

1. Lys. 1314-1315

Chorus: ἀγεῖται δ' ἡ Λήδας παῖς
ἀγνὰ χοραγὸς εὐπρεπής.

The Child of Leda is leading (the chorus),
pure, well-appointed, director of the chorus.

2. Lys. 155-156

Lampito: ὁ γῶν Μενέλαος τᾶς Ἑλένας τὰ μᾶλά πα
γυμᾶς παραῖδων ἐξέβαλ', οἶῶ, τὸ ξίφος.

Indeed, Menelaus, on seeing Helen's
naked apples, dropped down his sword

3a. Lys 520 Lysistrata, quoting Hector:
(II 6.492f)

“πόλεμος δ' ἄνδρεςσι μελήσει.”
“War will be of concern to men”

b. Lys 538 Lysistrata, πόλεμος δὲ γυναίξι μελήσει. War will be of concern to women.

sc. Hom., II. VI.492f Hector: πόλεμος δ' ἄνδρεςσι μελήσει War will be of concern
πᾶσι, μάλιστα δ' ἐμοί, to men, and especially to me.

4. Lys 9-13

(tr. A. Sommerstein)

ἀλλ' ὃ Καλονίκη κάομαι τὴν καρδίαν,
καὶ πόλλ' ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν τῶν γυναικῶν
ἄχθομαι,
ὀτιῆ παρὰ μὲν τοῖς ἀνδράσιν νενομίσμεθα
εἶναι πανοῦργοι--

LYSISTRATA: My heart's burning, Calonice, and I'm feeling *very* sore
about us women: because in men's opinion we're thought to be such
utter rascals --

5. Thesm. 909: Euripides: Ἑλένη σ' ὁμοίαν δὴ μάλιστα εἶδον γύναι. “I have seen
that you, woman, especially resemble Helen.”

6. Lys 42-45, 46-48

(tr. A. Sommerstein)

Kalonike: τί δ' ἂν γυναῖκες φρόνιμον ἐργασαίαιτο
ἢ λαμπρόν, αἰ καθήμεθ' ἐξηγηθισμέναι,
κροκωτοφοροῦσαι καὶ κεκαλλωπισμέναι
καὶ Κιμμερῖκ' ὀρθοστάδια καὶ περιβαρίδας;

CALONICE: But what can women achieve that is clever or glorious – we
who sit at home all dolled up, wearing saffron gowns and cosmetics and
Cimberic straight-liners and riverboat slippers?

LYSISTRATA: Why, that's exactly what I'm counting on to save Greece –
our pretty saffron gowns and our perfumes and our riverboat slippers
and our rouge and our see-through shifts.

Lysistrata: ταῦτ' αὐτὰ γάρ τοι κάσθ' ἃ σώσειν προσδοκῶ,
τὰ κροκωτίδια καὶ τὰ μύρα καὶ περιβαρίδες
χῆγγουσα καὶ τὰ διαφανῆ χιτῶνια.

7. Lys. 219f:

(tr. A. Sommerstein)

Lysistrata: οἴκοι δ' ἀταυρώτη διάξω τὸν βίον

Kalonike: οἴκοι δ' ἀταυρώτη διάξω τὸν βίον

Lysistrata: κροκωτοφοροῦσα καὶ κεκαλλωπισμένη

Kalonike: κροκωτοφοροῦσα καὶ κεκαλλωπισμένη

LYSISTRATA: And I will pass my life at home, pure and chaste --

CALONICE [*recovering*]: And I will pass my life at home, pure and chaste --

LYSISTRATA: -- in make-up and saffron gown --

CALONICE: -- in make-up and saffron gown --

Chorus: στρωμάτων δὲ ποικίλων καὶ
 χλανιδίων καὶ ξυστίδων καὶ
 χρυσίων, ὅσ' ἐστί μοι,
 οὐ φθόνος ἔνεστί μοι πᾶσι παρέχειν φέρειν
 τοῖς παισίν, ὅπότεν τε θυγάτηρ τινὶ κανηφορῆ.
 πᾶσιν ὑμῖν λέγω λαμβάνειν τῶν ἐμῶν

χρημάτων νῦν ἔνδοθεν, καὶ
 μηδὲν οὕτως εὖ σεσημάν-
 θαι τὸ μὴ οὐχὶ
 τοὺς ῥύπους ἀνασπάσαι,
 χάττ' <ἂν ἔνδον ἦ φορεῖν.
 ὄψεται δ' οὐδὲν σκοπῶν, εἰ
 ὄψεται δ' οὐδὲν σκοπῶν, εἰ
 μή τις ὑμῶν
 ὀξύτερον ἐμοῦ βλέπει.
 ὀξύτερον ἐμοῦ βλέπει.

9. Lys. 574ff:

πρῶτον μὲν ἐχρῆν, ὡς περ πόκου ἐν βαλανείῳ
 ἐκπλύνοντας τὴν οἰσπότην, ἐκ τῆς πόλεως ἐπὶ κλίνης
 ἐκτραβίδειν τοὺς μοχθηροὺς καὶ τοὺς τριβόλους ἀπολέξαι,
 καὶ τοὺς γε συνισταμένους τούτους καὶ τοὺς πλοῦντας ἑαυτοὺς
 ἐπὶ ταῖς ἀρχαῖσι διαζῆναι καὶ τὰς κεφαλὰς ἀποστῆλαι·
 εἶτα ξαίνειν ἐς καλαθίσκον κοινήν εὐνοίαν, ἅπαντας
 καταμιγνύντας τοὺς τε μετοίκους καὶ τὴν ξένος ἢ φίλος ὑμῖν,
 καὶ τὴν ὀφείλει τῷ δημοσίῳ, καὶ τούτους ἐγκαταμεῖξαι·
 καὶ νῆ Δία τὰς γε πόλεις, ὅποσοι τῆς γῆς τῆσδ' εἰσὶν ἄποικοι,
 διαγιγνώσκων ὅτι ταῦθ' ἡμῖν ὡς περ τὰ κατάγματα κείται
 χωρὶς ἕκαστον· κἄτ' ἀπὸ τούτων πάντων τὸ κατάγμα λαβόντας
 δεῦρο ξυνάγειν καὶ συναθροῖξεν εἰς ἓν, κάπειτα ποιῆσαι
 τολύπην μεγάλην κἄτ' ἐκ ταύτης τῷ δήμῳ χλαῖναν ὑφῆναι.

Embroidered caparisons,
 dress clothes, stately robes,
 gold ornaments – all of these that I own
 I do not grudge
 to make available for all to take
 for their sons, or whenever
 someone has a daughter being basket-bearer.
 I bid you all take your pick right now
 of my things in the house, and tell you
 nothing is so well sealed up that one won't
 be able to break open the sealings
 and carry off whatever's inside.
 Only, on looking inside, one won't see anything, unless
 any of you has sharper eyesight than I have!

(tr. A. Sommerstein)

LYSISTRATA: First of all, just like washing out a raw fleece, you should wash the sheep-dung out of the body politic in a bath, then put it on a bed, beat out the villains with a stick and pick off the burrs; and as for those people who combine and mat themselves together to gain office, you should card them out and pluck off the heads. Then card the wool into the work-basket of union and concord, mixing in everyone; and the immigrants, and any foreigner who's friendly to you, and anyone who's in debt to the treasury, they should be mixed in as well. And yes, there are also all the states which are colonies of this land: you should recognize how you now have them lying around like little flocks of wool, each one by itself; so then you should take the human flock from all of them, bring them together here and join them into one, and then make a great ball of wool, and from that weave a warm cloak for the people to wear.

10. II XXIV 761-776

(tr. Fagles)

τῆσι δ' ἔπειθ' Ἑλένη τριτάτη ἐξῆρχε γόοιο:
 Ἔκτορ ἐμῷ θυμῷ δαέρων πολὺ φίλτατε πάντων,
 ἦ μὲν μοι πόσις ἐστὶν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής,
 ὃς μ' ἄγαγε Τροίηνδ': ὡς πρὶν ὄφελον ὀλέσθαι.
 ἦδη γὰρ νῦν μοι τόδε εἰκοστὸν ἔτος ἐστὶν
 ἐξ οὗ κεῖθεν ἔβην καὶ ἐμῆς ἀπελήλυθα πάτρης:
 ἀλλ' οὐ πῶ σεῦ ἄκουσα κακὸν ἔπος οὐδ' ἀσύφηλον:
 ἀλλ' εἴ τίς με καὶ ἄλλος ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἐνίπτοι
 δαέρων ἢ γαλόων ἢ εἰνατέρων εὐπέπλων,
 ἢ ἐκυρή, ἐκυρὸς δὲ πατήρ ὡς ἦπιος αἰεὶ,
 ἀλλὰ σὺ τὸν ἐπέεσσι παραιφάμενος κατέρυκες
 σῆ τ' ἀγανοφροσύνη καὶ σοῖς ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσι.
 τῷ σέ θ' ἅμα κλαίω καὶ ἔμ' ἄμμορον ἀχνημένη κῆρ:
 οὐ γὰρ τίς μοι ἐτ' ἄλλος ἐνὶ Τροίῃ εὐρείῃ
 ἦπιος οὐδὲ φίλος, πάντες δὲ με πεφρίκασι.

and Helen, the third in turn, led their songs of sorrow:
 "Hector! Dearest to me of all my husband's brothers—
 my husband, Paris, magnificent as a god . . .
 he was the one who brought me here to Troy—
 Oh how I wish I'd died before that day!
 But this, now, is the twentieth year for me
 since I sailed here and forsook my own native land,
 yet never once did I hear from you a taunt, an insult.
 But if someone else in the royal halls would curse me,
 one of your brothers or sisters or brothers' wives
 trailing their long robes, even your own mother—
 not your father, always kind as my own father—
 why, you'd restrain them with words, Hector,
 you'd win them to my side . . .
 you with your gentle temper, all your gentle words.
 And so in the same breath I mourn for you and me,
 my doom-struck, harrowed heart! Now there is no one left
 in the wide realm of Troy, no friend to treat me kindly—
 all the countrymen cringe from me in loathing!"