

What do you think the hour?

*Phi.* Labouring for nine. 8

*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 12

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 16

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. 21

*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. 25

*Hor.* I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,

And now ingratitude makes it worse than

stealth. 28

*First Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand

crowns; what's yours?

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand mine.

*First Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it should

seem by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine; 32

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? 36

*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? 44

*Sec. 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, 48

'Twere sure enough.

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

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

Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts,

And take down the interest into their gluttonous

maws. 53

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly:

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end; 56

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

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

*Flav.* If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as

you;

For you serve knaves. *[Exit.]*

*First Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashiered

worship mutter? 62

*Sec. 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 SERVILIUS.*

*Tit.* O! here's Servilius; now we shall know

some answer. 68

*Servil.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to

repair some other hour, I should derive much

from't; for, take't of my soul, my lord leans

wondrously to discontent. His comfortable

temper has forsok him; he's 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, 76

Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,

And make a clear way to the gods.

*Servil.* Good gods!

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

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

my lord! 80

*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, 84

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. 88

*Hor.* And mine, my lord.

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

*Phi.* All our bills.

*Tim.* Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to

the girdle. 92

*Luc. Serv.* Alas! my lord,—

*Tim.* Cut my heart in sums.

*Tit.* Mine, fifty talents.

*Tim.* Tell out my blood. 96

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

*Tim.* Five thousand drops pays that. What

yours? and yours?

*First Var. Serv.* My lord,—

*Sec. Var. Serv.* My lord,—

*Tim.* 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 mad-

man 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,— 108

*Tim.* What if it should be so?

*Flav.* My lord,—

*Tim.* I'll have it so. My steward!

*Flav.* Here, my lord. 112

*Tim.* So fitly! Go, bid all my friends again,

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:

I'll once more feast the rascals.

*Flav.* O my lord!

You only speak from your distracted soul; 116

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.*

*First 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.

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

*Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.*

*Alcib.* Honour, health, and compassion to

the senate! 5

*First Sen.* Now, captain.

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

For pity is the virtue of the law,

And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy

Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,

Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth

To those that without heed do plunge into't. 13

He is a man, setting his fate aside,

Of comely virtues;

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,— 16

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; 20

And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,

As if he had but prov'd an argument.

*First Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair: 25

Your words have took such pains as if they

labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form, and set

quarrelling

Upon the head of valour; which indeed 28

Is valour misbegot, and came into the world

When sects and factions were newly born.

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breathe, and make his

wrongs

His outsides, to wear them like his raiment,

carelessly,

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill, 36

What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

*Alcib.* My lord,—

*First Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look

clear;

To revenge is no valour, but to bear. 40

*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 threats? sleep upon't, 44

And let the foes quietly cut their throats

Without repugnancy? If there be

Such valour in the bearing, what make we

Abroad? why then, women are more valiant 48

That stay at home, if bearing carry it,

And the ass more captain than the lion, the

felon

Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,

If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords! 52

As you are great, be pitifully good:

Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;

But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just. 56

To be in anger is impiety;

But who is man that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this.

*Sec. Sen.* You breathe in vain.

*Alcib.* In vain! his service done 60

At Lacedæmon and Byzantium

Were a sufficient briber for his life.

*First Sen.* What's that?

*Alcib.* I say, my lords, he has done fair ser-

vice, 64

And slain in fight many of your enemies.

How full of valour did he bear himself

In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

*Sec. Sen.* He has made too much plenty with

'em; 68

He's a sworn rioter; he has a sin that often

Drowns him and takes his valour prisoner;

If there were no foes, that were enough

To overcome him; in that beastly fury 72

He has been known to commit outrages

And cherish factions; 'tis inferr'd to us,

His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

*First Sen.* He dies. 76

*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 'em both; 81

And, for I know your reverend ages love

Security, I'll pawn my victories, all

My honour to you, upon his good returns. 84

If by this crime he owes the law his life,

Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;

For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

*First Sen.* We are for law; he dies: urge it

no more, 88

On height of our displeasure. Friend, or bro-

ther,

He forfeits his own blood that spills another.



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

*Sec. Sen.* How!

*Alcib.* Call me to your remembrances.

*Third Sen.* What!

*Alcib.* I cannot think but your age has forgot me;

It could not else be I should prove so base, 96  
To sue, and be denied such common grace.  
My wounds ache at you.

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

*Alcib.* Banish me! 100  
Banish your dotage; banish usury,  
That makes the senate ugly.

*First Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens  
contain thee,  
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to  
swell our spirit, 104  
He shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt 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, 108

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 112  
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!  
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,  
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up 116  
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.—*The Same. A Room of State in  
TIMON'S House.*

*Music. Tables set out: Servants attending.  
Enter divers Lords, Senators, and Others, at  
several doors.*

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

*Sec. Lord.* I also wish it you. I think this  
honourable lord did but try us this other day. 3

*First Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts  
tiring when we encountered: I hope it is not so  
low with him as he made it seem in the trial of  
his several friends.

*Sec. Lord.* It should not be, by the persua-  
sion of his new feasting. 9

*First 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. 14

*Sec. Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to  
my importunate business, but he would not hear  
my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow  
of me, that my provision was out.

*First Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I  
understand how all things go. 20

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

*First Lord.* A thousand pieces.

*Sec. Lord.* A thousand pieces! 24

*First Lord.* What of you?

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

*Enter TIMON and Attendants.*

*Tim.* With all my heart, gentlemen both;  
and how fare you? 29

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

*Sec. Lord.* The swallow follows not summer  
more willing than we your lordship. 33

*Tim.* [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves  
winter; such summer-birds are men. Gentle-  
men, our dinner will not recompense this long  
stay: feast your ears with the music awhile,  
if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's  
sound; we shall to't presently. 39

*First 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.  
*Sec. Lord.* My noble lord,— 44

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

*Sec. Lord.* Mymosthonourablelord, I am 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. 49

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

*Tim.* Let it not cumber your better remem-  
brance. [*The banquet brought in.*] Come, bring  
in all together.

*Sec. Lord.* All covered dishes!

*First Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you. 56

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

*First Lord.* How do you? What's the news?  
*Third Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: hear you  
of it? 61

*First Lord.* Alcibiades banished!

*Sec. Lord.* How? how? 64

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

*First Lord.* How? how?

*Sec. Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

*Tim.* My worthy friends, will you draw near?  
*Third Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's  
a noble feast toward. 68

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

*Third Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

*Sec. Lord.* It does; but time will—and so— 72

*Third 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.— 78

You great benefactors sprinkle our society  
with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make  
yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest  
your deities be despised. Lend to each man  
enough, that one need not lend to another; for,

were your godheads to borrow of men, men  
would forsake the gods. Make the meat be  
beloved more than the man that gives it. Let  
no assembly of twenty be without a score of  
villains: if there sit twelve women at the table,  
let a dozen of them be as they are. The rest of  
your fees, O gods! the senators of Athens, to-  
gether with the common lag of people, what is  
amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for  
destruction. For these my present friends, as  
they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless  
them, and to nothing are they welcome. 96  
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 100

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

[*Throwing the water in their faces.*]  
Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long, 104

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,  
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek  
bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,  
Cap and knees slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!

Of man and beast the infinite malady 109  
Crust you quite o'er! What! dost thou go?

Soft! take thy physic first,—thou too,—and  
thou;—

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none. 112

[*Throws the dishes at them.*]  
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, Senators, &c.*

*First Lord.* How now, my lords! 117

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

*Third Lord.* Push! did you see my cap? 120

*Fourth Lord.* I have lost my gown.

*First Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought  
but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th'  
other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:

did you see my jewel? 125

*Third Lord.* Did you see my cap?

*Sec. Lord.* Here 'tis.

*Fourth Lord.* Here lies my gown. 128

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

*Sec. Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

*Third Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

*Fourth Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds,  
next day stones. [*Exeunt.*]

#### 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 incon-  
tinent!

Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools, 4  
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,  
And minister in their steads! To general filths

Convert, o' the instant, green virginity!  
Do't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold  
fast; 8

Rather than render back, out with your knives,  
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound ser-  
vants, steal!—

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,—  
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed; 12

Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,  
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,  
With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear,

Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth, 16  
Domestic awe, night-rest and neighbourhood,  
Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,

Degrees, observances, customs and laws,  
Decline to your confounding contraries, 20  
And let confusion live! Plagues incident to men,  
Your potent and infectious fevers heap

On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,  
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt  
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty

Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,  
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains, 28

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! 33

Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!  
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find  
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

The gods confound—hear me, you good gods  
all— 37

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, with two or three Servants.*

*First 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, 4  
I am as poor as you.

*First Serv.* Such a house broke!  
So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and not  
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,  
And go along with him!

*Sec. Serv.* As we do turn our backs 8  
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, 12  
A dedicated beggar to the air,



With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fel-  
lows.

*Enter other Servants.*

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

*Third 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, 20  
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 24  
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: 28

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

*[They embrace, and part several ways.]*  
O! the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us.  
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
Since riches point to misery and contempt? 32  
Who would be so mock'd with glory? or so live,  
But in a dream of friendship?

To have his pomp and all what state compounds  
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends? 36  
Poor honest lord! brought low by his own heart,  
Undone by goodness. Strange, unusual blood,

When man's worst sin is he does too much good!  
Who then dares to be half so kind again? 40  
For bounty, that makes gods, does still marmen.

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 ingrateful seat 45  
Of monstrous friends;

Nor has he with him to supply his life,  
Or that which can command it. 48

I'll follow and inquire him out:  
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;

Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*Woods and Cave near the  
Sea-shore.*

*Enter TIMON from the Cave.*

*Tim.* O blessed breeding sun! draw from the  
earth

Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb  
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,  
Whose procreation, residence and birth, 4  
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several for-  
tunes;

The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,  
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great for-  
tune,

But by contempt of nature. 8  
Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord;  
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,

The beggar native honour.

It is the pasture lards the rother's sides, 12  
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 16  
Is smooch'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 villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd 20  
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!

His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:  
Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me  
roots! *[Digging.]*

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate 24  
With thy most operant poison! What is here?  
Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold! No,  
gods,

I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!  
Thus much of this will make black white, foul  
fair, 28

Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward  
valiant.

Ha! you gods, why this? What this, you gods?  
Why, this

Will lug your priests and servants from your  
sides,

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their  
head: 32

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, 36  
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 40

To the April day again. Come, damned earth,  
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st  
odds

Amond the rout of nations, I will make thee  
Do thy right nature.—*[March afar off.]* Ha! a  
drum? thou'rt quick, 44

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 war-  
like manner; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.*

*Alcib.* What art thou there? speak. 48  
*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 hate-  
ful to thee,

That art thyself a man? 52  
*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 57

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;

With man's blood paint the ground, gules,  
gules;

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel; 60  
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 re-  
turns 64

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; 68  
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? 72

*Tim.* Promise me friendship, but perform  
none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague  
thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform,  
confound thee, for thou art a man! 76

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

*Tim.* Thou saw'st them, when I had pros-  
perity.

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

*Tim.* As thine is now, held with a brace of  
harlots. 80

*Timan.* Is this the Athenian minion, whom  
the world

Voic'd so regardfully?  
*Tim.* Art thou Timandra? 84

*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 85  
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked  
youth

To the tub-fast and the diet.  
*Timan.* Hang thee, monster! 88

*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, 93  
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour  
states,

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

*Tim.* I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee  
gone. 96

*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 is some gold for thee.

*Tim.* Keep it, I cannot eat it. 100  
*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 in thy con-  
quest; and 104

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!  
*Alcib.* Why me, Timon?

*Tim.* That, by killing of villians, 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 109  
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; 112  
He is a usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;  
It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek  
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-  
paps, 116

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

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,  
But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not  
the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their  
mercy; 120

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle  
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,  
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against  
objects;

Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes, 124  
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, 128  
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! 132

*Phry.* Give us some gold, good Timon:  
*Timan.* 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 138  
The immortal gods that hear you, spare your  
oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;  
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,  
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up  
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,

And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, s  
months, 1

Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor t'  
roofs



With burdens of the dead; some that were  
hang'd,  
No matter; wear them, betray with them:  
where still;  
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face: 148  
A pox of wrinkles!

*Phry.* Well, more gold. What then?  
*Timan.* Believe't, that we'll do anything for gold.  
*Tim.* Consumptions sow 152  
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,  
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's  
voice,

That he may never more false title plead,  
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen,  
That scolds against the quality of flesh, 157  
And not believes himself: down with the nose,  
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away  
Of him that, his particular to foresee, 160  
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 164  
The source of all erection. There's more gold;  
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,  
And ditches grave you all!

*Phry.* More counsel with more money,  
*Timan.* bounteous Timon. 168  
*Tim.* More whore, more mischief first; I have  
given you earnest.

*Alcib.* Strike up the drum towards Athens!  
Farewell, 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. 173

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

*Alcib.* Call'st thou that harm?

*Tim.* Men daily find it. Get thee away, and  
take

Thy beagles with thee.

*Alcib.* We but offend him. Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt ALCIBIADES,*

*PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.*

*Tim.* That nature, being sick of man's un-  
kindness, 177

Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,

[*Digging.*

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,

Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,

Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is  
puff'd, 181

Engenders the black toad and adder blue,

The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,

With all the abhorred births below crisp 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, 188

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 192

Never presented! O! a root; dear thanks:

Dry up thy marrows, vines and plough-torn  
leas;

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts  
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips! 197

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

More man! Plague! plague!

*Apem.* I was directed hither: men report

Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use 200

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 infected;

A poor unmanly melancholy sprung 204

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. 210

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive

By that which has undone thee: hunge 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

welcome, 216

To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just

That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,

Rascals should have't. Do not assume my like-  
ness.

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

*Apem.* Thou hast cast away thyself, being  
like thyself; 221

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, 224

That have outliv'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 the o'er-night's surfeit? Call the crea-  
tures 228

Whose naked natures live in all the spite

Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused  
trunks

To the conflicting elements expos'd,

Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee; 232

O! thou shalt find—

*Tim.* A fool of thee. Depart.

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

*Tim.* I hate thee worse.

*Apem.* Why?

*Tim.* Thou flatter'st misery.

*Apem.* I flatter not, but say thou art a caittiff.

*Tim.* Why dost thou seek me out?

*Apem.* To vex thee. 237

*Tim.* Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* What! a knave too?

*Apem.* If thou didst put this sour-cold habit  
on 240

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou

Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again

Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery

Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before; 244

The one is filling still, never complete;

The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,

Hath a distracted and most wretched being,

Worse than the worst, content. 248

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

*Tim.* Not by his breath that is more miser-  
able.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm

With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog. 252

Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, pro-  
ceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords

To such as may the passive drudges of it

Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd  
thyself 256

In general riot; melted down thy youth

In different beds of lust; and never learn'd

The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd

The sugar'd game before thee. But myself, 260

Who had the world as my confectionary,

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

At duty, more than I could frame employment,

That numberless upon me stuck as leaves 264

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

Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare

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

That never knew but better, is some burden; 268

Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time

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

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

If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag, 272

Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff

To some she beggar and compounded thee

Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!

If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,

Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

*Apem.* Art thou proud yet? 277

*Tim.* Ay, that I am not thee.

*Apem.* I, that I was

No prodigal.

*Tim.* I, that I am one now:

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee, 280

I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.

That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

*Apem.* Here; I will mend thy feast.

*Tim.* First mend my company, take away  
thyself. 284

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

*Tim.* 'Tis not well mended so, it is but  
botch'd;

If not, I would it were.

*Apem.* What wouldst thou have to Athens?

*Tim.* Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,

Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

*Apem.* Here is no use for gold.

*Tim.* The best and truest;

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm. 292

*Apem.* Where liest o' nights, Timon?

*Tim.* Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Where my stomach finds meat; or,

rather, where I eat it. 296

*Tim.* Would poison were obedient and knew  
my mind!

*Apem.* Where wouldst thou send it?

*Tim.* To sauce thy dishes.

*Apem.* The middle of humanity thou never  
knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When

thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they

mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy

rags thou knowest none, but art despised for  
the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

*Tim.* On what I hate I feed not. 306

*Apem.* Dost hate a medlar?

*Tim.* Ay, though it look like thee.

*Apem.* An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner,

thou shouldst have loved thyself better now.

What man didst thou ever know unthrift that  
was beloved after his means? 312

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

*Apem.* Myself.

*Tim.* I understand thee; thou hadst some  
means to keep a dog. 317

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

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

*Apem.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the  
men. 324

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

*Apem.* Ay, Timon. 328

*Tim.* A beastly ambition, which the gods  
grant thee to attain to. If thou wert the lion,

the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the  
lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the  
fox, the lion would suspect thee, when perad-  
venture thou wert accused by the ass; if thou  
wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee,  
and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the  
wolf; if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness  
would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard  
thy life for thy dinner; wert thou the unicorn,  
pride and wrath would confound thee and make  
thine own self the conquest of thy fury; wert  
thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the  
horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be  
seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard,  
thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of  
thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy  
safety were remotion, and thy defence absence.  
What beast couldst thou be, that were not  
subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou  
already, that seest not thy loss in transforma-  
tion! 351

*Apem.* If thou couldst please me with speak-  
ing to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here;

the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest  
of beasts.



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

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

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

*Apem.* Thou art the cap of all the fools alive. *Tim.* Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

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

*Tim.* All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

*Apem.* There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

*Tim.* If I name thee. I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

*Apem.* I would my tongue could rot them off!

*Tim.* Away, thou issue of a mangy dog! Choler does kill me that thou art alive; I swoond to see thee.

*Apem.* Would thou wouldst burst!

*Tim.* Away, Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

*Apem.* Beast!

*Tim.* Slave!

*Apem.* Toad!

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

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave; Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph, That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

[Looking on the gold.] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce 'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god, That solder'st close impossibilities,

And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts! Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue Set them into confounding odds, that beasts May have the world in empire.

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

*Tim.* Throng'd to?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Thy back, I prithee.

*Apem.* Love, and love thy misery!

*Tim.* Long live so, and so die!

[Exit APEMANTUS.] I am quit.

More things like men! Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

*First Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder. The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

*Sec. Thief.* It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

*Third Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

*Sec. Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

*First Thief.* Is not this he?

*Thieves.* Where?

*Sec. Thief.* 'Tis his description.

*Third Thief.* He; I know him.

*All.* Save thee, Timon.

*Tim.* Now, thieves?

*All.* Soldiers, not thieves.

*Tim.* Both too; and women's sons.

*Thieves.* We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

*Tim.* Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs; The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

*First Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

*Tim.* Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not

In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft In limited professions. Rascal thieves,

Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,

Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth, And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician; His antidotes are poison, and he slays

More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;

Do villany, do, since you protest to do't, Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun; The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief, That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

From general excrement, each thing's a thief; The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough

power Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away!

Rob one another. There's more gold: cut throats;

All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go, Break open shops; nothing can you steal

But thieves do lose it: steal no less for this I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!

*Amen.*

*Third Thief.* He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

*First Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

*Sec. Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

*First Thief.* Let us first see peace in Athens; there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

[Exeunt Thieves.]

Enter FLAVIUS.

*Flav.* O you gods! Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? O monument And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!

What an alteration of honour Has desperate want made!

What viler thing upon the earth than friends Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise, When man was wish'd to love his enemies!

Grant I may ever love, and rather woo Those that would mischief me than those that do!

He hath caught me in his eye: I will present My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,

Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward.

*Tim.* Away! what art thou?

*Flav.* Have you forgot me, sir?

*Tim.* Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

*Flav.* An honest poor servant of yours.

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

*Flav.* The gods are witness,

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 mild. Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man Was born of woman.

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness, You perpetual sober gods! I do proclaim

One honest man, mistake me not, but one; No more, I pray, and he's a steward.

How fain would I have hated all mankind! And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee, I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise; For, by oppressing and betraying me,

Thou mightst have sooner got another service: For many so arrive at second masters

Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,— For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,—

Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous, If not a usuring kindness and as rich men deal

gifts, Expecting in return twenty for one?

*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 when 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 condition'd: thou shalt build from men;

Hate all, curse all, show charity to none, But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,

Ere thou relieve the beggar; give to dogs What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow

'em, Debts wither 'em to nothing; be men like blasted woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods! And so, farewell and thrive.

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

*Tim.* If thou hatest 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 Woods. Before TIMON's Cave.

Enter Poet and Painter.

*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.