



LYSISTRATA: By the two Goddesses, now can't you see  
All we have to do is idly sit indoors  
With smooth roses powdered on our cheeks,  
Our bodies burning naked through the folds  
Of shining Amorgos' silk, and meet the men  
With our dear Venus-plats plucked trim and neat.  
Their stirring love will rise up furiously,  
They'll beg our arms to open. That's our time!

We'll disregard their knocking, beat them off—  
And they will soon be rabid for a Peace.  
I'm sure of it.

