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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library
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It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare’s plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of “taking up Shakespeare,” finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as The Folger Shakespeare (formerly Folger Digital Texts), we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare’s plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare’s works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger’s holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare’s works in the Folger’s Elizabethan Theatre.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare’s works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exists to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library
Until now, with the release of The Folger Shakespeare (formerly Folger Digital Texts), readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare’s plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare’s plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of Hamlet, two of King Lear, Henry V, Romeo and Juliet, and others.

Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare’s text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed “improper” and “indecent” for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See The Tempest, 1.2: “Abhorred slave, / Which any print of goodness wilt not take, / Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee…”). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Shakespeare texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from Othello: “[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]”), half-square brackets (for example, from Henry V: “With [blood] and sword and fire to win your right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from
Hamlet: “O farewell, honest [soldier.] Who hath relieved [you?]”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Shakespeare texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.
In *Timon of Athens*, Lord Timon discovers the limits of wealth and friendship. He spends freely on others and hosts banquets for many guests. Despite his servants’ warnings, he spends so excessively that his money runs out—and the philosopher Apemantus condemns his flatterers as insincere.

Soon Timon’s creditors begin to call in their loans. Timon expects help from his friends, but they all refuse him money. Furious, he invites them again to a banquet, but serves only water and stones before he dismisses them, cursing Athens. He exiles himself to a wilderness.

There the embittered Timon finds gold. He gives some to enemies of Athens and to prostitutes and bandits. When senators beg him to return to Athens as a military leader to save the city from his banished friend Alcibiades, he refuses and retreats to a cave to die. Alcibiades defeats Athens but promises to protect the city and its citizens. Learning of the despairing inscription on Timon’s tombstone, he repeats his offer of bringing peace to the city.
TIMON, a noble Athenian
FLAVIUS, his steward
LUCILIUS
FLAMINIUS
SERVILIUS
servants of Timon
Other SERVANTS of Timon
APEMANTUS, a Cynic philosopher
ALCIBIADES, an Athenian Captain
PHRYNIA
TIMANDRA
his concubines
SOLDIER of Alcibiades
SENATORS and LORDS of Athens
LUCIUS
LUCULLUS
SEMPRONIUS
VENTIDIUS
friends of Timon
Other FRIENDS of Timon
CAPHIS, servant to a Senator
ISIDORE’S MAN
VARRO’S TWO MEN
TITUS
servants of Timon’s creditors
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
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.
PAINTER 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?
If he will touch the estimate. But for that—

When we for recompense have praised the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

'Tis a good form.

And rich. Here is a water, look ye.

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

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?

A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

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

'Tis a good piece.

So 'tis. This comes off well and excellent.

Indifferent.

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.

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.\(^1\)) 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 \red{Imprisoned is he, say you?}  
MESSENGER \blue{Ay, my good lord. Five talents is his debt,}  
\blue{His means most short, his creditors most strait.}  
\blue{Your honorable letter he desires}  
\blue{To those have shut him up, which failing}  
\blue{Periods his comfort.}  
TIMON \red{Noble Ventidius. Well,}  
\red{I am not of that feather to shake off}  
\red{My friend when he must need me. I do know him}  
\red{A gentleman that well deserves a help,}  
\red{Which he shall have. I’ll pay the debt and free him.}  
MESSENGER \blue{Your Lordship ever binds him.}  
TIMON \blue{Commend me to him. I will send his ransom;}  
\blue{And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me.}  
\blue{’Tis not enough to help the feeble up,}  
\blue{But to support him after. Fare you well.}  
MESSENGER \blue{All happiness to your Honor.}  
\textit{He exits.}  

Enter an old Athenian.

OLD MAN \blue{Lord Timon, hear me speak.}  
TIMON \blue{Freely, good father.}  
OLD MAN \red{Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.}  
TIMON \red{I have so. What of him?}  
OLD MAN \red{Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.}  
TIMON \red{Attends he here or no?—Lucilius!}
Here, at your Lordship’s service.

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.

Well. What further?

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.

The man is honest.

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

Does she love him?

She is young and apt.

Our own precedent passions do instruct us What levity’s in youth.

Love you the maid?

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

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.

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

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.

MERCHANT Well mocked.

TIMON 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, Apeamantus?
APEMANTUS E’en as Apeamantus 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, Apeamantus.
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.

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.

VENTIDIOUS
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.

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.

TIMON  I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

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, \textit{apart}

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

THIRD LORD

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

APEMANTUS, \textit{apart}

Much! \textit{Sound tucket.}

TIMON  What means that trump?

\textit{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. \textit{Servant exits.}

\textit{Enter \textit{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.

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

APEMANTUS, \textit{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,  

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, \textit{aside} I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

\textsc{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. \textit{[Servant exits.]}  

Enter a third Servant.

How now? What news?

\textsc{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. \textit{[Servant exits.]}  

FLAVIUS, \textit{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.  \textit{He exits.}

TIMON,  \textit{to Lords}\footnote{You do yourselves much wrong.}
You bate too much of your own merits.
\textit{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
\textit{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. 25
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.
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—
From Isidore. He humbly prays your speedy payment.

If you did know, my lord, my master’s wants—

’Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks and past.

Your steward puts me off, my lord, and I am sent expressly to your Lordship.

Give me breath.—I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on.

I’ll wait upon you instantly.

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?

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.

Do so, my friends.—See them well entertained.

Pray, draw near.

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with Apemantus.

Let’s ha’ some sport with ’em.

Hang him! He’ll abuse us.

A plague upon him, dog!

How dost, Fool?

Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

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.

APEMANTUS   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 'It 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?  

APEMANTUS  Ay. Would they served us!

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

FOOL  Are you three usurers’ men?  

APEMANTUS  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.  

APEMANTUS  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.  

APEMANTUS  Aside, aside! Here comes Lord Timon.
Enter Timon and Steward \(\text{Flavius.}\)

APEMANTUS  Come with me, fool, come.

FOOL    I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and
        woman; sometime the philosopher.
        \(\text{[Apemantus and the Fool exit.]}\)

FLAVIUS,  \(\text{to the creditors' Men}\)
        Pray you, walk near. I'll speak with you anon.
        \(\text{[The Men exit.}\)

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 \(\text{[proposed]}\)—

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 \(\text{[found]}\) 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.
'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?

To Lacedaemon did my land extend.

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!

You tell me true.

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.

Prithee, no more.

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.

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!

FTLN 0863

Pr Bitte, 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. Prither, 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.

FTLN 0881

[He exits.]

FLAVIUS

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

FTLN 0884

[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 solidaires 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 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 please 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’m ’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.

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.
Act 3, 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.

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.
Timon of Athens

ACT 3. SC. 4

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’rous 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 forsaken him. He’s much out of health and keeps his chamber.

_1LUCIUS’ 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? 

_1LUCIUS’ MAN_ Put in now, Titus.

_TITUS_ My lord, here is my bill.

_1LUCIUS’ MAN_ Here’s mine.

_HORTENSUS_ 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.

_1LUCIUS’ MAN_ Alas, my lord—

_TIMON_ Cut my heart in sums!

_TITUS_ Mine, fifty talents.

_TIMON_ Tell out my blood.

_1LUCIUS’ 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.

SECOND SENATOR Most true. The law shall bruise 'em.

ALCIBIADES
Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate! 5

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 10
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; 20
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. 25

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.

(They sit.)

FTLN 1417
FTLN 1418
FTLN 1419
FTLN 1420
FTLN 1421
FTLN 1422
FTLN 1423
FTLN 1424
FTLN 1425
FTLN 1426
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FTLN 1435
FTLN 1436
FTLN 1437
FTLN 1438
FTLN 1439
FTLN 1440
FTLN 1441
FTLN 1442
FTLN 1443

ACT 3. SC. 6

"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.
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,

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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.

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
Inflict 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-vicecd 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.

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

Dost thou or dost thou not, heaven’s curse upon thee!
Give us some gold, good Timon. Hast thou more?

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!

Well, more gold. What then?
Believe 't that we'll do anything for gold.

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!

Well, more gold. What then?
Believe 't that we'll do anything for gold.

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!

More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

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

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

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

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’ermight’s surfeit? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed,
Answer mere nature. Bid them flatter thee.
O, thou shalt find—

A fool of thee. Depart.

I love thee better now than e’er I did.
I hate thee worse.
Why?
Thou flatter’st misery.

Why dost thou seek me out?
To vex thee.
Always a villain’s office or a fool’s.
Dost please thyself in ’t?

Ay.
What, a knave too?

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 uncertain 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.

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 thine own command, thou wouldst have plunged
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.

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 speakest.

TIMON  If I name thee.

APEMANTUS  I would my tongue could rot them off!

TIMON  Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

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
’t hem.

*Apeamantus 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
Rob 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!
TIMON

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.

Away! What art thou?

Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men.
Then, if thou [grant’st] thou ’rt a man, I have forgot thee.

An honest poor servant of yours.

Then I know thee not.

I never had honest man about me, I. All
I kept were knaves to serve in meat to villains.

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

[He weeps.]”

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.
Timon of Athens

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.

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

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.
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 opulence.

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.

PAINTER  Then do we sin against our own estate When we may profit meet and come too late.

POET  True.

PAINTER  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,

TIMON Having often of your open bounty tasted,

TIMON Hearing you were retired, your friends fall’n off,

TIMON Whose thankless natures—O, abhorred spirits!

TIMON Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—

TIMON What, to you,

TIMON Whose starlike nobleness gave life and influence

TIMON To their whole being? I am rapt and cannot cover

TIMON The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude

TIMON With any size of words.

TIMON Let it go naked. Men may see ’t the better.

TIMON You that are honest, by being what you are

TIMON Make them best seen and known.

PAINTER He and myself

PAINTER Have travailed in the great shower of your gifts

PAINTER 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?

TIMON 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.

TIMON I am sure you have. Speak truth. You’re honest men.

PAINTER So it is said, my noble lord, but therefor

PAINTER 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.

Bring us to his cave. It is our part and promise to th’ Athenians To speak with Timon.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 agéd 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 agéd 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!

We speak in vain.

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

That’s well spoke.

Commend me to my loving countrymen.

These words become your lips as they pass through
them.

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

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.

I like this well. He will return again.

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, \textit{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.

\textit{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.

\textit{They exit.}

\textit{Scene 2}\n
\textit{Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.}

\textit{Third} \textit{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 offènd 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.