

Timon of Athens
By William Shakespeare
Edited by Mark D Anderson

Cast breakdown of Characters

TIMON
FLAVIUS
LUCILIUS / SOLDIER
APEMANTUS / ISIDORE'S SERVENT
ALSIBIADES
POET / CAPHIS / TIMANDRA
PAINTER / VARRO'S SERVENT
ISIDORE / SECOND SENATOR
VARRO / FIRST SENATOR
SEMPRONIUS / PHRYNIA

ACT I

SCENE I. *Athens. A hall in Timon's house.*

Enter Poet

Poet

[Reciting to himself] 'When we for recompense have
praised the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.'

Enter Painter

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

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

Poet

A thing slipp'd idly from me.

What have you there?

Painter

A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet

Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let's see your piece.

Painter

'Tis a good piece.

Poet

So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Painter

Indifferent.

Poet

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

Painter

It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Here is a touch; is't good?

Poet

I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.
I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Painter

How shall I understand you?

Poet

I will unbolt to you.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, ISIDORE

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

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, addressing himself courteously to every suitor; FLAVIUS talking with him; LUCILIUS following

TIMON

Imprison'd is he, say you?

FLAVIUS *(with letter)*

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

TIMON *(taking letter from Flavius)*

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

FLAVIUS

Your lordship ever binds him.

TIMON

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

Exit Flavius

Enter VARRO

VARRO

Lord Timon, hear me speak.

TIMON

Freely.

VARRO

Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

TIMON

I have so: what of him?

VARRO

Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

TIMON

Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

LUCILIUS

Here, at your lordship's service.

VARRO

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

TIMON

Well; what further?

VARRO

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

TIMON

The man is honest.

VARRO

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

TIMON

Does she love him?

VARRO

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

TIMON

[To LUCILIUS] Love you the maid?

LUCILIUS

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

VARRO

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

TIMON

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

VARRO

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.

VARRO

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

TIMON

My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

LUCILIUS

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

Poet (handing poem to TIMON)

Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

TIMON

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

Painter

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

TIMON

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

Painter

The gods preserve ye!

TIMON

Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.

Look, who comes here.

Enter APEMANTUS

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.

Painter

You know me, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

Thou art proud, Apemantus.

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

Whither art going?

APEMANTUS

To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

TIMON

That's a deed thou'lt die for.

APEMANTUS

Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

TIMON

How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

The best, for the innocence.

TIMON

Wrought he not well that painted it?

APEMANTUS

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

Painter

You're a dog.

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

No; I eat not lords.

TIMON

An thou shouldst, thou 'ldst anger ladies.

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

That's a lascivious apprehension.

APEMANTUS

So thou apprehendest it: take it for thy labour.

TIMON

How dost thou like this painting, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

What dost thou think 'tis worth?

APEMANTUS

Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!

Poet

How now, philosopher!

APEMANTUS

Thou liest.

Poet

Art not one?

APEMANTUS

Yes.

Poet

Then I lie not.

APEMANTUS

Art not a poet?

Poet

Yes.

APEMANTUS

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

Poet

That's not feigned; he is so.

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

What, thyself?

APEMANTUS

Ay.

TIMON

Wherefore?

APEMANTUS

That I had no angry wit to be a lord.

TIMON

What trumpet's that?

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

Pray, entertain them; give him guide to us.

Exeunt Flavius

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

Enter ALCIBIADES

Most welcome, sir!

APEMANTUS

So, so, there!

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
(aside) That there should be small love 'mongst these
sweet knaves,

And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

ALCIBIADES

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

TIMON

Right welcome, sir!

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

Exeunt all except APEMANTUS, SEMPRONIUS and VARRO

SEMPRONIUS

What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

Time to be honest.

SEMPRONIUS

That time serves still.

APEMANTUS

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

VARRO

Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?

APEMANTUS

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

VARRO

Fare thee well, fare thee well.

APEMANTUS

Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

VARRO

Why, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

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

SEMPRONIUS

Hang thyself!

APEMANTUS

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

VARRO

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

APEMANTUS

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

Exit

SEMPRONIUS

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

VARRO

Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

SEMPRONIUS

I'll keep you company.

Exeunt

SCENE II. *A banqueting-room in Timon's house.*

A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and LUCILIUS attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, Then comes, dropping, after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself

TIMON

Nay, my lords,

They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON

Ceremony was but devised at first

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;

But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes

Than my fortunes to me.

They sit

VARRO

My lord, we always have confess'd it.

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

APEMANTUS

No;

You shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

TIMON

Fie, thou'rt a churl; ye've got a humour there

Does not become a man: 'tis much to blame.

Go, let him have a table by himself,

For he does neither affect company, nor is

he fit for't, indeed.

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian,

therefore welcome: I myself would have no power;

prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

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

VARRO

Let it flow this way, my good lord.

APEMANTUS

Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides
well. Those healths will make thee and thy state
look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to
be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This and my food are equals; there's no odds:
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.
Apemantus' grace.
Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping:
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

Eats and drinks

LUCILIUS (*reading letters*)

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

TIMON

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

LUCILIUS pulls out another letter

How now! what news?

LUCILIUS

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

TIMON

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

(They feast)

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

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

APEMANTUS

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

SEMPRONIUS

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

TIMON

O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we can our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

APEMANTUS

Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

VARRO

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

APEMANTUS

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

ISIDORE

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

APEMANTUS

Much!

TIMON

Flavius.

FLAVIUS

My lord?

TIMON

The little casket bring me hither.

FLAVIUS

Yes, my lord. (aside as he retrieves casket)
More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in 's humour;
Else I should tell him,--well, i' faith I should,
When all's spent, he 'ld be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.
FLAVIUS, gives the casket to TIMON

TIMON

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

SEMPRONIUS

I am so far already in your gifts,--

All

So are we all.

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

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

VARRO

With more than common thanks I will receive it.

ISIDORE

O, he's the very soul of bounty!

TIMON

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

ISIDORE

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

TIMON

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

All Lords

O, none so welcome.

TIMON

I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

ALCIBIADES

Ay, defiled land, my lord.

SEMPRONIUS

We are so virtuously bound--

TIMON

And so

Am I to you.

VARRO

So infinitely endear'd--

TIMON

All to you. Lights, more lights!

ISIDORE

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

TIMON

Ready for his friends.

Exeunt all but APEMANTUS and TIMON

APEMANTUS

What a coil's here!
Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs,
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

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

Exit

APEMANTUS

So:

Thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not then:
I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

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

Exit

ACT II

SCENE I. *Sempronius' house.*

Enter Sempronius, with papers in his hand

SEMPRONIUS

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.

Caphis, ho!

Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS

CAPHIS

Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

SEMPRONIUS

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

CAPHIS

I go, sir.

SEMPRONIUS

'I go, sir!'--Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in contempt.

CAPHIS

I will, sir.

SEMPRONIUS

Go.

Exeunt

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in Timon's house.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand

FLAVIUS

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

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro

CAPHIS

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

Varro's Servant

Is't not your business too?

CAPHIS

It is: and yours too, Isidore?

Isidore's Servant

It is so.

CAPHIS

Would we were all discharged!

Varro's Servant

I fear it.

CAPHIS

Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES

TIMON

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

CAPHIS

My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

TIMON

Dues! Whence are you?

CAPHIS

Of Athens here, my lord.

TIMON

Go to my steward.

CAPHIS

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

TIMON

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

CAPHIS

Nay, good my lord,--

TIMON

Contain thyself, good friend.

Over each other

Varro's Servant

One Varro's servant, my good lord,--

Isidore's Servant

From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment.

CAPHIS

If you did know, my lord, my master's wants--

Varro's Servant

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

Isidore's Servant

Your steward puts me off, my lord;

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

TIMON

Give me breath.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

I'll wait upon you instantly.

Exeunt ALCIBIADES

To FLAVIUS

Come hither: pray you,

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,

And the detention of long-since-due debts,

Against my honour?

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

Do so, my friends. Fare thee well.
Exit servants

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

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took.
Thus to excuse yourself.

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

Let all my land be sold.

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

To Lacedaemon did my land extend.

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

Prithee, no more.

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

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

FLAVIUS

Assurance bless your thoughts!

TIMON

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

Enter LUCILIUS

LUCILIUS

My lord?

TIMON

I will dispatch you severally; to Lord Isidore;
And to Lord Varro: I hunted with his honour
to-day: 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.

LUCILIUS

As you have said, my lord.

FLAVIUS

[Aside] Lord Isidore and Varro? hum!

TIMON

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

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

Is't true? can't be?

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

You gods, reward them!
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
Go to Ventidius.
Prithee, be not sad,
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak.
No blame belongs to thee.
Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents.
That had, give't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

FLAVIUS

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

ACT III

SCENE I. *A public place.*

VARRO

[Aside] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Lucilius, honest Lucilius; you are very respectfully welcome, sir. And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

LUCILIUS

His health is well sir.

VARRO

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

LUCILIUS

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

VARRO

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.

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

LUCILIUS

Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

VARRO

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.

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

LUCILIUS

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

Throwing the money back

VARRO

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

Exit Varro

LUCILIUS

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

Enter ISIDORE

ISIDORE

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

LUCILIUS

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

ISIDORE

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

LUCILIUS

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

ISIDORE

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

LUCILIUS

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

ISIDORE

Dost thou speak seriously, Lucilius?

LUCILIUS

Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

ISIDORE

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

LUCILIUS

Yes, sir, I shall.

ISIDORE

I'll look you out a good turn, Lucilius.

Exit Isidore

Enter SEMPRONIUS

SEMPRONIUS

Must he needs trouble me in 't,--hum!--'bove
all others?

He might have tried Lord Isidore or Varro;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

LUCILIUS

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

SEMPRONIUS

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

Exit

LUCILIUS

Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain.

Exit

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in Timon's house.*

Enter Varro's Servent, and the Isidore's Servant Caphis, waiting his coming out
Enter LUCILIUS.

CAPHIS

One of Lord Timon's men.

Varro's Servant

Lucilius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

LUCILIUS

No, indeed, he is not.

CAPHIS

We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

LUCILIUS

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

Exit

Isidore 's Servant

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

CAPHIS

Do you hear, sir?

Enter FLAVIUS

Varro's Servant

By your leave, sir,--

FLAVIUS

What do ye ask of me, my friend?

CAPHIS

We wait for certain money here, sir.

FLAVIUS

Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting,

'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?

Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts

And take down the interest into their

gluttonous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly:

Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Isidore's Servant

Ay, but this answer will not serve.

FLAVIUS

If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;

For you serve knaves.

Exit

Varro's Servant

How! what does his cashiered worship mutter?

Isidore's Servant

No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge
enough.

Enter LUCILIUS

CAPHIS

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

LUCILIUS

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

Isidore's Servant

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

LUCILIUS

Good gods!

CAPHIS

We cannot take this for answer, sir.

FLAVIUS

[Within] Lucilius, help! My lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage, FLAVIUS following

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?

Isidore's Servant

Put in now, Caphis.

On top of each other

CAPHIS

My lord, here is my bill.

Isidore's Servant

Here's mine.

Varro's Servant

And mine, my lord.

CAPHIS

All our bills.

TIMON

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

Varro's Servant

Alas, my lord,-

TIMON

Cut my heart in sums.

CAPHIS

Mine, fifty talents.

TIMON

Tell out my blood.

Varro's Servant

Five thousand crowns, my lord.

TIMON

Five thousand drops pays that.

What yours?--and yours?

Isidore's Servant

My lord,--

TIMON

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

Exit

CAPHIS

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

Exeunt

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS

TIMON

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

FLAVIUS

My dear lord,--

TIMON

What if it should be so?

FLAVIUS

My lord,--

TIMON

I'll have it so. My steward!

FLAVIUS

Here, my lord.

TIMON

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

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

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

SCENE III. *The same. The senate-house. The Senate sitting.*

First Senator

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

Second Senator

Most true; the law shall bruise him.
Enter ALCIBIADES, with Attendants

ALCIBIADES

Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

First Senator

Now, captain?

ALCIBIADES

I am a humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice--
An honour in him which buys out his fault—

First Senator

You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour;
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

ALCIBIADES

My lord,--

First Senator

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

ALCIBIADES

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

Second Senator

You breathe in vain.

ALCIBIADES

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

First Senator

What's that?

ALCIBIADES

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

Second Senator

He has made too much plenty with 'em;
He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner.
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

First Senator

He dies.

ALCIBIADES

Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

First Senator

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

ALCIBIADES

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

Second Senator

How!

ALCIBIADES

Call me to your remembrances.

First Senator

What!

ALCIBIADES

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

First Senator

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

ALCIBIADES

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

First Senator

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

Exeunt Senators

ALCIBIADES

Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.
Exit

SCENE IV. *The same. A banqueting-room in Timon's house.*

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter Isadore, Sempronius, Varro

VARRO

The good time of day to you, sir.

ISIDORE

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

VARRO

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.

ISIDORE

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

VARRO

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.

ISIDORE

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.

VARRO

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

ISIDORE

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

VARRO

A thousand pieces.

ISIDORE

A thousand pieces!

VARRO

What of you?

ISIDORE

He sent to me, sir,--Here he comes.

Enter TIMON and FLAVIUS

TIMON

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

SEMPRONIUS

Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.
I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship
that I returned you an empty messenger.

TIMON

O, sir, let it not trouble you.

ISIDORE

My noble lord,--

TIMON

Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

ISIDORE

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

TIMON

Think not on 't, sir.

ISIDORE

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.

ISIDORE

All covered dishes!

VARRO

Royal cheer, I warrant you.

SEMPRONIUS

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

TIMON

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

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with
thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves
praised: but reserve still to give, lest your
deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that
one need not lend to another; for, were your
godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the
gods. For these my present friends, as they
are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to
nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

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

VARRO

What does his lordship mean?

ISIDORE

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 villany. *Throwing the water in their faces*
Live loathed and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first--thou too--and thou;--
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.
Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity!
Exit Varro, Isidore and Sempronius

TIMON

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

SCENE V

Enter FLAVIUS, LUCILIUS they clean up and strike dinner leaving only the woods and cave

LUCILIUS

Hear you, master steward,
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

FLAVIUS

Alack, my friend, what should I say to you?
I am as poor as you.

LUCILIUS

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

FLAVIUS

All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

LUCILIUS

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

FLAVIUS

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

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord, bless'd, to be most accursed,
Rich, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
I'll follow and inquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.
Exit

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Woods and cave.*

Enter TIMON

TIMON

O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes;
Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say 'This man's a flatterer?' if one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: all is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!

Digging

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,
Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods? Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions, bless the accursed,
place thieves and give them title, this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.

March afar off

Ha! a drum ? Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll hide thee: thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.
Keeping some gold

Enter ALCIBIADES, in warlike manner; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA

ALCIBIADES

What art thou there? speak.

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

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

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

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

TIMON

I know thee too; and more than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubim look.

PHRYNIA

Thy lips rot off!

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

How came the noble Timon to this change?

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

TIMON

None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

ALCIBIADES

What is it, Timon?

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

TIMON

Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

ALCIBIADES

I see them now; then was a blessed time.

TIMON

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

TIMANDRA

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

TIMON

Art thou Timandra?

TIMANDRA

Yes.

TIMON

Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

TIMANDRA

Hang thee, monster!

ALCIBIADES

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

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

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

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

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

TIMON

Keep it, I cannot eat it.

ALCIBIADES

When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,--

TIMON

Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

ALCIBIADES

Ay, Timon, and have cause.

TIMON

The gods confound them all in thy conquest;

And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

ALCIBIADES

Why me, Timon?

TIMON

That, by killing of villains,

Thou wast born to conquer my country.

Put up thy gold: go on,--here's gold,--go on;

Be as a planetary plague,

let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;

He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,

Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay soldiers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

ALCIBIADES

Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou

givest me,

Not all thy counsel.

TIMON

Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse

upon thee!

PHRYNIA TIMANDRA

Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

TIMON

Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. You are not oathable,
Although, I know, you 'll swear, terribly swear
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
The immortal gods that hear you,--spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;

PHRYNIA

Well, more gold: what then?

TIMANDRA

Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

TIMON

Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection. There's more gold:
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

PHRYNIA

More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

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

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

I never did thee harm.

TIMON

Yes, thou spokest well of me.

ALCIBIADES

Call'st thou that harm?

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

We but offend him. Strike!
Exeunt ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA

TIMON

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

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
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!--

SCENE II

Enter APEMANTUS

More man? plague, plague!

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd trees,
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip where thou point'st out?
bid them flatter thee; O, thou shalt find--

TIMON

A fool of thee: depart.

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

I hate thee worse.

APEMANTUS

Why?

TIMON

Thou flatter'st misery.

APEMANTUS

I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.

TIMON

Why dost thou seek me out?

APEMANTUS

To vex thee.

TIMON

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

Dost please thyself in't?

APEMANTUS

Ay.

TIMON

What! a knave too?

APEMANTUS

If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well:

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

TIMON

Not by his breath that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm

With favour never clasp'd. But myself,

Who had the world as my confectionary,

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men

At duty, more than I could frame employment,

That numberless upon me stuck as leaves

Do on the oak, hive with one winter's brush

Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare

For every storm that blows: I, to bear this,

That never knew but better, is some burden:

Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time

Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?

They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?

If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,

Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Hence, be gone!

APEMANTUS

Art thou proud yet?

TIMON

Ay, that I am not thee.

APEMANTUS

I, that I was

No prodigal.

TIMON

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

Eating a root

APEMANTUS

Here; I will mend thy feast.

Offering him a root

TIMON

First mend my company, take away thyself.

APEMANTUS

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

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

TIMON

On what I hate I feed not.

APEMANTUS

Dost hate a medlar?

TIMON

Ay, though it look like thee.

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

Myself.

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

Ay, Timon.

TIMON

A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

TIMON

Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

APEMANTUS

There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

TIMON

If I name thee.

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

APEMANTUS

I would my tongue could rot them off!

TIMON

Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me that thou art alive;

I swoond to see thee.

APEMANTUS

Would thou wouldst burst!

TIMON

Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose

A stone by thee.

Throws a stone at him

APEMANTUS

Beast!

TIMON

Slave!

APEMANTUS

Toad!

TIMON

Rogue, rogue, rogue!

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought

But even the mere necessities upon 't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

To the gold

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou visible god,

that speak'st with every tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!

Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire!

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

Throng'd to!

APEMANTUS

Ay.

TIMON

Thy back, I prithee.

APEMANTUS

Live, and love thy misery.

TIMON

Long live so, and so die.

Exit APEMANTUS

SCENE III

Enter FLAVIUS

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

Away! what art thou?

FLAVIUS

Have you forgot me, sir?

TIMON

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

FLAVIUS

An honest poor servant of yours.

TIMON

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

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

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

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

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

FLAVIUS

No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late:
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

TIMON

Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly honest man,
Here, take: the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy;
But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar; give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing; be men like
blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so farewell and thrive.

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

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

ACT V

SCENE I. *The woods. Before Timon's cave.*

Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON watching them from his cave

Painter

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

Poet

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

Painter

Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and
Timandra had gold of him: 'tis said
he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet

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

Painter

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

Poet

What have you now to present unto him?

Painter

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

Poet

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

Painter

Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the
time: it opens the eyes of expectation:
performance is ever the duller for his act;
TIMON comes from his cave, behind

TIMON

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

Poet

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

TIMON

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

Poet

Nay, let's seek him:

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

Painter

True;

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

TIMON

[Aside] I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!

Fit I meet them.

Coming forward

Poet

Hail, worthy Timon!

Painter

Our late noble master!

TIMON

Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Poet

Sir,

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

TIMON

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

Painter

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

TIMON

Ay, you are honest men.

Painter

We are hither come to offer you our service.

TIMON

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

Both

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

TIMON

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

Painter

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

TIMON

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

Painter

So, so, my lord.

TIMON

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

Both

Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

TIMON

You'll take it ill.

Both

Most thankfully, my lord.

TIMON

Will you, indeed?

Poet

Doubt it not, worthy lord.

TIMON

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

Poet

Do we, my lord?

TIMON

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

Painter

I know none such, my lord.

Poet

Nor I.

TIMON

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

Poet

Name them, my lord.

Painter

Let's know them.

TIMON

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

To Painter

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

To Poet

You are an alchemist; make gold of that.

Out, rascal dogs!

Beats them out, and then retires to his cave

Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators

FLAVIUS

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

First Senator

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

Second Senator

Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

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

First Senator

Worthy Timon,--

TIMON

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

First Senator

The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

TIMON

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

First Senator

O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens.

Second Senator

They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

TIMON

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

First Senator

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

Second Senator

And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

First Senator

Therefore, Timon,--

TIMON

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

FLAVIUS

Stay not, all's in vain.

TIMON

Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
it will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

First Senator

We speak in vain.

TIMON

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

First Senator

That's well spoke.

TIMON

Commend me to my loving countrymen,--

First Senator

These words become your lips as they pass
thorough them.

Second Senator

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

TIMON

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

First Senator

I like this well; he will return again.

TIMON

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

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

Come not to me again:

But let my grave-stone be your oracle.

Lips, let sour words go by and language end:

What is amiss plague and infection mend!

Graves only be men's works and death their gain!

Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

Retires to his cave

Second Senator

Our hope in him is dead: let us return,

And strain what other means is left unto us

In our dear peril.

First Senator

It requires swift foot.

Exeunt

SCENE II.

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

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON

Soldier

By all description this should be the place.

Who's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:

Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.

Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb

I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:

Our captain hath in every figure skill,

An aged interpreter, though young in days:

Before proud Athens he's set down by this,

Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.

Exit

SCENE III. *Before the walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES

ALCIBIADES

Sound to this coward and lascivious town

Our terrible approach.

A parley sounded

Enter Senators

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

First Senator

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

Second Senator

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

First Senator

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

Second Senator

Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:

First Senator

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

Second Senator

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

First Senator

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

Second Senator

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

ALCIBIADES

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

Both

'Tis most nobly spoken.

ALCIBIADES

Keep your words.

Enter Soldier

Soldier

My noble general, Timon is dead;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

ALCIBIADES

[Reads the epitaph] 'Here lies a
wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked
caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay
not here thy gait.'
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Dead is noble Timon: of whose memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword,
Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike.

Exeunt