

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 louring curl
To the lowest angry dimple.

MAGISTRATE: On, Scythians, bind them.