

TIMON OF ATHENS

By William Shakespeare

Dramatis Personae.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

FLAMINIUS, }

LUCILIUS, } servants to Timon.

SERVILIUS, }

1st SERVANT, 2nd SERVANT, 3rd SERVANT, and other Servants to Timon.

LUCIUS, }

LUCULLUS, } flattering Lords

SEMPRONIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

1st LORD, 2nd LORD, 3rd LORD, and other Lords.

1st FRIEND, 2nd FRIEND, 3rd FRIEND, 4th FRIEND, to Timon.

1st SENATOR, 2nd SENATOR, 3rd SENATOR, 4th SENATOR.

SERVANT to Lucullus. LUCIUS' SERVANT.

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian captain.

Attendants to Alcibiades.

A SOLDIER, other Soldiers, under Alcibiades' command.

CAPHIS, }

VARRO's 1st SERVANT, }

VARRO's 2nd SERVANT, }

ISIDORE's SERVANT, } servants of Timon's creditors.

PHILOTUS, }

TITUS, }

HORTENSIUS, }

1st STRANGER, 2nd STRANGER, 3rd STRANGER.

An OLD ATHENIAN.

A PAGE.

A FOOL.

A MESSENGER. A MESSENGER from Ventidius.

A POET. A PAINTER. A JEWELLER. A MERCHANT. A Mercer.

PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA, mistresses to Alcibiades.

1st BANDIT, 2nd BANDIT, 3rd BANDIT, other Bandits.

One as CUPID in the Masque.
1st LADY, and other Ladies, as Amazons in the Masque.
Drummer, and Fifer.

Scene: Athens, and the neighbouring woods.

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ACT 1.

Scene 1. Athens. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter POET, PAINTER, JEWELLER, MERCHANT, and MERCER, at several doors.

Poet Good day, sir.

Painter I am glad y'are well.

Poet I have not seen you long. How goes the world?

Painter It wears, sir, as it grows.

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

Painter I know them both. Th'other's a jeweller.

Merchant O, 'tis a worthy lord.

Jeweller Nay, that's most fixed.

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

Jeweller I have a jewel here -

Merchant O, pray let's see't. For the Lord Timon, sir?

Jeweller If he will touch the estimate. But for that -

Poet [Recites.] "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.

Jeweller And rich. Here is a water, look ye.

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

Poet A thing 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 chafes. What have you there?

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

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

Painter 'Tis a good piece.

Poet So 'tis; this comes off well and excellent.

Painter Indifferent.

Poet Admirable. How this grace
Speaks his own standing! What a mental power
This eye shoots forth! How big imagination
Moves in this lip! To 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, who pass over the stage and go in to Timon.

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.
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 levelled 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 labour 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.

Timon I have so. What of him?

Old Athenian Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Timon Attends he here or no? Lucilius!

Lucilius Here, at your lordship's service.

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

Timon Well, what further?

Old Athenian One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got.
The maid is fair, o'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 Athenian Therefore he will be, Timon.
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

Timon Does she love him?

Old Athenian She is young and apt.
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Timon Love you the maid?

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

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

Timon How shall she be endowed
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Athenian Three talents on the present; in future, all.

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

Old Athenian Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

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

Lucilius Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping
Which is not owed to you.

[Exeunt LUCILIUS and OLD ATHENIAN.]

Poet [Presenting his poem.]
Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Timon I thank you; you shall hear from me anon.
Go not away. [To PAINTER.] 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 dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside; these pencilled figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it. Wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Painter The gods preserve ye!

Timon Well fare you, gentleman. Give me your hand;
We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel
Hath suffered under praise.

Jeweller What, my lord -dispraise?

Timon A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extolled,
It would unclaw me quite.

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

Timon Well mocked.

Enter APEMANTUS.

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

Timon Look who comes here.
Will you be chid?

Jeweller We'll bear, with your lordship.

Merchant He'll spare none.

Timon Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.

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

Timon Why dost thou call them knaves? -thou know'st them not.

Apemantus Are they not Athenians?

Timon Yes.

Apemantus Then I repent not.

Jeweller You know me, Apemantus?

Apemantus Thou know'st I do; I 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 Y'are 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 labour.

Timon How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

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

Timon What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apemantus Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!

Poet How now, philosopher!

Apemantus Thou liest.

Poet Art not one?

Apemantus Yes.

Poet Then I lie not.

Apemantus Art not a poet?

Poet Yes.

Apemantus Then thou liest. Look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

Poet That's not feigned, he is so.

Apemantus Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered is worthy o'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.
[Exeunt some SERVANTS.

[To JEWELLER.] You must needs dine with me.

[To POET.] Go not you hence

Till I have thanked you. [To PAINTER.] When dinner's done,
Show me this piece. [To ALL.] I am joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with the Rest.

Most welcome, sir!

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

Alcibiades Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most 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.

[Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.

Enter two LORDS.

1st Lord What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

Apemantus Time to be honest.

1st Lord That time serves still.

Apemantus The most accursed thou that still omit'st it.

2nd Lord Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?

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

2nd Lord Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apemantus Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2nd Lord Why, Apemantus?

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

1st Lord Hang thyself!

Apemantus No, I will do nothing at thy bidding. Make thy requests to thy friend.

2nd Lord Away, unpeaceable dog! -or I'll spurn thee hence.

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

[Exit.

1st Lord He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? He outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2nd 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.

1st Lord The noblest mind he carries
That ever governed man.

2nd Lord Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1st Lord I'll keep you company.

[Exeunt.

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Scene 2. A Room of State in Timon's House.

Hautboys playing loud music.

A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and other SERVANTS attending;
and then enter LORD TIMON, the STATES, the Athenian LORDS, VENTIDIUS,

which

Timon redeemed from prison, ALCIBIADES, and LUCULLUS.

Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself.

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

Timon O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love.
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say he gives if he receives.
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ventidius A noble spirit!

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

[They sit.

1st 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! Ye've got a humour there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.
They say, my lords, Ira furor brevis est;
But yond man is ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

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

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

Apemantus I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a number of men 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 draught, 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 windpipe's dangerous notes.

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Timon [Drinking a toast to a Lord.]

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

2nd Lord Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apemantus Flow this way? A brave fellow! He keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.

Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner -

Honest water, which ne'er left man i'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.

[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 Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1st Lord Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Timon O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you -how had you been my friends else? Why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty 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 Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2nd Lord Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

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

3rd Lord I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

Apemantus 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.

Enter CUPID.

Cupid Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all
That of his bounties taste! The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. Th' ear,
Taste, touch, smell, 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!

[Exit CUPID.

Lucullus You see, my lord, how ample y'are beloved.

Music.

Re-enter CUPID, with a Masque of LADIES as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apemantus Hoy-day! What a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance? They are 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 depraved or depraves?

Who dies that bears not one spurn to their graves

Of their friends' gift?

I should fear those that dance before me now

Would one day stamp upon me. 'T'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 singles out an AMAZON, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Timon You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,

Which was not half so beautiful and kind;

You have added worth unto't and lustre,

And entertained me with mine own device.

I am to thank you for't.

1st Lady My lord, you take us even at the best.

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

Timon Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you;
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Ladies Most thankfully, my lord.
[Exeunt CUPID and LADIES.]

Timon Flavius!

Flavius My lord?

Timon The little casket bring me hither.

Flavius Yes, my lord. [Aside.] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in's humour,
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.

[Exit.

1st Lord Where be our men?

Servant Here, my lord, in readiness.

2nd Lord Our horses!

Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket.

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

1st Lord I am so far already in your gifts -

All Lords So are we all.

Enter 1st SERVANT.

1st Servant My lord, there are certain nobles of the Senate
Newly alighted and come to visit you.

Timon They are fairly welcome.

[Exit 1st SERVANT.]

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

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

Flavius [Aside.] I scarce know how.

Enter 2nd SERVANT.

2nd Servant May it please your honour, 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.

[Exit 2nd SERVANT.
Enter 3rd SERVANT.

How now, what news?

3rd Servant Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus,
entreats your company tomorrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two
brace of greyhounds.

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

[Exit 3rd SERVANT.

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

[Exit.

Timon You do yourselves much wrong;
You bate too much of your own merits.
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2nd Lord With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3rd 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.

3rd 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.

1st Lord We are so virtuously bound -

Timon And so am I to you.

2nd Lord So infinitely endeared -

Timon All to you. Lights, more lights!

1st Lord The best of happiness, honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord
Timon!

Timon Ready for his friends.
[Exeunt all but TIMON and APEMANTUS.]

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 curtsies.

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, poms, 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.
[Exit.]

Apemantus So; thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt not then. I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[Exit.

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ACT 2.

Scene 1. Athens. A Room in a Senator's House.

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 honour 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 Ay, go sir! Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in. Come.

Caphis I will, sir.

Senator Go.
[Exeunt.

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Scene 2. On the Road to Timon's House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

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

Enter CAPHIS and the SERVANTS of Isidore and Varro.

Caphis Good even, Varro. What, you come for money?

Varro Servant Is't not your business too?

Caphis It is; and yours too, Isidore?

Isidore Servant It is so.

Caphis Would we were all discharged!

Varro Servant 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 My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Timon Dues? Whence are you?

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.

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.
[Exit.

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 Servants Ay; would they served us.

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

Fool Are you three usurers' men?

All Servants Ay, fool.

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

Varro Servant 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 Servant What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit;
sometime't appears like a lord, sometime like a lawyer, sometime like a
philosopher, with two stones 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 Servant 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 Servants Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apemantus Come with me, fool, come.

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

[Exeunt APEMANTUS and FOOL.]

Flavius Pray you walk near. I'll speak with you anon.

[Exeunt CAPHIS and SERVANTS.]

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

Flavius You would not hear me.
 At many leisures I proposed -

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

Flavius O my good lord,
 At many times I brought in my accounts,
 Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
 And say you found them in mine honesty.
 When for some trifling present you have bid me
 Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;
 Yea, 'gainst 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 loved lord,
 Though you hear now, too late, yet now's a time,
 The greatest of your having lacks a half
 To pay your present debts.

Timon 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 FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and another (3rd) SERVANT.

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 honour today. [To
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.

[Exeunt SERVANTS.

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 honourable,
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.

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

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ACT 3.

Scene 1. Athens. A Room in Lucullus' House.

FLAMINIUS waiting to speak with a lord, LUCULLUS, from his Master;
enters 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. [Aloud.] Flaminius,
honest Flaminius, you are very respectfully welcome, sir. [To SERVANT.] Fill
me some wine.
[Exit SERVANT.

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

Flaminius His health is well, sir.

Lucullus I am right glad that his health is well, sir. And what hast thou
there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

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

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

Re-enter SERVANT, with wine.

Servant Please your lordship, here is the wine.

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

Flaminius Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucullus I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well if the time use thee well -[Drinking.] Good parts in thee! [To SERVANT.] Get you gone, sirrah.
[Exit SERVANT.]

Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou 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. 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, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee!
[Throwing the solidares at LUCULLUS.]

Lucullus Ha! Now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.
[Exit.]

Flaminius May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let 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 honour
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.
[Exit.

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Scene 2. A Public Place.

Enter LUCIUS, with three STRANGERS.

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

1st Stranger We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Lucius Fie, no, do not believe it. He cannot want for money.

2nd Stranger But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents, nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Lucius How!

2nd 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 honourable man! There was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles -nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

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

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

Servilius May it please your honour, my lord hath sent -

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 H'as only sent his present occasion now, my lord, requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many 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 honourable! How unluckily it happened that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do -the more beast, I say! I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me: I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

Servilius Yes, sir, I shall.

Lucius I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.
[Exit SERVILIUS.

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

[Exit.

1st Stranger Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2nd Stranger Ay, too well.

1st 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.

3rd Stranger Religion groans at it.

1st Stranger For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,

3rd 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.

[Exit.

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Scene 4. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter two of Varro's MEN, Lucius' SERVANT, and OTHERS, all being servants of Timon's creditors, to wait for his coming out.
Then enter TITUS and HORTENSIUS.

Varro's

1st Servant Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Titus The like to you, kind Varro.

Hortensius Lucius! What, do we meet together?

Lucius'

Servant Ay, and I think one business does command us all,
For mine is money.

Titus So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Lucius'

Servant And Sir Philotus too!

Philotus Good day at once.

Lucius'

Servant Welcome, good brother. What do you think the hour?

Philotus Labouring for nine.

Lucius'

Servant So much?

speaking broader than he that has no house to put his head in? Such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Titus O, here's Servilius. Now we shall know some answer.

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

Lucius'

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

Servilius Good gods!

Titus We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flaminius [Within.] Servilius, help! My lord, my lord!

Enter TIMON in a rage.

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

Lucius'

Servant Put in now, Titus.

Titus My lord, here is my bill.

Lucius'

Servant Here's mine.

Hortensius And mine, my lord.

Both Varro's

Servants And ours, my lord.

Philotus All our bills.

Timon Knock me down with 'em; cleave me to the girdle -

Lucius'

Servant Alas, my lord -

Timon Cut my heart in sums -

Titus Mine, fifty talents.

Timon Tell out my blood -

Lucius'

Servant Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Timon Five thousand drops pays that. What yours? And yours?

Varro's

1st Servant My lord -

Varro's

2nd Servant My lord -

Timon Tear me, take me; and the gods fall upon you!

[Exit.

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

[Exeunt.

Re-enter TIMON, and FLAVIUS.

Timon They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves.

Creditors? Devils!

Flavius My dear lord -

Timon What if it should be so?

Flavius My lord -

Timon I'll have it so. My steward!

Flavius Here, my lord.

Timon So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius, all.

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.

[Exeunt.

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Scene 5. The Senate House.

Enter three SENATORS at one door,
ALCIBIADES meeting them, with ATTENDANTS.

1st 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.

2nd Senator Most true; the law shall bruise 'em.

Alcibiades Honour, health, and compassion to the Senate!

1st Senator Now, captain?

Alcibiades I am a 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 honour 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 behove his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.

1st Senator You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair.
Your words have took such pains as if they laboured
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which indeed
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born.
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe,
And make his wrongs his outsides,
To wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcibiades My lord -

1st Senator You cannot make gross sins look clear.
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

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

2nd Senator You breathe in vain.

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

1st Senator What's that?

Alcibiades Why, I say, my lords, h'as done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies.
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2nd Senator He has made too much plenty with 'em.
He's a sworn rioter; he has a sin
That often drowns him and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him. In that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages
And cherish factions. 'Tis inferred to us
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

1st 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 honour 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.

1st 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.

2nd Senator How?

Alcibiades Call me to your remembrances.

3rd 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.

1st Senator Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
We banish thee for ever.

Alcibiades Banish me?
Banish your dotage, banish usury,
That makes the Senate ugly!

1st Senator If after two days' shine Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment.
And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently.

[Exeunt SENATORS.]

Alcibiades Now the gods keep you old enough that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad. I have kept back their foes
While they have told their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those, for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring Senate

Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be 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 honour with most lands to be at odds.
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.
[Exit.

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Scene 6. A Room in Timon's House.

Music. Tables set out.
Enter divers FRIENDS of Timon at several doors.

1st Friend The good time of day to you, sir.

2nd Friend I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1st 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.

2nd Friend It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1st 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.

2nd 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.

1st Friend I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2nd Friend Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1st Friend A thousand pieces.

2nd Friend A thousand pieces!

1st Friend What of you?

2nd Friend He sent to me, sir -Here he comes.

Enter TIMON and ATTENDANTS.

Timon With all my heart, gentlemen both! And how fare you?

1st Friend Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2nd Friend The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

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

1st 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.

2nd Friend My noble lord -

Timon Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

2nd Friend My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame that when your lordship this other day sent to me I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Timon Think not on't, sir.

2nd 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.

2nd Friend All covered dishes.

1st Friend Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3rd Friend Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1st Friend How do you? What's the news?

3rd Friend Alcibiades is banished; hear you of it?

1st &

2nd Friends Alcibiades banished!

3rd Friend 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1st Friend How? How?

2nd Friend I pray you, upon what?

Timon My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3rd Friend I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2nd Friend This is the old man still.

3rd Friend Will't hold? Will't hold?

2nd Friend It does; but time will -and so -

3rd 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. 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 leg of people -what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

The dishes are uncovered, and seen to be full of warm water and stones.

Some Friends What does his lordship mean?

Other Friends 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.

[Throws the water in their faces.

Live loathed and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?

[Throwing stones at them.

Soft, take thy physic first -thou too -and thou.

[Driving them out.

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house! Sink, Athens! Henceforth hated be

Of Timon man and all humanity!

[Exit.

Re-enter the FRIENDS.

1st Friend How now, my lords!

2nd Friend Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

3rd Friend Push! -did you see my cap?

4th Friend I have lost my gown.

1st Friend He's but a mad lord, and nought but humours 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?

3rd Friend Did you see my cap?

2nd Friend Here 'tis.

4th Friend Here lies my gown.

1st Friend Let's make no stay.

2nd Friend Lord Timon's mad.

3rd Friend I feel't upon my bones.

4th Friend One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[Exeunt.

+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

ACT 4.

Scene 1. Without the Walls of Athens.

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 neighbourhood,
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.

[Exit.

+ + + + +

Scene 2. A Room in Timon's House.

Enter FLAVIUS with two or three SERVANTS.

1st 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.

1st Servant Such a house broke?
So noble a master fall'n? All gone, and not

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 enquire him out.
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still.

[Exit.

+ + + + +

Scene 3. Woods and a Cave near the Seashore.

Enter TIMON in the woods.

Timon O blessed 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 senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
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 guise of fortune
Is smoothed by that below. The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool; all's obliquy;
There's nothing level in our cursed 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.

[Digging.

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison. What is here?
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious gold?
No, gods, I am no idle votarist.
Roots, you clear heavens! Thus much of this will make
Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
Base noble, old young, coward valiant.
Ha, you gods! Why this? What this, you gods? Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.

This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions, bless 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, damned 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? Th'art quick,
But yet I'll bury thee. Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

[Keeping some gold.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with DRUM and FIFE, in warlike manner; 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 blessed 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 cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them -

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

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

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

Alcibiades Why, fare thee well.
Here is some gold for thee.

Timon Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcibiades When I have laid proud Athens on a heap -

Timon Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcibiades Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Timon The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
And thee after, when thou hast 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-iced city hang his poison
In the sick air. Let not thy sword skip one.
Pity not honoured age for his white beard;
He is a 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 armour on thine ears and on thine eyes
Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers.
Make large confusion, and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not; be gone.

Alcibiades Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

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

Phrynia &

Timandra 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.

[Throwing gold into the 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!

Phrynia &

Timandra 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 quilllets shrilly. Hoar the flamen
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself. Down with the nose,
Down with it flat, take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal. Make 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!

Phrynia &

Timandra More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

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

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

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

Alcibiades I never did thee harm.

Timon Yes, thou 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 We but offend him. Strike!

[Drum beats.

[Exeunt all but TIMON.

Timon That nature being sick of man's unkindness
Should yet be hungry!

[Digging.

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 venom'd worm,
With all th' abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quick'ning fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all the 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 plough-torn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague, plague!

Apemantus I was directed hither. Men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Timon 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

Apemantus This is in thee a nature but infected,

A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of future. Why this spade, this place,
This slave-like habit, and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee. Hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe
Blow off thy cap. Praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus.
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade welcome,
To knaves, and all approachers. 'Tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

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

Apemantus Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these 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 unhoued trunks
To the conflicting elements exposed,
Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee.
O thou shalt find -

Timon A fool of thee. Depart.

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

Timon I hate thee worse.

Apemantus Why?

Timon Thou flatter'st misery.

Apemantus I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

Timon Why dost thou seek me out?

Apemantus To vex thee.

Timon Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

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

Timon Who, without those means thou 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 defence absence. What beast couldst thou be that were not subject to a beast? And what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

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

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

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

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

Apemantus Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Timon Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apemantus A plague on thee! -thou art too bad to curse.

Timon All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

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

Timon If I name thee.

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

Apemantus I would my tongue could rot them off!

Timon Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me that thou art alive.

I swoon to see thee.

Apemantus Would thou wouldst burst!

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

[Throwing a stone at him.

Apemantus Beast!

Timon Slave!

Apemantus Toad!

Timon Rogue, rogue, rogue!

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave.

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy gravestone daily. Make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

[Looking at the gold.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

'Twixt natural son and sire! Thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! Thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! Thou visible god,

That solder'st close impossibilities,

And 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

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife nature on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! Why want?

1st 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. 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 stolen
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. 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.

3rd Bandit Has almost charmed me from my profession by persuading me to it.

1st Bandit 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us, not to
have us thrive in our mystery.

2nd Bandit I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1st Bandit Let us first see peace in Athens. There is no time so miserable
but a man may be true.

[Exeunt BANDITS.

Enter FLAVIUS, to Timon.

Flavius O you gods!
Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestowed!
What an alteration of honour 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; ay, all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

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

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

Flavius I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
T'accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Timon Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man; mistake me not, but one.
No more, I pray -and he's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,

And thou redeem'st thyself! But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise,
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service;
For many so arrive at second masters
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true -
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure -
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
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 unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it
My most honoured 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.
[Showing his gold.

Thou singly honest man,
Here, take. 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 blessed and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.
[Exit FLAVIUS.

TIMON withdraws into his cave.

ITALIC ON[+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ 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 rumour hold for true that he's so full of gold?

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

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

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

Poet What have you now to present unto him?

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

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

Painter Good as the best. Promising is the very air o'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.

Enter TIMON from his cave.

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 worshipped in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave.
To thee be worship, and thy saints for aye
Be crowned with plagues, that thee alone obey!
[Advancing.] Fit I meet them.

Poet Hail, worthy Timon!

Painter Our late noble master!

Timon Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Poet Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures -O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough -
What, to you,
Whose 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 travelled 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?

Poet &

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

Timon Y'are honest men. Y've heard that I have gold?
I am sure you have -Speak truth; y'are honest men.

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

Timon Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens. Th'art indeed the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Painter So, so, my lord.

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

Poet &
Painter Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Timon You'll take it ill.

Poet &
Painter Most thankfully, my lord.

Timon Will you indeed?

Poet &
Painter Doubt it not, worthy lord.

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

Poet &
Painter Do we, my lord?

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

Painter I know none such, my lord.

Poet Nor I.

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

I'll give you gold enough.

Poet &

Painter Name them, my lord; let's know them.

Timon You that way and you this, but two in company;
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
[To PAINTER.] If where thou art two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. [To POET.] If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack! There's gold -you came for gold, ye slaves.
[To POET, throwing stones at him.]
You have work for me, there's payment. Hence!
[To PAINTER, throwing stones at him.]
You are an alchemist, make gold of that!
Out, rascal dogs!
[Exeunt POET and PAINTER.]

TIMON withdraws into his cave.

Enter 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.

1st Senator Bring us to his cave.
It is our part and promise to th' Athenians
To speak with Timon.

2nd 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.

Re-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,

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 aged men by th' beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, madbrained war,
Then let him know -and tell him Timon speaks it
In pity of our aged and our youth -
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And -let him take't at worst -for their knives care not
While you have throats to answer. For myself,
There's not a whittle in 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 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.

1st 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.

1st Senator That's well spoke.

Timon Commend me to my loving countrymen -

1st Senator These words become your lips as they pass through them.

2nd 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.

1st Senator I like this well. He will return again.

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

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

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

[Exit, into his cave.]

1st Senator His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

2nd Senator Our hope in him is dead. Let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1st Senator It requires swift foot.
[Exeunt.]

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Scene 2. Before the Walls of Athens.

Enter 3rd SENATOR and 4th SENATOR, with a MESSENGER.

3rd 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.

4th Senator We stand much hazard if they bring not Timon.

Messenger I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,

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. Exeunt.