

XXVII.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS, }  
LUCULLUS, } Lords, and Flatterers of Timon.  
SEMPRONIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false Friends.

APEMANTUS, a churlish Philosopher.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian General.

FLAVIUS, Steward to Timon.

FLAMINIUS, }  
LUCILIUS, } Timon's Servants.  
SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS, }  
PHILOTUS, } Servants to Timon's Creditors.  
TITUS, }  
LUCIUS, }  
HORTENSIUS, }

Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Isidore; two of Timon's Creditors.

CUPID and Maskers.

Three Strangers.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian.

A Page.

A Fool.

PHRYNIA, <sup>1)</sup> }  
TIMANDRA, } Mistresses to Alcibiades.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE — Athens; and the Woods adjoining.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several Doors.

Poet.

Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

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

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange, Which manifold record not matches? See, Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; t'other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were, <sup>2)</sup>

To an untirable and continue goodness: He passes. <sup>3)</sup>

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: <sup>4)</sup> But, for that —

Poet. When we for recompense <sup>5)</sup> have prais'd the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse

Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form.

[Looking at the Jewel.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i'the flint Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies Each bound it chafes. <sup>6)</sup> What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. — And when <sup>7)</sup> comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

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

Pain. 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.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Here is a touch; is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,

It tutors nature: artificial strife <sup>8)</sup>

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord's follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens: — Happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man, Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug With amplest entertainment: My free drift Halts not particularly, <sup>9)</sup> but moves itself In a wide sea of wax: <sup>10)</sup> no levell'd malice <sup>11)</sup> Infects one comma in the course I hold; But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on, Leaving no tract behind.

*Pain.* How shall I understand you?

*Poet.* I'll unbolt <sup>12</sup>) to you. You see how all conditions, how all minds, (As well of glib and slippery creatures, as Of grave and austere quality,) tender down Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune, Upon his good and gracious nature hanging, Subdues and properties to his love and tendance All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer <sup>13</sup>) 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.

*Pain.* I saw them speak together.  
*Poet.* Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill, Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o'the mount Is rank'd with all deserts, <sup>14</sup>) all kind of natures, That labour on the bosom of this sphere To propagate their states: <sup>15</sup>) amongst them all, Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd, One do I personate of lord Timon's frame, Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her; Whose present grace to present slaves and servants Translates his rivals.

*Pain.* 'Tis conceiv'd to scope. <sup>16</sup>) This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks, With one man beckon'd from the rest below, Bowing his head against the steepy mount To climb his happiness, would be well express'd In our condition. <sup>17</sup>)

*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 <sup>18</sup>) in his ear, Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him Drink the free air. <sup>19</sup>)

*Pain.* Ay, marry, what of these?  
*Poet.* When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants, Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top, Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down, Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*Pain.* 'Tis common: A thousand moral paintings I can show, <sup>20</sup>) That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune <sup>21</sup>) More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well, To show lord Timon, that mean eyes <sup>22</sup>) have seen The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended; the Servant of VENTIDIUS talking with him.*

*Tim.* Imprison'd is he, say you?  
*Ven. Serv.* 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 to him, <sup>23</sup>) Periods his comfort.

*Tim.* 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.  
*Ven. Serv.* Your lordship ever binds him.

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

*Ven. Serv.* All happiness to your honour! <sup>24</sup>)

[Exit.]

*Enter an old Athenian.*

*Old Ath.* Lord Timon, hear me speak.

*Tim.* Freely, good father.

*Old Ath.* Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

*Tim.* I have so: What of him?

*Old Ath.* Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

*Tim.* Attends he here, or no? — Lucilius!

*Enter LUCILIUS.*

*Luc.* Here at your lordship's service.

*Old Ath.* This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift; And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd, Than one which holds a trencher.

*Tim.* Well; what further?

*Old Ath.* 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 pr'ythee, noble lord, Join with me to forbid him her resort; Myself have spoke in vain.

*Tim.* The man is honest.

*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, Timon: <sup>25</sup>)

His honesty rewards him in itself, It must not bear my daughter.

*Tim.* Does she love him?

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

*Tim.* [To LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?

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

*Old Ath.* 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.

*Tim.* How shall she be endow'd, If she be mated with an equal husband?

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

*Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath serv'd 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 Ath.* Most noble lord, Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

*Tim.* My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

*Luc.* Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may That state or fortune fall into my keeping, Which is not ow'd to you! <sup>26</sup>)

[Exit LUCILIUS and old Athenian.]  
*Poet.* Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

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

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

*Tim.* Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man; For since dishonour traffics with man's nature, He is but outside: These pencil'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.

*Pain.* The gods preserve you!

*Tim.* Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your hand;

We must needs dine together. — Sir, your jewel Hath suffer'd under praise.

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*Jew.* What, my lord? dispraise?

*Tim.* A meer satiety of commendations. If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd, It would unclew me quite. <sup>27</sup>)

*Jew.* My lord, 'tis rated As those, which sell, would give: But you well know, Things of like value, differing in the owners, Are prized by their masters: <sup>28</sup>) believe't, dear lord, You mend the jewel by wearing it. <sup>29</sup>)

*Tim.* Well mock'd.

*Mer.* No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

*Tim.* Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

*Jew.* We will bear, with your lordship.

*Mer.* He'll spare none.

*Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

*Apem.* Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow; <sup>30</sup>) When thou art Timon's dog, <sup>31</sup>) and these knaves honest.

*Tim.* Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

*Apem.* Are they not Athenians?

*Tim.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then I repent not.

*Jew.* You know me, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Thou knowest, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

*Tim.* Thou art proud, Apemantus.

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

*Tim.* Whither art going?

*Apem.* To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

*Tim.* That's a deed thou'lt die for.

*Apem.* Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

*Tim.* How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

*Apem.* The best, for the innocence.

*Tim.* Wrought he not well, that painted it?

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

*Pain.* You are a dog.

*Apem.* Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?

*Tim.* Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

*Apem.* No; I eat not lords.

*Tim.* An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

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

*Tim.* That's a lascivious apprehension.

*Apem.* So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

*Tim.* How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Not so well as plain-dealing, <sup>32</sup>) which will not cost a man a doit.

*Tim.* What dost thou think 'tis worth?

*Apem.* Not worth my thinking. — How now, poet?

*Poet.* How now, philosopher?

*Apem.* Thou liest.

*Poet.* Art not one?

*Apem.* Yes.

*Poet.* Then I lie not.

*Apem.* Art not a poet?

*Poet.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

*Poet.* That's not feign'd, he is so.

*Apem.* 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!

*Tim.* What would'st do then, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

*Tim.* What, thyself?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Wherefore?

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

*Mer.* Ay, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

*Mer.* If traffic do it, the gods do it.

*Apem.* Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

*Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.*

*Tim.* What trumpet's that?

*Serv.* 'Tis Alcibiades, and Some twenty horse, all of companionship. <sup>33</sup>)

*Tim.* Pray entertain them; give them guide to us. — [Exit some Attendants.]

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

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.*

Most welcome, sir! [They salute.]

*Apem.* So, so; there! — Aches contract and starve your supple joints! — That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,

And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out Into baboon and monkey. <sup>34</sup>)

*Alcib.* Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed Most hungrily on your sight.

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

[Exit all but APEMANTUS.]

*Enter two Lords.*

1 Lord. What time a day is't, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Time to be honest.

1 Lord. That time serves still.

*Apem.* The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

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

2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

*Apem.* Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

*Apem.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

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

*Apem.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. [Exit.]

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes

The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold, Is but his steward: no need, <sup>35</sup>) but he repays

Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,

But breeds the giver a return exceeding

All use of quittance. <sup>36</sup>)

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries, That ever govern'd man.

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

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exit.]

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## SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in Timon's House.

Hautboys playing loud Music. A great Banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods remember <sup>37</sup>)

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 deriv'd liberty.

Tim. 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. <sup>38</sup>)

Ven. A noble spirit.

[They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony Was but devis'd 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.

1 Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it. Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus! — you are welcome.

Apem. No, You shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors. Tim. Fye, thou art a churl; you have got a humour there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame: — They say, my lords, that *ira furor brevis est*, <sup>39</sup>) But yond' man's ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself; For he does neither affect company, Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, <sup>40</sup>) Timon; I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

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

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should

Ne'er flatter thee. — <sup>41</sup>) O you gods! what a number Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!

It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat In one man's blood; <sup>42</sup>) 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, and pledges The breath of him in a divided draught,

Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd. 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.

Tim. My lord, in heart; <sup>43</sup>) and let the health go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord. Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! — he keeps his tides well. Timon, Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill. Here's that, which is too weak to be 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's Grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no self; 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 'ot:

Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[Eats and drinks.

Much good dich <sup>44</sup>) thy good heart, Apemantus!

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

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord. Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect. <sup>45</sup>)

Tim. 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 <sup>46</sup>) from thousands, did you not 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. <sup>47</sup>) O, you gods, think I, what need ye have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: 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 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, e'en made away ere it can be born! <sup>48</sup>) Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepst to make them drink, Timon.

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

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

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much! [Tucket sounded.

Tim. What means that trump? — How now?

Enter a Servant.

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

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures. Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. 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: The ear, Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:

Music, make their welcome. [Exit CUPID. 1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, with a Masque of Ladies as Amazons, with Lutes in their Hands, dancing, and playing.

Apem. Heyday, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance! they are mad women. Like madness is the glory of this life, As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root. <sup>49</sup>) We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves; And spend our flatteries, to drink those men, Upon whose age we void it up again, With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift? <sup>50</sup>) I should fear, those, that dance before me now, Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done; Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of TIMON; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women, a lofty strain or two to the Hautboys, and cease.

Tim. 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 lively lustre, And entertain'd me with mine own device; <sup>51</sup>) I am to thank you for it.

1 Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best. <sup>52</sup>)

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

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet Attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord. [Exit CUPID, and Ladies.

Tim. Flavius, —

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither. Flav. Yes, my lord. — More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; [Aside. Else I should tell him, — Well, — i'faith, I should, When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could. <sup>53</sup>) 'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind; <sup>54</sup>)

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. <sup>55</sup>)

[Exit, and returns with the Casket. 1 Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 Lord. Our horses.

Tim. 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; <sup>56</sup>)

Accept it, and wear it, kind my lord.

1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts, — All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

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

Tim. They are fairly welcome. Flav. I beseech your honour,

Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near; why then another time I'll hear thee: I pry'thee, let us be provided

To show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. [Aside. Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your honour, the lord Lucius, Out of his free love, hath presented to you Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd. — How now, what news? 3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entertains your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

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

Flav. [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 shew 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 forc'd out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed, Than such as do even enemies exceed. [Exit.

I bleed inwardly for my lord. Tim. You do yourselves

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

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

3 Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember me, my lord, you gave Good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it!

<sup>57</sup>) 2 Lord. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. 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 on you.

All Lords. None so welcome. Tim. 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.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound, — And so Am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd —

*Tim.* All to you. — <sup>58</sup>) Lights, more lights.  
<sup>1</sup> *Lord.* The best of happiness,  
 Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!  
*Tim.* Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, LORDS, &c.]  
*Apem.* What a coil's here!  
 Serving of becks, <sup>59</sup>) 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.

*Tim.* Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,  
 I'd be good to thee.

*Apem.* No, I'll nothing; for,  
 If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left  
 To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the  
 faster.

Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou  
 Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: <sup>60</sup>)  
 What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

*Tim.* 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.*]

*Apem.* So; —  
 Thou'lt not hear me now, — thou shalt not then,  
 I'll lock

Thy heaven <sup>61</sup>) from thee. O, that men's ears  
 should be  
 To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in a Senator's House.*

*Enter a Senator, with Papers in his Hand.*

*Sen.* And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore  
 He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,  
 Which makes it five and twenty. — Still in motion  
 Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.  
 If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,  
 And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:  
 If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more  
 Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,  
 Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,  
 And able horses: No porter at his gate;  
 But rather one that smiles, and still invites  
 All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason  
 Can found his state in safety. <sup>1</sup>) Caphis, ho!  
 Caphis, I say!

*Enter CAPHIS.*

*Caph.* Here, sir; What is your pleasure?  
*Sen.* Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord  
 Timon;

Impórtune him for my monies; be not ceas'd <sup>2</sup>)  
 With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when —  
*Commend me to your master* — and the cap  
 Plays in the right hand, thus: — but tell him, sirrah,  
 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 aspéct,  
 A visage of demand; for, I do fear,  
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,

Lord Timon will be left a naked gull, <sup>3</sup>)  
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

*Caph.* I go, sir.  
*Sen.* I go, sir? — take the bonds along with you,  
 And have the dates in compt.

*Caph.* I will, sir.  
*Sen.* Go.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, with many Bills in his Hand.*

*Flav.* No care, no stop! so senseless of expence,  
 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. <sup>4</sup>)  
 What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:  
 I must be round with him, now he comes from  
 hunting.

Fye, fye, fye, fye!

*Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.*

*Caph.* Good even, <sup>5</sup>) Varro: What,  
 You come for money?

*Var. Serv.* Is't not your business too?

*Caph.* It is; — and yours too, Isidore?

*Isid. Serv.* It is so.

*Caph.* 'Would we were all discharg'd!

*Var. Serv.* I fear it.

*Caph.* Here comes the lord.

*Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and LORDS, &c.*

*Tim.* So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again, <sup>6</sup>)  
 My Alcibiades. — With me? What's your will?

*Caph.* My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

*Tim.* Dues? whence are you?

*Caph.* Of Athens here, my lord.

*Tim.* Go to my steward.

*Caph.* Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days this month:

My master is awak'd by great occasion,

To call upon his own: and humbly prays you,

That with your other noble parts you'll suit, <sup>7</sup>)

In giving him his right.

*Tim.* Mine honest friend,

I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

*Caph.* Nay, good my lord, — —

*Tim.* Contain thyself, good friend.

*Var. Serv.* One Varro's servant, my good lord, —

*Isid. Serv.* From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment, —

*Caph.* If you did know, my lord, my master's

wants, — —

*Var. Serv.* 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six

weeks,

And past, — —

*Isid. Serv.* Your steward puts me off, my lord;

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

*Tim.* Give me breath: —

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

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES and LORDS.]

I'll wait upon you instantly. — Come hither, pray you,

[*To FLAVIUS.*]

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

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds, <sup>8</sup>)

And the detention of long-since-due debts,

Against my honour?

*Flav.* 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.

*Tim.* Do so, my friends:  
 See them well entertain'd. [*Exit TIMON.*]

*Flav.* I pray, draw near. [*Exit FLAVIUS.*]

*Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool. <sup>9</sup>)*

*Caph.* Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Ape-  
 mantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

*Var. Serv.* Hang him, he'll abuse us.

*Isid. Serv.* A plague upon him, dog!

*Var. Serv.* How dost, fool?

*Apem.* Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

*Var. Serv.* I speak not to thee.

*Apem.* No; 'tis to thyself. — Come away.

[*To the Fool.*]  
*Isid. Serv.* [to *Var. Serv.*] There's the fool hangs  
 on your back already.

*Apem.* No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on  
 him yet.

*Caph.* Where's the fool now?

*Apem.* He last ask'd the question. — Poor rogues,  
 and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

*All Serv.* What are we, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Asses.

*All Serv.* Why?

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

*Fool.* How do you, gentlemen?

*All Serv.* 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.

*Apem.* Good! gramercy.

*Enter PAGE.*

*Fool.* Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

*Page.* [*to the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what  
 do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Ape-  
 mantus?

*Apem.* 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I  
 might answer thee profitably.

*Page.* 'Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the super-  
 scription of these letters; I know not which is which.

*Apem.* Canst not read?

*Page.* No.

*Apem.* There will little learning die then, that day  
 thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to  
 Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and  
 thou'lt die a bawd.

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

[*Exit PAGE.*]

*Apem.* Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will  
 go with you to lord Timon's.

*Fool.* Will you leave me there?

*Apem.* If Timon stay at home. — You three serve  
 three usurers?

*All Serv.* Ay; 'would they served us!

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

*Fool.* Are you three usurers' men?

*All Serv.* Ay, fool.

*Fool.* I think, no usurer but has a fool to his  
 servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool.

When men come to borrow of your masters, they  
 approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter  
 my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly:

The reason of this?

*Var. Serv.* I could render one.

*Apem.* Do it then, that we may account thee a  
 whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding,  
 thou shalt be no less esteemed.

*Var. Serv.* What is a whoremaster, fool?

*Fool.* A fool in good clothes, and something like  
 thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a  
 lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a  
 philosopher, with two stones more than his 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.

*Var. Serv.* Thou art not altogether a fool.

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

*Apem.* That answer might have become Apemantus.

*All Serv.* Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Apem.* Come with me, fool, come.

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

[*Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.*]

*Flav.* 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you  
 anon. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Tim.* You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this  
 time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me;  
 That I might so have rated my expence,  
 As I had leave of means?

*Flav.* You would not hear me,  
 At many leisures I propos'd.

*Tim.* Go to:  
 Perchance, some single vantages you took,  
 When my indisposition put you back;

And that unaptness made your minister, <sup>10</sup>)  
 Thus to excuse yourself.

*Flav.* 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, <sup>11</sup>) 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 checks; when I have  
 Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,

And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord, <sup>12</sup>)  
 Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time, <sup>13</sup>)  
 The greatest of your having lacks a half  
 To pay your present debts.

*Tim.* Let all my land be sold.

*Flav.* 'Tis all engag'd, 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? <sup>14</sup>)

*Tim.* To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

*Flav.* 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?

*Tim.* You tell me true.

*Flav.* If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,  
 Call me before the exactest auditors,  
 And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,  
 When all our offices <sup>15</sup>) have been oppress'd  
 With riotous feeders: when our vaults have wept  
 With drunken spilth of wine; when every room  
 Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;  
 I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock, <sup>16</sup>)  
 And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.* 'Pr'ythee, no more.

*Flav.* 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.

*Tim.* Come, sermon me no further:  
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;  
Unwisely, not ignobly have I given. <sup>17)</sup>  
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 <sup>18)</sup> of hearts by borrowing,  
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,  
As I can bid thee speak.

*Flav.* Assurance bless your thoughts!  
*Tim.* And, in some sort, these wants of mine are  
crown'd, <sup>19)</sup>

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, ho! — <sup>20)</sup> Flaminius! Servilius!

*Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.*

*Serv.* My lord, my lord, —

*Tim.* I will despatch you severally. — You, to  
lord Lucius, —

To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his  
Honour to-day; — You, to Sempronius;  
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,  
That my occasions have found time to use them  
Toward a supply of money: let the request  
Be fifty talents.

*Flam.* As you have said, my lord.

*Flav.* Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus? <sup>21)</sup> humph!  
*[Aside.]*

*Tim.* Go you, sir, *[to another Serv.]* to the senators,  
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have  
Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o'the instant  
A thousand talents to me.

*Flav.* I have been bold,  
(For that I knew it the most general way,) <sup>22)</sup>  
To them to use their signet, and your name;  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in return.

*Tim.* Is't true? can it be?

*Flav.* They answer in a joint and corporate voice,  
That now they are at fall, <sup>23)</sup> want treasure, cannot  
Do what they would; are sorry — you are honour-  
able, —

But yet they could have wish'd — they know not — but  
Something hath been amiss — a noble nature  
May catch a wrench — would all were well — 'tis  
pity —

And so, intending <sup>24)</sup> other serious matters  
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions, <sup>25)</sup>  
With certain half-caps, <sup>26)</sup> and cold-moving nods,  
They froze me into silence.

*Tim.* You gods, reward them!  
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; These old fellows  
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:  
Their blood is cak'd, '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, — *[to a Serv.]* 'Pr'ythee, *[to FLA-  
VIUS]* be not sad,

Thou art true, and honest; ingeniously <sup>27)</sup> I speak,  
No blame belongs to thee: — *[to Serv.]* 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, — *[to FLAV.]*  
give it these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,  
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

*Flav.* I would, I could not think it; That thought  
is bounty's foe;  
Being free <sup>28)</sup> itself, it thinks all others so.

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in Lucullus's  
House.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a Servant to him.*

*Serv.* I have told my lord of you, he is coming  
down to you.

*Flam.* I thank you, sir.

*Enter LUCULLUS.*

*Serv.* Here's my lord.

*Lucul.* *[Aside.]* One of lord Timon's men? a gift,  
I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a  
silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest  
Flaminius; you are very respectfully <sup>1)</sup> welcome,  
sir. — Fill me some wine. — *[Exit Servant.]* And how  
does that honourable complete, free-hearted gentle-  
man of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and  
master?

*Flam.* His health is well, sir.

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

*Flam.* '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 lord-  
ship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present  
assistance therein.

*Lucul.* 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 have 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; <sup>2)</sup> I have told him  
on't, but I could never get him from it.

*Re-enter Servant, with Wine.*

*Serv.* Please your lordship, here is the wine.

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

*Flam.* Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

*Lucul.* 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, — *[to the Servant, who  
goes out.]* — Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy  
lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise;  
and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest  
to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially  
upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three  
solidares <sup>3)</sup> for thee; good boy, wink at me, and  
say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

*Flam.* Is't possible, the world should so much differ;  
And we alive, that liv'd? <sup>4)</sup> Fly, damned baseness,  
To him that worships thee.

*[Throwing the money away.]*  
*Lucul.* Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit  
for thy master. *[Exit LUCULLUS.]*

*Flam.* 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? <sup>5)</sup> O you gods,  
I feel my master's passion! <sup>6)</sup> This slave  
Unto his honour, <sup>7)</sup> 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 is 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! <sup>8)</sup> *[Exit.]*

## SCENE II.

*The same. A public Place.*

*Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.*

*Luc.* Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good  
friend, and an honourable gentleman.

*1 Stran.* We know him for no less, <sup>9)</sup> though we  
are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one  
thing, my lord, and which I hear from common  
rumours; now lord Timon's happy hours are done  
and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

*Luc.* Fye no, do not believe it; he cannot want  
for money.

*2 Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not  
long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lu-  
cullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged ex-  
tremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged  
to't, and yet was denied.

*Luc.* How?

*2 Stran.* I tell you denied, my lord.

*Luc.* What a strange case was that? now, before  
the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honour-  
able man? there was very little honour show'd in't.  
For my own part, I must needs confess, I have re-  
ceived some small kindnesses from him, as money,  
plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing compar-  
ing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to  
me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so  
many talents.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

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

*[To LUCIUS.]*  
*Luc.* Servilius! you are kindly met, sir, Fare thee  
well: — Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous  
lord, my very exquisite friend.

*Serv.* May it please your honour, my lord hath sent —  
*Luc.* Ha! what has he sent? I am so much en-  
deared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall  
I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent  
now?

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

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

*Serv.* But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.  
If his occasion were not virtuous, <sup>10)</sup>  
I should not urge it half so faithfully. <sup>11)</sup>

*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

*Serv.* Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I, to disfigure  
myself against such a good time, when I might have  
shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happen-  
ed, that I should purchase the day before for a  
little part, and undo a great deal of honour! —  
Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to  
do't; 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 it now. Commend me bountifully to his good  
lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the  
fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:  
— And tell him this from me, I count it one of  
my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure  
such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will  
you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words  
to him?

*Serv.* Yes, sir, I shall.

*Luc.* I will look you out a good turn, Servilius. —  
*[Exit SERVILIUS.]*

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

*[Exit LUCIUS.]*

*1 Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

*2 Stran.* Ay, too well.

*1 Stran.* Why this,

Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece  
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him  
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in  
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,  
And kept his credit with his purse;  
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money  
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,  
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;  
And yet, (O, see the monstrosity of man  
When he looks out in an ingrateful shape!)  
He does deny him, in respect of his, <sup>12)</sup>  
What charitable men afford to beggars.

*3 Stran.* Religion groans at it.

*1 Stran.* For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life,  
Nor came any of his bounties over me,  
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,  
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,  
And honourable carriage,  
Had his necessity made use of me,  
I would have put my wealth into donation,  
And the best half should have return'd to him, <sup>13)</sup>  
So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,  
Men must learn now with pity to dispense:  
For policy sits above conscience. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in Sempronius's House.*

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON'S.*

*Sem.* Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph!  
'Bove all others?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;  
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,  
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these three  
Owe their estates unto him.

*Serv.* O my lord,  
They have all been touch'd, <sup>14)</sup> and found base  
metal; for

They have all denied him!

*Sem.* How! have they denied him?

Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?  
And does he send to me? Three? humph! —  
It shows but little love or judgment in him.

Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,

Thrive, give him over; <sup>15</sup>) Must I take the cure upon me?

He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him, That might have known my place: I see no sense for't, But his occasions 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 it last? No; So it may prove An argument of laughter to the rest, And I amongst the lords be thought a fool. I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum, He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake; I had such a courage <sup>16</sup>) 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.]  
*Serv.* Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic; he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear. <sup>17</sup>) 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 the gods only: Now his friends are dead, Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows; Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house. <sup>18</sup>)

## SCENE IV.

The same. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants to TIMON'S Creditors, waiting his coming out.

*Var. Serv.* Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

*Tit.* The like to you, kind Varro.

*Hor.* What, do we meet together?

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, and, I think, One business does command us all; for mine is money.

*Tit.* So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

*Luc. Serv.* And sir Philotus too!

*Phi.* Good day at once.

*Luc. Serv.* Welcome, good brother. What do you think the hour?

*Phi.* Labouring for nine.

*Luc. Serv.* So much?

*Phi.* Is not my lord seen yet?

*Luc. Serv.* Not yet.

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

*Luc. Serv.* 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.

*Phi.* I am of your fear for that.

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

*Hor.* Most true, he does.

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

*Hor.* It is against my heart.

*Luc. Serv.* 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.

*Hor.* I weary of this charge, <sup>19</sup>) the gods can witness:

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth, And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

*1 Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: What's yours?

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand mine.

*1 Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum, Your master's confidence was above mine; Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

*Tit.* One of lord Timon's men.

*Luc. Serv.* Flaminius! sir, a word: 'Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

*Flam.* No, indeed, he is not.

*Tit.* We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify so much.

*Flam.* I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [Exit FLAMINIUS.]

Enter FLAVIUS, in a cloak muffled.

*Luc. Serv.* Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

*Tit.* Do you hear, sir?

*1 Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir, —

*Flav.* What do you ask of me, my friend?

*Tit.* We wait for certain money here, sir.

*Flav.* 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 th' 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.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but this answer will not serve.

*Flav.* If 'twill not, <sup>20</sup>) 'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves. [Exit.]

*1 Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

*2 Var. Serv.* 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 SERVIILIUS. <sup>21</sup>)

*Tit.* O, here's Servilius; now we shall know Some answer.

*Ser.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen, To repair some other hour, I should much

<sup>22</sup>) Derive from it: for, take it on my soul, My lord leans wond'rously to discontent.

His comfortable temper has forsok him; He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

*Luc. Serv.* 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.

*Ser.* Good gods!

*Tit.* We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

*Flam.* [Within.] Servilius, help! — my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

*Tim.* What are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place, which I have feasted, does it now, Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

*Luc. Serv.* Put in now, Titus.

*Tit.* My lord, here is my bill.

*Luc. Serv.* Here's mine.

*Hor. Serv.* And mine, my lord.

*Both. Var. Serv.* And ours, my lord.

*Phi.* All our bills.

*Tit.* Knock me down with 'em: <sup>23</sup>) cleave me to the girdle.

*Luc. Serv.* Alas! my lord, —

*Tim.* Cut my heart in sums.

*Tit.* Mine, fifty talents.

*Tim.* Tell out my blood.

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand crowns, my lord.

*Tim.* Five thousand drops pay that. —

What yours? — and yours?

*1 Var. Serv.* My lord, —

*2 Var. Serv.* My lord, —

*Tit.* Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [Exit.]

*Hor.* '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.

*Tim.* They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:

Creditors! — devils.

*Flav.* My dear lord, —

*Tim.* What if it should be so?

*Flav.* My lord, —

*Tim.* I'll have it so: — My steward!

*Flav.* Here, my lord.

*Tim.* So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all: <sup>24</sup>) I'll once more feast the rascals.

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

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

## SCENE V.

The same. The Senate-House.

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

*1 Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it: the fault's Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

*2 Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

*Alcib.* Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

*1 Sen.* Now, captain?

*Alcib.* I am an humble suitor to your virtues;

For pity is the virtue of the law, And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,

Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.

He is a man, setting his fate aside, <sup>25</sup>) Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice: (An honour in him, which buys out his fault.)

But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit, Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe: And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent, <sup>26</sup>) As if he had but prov'd an argument.

*1 Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox, <sup>27</sup>) Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:

Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,

Is valour misbegot, and came into the world When sects and factions were newly born:

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer The worst that man can breathe; <sup>28</sup>) and make his wrongs

His outides; 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?

*Alcib.* My lord, —

*1 Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear; To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

*Alcib.* 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 threatenings? sleep upon it,

And let the foes quietly cut their throats, Without repugnancy? but if there be

Such valour in the bearing, what make we Abroad? <sup>29</sup>) why then, women are more valiant,

That stay at home, if bearing carry it; And th' ass, more captain than the lion; the felon, <sup>30</sup>)

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; <sup>31</sup>) But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just. <sup>32</sup>)

To be in anger is impiety; But who is man, that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this. *2 Sen.* You breathe in vain.

*Alcib.* In vain? his service done At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,

Were a sufficient briber for his life.

*1 Sen.* What's that?

*Alcib.* Why, I say, my lord, h'as done fair service, And slain in fight many of your enemies:

How full of valour did he bear himself In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

*2 Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em, he Is a sworn rioter: h'as a sin that often

Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner: If there were no foes, that were enough alone

To overcome him: in that beastly fury He has been known to commit outrages,

And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us, His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

*1 Sen.* He dies.

*Alcib.* 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 them both:  
And, for I know, your reverend ages love  
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all  
My honour to you, upon his good returns.  
If by this crime he owes the law his life,  
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;  
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* 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.

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

2 *Sen.* How?

*Alcib.* Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What?  
*Alcib.* I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;  
It could not else be, I should prove so base,<sup>33</sup>  
To sue, and be denied such common grace:  
My wounds ache at you.

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

*Alcib.* Banish me?  
Banish your dotage; banish usury,  
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,  
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell  
our spirit,<sup>34</sup>

He shall be executed presently. [Exit Senators.]

*Alcib.* Now the gods keep you old enough; that  
you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!  
I am 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? ha! banishment? <sup>35</sup>  
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;  
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,  
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up  
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.  
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds;  
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods.  
[Exit.]

## SCENE VI.

## A magnificent Room in Timon's House.

Music. Tables set out; Servants attending. Enter  
divers Lords, at several doors.

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honour-  
able lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring,<sup>36</sup>  
when we encountered; I hope it is not so low with  
him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several  
friends.

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

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

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my im-  
portunate business, but he would not hear my ex-  
cuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me,  
that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I under-  
stand how all things go.

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

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

3 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir, — Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

*Tim.* With all my heart, gentlemen both: — And  
how fare you?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your  
lordship.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more  
willing, than we your lordship.

*Tim.* [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  
on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 *Lord.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your  
lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

*Tim.* O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My noble lord, —

*Tim.* Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[The Banquet brought in.]

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

*Tim.* Think not on't, sir.

2 *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before, —

*Tim.* Let it not cumber your better remembrance.<sup>37</sup>  
— Come, bring in all together.

2 *Lord.* All covered dishes!

1 *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

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

1 *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?

1 & 2 *Lord.* Alcibiades banished!

3 *Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 *Lord.* How? how?

2 *Lord.* I pray you upon what?

*Tim.* My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble  
feast toward.<sup>38</sup>

2 *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3 *Lord.* Will't hold, will't hold?

2 *Lord.* It does: but time will — and so — —

3 *Lord.* I do conceive.

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

*You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with  
thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves  
praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities  
be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one  
need not lend to another: for were your godheads  
to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods.  
Make the meat be beloved, more than the man  
that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be with-  
out 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 sen-  
ators of Athens, together with the common lag<sup>39</sup>  
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  
less them, and to nothing they are welcome.*

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The Dishes uncovered, are full of warm Water.]

*Some speak.* What does his lordship mean?

*Some other.* I know not.

*Tim.* May you a better feast never behold,  
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm  
water

Is your perfection.<sup>40</sup> This is Timon's last;  
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,  
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.]

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,  
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,  
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,  
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,<sup>41</sup>  
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks,<sup>42</sup>  
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady<sup>43</sup>  
Crust you quite o'er! — What, dost thou go?  
Soft, take thy physic first — thou too, — and thou; —

[Throws the Dishes at them, and drives them out.]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none. —  
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,  
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.  
Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be  
Of Timon, man, and all humanity. [Exit.]

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and  
Senators.

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords?

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but hu-  
mour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other  
day, and now he has beat it out of my hat: —  
Did you see my jewel?

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.  
4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day  
stones. [Exit.]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I. Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

*Tim.* 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 steeds! to general filths<sup>1</sup>  
Convert o'the instant, green virginity!  
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;  
Rather than render back, out with your knives,  
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!  
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,  
And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;  
Thy mistress is o'the brothel! son of sixteen,  
Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old limping sire,  
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,  
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,  
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,  
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,  
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,  
Decline to your confounding contraries,<sup>2</sup>  
And yet confusion<sup>3</sup> 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<sup>4</sup>  
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;  
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!<sup>5</sup>  
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find  
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.  
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all!)  
The Athenians both within and out that wall!  
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow  
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!  
Amen. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.

## Athens. A Room in Timon's House.

Enter FLAVIUS,<sup>6</sup> with two or three Servants.

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where's our  
master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

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

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!  
So noble a master fallen! all gone! and not  
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,  
And go along with him!

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

Enter other Servants.

*Flav.* All broken implements of a ruin'd house.  
3 *Serv.* 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.

*Flav.* Good fellows all,  
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.  
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,  
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,  
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,  
*We have seen better days.* Let each take some;

[Giving them money.]  
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:  
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Exit Servants.]  
O, the fierce wretchedness<sup>7</sup> that glory brings us!  
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
Since riches point to misery and contempt?  
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live  
But in a dream of friendship?  
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,  
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?  
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;  
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,<sup>8</sup>  
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 accurs'd,  
Rich, only to be wretched; — thy great fortunes  
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!  
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat  
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to  
Supply his life, or that which can command it.  
I'll follow, and enquire him out;  
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;  
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE III.

*The Woods.*

Enter TIMON.

*Tim.* O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth  
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb<sup>9)</sup>  
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb, —  
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,  
Scarce is dividant, — touch them with several  
fortunes;

The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,  
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,  
But by contempt of nature.<sup>10)</sup>  
Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;<sup>11)</sup>  
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,  
The beggar native honour.  
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,  
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,  
In purity of manhood stand upright,  
And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,  
So are they all; for every grize of fortune<sup>12)</sup>  
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate  
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;  
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,  
But direct villainy. Therefore be abhorr'd  
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!  
His semblable, yea himself, Timon disdains:  
Destruction fang mankind! —<sup>13)</sup> Earth, yield me  
roots! *[Digging.]*

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate  
With thy most operant poison! What is here?  
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,  
I am no idle votarist.<sup>14)</sup> Roots, you clear heavens!<sup>15)</sup>  
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;  
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, val-  
liant.

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 accurs'd;  
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,  
And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
With senators on the bench; this is it,  
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;  
She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores  
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices  
To the April day again.<sup>16)</sup> Come, damned earth,  
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds  
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee  
Do thy right nature. —<sup>17)</sup> *[March afar off.]* — Ha!  
a drum? — Thou'rt quick,<sup>18)</sup>

But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,  
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand: —  
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. *[Keeping some gold.]*

Enter ALCIBIADES, with Drum and Fife, in warlike  
manner: PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

*Alcib.* What art thou there?  
Speak.

*Tim.* A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy  
heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man!

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

*Tim.* I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,

That I might love thee something.

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

*Tim.* 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.

*Phry.* Thy lips rot off!

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

*Alcib.* How came the noble Timon to this change?

*Tim.* 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.

*Alcib.* Noble Timon,  
What friendship may I do thee?

*Tim.* None, but to  
Maintain my opinion.

*Alcib.* What is it, Timon?

*Tim.* Promise me friendship, but perform none: If  
Thou wilt not promise,<sup>19)</sup> the gods plague thee, for  
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,  
For thou'rt a man!

*Alcib.* I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

*Tim.* Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

*Alcib.* I see them now; then was a blessed time.

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

*Timan.* Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world  
Voic'd so regardfully?

*Tim.* Art thou Timandra?

*Timan.* Yes.

*Tim.* 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.

*Timan.* Hang thee, monster!

*Alcib.* 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 griev'd,

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them, —

*Tim.* I pry'thee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

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

*Tim.* How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost  
trouble?

I had rather be alone.

*Alcib.* Why, fare thee well:

Here's some gold for thee.

*Tim.* Keep't, I cannot eat it.

*Alcib.* When I have laid proud Athens on a heap, —

*Tim.* Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

*Alcib.* Ay, Timon, and have cause.

*Tim.* The gods confound them all i'thy conquest; and  
Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

*Alcib.* Why me, Timon?

*Tim.* That,

By killing 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-vic'd city hang his poison  
In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:  
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,  
He's 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,  
<sup>20)</sup> Set them down horrible traitors: Spare not  
the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;  
Think it a bastard,<sup>21)</sup> whom the oracle  
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,  
And mince it sans remorse: Swear against objects;<sup>22)</sup>  
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;  
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,  
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,  
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:  
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,  
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

*Alcib.* Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou  
giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

*Tim.* Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse  
upon thee!

*Phr. & Timan.* Give us some gold, good Timon:  
Hast thou more?

*Tim.* Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,  
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,  
Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable, —  
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,  
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,  
The immortal gods that hear you, — spare your  
oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions:<sup>23)</sup> 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 hang'd,  
No matter: — wear them, betray with them: whore  
still;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:

A pox of wrinkles!

*Phr. & Timan.* Well, more gold; — What then? —  
Believ't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

*Tim.* Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,  
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,  
That he may never more false title plead,

Nor sound his quillts shrilly:<sup>24)</sup> hoar the flamen,<sup>25)</sup>  
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,<sup>26)</sup>  
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate  
ruffians bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;

That your activity may defeat and quell  
The source of all erection. — There's more gold: —  
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,  
And ditches grave you all!<sup>27)</sup>

*Phr. & Timan.* More counsel with more money,  
bounteous Timon.

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

*Alcib.* Strike up the drum towards Athens. Fare-  
well, Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

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

*Alcib.* I never did thee harm.

*Tim.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

*Alcib.* Call'st thou that harm?

*Tim.* Men daily find it such. Get thee away,  
And take thy beagles with thee.

*Alcib.* We but offend him —  
Strike.

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

*Tim.* That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,  
Should yet be hungry! — Common mother thou,

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,<sup>28)</sup>  
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,  
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,  
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,  
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,<sup>29)</sup>  
With all the abhorred births below crisp<sup>30)</sup> heaven  
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;  
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,  
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!  
Ensear thy fertile and conception womb,  
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!  
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;  
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
Hath to the marbled mansion all above  
Never presented! — O, a root, — Dear thanks!  
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;<sup>31)</sup>  
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,  
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips!

*[Digging.]*

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

More man? Plague! plague!

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

*Tim.* 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog  
Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

*Apem.* This is in thee a nature but affected;  
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 diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot  
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,  
By putting on the cunning of a carper.<sup>32)</sup>

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 bid wel-  
come,

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.

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

*Apem.* 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 out-liv'd 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'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures, —  
Whose naked natures live in all the spite  
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhooused trunks,  
To the conflicting elements expos'd,





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

*Tim.* 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!

*Flav.* 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.

*Tim.* Had I a steward so true, so just, and now  
So comfortable? It almost turns

My dangerous nature wild.<sup>55</sup>) Let me behold  
Thy face. — Surely, this man was born of woman. —

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,  
Perpetual-sober gods!<sup>56</sup>) I do proclaim

One honest man, — mistake me not, — but one:  
No more, I pray, — and he is a steward. —  
How fain would I have hated all mankind,  
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,  
I fell with curses.

Metinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;  
For by oppressing and betraying me,  
Thou might'st 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?

*Flav.* No, my most worthy master, in whose breast  
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd 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.

*Tim.* 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 conditioned; Thou shalt build from men;<sup>57</sup>)  
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 them,  
Debts wither them:<sup>58</sup>) Be men like blasted woods,  
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!  
And so, farewell, and thrive.

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

*Tim.* If thou hat'st  
Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd and free:  
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.  
[*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. Before Timon's Cave.*

*Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON behind, unseen.*

*Pain.* 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 is so full of gold?

*Pain.* 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.

*Pain.* Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in  
Athens again, and flourish with the highest. There-  
fore, '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 travel for, if it be a just and true report  
that goes of his having.

*Poet.* What have you now to present unto him?

*Pain.* 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.

*Pain.* Good as the best. Promising is the very  
air o'the time; it opens the eyes of expectation:  
performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but  
in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed  
of saying is quite out of use.<sup>1</sup>) 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.

*Tim.* Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a  
man so bad as is thyself.

*Poet.* I am thinking, what I shall say I have pro-  
vided 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.

*Tim.* 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.

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

*Tim.* I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,  
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,  
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the  
foam;

Settlest admired reverence in a slave:  
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye  
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!  
'Fit I do meet them. [Advancing.]

*Poet.* Hail, worthy Timon!

*Pain.* Our late noble master.  
*Tim.* Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

*Poet.* Sir,  
Having often of your open bounty tasted,  
Hearing you were retir'd, 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'm rapt, and cannot cover  
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
With any size of words.

*Tim.* 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.

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

*Tim.* Ay, you are honest men.

*Pain.* We are hither come to offer you our service.

*Tim.* Most honest men! Why, how shall I re-  
quite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

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

*Tim.* You are honest men: You have heard that  
I have gold;

I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest  
men.

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

*Tim.* Good honest men: — Thou draw'st a coun-  
terfeit<sup>2</sup>)

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;

Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

*Pain.* So, so, my lord.

*Tim.* Even so, sir, as I say: — And, for thy fiction,  
[To the Poet.]

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,  
That thou art even natural in thine art. —

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd 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.

*Tim.* You'll take it ill.

*Both.* Most thankfully, my lord.

*Tim.* Will you, indeed?

*Both.* Doubt it not, worthy lord.

*Tim.* There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,  
That mightily deceives you.

*Both.* Do we, my lord?

*Tim.* Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,  
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,  
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,  
That he's a made-up villain.<sup>3</sup>)

*Pain.* I know none such, my lord.

*Poet.* Nor I.

*Tim.* 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,<sup>4</sup>)  
Confound them by some course, and come to me,  
I'll give you gold enough.

*Both.* Name them, my lord, let's know them.

*Tim.* You that way, and you this, but two in com-  
pany: —

Each man apart, all single and alone,

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[To the Painter.]  
Come not near him. — If thou would'st not reside

[To the Poet.]  
But where one villain is, then him abandon. —  
Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye  
slaves:

You have done work for me, there's payment: Hence!  
You are an alchemist, make gold of that: —  
Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.*

*Flav.* 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.

*1 Sen.* Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,  
To speak with Timon.

*2 Sen.* At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs,  
That fram'd 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.

*Flav.* 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.

*Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! — Speak,  
and be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister! and each false  
Be as a caut'ring to the root o'the tongue,  
Consuming it with speaking!

*1 Sen.* Worthy Timon, —

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

*2 Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

*Tim.* I thank them; and would send them back  
the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

*1 Sen.* O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,<sup>5</sup>)

Entreat thee back to Athens, who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.

*2 Sen.* They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:

Which now the public body, — which doth seldom

Play the recanter, — feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal

Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;

And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,<sup>6</sup>)

Together with a recompense more fruitful

Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;<sup>7</sup>)

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.

*Tim.* You witch me in it;

Surprize me to the very brink of tears:

Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,

And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

*1 Sen.* 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,<sup>8</sup>) 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.

*2 Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword

Against the walls of Athens.

*1 Sen.* Therefore, Timon, —

*Tim.* Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; Thus, —

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,

Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,

That — Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,

And take our goodly aged men by the beards,

Giving our holy virgins to the stain

Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;

Then, let him know, — and tell him, Timon speaks it,

I pity of our aged, and our youth,

I cannot choose but tell him, that — I care not,

And let him tak't at worst; for their knives care not,

While you have throats to answer: for myself,

There's not a whistle<sup>9</sup>) 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.

*Flav.* Stay not, all's in vain.

*Tim.* Why, I was writing of my epitaph,  
It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness<sup>10</sup>  
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!

*1 Sen.* We speak in vain.

*Tim.* But yet I love my country, and am not  
One that rejoices in the common wreck,  
As common bruit<sup>11</sup> doth put it.

*1 Sen.* That's well spoke.

*Tim.* Commend me to my loving countrymen, —  
*1 Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass  
through them.

*2 Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers  
In their applauding gates.

*Tim.* 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.

*2 Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

*Tim.* 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,<sup>12</sup>  
From high to low throughout, that whose pleases  
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.

*Flav.* Trouble him no further, thus you still shall  
find him.

*Tim.* Come not to me again: but say to Athens,  
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion  
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;  
<sup>13</sup> Which once a day with his embossed froth<sup>14</sup>  
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,  
And let my grave-stone be your oracle. —  
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:  
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!  
Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!  
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Exit TIMON.]

*1 Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably  
Coupled to nature.

*2 Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,  
And strain what other means is left unto us  
In our dear peril.<sup>15</sup>

*1 Sen.* It requires swift foot. [Exit.]

### SCENE III.

#### The Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.

*1 Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files  
As full as thy report?

*Mess.* I have spoke the least:  
Besides, his expedition promises  
Present approach.

*2 Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not  
Timon.

*Mess.* I met a courier, one mine ancient friend; —  
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,  
Yet our old love made a particular force,  
And made us speak like friends: — this man was  
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,  
With letters of entreaty, which imported  
His fellowship i'the cause against your city,  
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

*1 Sen.* Here come our brothers.  
*3 Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect. —  
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring  
Doth choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;  
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.

[Exit.]

### SCENE IV.

The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a Tomb-stone seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

*Sold.* 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;<sup>16</sup> the character  
I'll take with wax:

Our captain hath in every figure skill;  
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:  
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,  
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.]

### SCENE V.

Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.

*Alcib.* Sound to this coward and lascivious town  
Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.]

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time  
With all licentious measure, making your wills  
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such  
As slept within the shadow of your power,  
Have wander'd with our traver's'd arms,<sup>17</sup> and  
breath'd

Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,<sup>18</sup>  
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.

*1 Sen.* 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.

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

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

*2 Sen.* Nor are they living,  
Who were the motives that you first went out;  
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess  
Hath broke their hearts.<sup>19</sup> March, noble lord,

Into our city with thy banners spread:  
By decimation, and a tithed death,  
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,  
Which nature loaths,) take thou the destin'd tenth;  
And by the hazard of the spotted die,  
Let die the spotted.

*1 Sen.* All have not offended;  
For those that were, it is not square,<sup>20</sup> 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.<sup>21</sup>

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

*1 Sen.* Set but thy foot  
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;  
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
To say, thou't enter friendly.

*2 Sen.* 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.

*Alcib.* Then there's my glove;  
Descend, and open your uncharged ports;<sup>22</sup>  
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, —<sup>23</sup> not a man  
Shall pass his quarter,<sup>24</sup> or offend the stream

Of regular justice in your city's bounds,  
But shall be remedied, to your public laws  
At heaviest answer.

*Both.* 'Tis most nobly spoken.  
*Alcib.* Descend, and keep your words.

The Senators descend, and open the Gates.

Enter a Soldier.

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

*Alcib.* [Reads.] Here lies a wretched corse, of  
wretched soul bereft:

Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked  
cattiffs 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 abhorrdst in us our human griefs,  
Scorn'dst our brain's flow,<sup>25</sup> and those our drop-  
lets 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.<sup>26</sup>  
Let our drums strike. [Exit.]