**LAURENCIA from *Fuente Ovejuna*:**

Does this my hair not tell the tale?  
Can you not see these scars,  
these signs of savage blows, this blood?  
And are you men of honour?  
Are you my father and my kin?  
Are you so cold, so cruel  
your very souls aren’t torn apart  
to see such suffering?

But no, your town is aptly named,  
and you’re not men, but sheep!

Let me be armed for battle, then,  
if you’re so hard of heart,  
such stocks and stones, such tigresses . . .  
no, worse than tigresses . . .  
for they, when hunters steal their young  
ferociously pursue  
and slay them, till they reach the sea  
and plunge beneath its waves.  
Not tigresses, but timid hares,  
not Spaniards, but barbarians,  
too chicken-hearted to deny  
your women to other men!

Why not wear distaffs at your waists?  
Why gird on useless swords?  
I swear to God we women alone  
shall make those tyrants pay  
for our indignities, and bill  
those traitors for our blood.

And you, you effete effeminates,  
I sentence to be stoned  
as spinsters, pansies, queens and cowards,  
and forced henceforth to wear  
our bonnets and our overskirts,  
with painted, powdered faces.

Our valorous Commander means  
to have Frondoso hanged  
—uncharged, untried and uncondemned—  
from yonder battlements.  
He’ll serve all you unmanly men  
the same, and I’ll rejoice;  
for when this honourable town  
is womanless, that age  
shall dawn which once amazed the world,  
the age of Amazons.

*from Fuente Ovejuna, edited & translated by Victor Dixon*