. Forward at them.

LYSISTRATA: By the Goddesses, you'll find that here await you

Four companies of most pugnacious women

Armed cap-a-pie from the topmost louting curl

To the lowest angry dimple.

MAGISTRATE: On, Scythians, bind them.