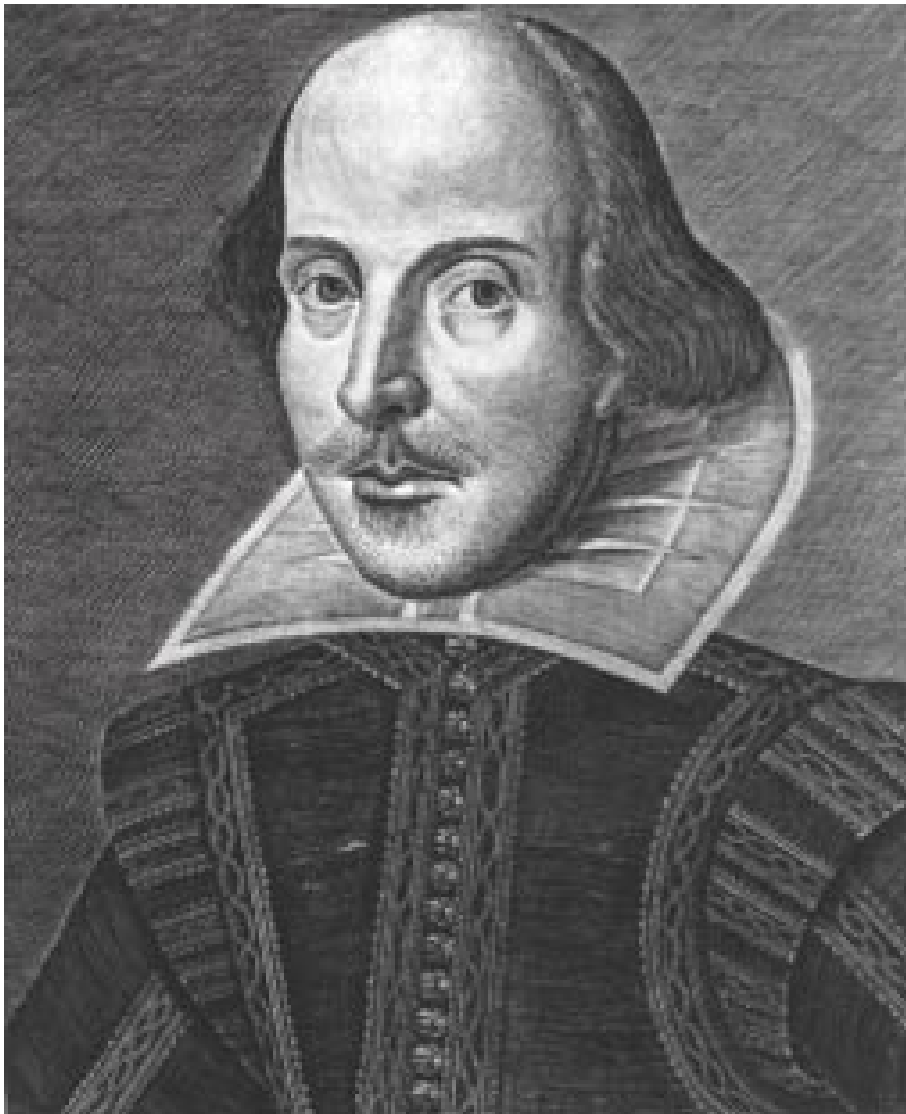


VOLUME IV BOOK X



TIMON OF ATHENS



By William Shakespeare

Dramatis Personae



TIMON *of Athens.*

LUCIUS
LUCULLUS
SEMPRONIUS

} *flattering lords.*

VENTIDIUS *one of Timon's false friends.*

ALCIBIADES *an Athenian captain.*

APEMANTUS *a churlish philosopher.*

FLAVIUS *steward to Timon.*

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.
(POET), (PAINTER),
(JEWELLER), (MERCHANT)

An old Athenian. (OLD ATHENIAN)

FLAMINIUS
LUCILLIUS
SERVILIUS

} *servants to
Timon.*

CAPHIS
PHILOTUS
TITUS
LUCIUS
HORTENSIUS

} *servants to
Timon's
creditors.*

And others

A Page. (PAGE)

A Fool. (FOOL)

Three Strangers.
(FIRST STRANGER), (SECOND STRANGER),
(THIRD STRANGER)

PHRYNIA
TIMANDRA

} *mistresses to
Alcibiades.*

Cupid and Amazons in the mask. (CUPID)

*Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers,
Banditti, and Attendants.*
(FIRST LORD),
(SECOND LORD),
(THIRD LORD),
(FOURTH LORD),
(SENATOR),
(FIRST SENATOR),
(SECOND SENATOR),
(THIRD SENATOR), (SOLDIER),
(FIRST BANDIT),
(SECOND BANDIT),
(THIRD BANDIT), (MESSENGER),
(SERVANT),
(FIRST SERVANT),
(SECOND SERVANT),
(THIRD SERVANT),
(VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT)
(VARRO'S SECOND SERVANT)
(LUCILIUS' SERVANT)

SCENE *Athens, and the neighbouring woods.*

Timon of Athens



ACT I

SCENE I

Athens. A hall in TIMON's house.

[Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors]

POET Good day, sir.

PAINTER I am glad you're well.

POET I have not seen you long: how goes the world?

PAINTER It wears, sir, as it grows.

POET Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! All these spirits thy power
Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.

PAINTER I know them both; th'other's a jeweller.

MERCHANT O, 'tis a worthy lord.

JEWELLER Nay, that's most fix'd.

MERCHANT A most incomparable man, breathed,
as it were,
To an untirable and continue goodness:
He passes.

JEWELLER I have a jewel here—

MERCHANT O, pray, let's see't: for the Lord Timon, sir?

JEWELLER If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—

POET *[Reciting to himself]* "When we for recompense
have praised the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."

MERCHANT 'Tis a good form.

[Looking at the jewel]

JEWELLER And rich: here is a water, look ye.

PAINTER You are rapt, sir, in some work,
some dedication
To the great lord.

POET A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself and like the current flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

PAINTER A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

POET Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

PAINTER 'Tis a good piece.

POET So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

PAINTER Indifferent.

POET Admirable: how this grace
Speaks his own standing! What a mental power
This eye shoots forth! How big imagination
Moves in this lip! To the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

PAINTER It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?

POET I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

[Enter certain Senators, and pass over]

PAINTER How this lord is follow'd!

POET The senators of Athens: happy man!

PAINTER Look, more!

POET You see this confluence, this great flood
of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

PAINTER How shall I understand you?

POET I will unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

PAINTER I saw them speak together.

POET Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be throned: the base o'the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

PAINTER 'Tis conceived to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the sleepy mount

To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

POET Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

PAINTER Ay, marry, what of these?

POET When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

PAINTER 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

[Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, addressing himself courteously to every suitor; a Messenger from VENTIDIUS talking with him; LUCILIUS and other servants following]

TIMON Imprison'd is he, say you?

MESSENGER Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt,
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

TIMON Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help:
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt,
and free him.

MESSENGER Your lordship ever binds him.

TIMON Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And being enfranchised, bid him come to me.
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

MESSENGER All happiness to your honour!

[Exit]

[Enter an old Athenian]

OLD ATHENIAN Lord Timon, hear me speak.

TIMON Freely, good father.

OLD ATHENIAN Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

TIMON I have so: what of him?

OLD ATHENIAN Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

TIMON Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

LUCILIUS Here, at your lordship's service.

OLD ATHENIAN This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.

TIMON Well; what further?

OLD ATHENIAN One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

TIMON The man is honest.

OLD ATHENIAN Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

TIMON Does she love him?

OLD ATHENIAN She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

TIMON [To LUCILIUS] Love you the maid?

LUCILIUS Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

OLD ATHENIAN If in her marriage my consent
be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

TIMON How shall she be endow'd,
if she be mated with an equal husband?

OLD ATHENIAN Three talents on the present; in
future, all.

TIMON This gentleman of mine hath served me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

OLD ATHENIAN Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

TIMON My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

LUCILIUS Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
The state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you!

[Exeunt LUCILIUS and Old Athenian]

POET Vouchsafe my labour, and long live
your lordship!

TIMON I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

PAINTER A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

TIMON Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
or since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

PAINTER The gods preserve ye!

TIMON Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

JEWELLER What, my lord! Dispraise?

TIMON A more satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

JEWELLER My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value differing in the owners
Are prized by their masters: believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

TIMON Well mock'd.

MERCHANT No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

TIMON Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

[*Enter APEMANTUS*]

JEWELLER We'll bear, with your lordship.

MERCHANT He'll spare none.

TIMON Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

APEMANTUS Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

TIMON Why dost thou call them knaves? Thou know'st them not.

APEMANTUS Are they not Athenians?

TIMON Yes.

APEMANTUS Then I repent not.

JEWELLER You know me, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS Thou know'st I do: I call'd thee by thy name.

TIMON Thou art proud, Apemantus.

APEMANTUS Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

TIMON Whither art going?

APEMANTUS To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

TIMON That's a deed thou'lt die for.

APEMANTUS Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

TIMON How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS The best, for the innocence.

TIMON Wrought he not well that painted it?

APEMANTUS He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

PAINTER You're a dog.

APEMANTUS Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

TIMON Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS No; I eat not lords.

TIMON An thou shouldst, thou 'ldst anger ladies.

APEMANTUS O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

TIMON That's a lascivious apprehension.

APEMANTUS So thou apprehendest it: take it for thy labour.

TIMON How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

TIMON What dost thou think 'tis worth?

APEMANTUS Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!

POET How now, philosopher!

APEMANTUS Thou liest.

POET Art not one?

APEMANTUS Yes.

POET Then I lie not.

APEMANTUS Art not a poet?

POET Yes.

APEMANTUS Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

POET That's not feigned; he is so.

APEMANTUS Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

TIMON What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS E'en as Apemantus does now; hate a lord with my heart.

TIMON What, thyself?

APEMANTUS Ay.

TIMON Wherefore?

APEMANTUS That I had no angry wit to be a lord. Art not thou a merchant?

MERCHANT Ay, Apemantus.

APEMANTUS Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

MERCHANT If traffic do it, the gods do it.

APEMANTUS Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

[Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger]

TIMON What trumpet's that?

MESSENGER 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, All of companionship.

TIMON Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.

[Exeunt some Attendants]

You must needs dine with me: go not you hence Till I have thank'd you: when dinner's done, Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

[Enter ALCIBIADES, with the rest]

Most welcome, sir!

APEMANTUS So, so, there!
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

ALCIBIADES Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your sight.

TIMON Right welcome, sir!
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all except APEMANTUS]

[Enter two Lords]

FIRST LORD What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS Time to be honest.

FIRST LORD That time serves still.

APEMANTUS The more accursed thou, that still
omitt'st it.

SECOND LORD Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?

APEMANTUS Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine
heat fools.

SECOND LORD Fare thee well, fare thee well.

APEMANTUS Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

SECOND LORD Why, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I
mean to give thee none.

FIRST LORD Hang thyself!

APEMANTUS No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make
thy requests to thy friend.

SECOND LORD Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn
thee hence!

APEMANTUS I will fly, like a dog, the heels o'the ass.

[Exit]

FIRST LORD He's opposite to humanity.
Come, shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? He outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

SECOND LORD He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

FIRST LORD The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

SECOND LORD Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

FIRST LORD I'll keep you company.

[Exeunt]

SCENE II

A banqueting-room in TIMON's house.

[Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, Senators, and VENTIDIUS. Then comes, dropping, after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself]

VENTIDIUS Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I derived liberty.

TIMON O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:

I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

VENTIDIUS A noble spirit!

TIMON Nay, my lords,

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON*]

Ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me.

[*They sit*]

FIRST LORD My lord, we always have confess'd it.

APEMANTUS Ho, ho, confess'd it! Hang'd it, have
you not?

TIMON O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

APEMANTUS No;
You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

TIMON Fie, thou'rt a churl; ye've got a humour there
Does not become a man: 'tis much to blame.
They say, my lords, 'ira furor brevis est;' but yond
man is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by
himself, for he does neither affect company, nor is
he fit for't, indeed.

APEMANTUS Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon: I
come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

TIMON I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian,
therefore welcome: I myself would have no power;
prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

APEMANTUS I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I
should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a number of
men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me
to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood;
and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow that sits
next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the
breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest
man to kill him: 't has been proved. If I were a

huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

TIMON My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

SECOND LORD Let it flow this way, my good lord.

APEMANTUS Flow this way! A brave fellow! He keeps his
tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state
look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to
be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i'the
mire: This and my food are equals; there's no odds:
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

[*Apemantus' grace.*]

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks*]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

TIMON Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the
field now.

ALCIBIADES My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

TIMON You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies
than a dinner of friends.

ALCIBIADES So the were bleeding-new, my lord, there's
no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such
a feast.

APEMANTUS Would all those fatterers were thine
enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid
me to 'em!

FIRST LORD Might we but have that happiness, my lord,
that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might
express some part of our zeals, we should think
ourselves for ever perfect.

TIMON O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods
themselves have provided that I shall have much help
from you: how had you been my friends else? Why
have you that charitable title from thousands, did
not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told
more of you to myself than you can with modesty

speaking in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? They were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we do our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

APEMANTUS Thou weepst to make them drink, Timon.

SECOND LORD Joy had the like conception in our eyes And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

APEMANTUS Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

THIRD LORD I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

APEMANTUS Much!

[Tucket, within]

TIMON What means that trumpet?

[Enter a Servant]

How now?

SERVANT Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

TIMON Ladies! What are their wills?

SERVANT There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

TIMON I pray, let them be admitted.

[Enter Cupid]

CUPID Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all That of his bounties taste! The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th'ear, Taste, touch and smell, pleased from thy tale rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

TIMON They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance: Music, make their welcome!

[Exit Cupid]

FIRST LORD You see, my lord, how ample you're beloved.

[Music. Re-enter Cupid with a mask of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing]

APEMANTUS Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance! They are mad women. Like madness is the glory of this life. As this pomp shows to a little oil and root. We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves; And spend our flatteries, to drink those men Upon whose age we void it up again, With poisonous spite and envy. Who lives that's not depraved or depraves? Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves Of their friends' gift? I should fear those that dance before me now Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done; Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

[The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease]

TIMON You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies, Set a fair fashion on our entertainment, Which was not half so beautiful and kind; You have added worth unto 't and lustre, And entertain'd me with mine own device; I am to thank you for 't.

FIRST LADY My lord, you take us even at the best.

APEMANTUS 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

TIMON Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

ALL LADIES Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt Cupid and Ladies]

TIMON Flavius.

FLAVIUS My lord?

TIMON The little casket bring me hither.

FLAVIUS Yes, my lord. More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in 's humour;

[Aside]

Else I should tell him,—well, i'faith I should,
When all's spent, he 'ld be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[Exit]

FIRST LORD Where be our men?

SERVANT Here, my lord, in readiness.

SECOND LORD Our horses!

[Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket]

TIMON O my friends,
I have one word to say to you: look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

FIRST LORD I am so far already in your gifts,—

ALL So are we all.

[Enter a Servant]

SERVANT My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

TIMON They are fairly welcome.

FLAVIUS I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

TIMON Near! Why then, another time I'll hear thee:
I prithee, let's be provided to show
them entertainment.

FLAVIUS [Aside] I scarce know how.

[Enter a Second Servant]

SECOND SERVANT May it please your honour,
Lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

TIMON I shall accept them fairly; let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

[Enter a third Servant]

How now! What news?

THIRD SERVANT Please you, my lord, that honourable
gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entertains your company
to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your
honour two brace of greyhounds.

TIMON I'll hunt with him; and let them be received,
Not without fair reward.

FLAVIUS [Aside] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good:
His promises fly so beyond his state
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes
For every word: he is so kind that he now
Pays interest for 't; his land's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office
Before I were forced out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[Exit]

TIMON You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

SECOND LORD With more than common thanks I will
receive it.

THIRD LORD O, he's the very soul of bounty!

TIMON And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you liked it.

SECOND LORD O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
in that.

TIMON You may take my word, my lord; I know,
no man
Can justly praise but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

ALL LORDS O, none so welcome.

TIMON I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,

And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

ALCIBIADES Ay, defiled land, my lord.

FIRST LORD We are so virtuously bound—

TIMON And so Am I to you.

SECOND LORD So infinitely endear'd—

TIMON All to you. Lights, more lights!

FIRST LORD The best of happiness,
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

TIMON Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS and TIMON*]

APEMANTUS What a coil's here!
Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs,
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

TIMON Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen, I
would be good to thee.

APEMANTUS No, I'll nothing: for if I should be
bribed too,
there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then
thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long,
Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in
paper shortly: what need these feasts, pomps and
vain-glories?

TIMON Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am
sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come
with better music.

[*Exit*]

APEMANTUS So:
Thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not then:
I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[*Exit*]



ACT II

SCENE I

A SENATOR's house.

[*Enter Senator, with papers in his hand*]

SENATOR And late, five thousand: to Varro and
to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses. No porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold: no reason
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

[*Enter CAPHIS*]

CAPHIS Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

SENATOR Get on your cloak, and haste you to
Lord Timon;
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased
With slight denial, nor then silenced when—
“Commend me to your master”—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past
And my reliances on his fractured dates
Have smit my credit: I love and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger;
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

CAPHIS I go, sir.

SENATOR "I go, sir!"—Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in contempt.

CAPHIS I will, sir.

SENATOR Go.

[Exeunt]

SCENE II

The same. A hall in TIMON's house.

[Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand]

FLAVIUS No care, no stop! So senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him, nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes
from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

[Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of Isidore
and Varro]

CAPHIS Good even, Varro: what,
You come for money?

VARRO'S SERVANT Is't not your business too?

CAPHIS It is: and yours too, Isidore?

ISIDORE'S SERVANT It is so.

CAPHIS Would we were all discharged!

VARRO'S SERVANT I fear it.

CAPHIS Here comes the lord.

[Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c]

TIMON So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades. With me? What is your will?

CAPHIS My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

TIMON Dues! Whence are you?

CAPHIS Of Athens here, my lord.

TIMON Go to my steward.

CAPHIS Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awaked by great occasion
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you
That with your other noble parts you'll suit
In giving him his right.

TIMON Mine honest friend,
I prithee, but repair to me next morning.

CAPHIS Nay, good my lord,—

TIMON Contain thyself, good friend.

VARRO'S SERVANT One Varro's servant, my
good lord,—

ISIDORE'S SERVANT From Isidore;
He humbly prays your speedy payment.

CAPHIS If you did know, my lord, my master's wants—

VARRO'S SERVANT 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six
weeks And past.

ISIDORE'S SERVANT Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

TIMON Give me breath.
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I'll wait upon you instantly.

[Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords]

[To FLAVIUS]

Come hither: pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamourous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

FLAVIUS Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

TIMON Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd.

[Exit]

FLAVIUS Pray, draw near.

[Exit]

[Enter APEMANTUS and Fool]

CAPHIS Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus: let's ha'some sport with 'em.

VARRO'S SERVANT Hang him, he'll abuse us.

ISIDORE'S SERVANT A plague upon him, dog!

VARRO'S SERVANT How dost, fool?

APEMANTUS Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

VARRO'S SERVANT I speak not to thee.

APEMANTUS No, 'tis to thyself.

[To the Fool]

Come away.

ISIDORE'S SERVANT There's the fool hangs on your back already.

APEMANTUS No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on him yet.

CAPHIS Where's the fool now?

APEMANTUS He last asked the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! Bawds between gold and want!

ALL SERVANTS What are we, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS Asses.

ALL SERVANTS Why?

APEMANTUS That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.

FOOL How do you, gentlemen?

ALL SERVANTS Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?

FOOL She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

APEMANTUS Good! Gramercy.

[Enter Page]

FOOL Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

PAGE [To the Fool] Why, how now, captain! What do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

PAGE Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

APEMANTUS Canst not read?

PAGE No.

APEMANTUS There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou't die a bawd.

PAGE Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone.

[Exit]

APEMANTUS E'en so thou outrunnest grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

FOOL Will you leave me there?

APEMANTUS If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

ALL SERVANTS Ay; would they served us!

APEMANTUS So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

FOOL Are you three usurers' men?

ALL SERVANTS Ay, fool.

FOOL I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: the reason of this?

VARRO'S SERVANT I could render one.

APEMANTUS Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which not-withstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

VARRO'S SERVANT What is a whoremaster, fool?

FOOL A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones moe than's artificial one: he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

VARRO'S SERVANT Thou art not altogether a fool.

FOOL Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

APEMANTUS That answer might have become Apemantus.

ALL SERVANTS Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

[Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS]

APEMANTUS Come with me, fool, come.

FOOL I do not always follow lover, elder brother and woman; sometime the philosopher.

[Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool]

FLAVIUS Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.

[Exeunt Servants]

TIMON You make me marvel: wherefore ere this time Had you not fully laid my state before me, That I might so have rated my expense, As I had leave of means?

FLAVIUS You would not hear me, At many leisures I proposed.

TIMON Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back:
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

FLAVIUS O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight cheques, when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
Though you hear now, too late—yet now's a time—
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

TIMON Let all my land be sold.

FLAVIUS 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? And at length
How goes our reckoning?

TIMON To Lacedaemon did my land extend.

FLAVIUS O my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

TIMON You tell me true.

FLAVIUS If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

TIMON Prithee, no more.

FLAVIUS Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is
Lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

TIMON Come, sermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

FLAVIUS Assurance bless your thoughts!

TIMON And, in some sort, these wants of mine
are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

[Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and
other Servants]

SERVANTS My lord? My lord?

TIMON I will dispatch you severally; you to
Lord Lucius;
to Lord Lucullus you: I hunted with his honour

to-day: you, to Sempronius: commend me to their loves, and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

FLAMINIUS As you have said, my lord.

FLAVIUS [Aside] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? Hum!

TIMON Go you, sir, to the senators—
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing—bid 'em send o'the instant
A thousand talents to me.

FLAVIUS I have been bold—
For that I knew it the most general way—
To them to use your signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

TIMON Is't true? Can't be?

FLAVIUS They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wretch—would all were well—'tis pity;—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.

TIMON You gods, reward them!
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;

'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

[To a Servant]

Go to Ventidius.

[To FLAVIUS]

Prithee, be not sad,
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak.
No blame belongs to thee.

[To Servant]

Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents.

[Exit Servant]

[To FLAVIUS]

That had, give't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

FLAVIUS I would I could not think it: that thought is
bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so.

[Exeunt]



ACT III

SCENE I

A room in LUCULLUS' house.

[FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to him]

SERVANT I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

FLAMINIUS I thank you, sir.

[Enter LUCULLUS]

SERVANT Here's my lord.

LUCULLUS [Aside] One of Lord Timon's men? A gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectfully welcome, sir. Fill me some wine.

[Exit Servants]

And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

FLAMINIUS His health is well sir.

LUCULLUS I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

FLAMINIUS 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

LUCULLUS La, la, la, la! "Nothing doubting," says he? Alas, good lord! A noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on't, and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from't.

[Re-enter Servant, with wine]

SERVANT Please your lordship, here is the wine.

LUCULLUS Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

FLAMINIUS Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

LUCULLUS I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.

[To Servant]

Get you gone, sirrah.

[Exit Servant]

Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

FLAMINIUS Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee!

[Throwing the money back]

LUCULLUS Ha! Now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

[Exit]

FLAMINIUS May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let moulten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel master's passion! This slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

[Exit]

SCENE II
A public place.

[Enter LUCILIUS, with three Strangers]

LUCILIUS Who, the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

FIRST STRANGER We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

LUCILIUS Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

SECOND STRANGER But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents, nay, urged extremely for't and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

LUCILIUS How!

SECOND STRANGER I tell you, denied, my lord.

LUCILIUS What a strange case was that! Now, before the gods,
I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man!
There was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels

and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

[Enter *SERVILIUS*]

SERVILIUS See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. My honoured lord,—

[To *LUCIUS*]

LUCILIUS Servilius! You are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

SERVILIUS May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

LUCILIUS Ha! What has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

SERVILIUS Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

LUCILIUS I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

SERVILIUS But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

LUCILIUS Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

SERVILIUS Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

LUCILIUS What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha'shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honoured! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do,—the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness! but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

SERVILIUS Yes, sir, I shall.

LUCILIUS I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[Exit *SERVILIUS*]

True as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed; And he that's once denied will hardly speed.

[Exit]

FIRST STRANGER Do you observe this, Hostilius?

SECOND STRANGER Ay, too well.

FIRST STRANGER Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him His friend that dips in the same dish? For, in My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father, And kept his credit with his purse, Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks, But Timon's silver treads upon his lip; And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!— He does deny him, in respect of his, What charitable men afford to beggars.

THIRD STRANGER Religion groans at it.

FIRST STRANGER For mine own part, I never tasted Timon in my life, Nor came any of his bounties over me, To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest, For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue And honourable carriage, Had his necessity made use of me, I would have put my wealth into donation, And the best half should have return'd to him, So much I love his heart: but, I perceive, Men must learn now with pity to dispense; For policy sits above conscience.

[Exeunt]

SCENE III

A room in *SEMPRONIUS'* house.

[Enter *SEMPRONIUS*, and a Servant of *TIMON'S*]

SEMPRONIUS Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum!—'Bove all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;

And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

SERVANT My lord,
They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for
They have au denied him.

SEMPRONIUS How! Have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? Hum!
It shows but little love or judgment in him:
Must I be his last refuge! His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over: must I take the cure upon me?
Has much disgraced me in't; I'm angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,
But his occasion might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite its last? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.

[Exit]

SERVANT Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain.
The devil knew not what he did when he made man
politic; he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot
think but, in the end, the villainies of man will
set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to
appear foul! Takes virtuous copies to be wicked,
like those that under hot ardent zeal would set
whole realms on fire: Of such a nature is his
politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.

[Exit]

SCENE IV

The same. A hall in TIMON's house.

[Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of
LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and
other Servants of TIMON's creditors, waiting his
coming out]

VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT Well met; good morrow, Titus
and Hortensius.

TITUS The like to you kind Varro.

HORTENSIUS Lucius!
What, do we meet together?

LUCIUS' SERVANT Ay, and I think
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

TITUS So is theirs and ours.

[Enter PHILOTUS]

LUCIUS' SERVANT And Sir Philotus too!

PHILOTUS Good day at once.

LUCIUS' SERVANT Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

PHILOTUS Labouring for nine.

LUCIUS' SERVANT So much?

PHILOTUS Is not my lord seen yet?

LUCIUS' SERVANT Not yet.

PHILOTUS I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

LUCIUS' SERVANT Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter
with him:
You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear 'tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

PHILOTUS I am of your fear for that.

TITUS I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

HORTENSIUS Most true, he does.

TITUS And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

HORTENSIUS It is against my heart.

LUCIUS' SERVANT Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

HORTENSIUS I'm weary of this charge, the gods
can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT Yes, mine's three thousand
crowns: what's yours?

LUCIUS' SERVANT Five thousand mine.

VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT 'Tis much deep: and it should
seem by the sun,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

[Enter *FLAMINIUS*.]

TITUS One of Lord Timon's men.

LUCIUS' SERVANT Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my
lord ready to come forth?

FLAMINIUS No, indeed, he is not.

TITUS We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

FLAMINIUS I need not tell him that; he knows you are
too diligent.

[Exit]

[Enter *FLAVIUS* in a cloak, muffled]

LUCIUS' SERVANT Ha! Is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

TITUS Do you hear, sir?

VARRO'S SECOND SERVANT By your leave, sir,—

FLAVIUS What do ye ask of me, my friend?

TITUS We wait for certain money here, sir.

FLAVIUS Ay, If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then prefer'd you not your sums and bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts
And take down the interest into their
gluttonous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

LUCILIUS' SERVANT Ay, but this answer will not serve.

FLAVIUS If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves.

[Exit]

VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT How! What does his cashiered
worship mutter?

VARRO'S SECOND SERVANT No matter what; he's poor,
and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader
than he that has no house to put his head in? Such may
rail against great buildings.

[Enter *SERVILIUS*]

TITUS O, here's Servilius; now we shall know
some answer.

SERVILIUS If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair
some other hour, I should derive much from't; for,
take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to
discontent: his comfortable temper has forsook him;
he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

LUCIUS' SERVANT: Many do keep their chambers are
not sick:
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

SERVILIUS Good gods!

TITUS We cannot take this for answer, sir.

FLAMINIUS [Within] Servilius, help! My lord! My lord!

[Enter *TIMON*, in a rage, *FLAMINIUS* following]

TIMON What, are my doors opposed against
my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

LUCIUS' SERVANT Put in now, Titus.

TITUS My lord, here is my bill.

LUCIUS' SERVANT Here's mine.

HORTENSIUS And mine, my lord.

BOTH VARRO'S SERVANTS And ours, my lord.

PHILOTUS All our bills.

TIMON Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

LUCIUS' SERVANT Alas, my lord,—

TIMON Cut my heart in sums.

TITUS Mine, fifty talents.

TIMON Tell out my blood.

LUCIUS' SERVANT Five thousand crowns, my lord.

TIMON Five thousand drops pays that.
What yours?—And yours?

VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT My lord,—

VARRO'S SECOND SERVANT My lord,—

TIMON Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!

[Exit]

HORTENSIUS 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[Exeunt]

[Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS]

TIMON They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves.
Creditors? Devils!

FLAVIUS My dear lord,—

TIMON What if it should be so?

FLAVIUS My lord,—

TIMON I'll have it so. My steward!

FLAVIUS Here, my lord.

TIMON So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius:
All, sirrah, all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.

FLAVIUS O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

TIMON Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[Exeunt]

SCENE V

The same. The senate-house. The Senate sitting.

FIRST SENATOR My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

SECOND SENATOR Most true; the law shall bruise him.

[Enter ALCIBIADES, with Attendants]

ALCIBIADES Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

FIRST SENATOR Now, captain?

ALCIBIADES I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—
An honour in him which buys out his fault—
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.

FIRST SENATOR You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which indeed
Is valour misbegot and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make
his wrongs

His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

ALCIBIADES My lord,—

FIRST SENATOR You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

ALCIBIADES My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? Sleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? Why then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it,
And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

SECOND SENATOR You breathe in vain.

ALCIBIADES In vain! His service done
At Lacedaemon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

FIRST SENATOR What's that?

ALCIBIADES I say, my lords, he has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

SECOND SENATOR He has made too much plenty
with 'em;

He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

FIRST SENATOR He dies.

ALCIBIADES Hard fate! He might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him—
Though his right arm might purchase his own time
And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

FIRST SENATOR We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

ALCIBIADES Must it be so? It must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

SECOND SENATOR How!

ALCIBIADES Call me to your remembrances.

THIRD SENATOR What!

ALCIBIADES I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

FIRST SENATOR Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

ALCIBIADES Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

FIRST SENATOR If, after two days' shine, Athens
contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell
our spirit,
He shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt Senators*]

ALCIBIADES Now the gods keep you old enough; that
you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

[Exit]

SCENE VI

The same. A banqueting-room in TIMON's house.

[Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, Senators and others, at several doors]

FIRST LORD The good time of day to you, sir.

SECOND LORD I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

FIRST LORD Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

SECOND LORD It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

FIRST LORD I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

SECOND LORD In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

FIRST LORD I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

SECOND LORD Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

FIRST LORD A thousand pieces.

SECOND LORD A thousand pieces!

FIRST LORD What of you?

SECOND LORD He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

[Enter TIMON and Attendants]

TIMON With all my heart, gentlemen both; and how fare you?

FIRST LORD Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

SECOND LORD The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

TIMON [Aside] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o'the trumpet's sound; we shall to 't presently.

FIRST LORD I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I returned you an empty messenger.

TIMON O, sir, let it not trouble you.

SECOND LORD My noble lord,—

TIMON Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

SECOND LORD My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame,
That, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

TIMON Think not on 't, sir.

SECOND LORD If you had sent but two hours before,—

TIMON Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

[The banquet brought in]

Come, bring in all together.

SECOND LORD All covered dishes!

FIRST LORD Royal cheer, I warrant you.

THIRD LORD Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

FIRST LORD How do you? What's the news?

THIRD LORD Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

FIRST LORD and SECOND LORD Alcibiades banished!

THIRD LORD 'Tis so, be sure of it.

FIRST LORD How! How!

SECOND LORD I pray you, upon what?

TIMON My worthy friends, will you draw near?

THIRD LORD I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

SECOND LORD This is the old man still.

THIRD LORD Will 't hold? Will 't hold?

SECOND LORD It does: but time will—and so—

THIRD LORD I do conceive.

TIMON Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water]

SOME SPEAK What does his lordship mean?

SOME OTHERS I know not.

TIMON May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends I smoke and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany.

[Throwing the water in their faces]

Live loathed and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,

Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?
Soft! Take thy physic first—thou too—and thou;—
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out]

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! Sink, Athens! Henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity!

[Exit]

[Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c]

FIRST LORD How now, my lords!

SECOND LORD Know you the quality of Lord
Timon's fury?

THIRD LORD Push! Did you see my cap?

FOURTH LORD I have lost my gown.

FIRST LORD He's but a mad lord, and nought but
humour sways him.
He gave me a jewel th'other day, and now he has
beat it out of my hat: did you see my jewel?

THIRD LORD Did you see my cap?

SECOND LORD Here 'tis.

FOURTH LORD Here lies my gown.

FIRST LORD Let's make no stay.

SECOND LORD Lord Timon's mad.

THIRD LORD I feel 't upon my bones.

FOURTH LORD One day he gives us diamonds, next
day stones.

[Exeunt]



ACT IV

SCENE I

Without the walls of Athens.

[Enter TIMON]

TIMON Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! To general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity,
Do 't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live! Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
at their society, as their friendship, may
merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all—
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low! Amen.

[Exit]

SCENE II

Athens. A room in TIMON's house.

[Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants]

FIRST SERVANT Hear you, master steward, where's
our master?
Are we undone? Cast off? Nothing remaining?

FLAVIUS Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

FIRST SERVANT Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall'n! All gone! And not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

SECOND SERVANT As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

[Enter other Servants]

FLAVIUS All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

THIRD SERVANT Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

FLAVIUS Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
"We have seen better days." Let each take some;
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Servants embrace, and part several ways]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
 Since riches point to misery and contempt?
 Who would be so mock'd with glory? Or to live
 But in a dream of friendship?
 To have his pomp and all what state compounds
 But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
 Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
 Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
 Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest lord, bless'd, to be most accursed,
 Rich, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
 He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends, nor has he with him to
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.
 I'll follow and inquire him out:
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

[Exit]

SCENE III

Woods and cave, near the seashore.

[Enter TIMON, from the cave]

O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes;
 The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature.
 Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord;
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour.
 It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
 The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say "This man's a flatterer?" If one be,
 So are they all; for every grise of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
 But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
 Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?
 Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
 I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens!
 Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,
 Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.
 Ha, you gods! Why this? What this, you gods? Why,
 this will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
 This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions, bless the accursed,
 Make the hoar leprosy adored, place thieves
 And give them title, knee and approbation
 With senators on the bench: this is it
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
 She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
 Among the route of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature.

[March afar off]

Ha! Adrum? Thou'rt quick,
 But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

[Keeping some gold]

[Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in
 warlike manner; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA]

ALCIBIADES What art thou there? Speak.

TIMON A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
 For showing me again the eyes of man!

ALCIBIADES What is thy name? Is man so hateful
 to thee,
 That art thyself a man?

TIMON I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
 That I might love thee something.

ALCIBIADES I know thee well;
 But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

TIMON I know thee too; and more than that I
 know thee,
 I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
 With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
 Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
 Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubim look.

PHRYNIA Thy lips rot off!

TIMON I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

ALCIBIADES How came the noble Timon to this change?

TIMON As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

ALCIBIADES Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

TIMON None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

ALCIBIADES What is it, Timon?

TIMON Promise me friendship, but perform none: if
thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou
art a man! If thou dost perform, confound thee, for
thou art a man!

ALCIBIADES I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

TIMON Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

ALCIBIADES I see them now; then was a blessed time.

TIMON As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

TIMANDRA Is this the Athenian minion, whom
the world
Voiced so regardfully?

TIMON Art thou Timandra?

TIMANDRA Yes.

TIMON Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.

TIMANDRA Hang thee, monster!

ALCIBIADES Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and grieved,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

TIMON I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

ALCIBIADES I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

TIMON How dost thou pity him whom thou
dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

ALCIBIADES Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.

TIMON Keep it, I cannot eat it.

ALCIBIADES When I have laid proud Athens on
a heap,—

TIMON Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

ALCIBIADES Ay, Timon, and have cause.

TIMON The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

ALCIBIADES Why me, Timon?

TIMON That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-iced city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors: spare not
the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

ALCIBIADES Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou
givest me,
Not all thy counsel.

TIMON Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse
upon thee!

TIMON Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable,
Although, I know, you 'll swear, terribly swear
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burthens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face,
A pox of wrinkles!

PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA Well, more gold: what then?
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

TIMON Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate
ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection. There's more gold:
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA More counsel with more
money, bounteous Timon.

TIMON More whore, more mischief first; I have given
you earnest.

ALCIBIADES Strike up the drum towards Athens!
Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

TIMON If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

ALCIBIADES I never did thee harm.

TIMON Yes, thou spokest well of me.

ALCIBIADES Call'st thou that harm?

TIMON Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles with thee.

ALCIBIADES We but offend him. Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA,
and TIMANDRA*]

TIMON That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,

[*Digging*]

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conception womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—dear thanks!—
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ungrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

[*Enter APEMANTUS*]

More man? Plague, plague!

APEMANTUS I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

TIMON 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

APEMANTUS This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? This place?
This slave-like habit? And these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;

Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bid welcome
To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

TIMON Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

APEMANTUS Thou hast cast away thyself, being
like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip where thou point'st out? Will the
cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in an the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoued trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed,
Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee;
O, thou shalt find—

TIMON A fool of thee: depart.

APEMANTUS I love thee better now than e'er I did.

TIMON I hate thee worse.

APEMANTUS Why?

TIMON Thou flatter'st misery.

APEMANTUS I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.

TIMON Why dost thou seek me out?

APEMANTUS To vex thee.

TIMON Always a villain's office or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

APEMANTUS Ay.

TIMON What! A knave too?

APEMANTUS If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'ldst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives encertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

TIMON Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Do on the oak, hive with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows: I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou
hate men?

They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

APEMANTUS Art thou proud yet?

TIMON Ay, that I am not thee.

APEMANTUS I, that I was no prodigal.

TIMON I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it.

[Eating a root]

APEMANTUS Here; I will mend thy feast.

[Offering him a root]

TIMON First mend my company, take away thyself.

APEMANTUS So I shall mend mine own, by the lack
of thine.

TIMON 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
if not, I would it were.

APEMANTUS What wouldst thou have to Athens?

TIMON Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt, Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

APEMANTUS Here is no use for gold.

TIMON The best and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

APEMANTUS Where liest o' nights, Timon?

TIMON Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

TIMON Would poison were obedient and knew my mind!

APEMANTUS Where wouldst thou send it?

TIMON To sauce thy dishes.

APEMANTUS The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

TIMON On what I hate I feed not.

APEMANTUS Dost hate a medlar?

TIMON Ay, though it look like thee.

APEMANTUS An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

TIMON Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

APEMANTUS Myself.

TIMON I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

APEMANTUS What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

TIMON Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

APEMANTUS Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

TIMON Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

APEMANTUS Ay, Timon.

TIMON A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livest but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? And what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

APEMANTUS If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

TIMON How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

APEMANTUS Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

TIMON When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

APEMANTUS Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

TIMON Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

APEMANTUS A plague on thee! Thou art too bad to curse.

TIMON All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

APEMANTUS There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

TIMON If I name thee.
I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

APEMANTUS I would my tongue could rot them off!

TIMON Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me that thou art alive;
I swoound to see thee.

APEMANTUS Would thou wouldst burst!

TIMON Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee.

[Throws a stone at him]

APEMANTUS Beast!

TIMON Slave!

APEMANTUS Toad!

TIMON Rogue, rogue, rogue!
I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon 't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

[To the gold]

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! Thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! Thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! Thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And makest them kiss! That speak'st with
every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

APEMANTUS Would 'twere so!
But not till I am dead. I'll say thou'st gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

TIMON Throng'd to!

APEMANTUS Ay.

TIMON Thy back, I prithee.

APEMANTUS Live, and love thy misery.

TIMON Long live so, and so die.

[Exit APEMANTUS]

I am quit.
Moe things like men! Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

[Enter Banditti]

FIRST BANDIT Where should he have this gold? It is
some poor fragment, some slender sort of his
remainder: the
mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his
friends, drove him into this melancholy.

SECOND BANDIT It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

THIRD BANDIT Let us make the assay upon him: if he
care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously
reserve it, how shall's get it?

SECOND BANDIT True; for he bears it not about him,
'tis hid.

FIRST BANDIT Is not this he?

BANDITTI Where?

SECOND BANDIT 'Tis his description.

THIRD BANDIT He; I know him.

BANDITTI Save thee, Timon.

TIMON Now, thieves?

BANDITTI Soldiers, not thieves.

TIMON Both too; and women's sons.

BANDITTI We are not thieves, but men that much
do want.

TIMON Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! Why want?

FIRST BANDIT We cannot live on grass, on
berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.

TIMON Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds,
and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o'the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;

His antidotes are poison, and he slays
Moe than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villany, do, since you protest to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheque'd theft. Love not yourselves: away,
Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats:
All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: steal no less for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er! Amen.

THIRD BANDIT Has almost charmed me from my
profession, by persuading me to it.

FIRST BANDIT 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus
advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

SECOND BANDIT I'll believe him as an enemy, and give
over my trade.

FIRST BANDIT Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no
time so miserable but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Banditti*]

[*Enter FLAVIUS*]

FLAVIUS O you gods!
Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do!
Has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

TIMON Away! What art thou?

FLAVIUS Have you forgot me, sir?

TIMON Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

FLAVIUS An honest poor servant of yours.

TIMON Then I know thee not:
I never had honest man about me, I; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

FLAVIUS The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

TIMON What, dost thou weep? Come nearer. Then I
love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not
with weeping!

FLAVIUS I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief and whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain me as your steward still.

TIMON Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true—
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure—
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

FLAVIUS No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late:
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,

My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

TIMON Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly honest man,
Here, take: the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy;
But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar; give to dogs

What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing; be men like
blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so farewell and thrive.

FLAVIUS O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

TIMON If thou hatest curses,
Stay not; fly, whilst thou art blest and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[Exit FLAVIUS. TIMON retires to his cave]



ACT V

SCENE I

The woods. Before TIMON's cave.

[Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON watching them from his cave]

PAINTER As I took note of the place, it cannot be far
where he abides.

POET What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour
hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

PAINTER Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and
Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor
straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'tis said
he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

POET Then this breaking of his has been but a try for
his friends.

PAINTER Nothing else: you shall see him a palm
in Athens
again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore
'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this
supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in
us; and is very likely to load our purposes with
what they travail for, if it be a just true report
that goes of his having.

POET What have you now to present unto him?

PAINTER Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I
will promise him an excellent piece.

POET I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent
that's coming toward him.

PAINTER Good as the best. Promising is the very
air o'the
time: it opens the eyes of expectation:
performance is ever the duller for his act; and,
but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the
deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is
most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind
of will or testament which argues a great sickness
in his judgment that makes it.

[TIMON comes from his cave, behind]

TIMON *[Aside]* Excellent workman! thou canst not
paint a man so bad as is thyself.

POET I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for
him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire
against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery
of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

TIMON *[Aside]* Must thou needs stand for a villain in
thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in
other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

POET Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

PAINTER True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light. Come.

TIMON [Aside] I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! And thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them.

[Coming forward]

POET Hail, worthy Timon!

PAINTER Our late noble master!

TIMON Have I once lived to see two honest men?

POET Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough:
What! To you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

TIMON Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

PAINTER He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

TIMON Ay, you are honest men.

PAINTER We are hither come to offer you our service.

TIMON Most honest men! Why, how shall I
requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? No.

BOTH What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

TIMON Ye're honest men: ye've heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth; ye're honest men.

PAINTER So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

TIMON Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

PAINTER So, so, my lord.

TIMON E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

BOTH Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

TIMON You'll take it ill.

BOTH Most thankfully, my lord.

TIMON Will you, indeed?

BOTH Doubt it not, worthy lord.

TIMON There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

BOTH Do we, my lord?

TIMON Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured
That he's a made-up villain.

PAINTER I know none such, my lord.

POET Nor I.

TIMON Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

BOTH Name them, my lord, let's know them.

TIMON You that way and you this, but two
in company;
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If where thou art two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack! There's gold; you came for gold, ye slaves!

[To Painter]

You have work'd for me; there's payment for
you: hence!

[To Poet]

You are an alchemist; make gold of that.
Out, rascal dogs!

[Beats them out, and then retires to his cave]

[Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators]

FLAVIUS It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.

FIRST SENATOR Bring us to his cave:
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.

SECOND SENATOR At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

FLAVIUS Here is his cave.
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: the Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

[TIMON comes from his cave]

TIMON Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! Speak, and
be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! And each false
Be as cauterizing to the root o'the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

FIRST SENATOR Worthy Timon,—

TIMON Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

FIRST SENATOR The senators of Athens greet
thee, Timon.

TIMON I thank them; and would send them back
the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

FIRST SENATOR O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

SECOND SENATOR They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:

Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

TIMON You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

FIRST SENATOR Therefore, so please thee to return
with us
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power and thy good name
Live with authority: so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

SECOND SENATOR And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

FIRST SENATOR Therefore, Timon,—

TIMON Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if be sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

FLAVIUS Stay not, all's in vain.

TIMON Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
it will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;

Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

FIRST SENATOR We speak in vain.

TIMON But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

FIRST SENATOR That's well spoke.

TIMON Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

FIRST SENATOR These words become your lips as they
pass thorough them.

SECOND SENATOR And enter in our ears like great
triumphers In their applauding gates.

TIMON Commend me to them,
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness
do them:
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

FIRST SENATOR I like this well; he will return again.

TIMON I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.

FLAVIUS Trouble him no further; thus you still shall
find him.

TIMON Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language end:
What is amiss plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Retires to his cave]

FIRST SENATOR His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

SECOND SENATOR Our hope in him is dead: let
us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

FIRST SENATOR It requires swift foot.

[Exeunt]

SCENE II

Before the walls of Athens.

[Enter two Senators and a Messenger]

FIRST SENATOR Thou hast painfully discover'd: are
his files
As full as thy report?

MESSENGER Have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

SECOND SENATOR We stand much hazard, if they bring
not Timon.

MESSENGER I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends: this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i'the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

FIRST SENATOR Here come our brothers.

[Enter the Senators from TIMON]

THIRD SENATOR No talk of Timon, nothing of
him expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare.

[Exeunt]

SCENE III

The woods. TIMON's cave, and a rude tomb seen.

[Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON]

SOLDIER By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb

I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An aged interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.

[Exit]

SCENE IV

Before the walls of Athens.

[Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES with his powers]

ALCIBIADES Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach.

[A parley sounded]

[Enter Senators on the walls]

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traversed arms and breathed
Our sufferance vainly: now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries of itself "No more": now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
And pury insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

FIRST SENATOR Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

SECOND SENATOR So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promised means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

FIRST SENATOR These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your griefs; nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies and schools
should fall
For private faults in them.

SECOND SENATOR Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;

Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death—
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes—take thou the destined tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

FIRST SENATOR All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

SECOND SENATOR What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to't with thy sword.

FIRST SENATOR Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

SECOND SENATOR Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

ALCIBIADES Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof
Fall and no more: and, to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

BOTH 'Tis most nobly spoken.

ALCIBIADES Descend, and keep your words.

[The Senators descend, and open the gates]

[Enter Soldier]

SOLDIER My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

ALCIBIADES [*Reads the epitaph*] "Here lies a
wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked
caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay
not here thy gait."
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,

Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our
droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon: of whose memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword,
Make war breed peace, make peace stint war,
make each
Prescribe to other as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike.

[Exeunt]

