Timon of Athens

By William Shakespeare

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Characters in the Play

TIMON, a noble Athenian
FLAVIUS, his steward
Servants of Timon:
- LUCILIUS
- FLAMINIUS
- SERVILIUS

Other SERVANTS of Timon

APEMANTUS, a Cynic philosopher

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian Captain
His concubines:
- PHRYNIA
- TIMANDRA

SOLDIER of Alcibiades

SENATORS and LORDS of Athens
Friends of Timon:
- LUCIUS
- LUCULLUS
- SEMPRONIUS
- VENTIDIUS

Other FRIENDS of Timon

Servants of Timon's creditors:
- CAPHIS, servant to a Senator
- ISIDORE'S MAN
- VARRO'S two MEN
- TITUS
- LUCIUS' MAN
- HORTENSIUS
- PHILOTUS

A POET
A PAINTER
A JEWELER
A MERCHANT

An OLD ATHENIAN
FOOL
PAGE

Three STRANGERS, one called HOSTILIUS

BANDITTI, theives

“Cupid” and other Maskers (as Amazons)

Soldiers, Servants, Messengers, Attendants, Musicians

ACT 1

Scene 1

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweler, and Merchant, 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 jeweler.
MERCHANT*, to Jeweler*
  O, 'tis a worthy lord!
JEWELER Nay, that's most fixed.
MERCHANT
  A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were,
  To an untirable and continuate goodness.
  He passes.
JEWELER I have a jewel here—
MERCHANT
  O, pray, let's see 't. For the Lord Timon, sir?
JEWELER
  If he will touch the estimate. But for that—
POET*, to Painter*
  When we for recompense have praised the vile,
  It stains the glory in that happy verse
  Which aptly sings the good.
MERCHANT*, looking at the jewel*
  'Tis a good form.
JEWELER And rich. Here is a water, look ye.
PAINTER*, to Poet*
  You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
  To the great lord.
POET A thing slipped idly from me.
  Our poesy is as a gum which oozes
  From whence 'tis nourished. The fire i' th' flint
  Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
  Provokes itself and, like the current, flies
  Each bound it chases. 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 th’ 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.

PAINTER How this lord is followed.
POET
The senators of Athens, happy men.
PAINTER Look, more.
POET
You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
(*Indicating his poem.*) 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 leveled 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 slipp’ry 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
Feigned Fortune to be throned. The base o’ th’ mount
Is ranked with all deserts, all kind of natures
That labor on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states. Amongst them all
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fixed,
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 beckoned from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well expressed
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 labored 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 Lord Timon, addressing himself courteously to every suitor. He is accompanied by a Messenger and followed by Lucilius and other Servants.

TIMON Imprisoned is he, say you?
MESSENGER
Ay, my good lord. Five talents is his debt,
His means most short, his creditors most strait.
Your honorable 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 Honor. *He exits.*

Enter an old Athenian.

OLD MAN
Lord Timon, hear me speak.
TIMON Freely, good father.
OLD MAN
Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.
TIMON I have so. What of him?
OLD MAN
Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.
TIMON
Attends he here or no?—Lucilius!
LUCILIUS Here, at your Lordship's service.
OLD MAN
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 MAN
One only daughter have I, no kin else
On whom I may confer what I have got.
The maid is fair, o' th' 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 MAN Therefore he will be, Timon.
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.
TIMON Does she love him?
OLD MAN 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 MAN
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 endowed
If she be mated with an equal husband?
OLD MAN
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 MAN Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honor, she is his.

TIMON
My hand to thee; mine honor on my promise.
LUCILIUS
Humbly I thank your Lordship. Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping
Which is not owed to you.
He exits with the old Athenian.
POET*, presenting his poem to Timon*
Vouchsafe my labor, 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,
For, since dishonor traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside; these penciled 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 you.
TIMON
Well fare you, gentleman. Give me your hand.
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffered under praise.
JEWELER What, my lord? Dispraise?
TIMON
A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extolled,
It would unclew me quite.
JEWELER My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give. But you well know
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prizèd by their masters. Believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.
TIMON Well mocked.
MERCHANT
No, my good lord. He speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Enter Apemantus.

TIMON Look who comes here. Will you be chid?
JEWELER 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.
JEWELER You know me, Apemantus?
APEMANTUS Thou know'st I do. I called 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 th' law.
TIMON How lik'st 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 'dst anger ladies.
APEMANTUS O, they eat lords. So they come by great bellies.
TIMON That's a lascivious apprehension.
APEMANTUS So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labor.
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 labor. He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' th' 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.
Some Servants exit with Messenger.
You must needs dine with me. Go not you hence
Till I have thanked you.—When dinner's done
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome, sir. *They bow to each other.*
APEMANTUS*, apart* So, so, there!
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
That there should be small love amongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.
ALCIBIADES*, to Timon*
Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.
TIMON Right welcome, sir.
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
All but Apemantus exit.

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 most accursèd thou, that still omit'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' th' ass.
He exits.
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 governed man.
SECOND LORD
Long may he live in fortunes. Shall we in?
I'll keep you company.
They exit.

Scene 2

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in, and then enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords (including Lucius), Alcibiades, and Ventidius (which Timon redeemed from prison). Flavius and others are in attendance. Then comes dropping after all Apemantus discontentedly like himself.

VENTIDIUS Most honored 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. *He offers a purse.*
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, 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 you to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. *They sit.*
FIRST LORD My lord, we always have confessed it.
APEMANTUS
Ho, ho, "confessed it"? Hanged 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. You've got a humor 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. (*Apart.*) O you gods,
what a number of men eats 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 draft, is the readiest
man to kill him. 'T 'as been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals,
Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes.
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

TIMON*, responding to a toast*

My lord, in heart! And let the health go round.

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

APEMANTUS*, apart* "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' th' 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.

He 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 they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em. I could wish my best friend at such a feast.
APEMANTUS*, apart* Would all those flatterers 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 forever 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 speak 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 keeps 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 call 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's 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*, apart* Thou weep'st 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*, apart*
Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.
THIRD LORD
I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.
APEMANTUS*, apart* Much! *Sound tucket.*
TIMON What means that trump?

Enter 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. *Servant exits.*

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. There
Taste, touch, all, pleased from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.
TIMON
They’re welcome all. Let ’em have kind admittance.
Music, make their welcome!
LUCIUS
You see, my lord, how ample you’re beloved.

Music. Enter the masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

APEMANTUS*, apart* Hoy-day!
What a sweep of vanity comes this way.
They dance? They are madwomen.
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 depravèd 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 ’as 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 single 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 luster,
And entertained me with mine own device.
I am to thank you for ’t.
FIRST LADY
My lord, you take us even at the best.
APEMANTUS*, apart* 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.

Cupid and Ladies exit.

TIMON Flavius.

FLAVIUS
My lord?

TIMON The little casket bring me hither.

FLAVIUS Yes, my lord. (*Aside.*) More jewels yet?
There is no crossing him in 's humor;
Else I should tell him well, i' faith I should.
When all's spent, he'd be crossed then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.
He exits.

FIRST LORD Where be our men?

SERVANT Here, my lord, in readiness.

SECOND LORD
Our horses.

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, honor 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. *Servant exits.*

FLAVIUS I beseech your Honor,
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 another Servant.

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

TIMON
I shall accept them fairly. Let the presents
Be worthily entertained. *Servant exits.*

Enter a third Servant.

How now? What news?

THIRD SERVANT Please you, my lord, that honorable gentleman Lord Lucullus entreats your company tomorrow to hunt with him and has sent your Honor two brace of greyhounds.

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

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 ev'ry 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. *He exits.*

TIMON*, to Lords* You do yourselves much wrong.
You bate too much of your own merits.
(*Offering a gift.*) 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. 'Tis yours because you liked it.

FIRST 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 friends' 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 pitched 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 endeared—

TIMON All to you.—Lights, more lights.

FIRST LORD
The best of happiness, honor, and fortunes
Keep with you, Lord Timon.

TIMON Ready for his friends.

All but Timon and Apemantus exit.

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 giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly. What needs these feasts, pomps, and vainglories?

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. *He exits.*

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!

He exits.

ACT 2

Scene 1

Enter a Senator, with papers.

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 sound 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 fracted dates
Have smit my credit. I love and honor him
But must not break my back to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Must not be tossed and turned 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. Come.

He hands Caphis papers.

CAPHIS I will, sir.
SENATOR Go.

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Steward 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 Men of Isidore and Varro.

CAPHIS
Good even, Varro. What, you come for money?
VARRO'S MAN Is 't not your business too?
CAPHIS It is. And yours too, Isidore?
ISIDORE'S MAN It is so.
CAPHIS Would we were all discharged!
VARRO'S MAN I fear it.
CAPHIS Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, and his train, with Alcibiades.

TIMON
So soon as dinner's done we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades. (*To Caphis.*) With me? What is your will?
CAPHIS*, offering Timon a paper*
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 MAN*, offering a paper* One Varro's servant, my good lord—
ISIDORE'S MAN*, offering a paper*
From Isidore. He humbly prays your speedy payment.
CAPHIS
If you did know, my lord, my master's wants—

VARRO'S MAN
'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks and past.
ISIDORE'S MAN
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.
Alcibiades and Timon's train exit.
To Flavius. Come hither. Pray you,
How goes the world that I am thus encountered
With clamorous demands of debt, broken bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts
Against my honor?
FLAVIUS*, to the creditors' Men* 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 entertained.
FLAVIUS Pray, draw near.
Timon and Flavius exit.

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

CAPHIS Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with Apemantus.
Let's ha' some sport with 'em.
VARRO'S MAN Hang him! He'll abuse us.
ISIDORE'S MAN A plague upon him, dog!
VARRO'S MAN How dost, Fool?
APEMANTUS Dost dialogue with thy shadow?
VARRO'S MAN I speak not to thee.
APEMANTUS No, 'tis to thyself. (*To the Fool.*) Come away.
ISIDORE'S MAN*, to Varro's Man* There's the fool hangs on your back already.
APEMANTUS No, thou stand'st single; thou 'rt not on him yet.
CAPHIS*, to Isidore's Man* Where's the fool now?
APEMANTUS He last asked the question. Poor rogues and usurers' men, bawds between gold and want.
ALL THE MEN What are we, Apemantus?
APEMANTUS Asses.
ALL THE MEN Why?
APEMANTUS That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, Fool.
FOOL How do you, gentlemen?
ALL THE MEN 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 master's page.
PAGE, *to 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.
He shows some papers.
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 'lt die a bawd.
PAGE Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not. I am gone. *He exits.*
APEMANTUS E'en so thou outrunn'st 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 THE MEN 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 THE MEN 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 master's house merrily and go away sadly. The reason of this?
VARRO'S MAN I could render one.
APEMANTUS Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave, which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.
VARRO'S MAN 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 more 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 MAN Thou art not altogether a Fool.
FOOL Nor thou altogether a wise man. As much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.
APEMANTUS That answer might have become Apemantus.
ALL THE MEN Aside, aside! Here comes Lord Timon.

Enter Timon and Steward Flavius.

APEMANTUS Come with me, fool, come.
FOOL I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher.
Apemantus and the Fool exit.

FLAVIUS*, to the creditors' Men*
Pray you, walk near. I'll speak with you anon.
The Men exit.
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 th' authority of manners prayed you
To hold your hand more close. I did endure
Not seldom nor no slight checks when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
And your great flow of debts. My lovèd 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 reck'ning?
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 of falsehood,
Call me before th' exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppressed
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
Hath blazed with lights and brayed 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 couched.

TIMON Come, sermon me no further.
No villainous bounty yet hath passed 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 crowned,
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 three Servants, Flaminius, Servilius, and another.

SERVANTS My lord, my lord.

TIMON I will dispatch you severally. (*To Servilius*) You to Lord Lucius, (*to Flaminius*) to Lord Lucullus you—I hunted with his Honor today; (*to the third Servant*) 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. *Servants exit.*

FLAVIUS*, aside* Lord Lucius and Lucullus? Humh!

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' th' 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 honorable,
But yet they could have wished—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—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 fashioned for the journey, dull and heavy.
Go to Ventidius. Prithee, be not sad.
Thou art true and honest—ingeniously I speak—
No blame belongs to thee. Ventidius lately
Buried his father, by whose death he's stepped
Into a great estate. When he was poor,
Imprisoned, and in scarcity of friends,
I cleared him with five talents. Greet him from me.
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remembered
With those five talents. 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.

He exits.

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

He exits.

ACT 3

Scene 1

Enter Flaminius waiting to speak with Lucullus, from his master.

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 tonight.—Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very respectively welcome, sir. (*To Servant.*) Fill me some wine. (*Servant exits.*) And how does that honorable, 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 Honor 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.

Enter Servant with wine.

SERVANT Please your Lordship, here is the wine.

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

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.—Get you gone, sirrah. *Servant exits.*
Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wise and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee. (*Gives him money.*) Good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

FLAMINIUS
Is 't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that lived? Fly, damnèd baseness,
To him that worships thee!
He throws the money back at Lucullus.

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

FLAMINIUS
May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten 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 my master's passion. This slave
Unto his honor has my lord's meat in him.
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment
When he is turned 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.
He exits.

Scene 2

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

LUCIUS Who, the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend and an honorable 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 rumors: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

LUCIUS 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 fifty talents, nay, urged extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

LUCIUS How?

SECOND STRANGER I tell you, denied, my lord.

LUCIUS What a strange case was that! Now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honorable man? There was very little honor showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess I have received

some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and suchlike trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion fifty talents.

Enter Servilius.

SERVILIUS*, aside* See, by good hap, yonder's my lord. I have sweat to see his Honor. *To Lucius.* My honored lord.

LUCIUS Servilius. You are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well. Commend me to thy honorable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend. *He turns to exit.*

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

LUCIUS Ha! What has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending. How shall I thank him, think'st 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 fifty talents.

LUCIUS
I know his Lordship is but merry with me.
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

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

LUCIUS
Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

SERVILIUS Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

LUCIUS What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honorable! How unluckily it happened that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honor! 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 Honor 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 honorable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

SERVILIUS Yes, sir, I shall.

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

Servilius exits.

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

He exits.

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 sport. 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 honorable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have returned to him,
So much I love his heart. But I perceive
Men must learn now with pity to dispense,
For policy sits above conscience.

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter a Third Servant of Timon's with Sempronius, another of Timon's friends.

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 redeemed from prison. All these
Owes their estates unto him.
SERVANT My lord,
They have all been touched and found base metal,
For they have all denied him.
SEMPRONIUS How? Have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him,
And does he send to me? Three? Humh!
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 th' 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 occasions might have wooed 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 it last? No.

So it may prove an argument of laughter
To th' rest, and I 'mongst lords 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 honor shall not know my coin.

He exits.

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 employed
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows:
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.

He exits.

Scene 4

Enter Varro's two Men, meeting Titus and others, all being Men of Timon's creditors to wait for his coming out. Then enter Lucius' Man and Hortensius.

VARRO'S FIRST MAN
Well met. Good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.
TITUS
The like to you, kind Varro.
HORTENSIUS Lucius!
What, do we meet together?
LUCIUS' MAN Ay, and I think
One business does command us all,
For mine is money.
TITUS So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotus.

LUCIUS' MAN
And, sir, Philotus' too.
PHILOTUS Good day at once.
LUCIUS' MAN Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?
PHILOTUS Laboring for nine.
LUCIUS' MAN
So much?
PHILOTUS Is not my lord seen yet?
LUCIUS' MAN Not yet.
PHILOTUS
I wonder on 't. He was wont to shine at seven.

LUCIUS' MAN
Ay, but the days are waxed 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 t' 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' MAN 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 MAN
Yes, mine's three thousand crowns. What's yours?
LUCIUS' MAN Five thousand mine.
VARRO'S FIRST MAN
'Tis much deep, and it should seem by th' sum
Your master's confidence was above mine,
Else surely his had equaled.

Enter Flaminius.

TITUS One of Lord Timon's men.
LUCIUS' MAN 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. *He exits.*

Enter Flavius, the Steward in a cloak, muffled.

LUCIUS' MAN
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 MAN By your leave, sir.
FLAVIUS What do you 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 preferred 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 th' int'rest into their glutt'nous 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.

LUCIUS' MAN Ay, but this answer will not serve.

FLAVIUS
If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you,
For you serve knaves. *He exits.*

VARRO'S FIRST MAN How? What does his cashiered Worship mutter?

VARRO'S SECOND MAN 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' MAN
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.

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

LUCIUS' MAN Put in now, Titus.

TITUS My lord, here is my bill.

LUCIUS' MAN Here's mine.

HORTENSIUS And mine, my lord.

VARRO'S SECOND MAN And ours, my lord.

PHILOTUS All our bills.

TIMON
Knock me down with 'em! Cleave me to the girdle.

LUCIUS' MAN Alas, my lord—

TIMON Cut my heart in sums!

TITUS Mine, fifty talents.

TIMON Tell out my blood.
LUCIUS' MAN Five thousand crowns, my lord.
TIMON
Five thousand drops pays that.—What yours?—And yours?
VARRO'S FIRST MAN My lord—
VARRO'S SECOND MAN My lord—
TIMON
Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!
Timon exits.
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.
They exit.

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.
I'll once more feast the rascals.
FLAVIUS O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul.
There's not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.
TIMON Be it 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.
They exit.

Scene 5

Enter three Senators at one door, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

FIRST SENATOR*, to the Second Senator*
My lord, you have my voice to 't. The fault's
Bloody. 'Tis necessary he should die.
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
SECOND SENATOR Most true. The law shall bruise 'em.
ALCIBIADES
Honor, 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 stepped 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 honor in him which buys out his fault—
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touched 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 labored
To bring manslaughter into form and set quarreling
Upon the head of valor—which indeed
Is valor 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 valor, but to bear.

ALCIBIADES

My lords, then, under favor, 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 valor 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 defense, 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
Why, I say, my lords, has done fair service
And slain in fight many of your enemies.
How full of valor 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 valor 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 inferred 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 honor, 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 forever.
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. *Senators exit.*
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 banished.
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 honor with most lands to be at odds.
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.
He exits.

Scene 6

Music. Enter divers Friends at several doors.

FIRST FRIEND The good time of day to you, sir.
SECOND FRIEND I also wish it to you. I think this honorable lord did but try us this other day.
FIRST FRIEND 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 FRIEND It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.
FIRST FRIEND 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 FRIEND 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 FRIEND I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.
SECOND FRIEND Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?
FIRST FRIEND A thousand pieces.
SECOND FRIEND A thousand pieces!
FIRST FRIEND What of you?
SECOND FRIEND He sent to me, sir—

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Here he comes.
TIMON With all my heart, gentlemen both! And how fare you?
FIRST FRIEND Ever at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.
SECOND FRIEND 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' th' trumpets' sound. We shall to 't presently.
FIRST FRIEND 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 FRIEND My noble lord—
TIMON Ah, my good friend, what cheer?
SECOND FRIEND My most honorable 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 FRIEND 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 FRIEND All covered dishes!
FIRST FRIEND Royal cheer, I warrant you.
THIRD FRIEND Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.
FIRST FRIEND How do you? What's the news?
THIRD FRIEND Alcibiades is banished. Hear you of it?
FIRST AND SECOND FRIENDS Alcibiades banished?
THIRD FRIEND 'Tis so. Be sure of it.
FIRST FRIEND How? How?
SECOND FRIEND I pray you, upon what?
TIMON My worthy friends, will you draw near?
THIRD FRIEND I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.
SECOND FRIEND This is the old man still.
THIRD FRIEND Will 't hold? Will 't hold?
SECOND FRIEND It does, but time will—and so—
THIRD FRIEND 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. (*They 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 tag 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. They contain only water and stones.

SOME SPEAK What does his Lordship mean?

SOME OTHER I know not.

TIMON

May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! 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 villainy. (*He throws 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, vapors, and minute-jacks.
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! (*They stand.*) What, dost thou go?
Soft! Take thy physic first—thou too—and thou.—
Stay. I will lend thee money, borrow none.

He attacks them and forces 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! *He exits.*

Enter Timon's Friends, the Senators, with other Lords.

FIRST FRIEND How now, my lords?

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

THIRD FRIEND Push! Did you see my cap?

FOURTH FRIEND I have lost my gown.

FIRST FRIEND He's but a mad lord, and naught but humors 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?

SECOND FRIEND Did you see my cap?

THIRD FRIEND Here 'tis.

FOURTH FRIEND Here lies my gown.

FIRST FRIEND Let's make no stay.

SECOND FRIEND

Lord Timon's mad.

THIRD FRIEND I feel 't upon my bones.

FOURTH FRIEND

One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

The Senators and the others exit.

ACT 4

Scene 1
Enter Timon.

TIMON
Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall
That girdles 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' th' 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' th' 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 neighborhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet 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 th' Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be 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
Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all!—
Th' 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.

He exits.

Scene 2
Enter Steward 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 picked; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunned poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.

Enter other Servants.

More of our fellows.
FLAVIUS
All broken implements of a ruined 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. Leaked 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." (*He offers them money.*) Let each take some.
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more.
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
The 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 mocked 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 varnished 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, do still mar men.
My dearest lord, blest 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.

He exits.

Scene 3

Enter Timon in the woods, with a spade.

TIMON

O blessèd breeding sun, draw from the Earth
Rotten humidity! Below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinned 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 Senators shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honor.
It is the pasture lards the brother'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 smoothed by that below. The learnèd pate
Ducks to the golden fool. All's obliquy.
There's nothing level in our cursèd natures
But direct villainy. Therefore be abhorred
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men.
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains.
Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! (*Digging, he finds gold.*) 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 th' 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 wappened widow wed again;
She whom the spital house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To th' April day again. Come, damnèd earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that puts odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature. (*March afar off.*) Ha? A drum?
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.

He buries the gold, keeping some out.

Enter Alcibiades, with Drum and Fife, in warlike manner, and 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 unlearned 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 cherubin 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 blessèd time.
TIMON
As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
TIMANDRA
Is this th' 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 drowned 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 cursèd Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds when neighbor 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 conquered!
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-viced city hang his poison
In the sick air. Let not thy sword skip one.
Pity not honored 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 the throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects;
Put armor 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. (*He offers gold.*) There's gold to pay thy soldiers.
Make large confusion and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not. Begone.

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!

BOTH WOMEN
Give us some gold, good Timon. Hast thou more?

TIMON
Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant. (*He begins throwing gold into their aprons.*) You are not oathable,
Although I know you'll swear—terribly swear
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
Th' 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 burdens of the dead—some that were hanged,
No matter; wear them, betray with them. Whore still.
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face.
A pox of wrinkles!

BOTH WOMEN Well, more gold. What then?
Believe 't that we'll do anything 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 quillets 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 curled-pate ruffians bald,
And let the unscarred 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!

BOTH WOMEN
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 spok'st well of me.

ALCIBIADES Call'st thou that harm?

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

ALCIBIADES*, to the Women* We but offend him.—
Strike. *The drum sounds; all but Timon exit.*

TIMON
That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! (*He digs.*) Common mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
Teems and feeds all; whose selfsame mettle—
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed—
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venomed worm,
With all th' abhorrèd births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quick'ning fire doth shine:
Yield him who all thy human sons do hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious 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 plow-torn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man with liquorish drafts
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 future. Why this spade? This place?
This slavelike 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 gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade welcome,
To knaves and all approachers. 'Tis most just
That thou turn rascal. Had'st 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 moist trees,
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste
To cure thy o'ernight's surfeit? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhousèd 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 'dst courtier be again
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crowned 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 favor never clasped but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swathe, 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 learned
The icy precepts of respect, but followed
The sugared 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, have 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 flattered 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, begone.
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. *He gnaws a root.*
APEMANTUS*, offering food* Here, I will mend thy feast.
TIMON
First mend my company. Take away thyself.

APEMANTUS
So I shall mend mine own by th' lack of thine.
TIMON
'Tis not well mended so; it is but botched.
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 a-nights, Timon?
TIMON Under that's above me. Where feed'st thou a-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 know'st 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 'dst 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 talk'st 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 dullness would torment thee, and still thou lived'st 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 germane to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defense 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 swoon to see thee.

APEMANTUS
Would thou wouldst burst!

TIMON Away, thou tedious rogue!
I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

Timon throws a stone at Apemantus.

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 of the sea may beat
Thy gravestone daily. Make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
(*To his 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 sold'rest close impossibilities
And mak'st 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 thronged to shortly.
TIMON Thronged to?
APEMANTUS Ay.
TIMON
Thy back, I prithee.
APEMANTUS Live and love thy misery.
TIMON Long live so, and so die. I am quit.

Enter the Banditti.

APEMANTUS
More things like men.—Eat, Timon, and abhor them. *Apemantus exits.*
FIRST BANDIT Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort 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?
OTHERS Where?
SECOND BANDIT 'Tis his description.
THIRD BANDIT He. I know him.
ALL Save thee, Timon.
TIMON Now, thieves?
ALL
Soldiers, not thieves.
TIMON Both, too, and women's sons.
ALL
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 briars scarlet hips.
The bounteous huswife 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 professed, that you work not
In holier shapes, for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. (*He gives them gold.*) Go, suck the subtle blood o' th' 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
More than you rob. Take wealth and lives together.
Do, villainy, 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 stol'n
From gen'ral excrement. Each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Has unchecked theft. Love not yourselves. Away!
Rob one another. There's more gold. (*He gives them 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 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.

Thieves exit.

Enter Flavius the Steward, to Timon.

FLAVIUS O you gods!
Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and flailing? O, monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestowed!
What an alteration of honor has desp'rate 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 wished 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.

He weeps.

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,
T' accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

He offers money.

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,
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 feared 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 unmatchèd mind,
Care of your food and living. And believe it,
My most honored 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. (*Timon offers gold.*) The gods out of my misery
Has sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy,
But thus conditioned: thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
But let the famished flesh slide from the bone
Ere thou relieve the beggar; give to dogs
What thou deniest 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 hat'st curses,
Stay not. Fly whilst thou art blest and free.
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

They exit.

ACT 5

Scene 1

Enter Poet and Painter.

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 rumor 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 and true report that goes of his having.

Enter Timon, behind them, from his cave.

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' th' 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*, 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-cornered night,

Find what thou want'st by free and offered light.
Come.
TIMON*, aside*
I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold
That he is worshiped in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plow'st the foam,
Settlest admirèd reverence in a slave.
To thee be worship, and thy saints for aye
Be crowned with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. *He comes 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, abhorrèd spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What, to you,
Whose starlike 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 travailed 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
You're honest men. You've heard that I have gold.
I am sure you have. Speak truth. You're honest men.
PAINTER
So it is said, my noble lord, but therefor
Came not my friend nor I.
TIMON
Good honest men. (*To the Painter.*) 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. (*To the Poet.*) 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 Honor
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 draft,
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 archvillain keeps him company.
(*To one.*) If where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. (*To the other.*) If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence, pack. There's gold. You came for gold, you slaves.
(*To one.*) You have work for me. There's payment. Hence.
(*To the other.*) You are an alchemist; make gold of that.
Out, rascal dogs!

Timon drives them out and then exits.

Enter Steward Flavius, and two Senators.

FLAVIUS
It is 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 th' 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. Th' Athenians
By two of their most reverend Senate greet thee.
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter Timon out of his cave.

TIMON
Thou sun that comforts, burn!—Speak and be hanged!
For each true word a blister, and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' th' 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 it own fall, restraining aid to Timon,
And send forth us to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offense 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 beweep 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;
Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority. So soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild,
Who like a boar too savage doth root up
His country's peace.
SECOND SENATOR And shakes his threat'ning 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 he sack fair Athens
And take our goodly agèd men by th' beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brained war,
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it
In pity of our agèd 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 th' 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*, to Senators* Stay not. All's in vain.
TIMON
Why, I was writing of my epitaph.
It will be seen tomorrow. 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 wrack,
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 through 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*, to Second 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 ax,
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.

FLAVIUS*, to Senators*
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 beachèd verge of the salt flood,
Who once a day with his embossèd froth
The turbulent surge shall cover. Thither come
And let my gravestone be your oracle.
Lips, let four 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.

Timon exits.

FIRST SENATOR
His discontents are unremovably
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.

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

THIRD SENATOR
Thou hast painfully discovered. Are his files
As full as thy report?

MESSENGER I have spoke the least.
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

FOURTH 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' th' cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

Enter the other Senators.

THIRD SENATOR Here come our brothers.
FIRST SENATOR
No talk of Timon; nothing of him expect.
The enemy's drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare.
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foe's the snare.

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter a Soldier in the woods, seeking Timon.

SOLDIER
By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? Speak, ho! No answer? What is this?
He reads an epitaph.
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretched his span.
Some beast read 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.

He exits.

Scene 4

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers before Athens.

ALCIBIADES
Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. *Sounds a parley.*

The Senators appear upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on and filled 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 wandered 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 pursy 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

Transformèd 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 grief, 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 tithèd 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, revenge. 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 th' 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 honor else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbor in our town till we
Have sealed thy full desire.
ALCIBIADES Then there's my glove.
Descend and open your unchargèd 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 remedied to your public laws
At heaviest answer.
BOTH 'Tis most nobly spoken.
ALCIBIADES Descend and keep your words.

The Senators descend.

Enter a Soldier, with the wax tablet.

SOLDIER
My noble general, Timon is dead,
Entombed upon the very hem o' th' sea,
And on his gravestone 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 abhorred'st in us our human griefs,
Scorned'st our brains' 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.
Drums. They exit.