

Dikaiopolis:

Do not mock me, rhapsode. For the philosophers, as I hear, are searching for what the good is, but no one is able to find it. Some consider virtue to be the good, others justice. But those people know nothing. But the farmers know what the good is. For they happened to find this in the field. It is peace. For war is full of problems, perplexity, disease, and the equipment for ships, but peace is full of weddings, festivals, relatives, children, friends, wealth, health, grain, wine, and pleasure. And if someone else wishes to make truces (pour a libation) and bring peace, I do not know. But I myself would be willing. But how, being alone, shall I persuade the people? **What am I saying?** Or what am I shouting or what am I ordering what shall I make truces? But I will go, ready to shout and to speak bad things of anyone who speaks of anything except peace. Come now, into the Assembly, Dikaiopolis.

Euelpides and Peisetairos:

Nonetheless, we are going (emigrating) to the quiet place. Good-bye.

Rhapsode:

But I consider these people to be fools. For I would never do these things. For **neither would I hurry to the Assembly, nor would I wish to flee from my fatherland. Do they not know that the poet who made it, made it true?** But indeed do these things lie in the lap of the gods? For it is necessary for us to endure the gifts of the gods, both the harsh ones and the better ones. For they are gifts of the gods, and although grieving, we humans endure by necessity. For the yoke lies upon our neck.