

TIMON OF ATHENS

A line-by-line translation

Act 1, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors

POET

Good day, sir.

PAINTER

I am glad you're well.

POET

I have not seen you long: how goes the world?

PAINTER

It wears, sir, as it grows.

POET

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

PAINTER

10 I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

MERCHANT

O, 'tis a worthy lord.

JEWELER

Nay, that's most fix'd.

MERCHANT

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

Jeweler

I have a jewel here--

MERCHANT

O, pray, let's see't: for the Lord Timon, sir?

Jeweler

If he will touch the estimate: but, for that--

POET

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

MERCHANT

'Tis a good form.

25

Shakescleare Translation

A POET, PAINTER, JEWELLER, MERCHANT, and others enter
from different sides of the stage.

POET

Hello.

PAINTER

It's good to see you.

POET

It's been a while. How is everything in your world?

PAINTER

Up and down, up and down.

POET

So they say. But how weird is this—have you ever seen
anything like it? Look at how amazing wealth and
generosity are, how they can summon all these people to
attend to them. I know this merchant.

PAINTER

I know both of them. The other one is a jeweler.

MERCHANT

Such a worthy man, this lord .

JEWELER

Definitely.

MERCHANT

There's no one like him, almost born to be forever
generous. He exceeds everyone else.

Jeweler

I have a jewel right here—

MERCHANT

Oh please, let's see it. Is it for the Lord Timon?

JEWELER

If he will pay the price. But for that—

POET

[Reciting a poem to himself]  "When we write poetry
praising bad things for money, it ruins the better verse that
rightly supports good things."

MERCHANT

[Looking at the jewel] It's beautiful.

 The word "lord" in this play does not necessarily refer to the typical feudal definition: a person with formal power over a large stretch of land. Nor does it carry the weight of formality that it might today. It means something close to "great man."

 It's unclear if within the play this is a poem the poet himself wrote or just a commonplace saying of the time.

JEWELLER

And rich: here is a water, look ye.

PAINTER

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

POET

A thing slipp'd idly from me.
30 Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: 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. What have you there?

PAINTER

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

POET

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

PAINTER

'Tis a good piece.

POET

So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

PAINTER

40 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
45 One might interpret.

PAINTER

It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?

POET

I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
50 Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over

PAINTER

How this lord is follow'd!

POET

The senators of Athens: happy man!

PAINTER

Look, more!

POET

55 You see this confluence, this great flood
of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
60 Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

JEWELLER

And expensive from the looks of it. Look at how it shines!

PAINTER

You are captivated by some task, writing a poetic
dedication to Lord Timon.

POET

Something slipped my mind. Poetry is like sap that oozes
from the tree it gets its nutrients from. The spark that
illuminates in the flint ³ does not reveal itself until the
flint is hit with something, but our gentle flame lights itself
up and runs like a current over every surface it touches.
What is that right there?

PAINTER

A portrait. When will your book be published?

POET

After I have presented my poem to Timon. Let me see your
painting.

PAINTER

It's nice.

POET

Yes, it looks well made.

PAINTER

It's not bad.

POET

It is incredible how its beauty reflects the dignity of its
subject ⁴! Look at the intelligence that twinkles in the
eye! There is a certain imagination that moves in its lip!
Even though the painting is silent I feel like I could
understand what the man is saying.

PAINTER

It is a pretty good imitation of life. Here is a nice touch, do
you like it?

POET

I will admit it does represent nature ⁵ well. The purpose of
art
lies in these touches. They're almost livelier than life itself.

A few Senators enter and walk across the stage.

PAINTER

Look at all the people following the lord!

POET

They're Senators of Athens. How lucky is he!

PAINTER

And more too!

POET

Look at this huge crowd of flooding visitors. I have in this
draft of my poem drawn the outline of a man beloved and
embraced by the earthly world. ⁶ I do not mean to
represent particular people, but work in generalities as if
my tablet were an entire sea of wax ⁷. Personal grudges
do not affect even the smallest details of my writing. My
creative process flies forth, strong as an eagle in flight, and
leaves no trace of its earthly inspirations.

³ Flint is a type of hard quartz used to start fires: striking it creates sparks.

⁴ It's not clear exactly what this refers to, but given that the Poet is writing a dedication to Timon, it likely refers to him.

⁵ Many contemporary and ancient theories popular in Shakespeare's time thought art's primary purpose was to imitate nature.

⁶ When the Poet mentions a "beneath world" he is making reference to a the Ptolemaic understanding of astronomy in which the earth is believed to be a spherical region under the moon, the only part of the universe subject to change.

⁷ This vague passage likely refers to the small wax tablets that were used for writing in Shakespeare's time. Perhaps the Poet is speaking about how his writing focuses so much on

the general that it is almost as if it were written on a

PAINTER

65 How shall I understand you?

POET

I will unbolt 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

70 Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced
flatterer

75 To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

PAINTER

I saw them speak together.

POET

80 Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be throned: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
85 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.

PAINTER

90 'Tis conceived to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the sleepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
95 In our condition.

POET

Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
100 Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

PAINTER

Ay, marry, what of these?

POET

105 When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved, 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.

PAINTER

110 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well

PAINTER

How could I possibly understand what you're talking about
?

POET

I will unlock the meaning for you. Notice how people of all types and temperaments, whether smooth-talking and self-interested or serious and truthful, offer their services to Lord Timon. His immense wealth and his kind and gracious nature overwhelm people, and buy him the approval of all sorts of people eager to love and attend him, from the flatterer whose face mirrors the wishes of his counterpart, to Apemantus ⁹, who loves nothing more than hating himself. Even he bows down on his knees to Timon, and leaves peacefully after receiving Timon's approval.

PAINTER

I did see them speaking to one another.

POET

[Speaking of the content of his poem] I have written down here that the goddess Fortune ¹⁰ is sitting high atop her throne on a beautiful hill. The base of the mountain is surrounded by men of all stations, all dispositions, all trying their hardest to get richer while on earth. Among all of these men, who watch Fortune attentively, I have one meant to represent Lord Timon, whom Fortune beckons to her, instantly transforming all of the other men, his rivals, into servants and slaves.

PAINTER

How well you've depicted the scene! This throne, this depiction of Fortune, and this hill—with one man beckoned from the rest below, bowing his head before the great mountain on which Fortune sits, the source of his happiness—perfectly captures the human condition.

POET

Sir, listen to some more of the poem. All of those men who were his equals, some of an even better rank, immediately follow him, so that his rooms are suddenly filled with attendants who shower his ears with whispers of their sacrificial devotion to him, and make sacred even his mounting of a horse, as if it were only because of him that they could breathe.

PAINTER

Indeed, and what do we make of these people?

POET

The moment Fortune changes her mind and spurns this newly chosen man, all of those who depended on him and who helped him on their hands and knees to reach the mountain top, they let him slip without even trying to save him.

PAINTER

That is true. I can show you a thousand paintings of moral lessons that demonstrate Fortune's sudden victims more effectively than words ever could. But you'd do well

⁸ The painter could either be talking about the vague way in which the poet describes his work, or he could be talking about the work itself, asking in earnest whether it would be possible to understand a poem that abandoned its grounding in particulars.

⁹ Apemantus, who appears later in this scene, is a notoriously critical philosopher who serves as a foil to Timon throughout the play.

¹⁰ Fortuna (translated to "Fortune" in English) was the goddess of luck and good fortune in Roman mythology.

To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, addressing himself courteously to every suitor; a Messenger from VENTIDIUS talking with him; LUCILIUS and other servants following

TIMON

115 Imprison'd is he, say you?

MESSENGER

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,
120 Periods his comfort.

TIMON

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:
125 Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt,
and free him.

MESSENGER

Your lordship ever binds him.

TIMON

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

MESSENGER

All happiness to your honour!

Exit

Enter an old Athenian

OLD ATHENIAN

Lord Timon, hear me speak.

TIMON

135 Freely, good father.

OLD ATHENIAN

Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

TIMON

I have so: what of him?

OLD ATHENIAN

Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

TIMON

Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

LUCILIUS

140 Here, at your lordship's service.

OLD ATHENIAN

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

TIMON

Well; what further?

nevertheless to show the Lord Timon that even we
commoners can see that he is falling.

Trumpets sound and TIMON enters, addressing each of his suitors courteously; a MESSENGER from VENTIDIUS talks with him; LUCILIUS and other servants follow.

TIMON

You say that he is imprisoned?

MESSENGER

Yes, my good lord: he owes five talents , and even though he has such a small income, his creditors are insistent that he give it back right away. He wants a letter from you to those who have imprisoned him, without which he claims he'll have no comfort.

 It is unclear how much a talent would be in today's money. The *Riverside Shakespeare* (1974 edition) says that a talent might very roughly be taken to be about \$2,000, which with inflation is nearly \$10,000 in today's money.

TIMON

Great Ventidius! Well, I am not the type of man to neglect a friend in need. I know that he is a gentleman that deserves assistance, which he will get. I'll pay the debt for his freedom.

MESSENGER

Your lordship always makes him grateful.

TIMON

Give him my regards. I will send his ransom and when he is free I will ask him to come to me. It is not enough simply to help the weak stand. One must also support them after helping them up. Farewell.

MESSENGER

Goodbye. Be well!

The MESSENGER exits.

An OLD ATHENIAN enters.

OLD ATHENIAN

Lord Timon, would you hear me speak?

TIMON

Speak freely, good man.

OLD ATHENIAN

You have a servant named Lucilius.

TIMON

I do. What of him?

OLD ATHENIAN

Most noble Timon, would you call the man before you?

TIMON

Is he here right now? Lucilius!

LUCILIUS

Here, at your lordship's service.

OLD ATHENIAN

This man, Lord Timon, this dependent of yours, comes by my house at night. I am a man who has been thrifty from the start, and my estate deserves an heir of better rank than this lowly waiter here.

TIMON

Okay. What, then?

OLD ATHENIAN

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,
 150 And I have bred her at my dearest cost
 In qualities of the best. This man of thine
 Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
 Join with me to forbid him her resort;
 Myself have spoke in vain.

TIMON

155 The man is honest.

OLD ATHENIAN

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

TIMON

Does she love him?

OLD ATHENIAN

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

TIMON

[To LUCILIUS] Love you the maid?

LUCILIUS

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

OLD ATHENIAN

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

TIMON

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

OLD ATHENIAN

Three talents on the present; in future, all.

TIMON

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

OLD ATHENIAN

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

TIMON

My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

LUCILIUS

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

Exeunt LUCILIUS and Old Athenian

POET

Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

OLD ATHENIAN

I have just one daughter, no other family, to whom I can
 give my estate. She is a good-looking girl, barely old enough
 to be a bride, and I have raised her well to possess the most
 desirable qualities. This man of yours keeps flirting with
 her. Please, my lord, help me forbid him from seeing her.
 Otherwise I might as well have said nothing.

TIMON

[Speaking of LUCILIUS] This man is honest.

OLD ATHENIAN

And because of that your man should be too, Timon. His
 honesty ought to reward him in and of itself. But it should
 not earn him my daughter too.

TIMON

Does she love him?

OLD ATHENIAN

She is young and impressionable. You and I know well from
 our past passions what lighthearted thoughtlessness there
 is in youth.

TIMON

[To LUCILIUS] Do you love this young woman?

LUCILIUS

Yes, my lord, and she loves me back.

OLD ATHENIAN

If I do not consent to her marriage, with the gods as my
 witness, I will choose my heir from all the beggars of the
 world and deprive her of everything.

TIMON

What dowry ¹² should she have if she married a husband
 from the same social class?

¹² A dowry is a payment or other form of compensation given by the bride's family to the groom upon marriage.

OLD ATHENIAN

About \$6,000 immediately, and everything I have in the
 future.

TIMON

This gentleman Lucilius has served me for a long time. I will
 make some efforts to build his fortune, such is the duty of
 friendship. If you give him your daughter I will match
 whatever you give and make him her equal.

OLD ATHENIAN

Most noble lord, if you swear this on your honor, she is his.

TIMON

I swear on my own honor.

LUCILIUS

I humbly thank you, my Lord. There is nothing that should
 come to me that I do not owe to you!

LUCILIUS and the OLD ATHENIAN exit.

POET

Accept this gift I made for you, and long live my lord!

TIMON

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

PAINTER

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

TIMON

Painting is welcome.

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

PAINTER

The gods preserve ye!

TIMON

Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

JEWELLER

200 What, my lord! dispraise?

TIMON

A more satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclaw me quite.

JEWELLER

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

TIMON

Well mock'd.

MERCHANT

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

TIMON

Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS

Jeweller

We'll bear, with your lordship.

MERCHANT

215 He'll spare none.

TIMON

Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

Thank you. I will let you know when I'd like to hear your
work. But don't go away.

[To the PAINTER] What do you have there, friend?

PAINTER

A painting, which I'm begging you to accept as a gift from
me.

TIMON

I do like paintings, and this one is looks almost exactly like
me. Sometimes, because men can be duplicitous, a man
becomes only what he lets other people see from the
outside. But these pencil marks in your painting are no
more than they appear to be. I like your work, and I'll let
you know soon how much I like it. Wait here until you hear
from me.

PAINTER

God bless you!

TIMON

Well goodbye, gentleman. Give me your hands. We must
dine together sometime soon.

[To the JEWELER] Sir, your jewel has gotten too much
praise!

JEWELER

What? You don't like it?

TIMON

It's gotten too much praise. If I paid you based on how
much it's been praised, I would go broke.

JEWELER

My lord, it is valued as much as its sellers would pay for it.
But you know well that the value of things differs in the
hands of different owners, and increases when they belong
to masters of higher status. Believe me, dear lord, you
would make this jewel more expensive just by wearing it.

TIMON

That's a compelling sales pitch.

MERCHANT

No, my good lord. He says what everyone says. They all
agree.

TIMON

Uh oh, look who's coming. Will we be mocked?

APEMANTUS enters.

Jeweler

We'll bear the brunt of his insults with you.

MERCHANT

He won't spare anyone.

TIMON

Good day to you, gentle Apemantus!

APEMANTUS

Save your "good morrow" until after I've been nice to you—

[To the Artisans] or maybe for when you are Timon's
lapdog, or when either of these villains tell the truth.

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

220 Are they not Athenians?

TIMON

Yes.

APEMANTUS

Then I repent not.

Jeweller

You know me, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

225 Thou art proud, Apemantus.

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

Whither art going?

APEMANTUS

To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

TIMON

That's a deed thou'lt die for.

APEMANTUS

230 Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

TIMON

How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

The best, for the innocence.

TIMON

Wrought he not well that painted it?

APEMANTUS

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

PAINTER

You're a dog.

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

240 No; I eat not lords.

TIMON

Why do you call them villains? You don't even know them.

APEMANTUS

Are they from Athens?

TIMON

Yes.

APEMANTUS

Then I don't feel bad for saying it.

Jeweler

Do you know who I am, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

You know I do, because I called you by your name, "villain."

TIMON

You are too arrogant, Apemantus.

APEMANTUS

I couldn't be less like you in that way, Timon.

TIMON

Where are you going?

APEMANTUS

To knock the brains out of an honest Athenian.

TIMON

That is a deed that you will die for.

APEMANTUS

Only if doing nothing would be punishable by death under the law.

TIMON

How do you like this portrait, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

It's fine, but it's just a painting.

TIMON

Didn't the painter do a good job?

APEMANTUS

Whoever made the painter did a better job, and he himself is a terribly flawed piece of work.

PAINTER

You're a [dog](#) ¹³.

APEMANTUS

Your mother is of the same species: what is she if I am a dog?

TIMON

Will you dine with me, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

No, I do not [eat](#) ¹⁴ lords.

¹³ This is a play on the etymology of the word "cynic." Apemantus is a Cynic, a Greek philosophy whose followers rejected things like wealth, fame, and worldly possessions. The word, "cynic" is derived from the Greek word meaning "dog."

¹⁴ He is making a joke, because "dine with me" in Shakespearean English could also mean "dine on me" or, more colloquially, "eat me."

TIMON

An thou shouldst, thou 'ldst anger ladies.

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

That's a lascivious apprehension.

APEMANTUS

So thou apprehendest it: take it for thy labour.

TIMON

245 How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

What dost thou think 'tis worth?

APEMANTUS

Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!

POET

250 How now, philosopher!

APEMANTUS

Thou liest.

POET

Art not one?

APEMANTUS

Yes.

POET

Then I lie not.

APEMANTUS

255 Art not a poet?

POET

Yes.

APEMANTUS

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

POET

That's not feigned; he is so.

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

If you did, you would [anger the ladies](#). ¹⁵

APEMANTUS

Oh, they eat lords; that's how they get pregnant.

TIMON

That's a crude sentiment.

APEMANTUS

That's how you've interpreted it: it's your fault then.

TIMON

Do you like this jewel, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

Not as much as I value telling the truth, which doesn't cost a penny.

TIMON

What do you think it's worth?

APEMANTUS

It's not worth my thinking about it. What about you, poet?

POET

And you, philosopher!

APEMANTUS

You [lie](#). ¹⁶

POET

Are you not a philosopher?

APEMANTUS

Yes.

POET

Then I do not lie.

APEMANTUS

Aren't you a poet?

POET

Yes.

APEMANTUS

Then you lie: look at your last poem, in which you pretended that you think Timon is a worthy man.

POET

I wasn't faking that. He is a worthy man.

APEMANTUS

Yes he is worthy of you, and to pay you for your labor. He who loves to be flattered is worthy of the flatterer. God, if only I were a lord!

TIMON

What would you do then, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

The same that I do right now: hate a lord with all my heart.

¹⁵ This is a bawdy pun that suggests that if Apemantus "eats" Timon in the literal sense, the women who would otherwise like to "eat" Timon in a sexual sense would be disappointed because he'd be devoured.

¹⁶ Philosophers like Plato famously ejected poets from their idealized cities because they believed poets did not represent the truth.

TIMON
265 What, thyself?

APEMANTUS
Ay.

TIMON
Wherefore?

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

MERCHANT
270 Ay, Apemantus.

APEMANTUS
Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

MERCHANT
If traffic do it, the gods do it.

APEMANTUS
Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger

TIMON
275 What trumpet's that?

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

TIMON
Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.

Exeunt some Attendants

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

Enter ALCIBIADES, with the rest

TIMON
285 Most welcome, sir!

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

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

TIMON
295 Right welcome, sir!
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

Exeunt all except APEMANTUS

Enter two Lords

TIMON
What? Yourself?

APEMANTUS
Yes.

TIMON
Why?

APEMANTUS
Because I would have lost the angry wit I now have if I were
a lord. Aren't you a merchant?

MERCHANT
Yes, Apemantus.

APEMANTUS
I hope your business destroys you—that is, if the gods don't
first!

MERCHANT
If my business ruins me, the gods ruin me.

APEMANTUS
Business is your god, and your god will ruin you.

Trumpets play. A MESSENGER enters.

TIMON
What's the trumpet for?

MESSENGER
It is Alcibiades and twenty horsemen, all together.

TIMON
Welcome them and guide them to us.

Some Attendants exit.

TIMON
[To the PAINTER] You must dine with me. Don't go until I
have thanked you for your painting, and when dinner is
over show me your latest work. I will be happy to see you.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with the rest of his people.

TIMON
Welcome!

APEMANTUS
Yes, yes! Pains flare up and wither your tender joints! That
there can be so much disdain amongst these villains, who
act with such politeness! All this politeness! The human
species has bred itself into baboons and monkeys.

ALCIBIADES
[To TIMON] Sir your presence has saved me from my
longing, and I feed most hungrily at the sight of you.

TIMON
You are welcome, sir! Before you depart, you'll have a
wonderful time filled with many pleasures. Please, let's go
inside!

Everyone exits but APEMANTUS.

A FIRST LORD and a SECOND LORD enter.

FIRST LORD

What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

Time to be honest.

FIRST LORD

300 That time serves still.

APEMANTUS

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

SECOND LORD

Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?

APEMANTUS

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

SECOND LORD

Fare thee well, fare thee well.

APEMANTUS

305 Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

SECOND LORD

Why, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

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

FIRST LORD

Hang thyself!

APEMANTUS

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

SECOND LORD

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

APEMANTUS

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

Exit

FIRST LORD

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

SECOND LORD

320 He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

FIRST LORD

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

SECOND LORD

325 Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

FIRST LORD

I'll keep you company.

Exeunt

FIRST LORD

What time of day is it Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

Time to be honest.

FIRST LORD

It is always that time.

APEMANTUS

Shame on you then for having failed to do so.

SECOND LORD

Are you going to Lord Timon's feast?

APEMANTUS

Yes, to see idiots fill up on meat and fools get drunk on wine.

SECOND LORD

Farewell, farewell.

APEMANTUS

You are a fool to bid me farewell twice.

SECOND LORD

Why, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

You should have kept one for yourself, because I have no intention of giving you one.

FIRST LORD

Go kill yourself!

APEMANTUS

No, I won't do anything you ask me to do: go ask that of your friend.

SECOND LORD

Go away you angry dog, or I'll kick you!

APEMANTUS

I will run away like a dog so your heels catch nothing but my ass!

APEMANTUS exits.

FIRST LORD

Apemantus is inhuman. Come, shall we go in and taste Lord Timon's bounty? He exceeds the meaning of the word kindness.

SECOND LORD

Kindness pours out of him. Even Plutus, the god of gold, seems like just a mere apprentice of Timon's. There is no service given him that he does not repay seven times in value. There is no gift he receives that doesn't return to the giver a sense of value exceeding the price paid for it.

FIRST LORD

He has the noblest mind any man has ever had.

SECOND LORD

May he live a long and wealthy life! Shall we go in?

FIRST LORD

I'll accompany you.

They exit.

Act 1, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, Senators, and VENTIDIUS. Then comes, dropping, after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself

VENTIDIUS

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

TIMON

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

VENTIDIUS

15 A noble spirit!

TIMON

Nay, my lords,

They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON

TIMON

Ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
20 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

FIRST LORD

My lord, we always have confess'd it.

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

APEMANTUS

No;
You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

TIMON

30 Fie, thou'rt a churl; ye've got a humour there
Does not become a man: 'tis much to blame.
They say, my lords, "ira furor brevis est;" but yond
man is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by
himself, for he does neither affect company, nor is
35 he fit for't, indeed.

Shakescleare Translation

Oboes play loud music. A great banquet is brought in; FLAVIUS and others are attending; TIMON then enters, along with ALCIBIADES, Lords, Senators, and VENTIDIUS. Then, after everyone else, APEMANTUS drops in, unhappy and not dressed for the occasion.

VENTIDIUS

Honorable Timon, it has pleased the gods to remember the times of my father and to call him to a long peace in death. He is now happily gone and has left me rich. Virtue has thus dictated, then, that I honor your generosity. I return all of that money you lent me, and double the amount in thanks and service to you, who helped free me.

TIMON

By no means, good Ventidius. I helped you out of love and gave everything to you freely. No one can actually say that he gives if he receives something in return. The politicians play those kind of crafty games, and we must not do the same. If rich people ought to have faults, let them be good faults .

 By this he means a lack of craft, or strategic thinking.

VENTIDIUS

What a noble spirit!

TIMON

[As the Lords stand and look at TIMON] No, my lords.

Everyone stands ceremoniously and looks at TIMON.

TIMON

These kinds of formalities were first devised to give meaning to meaningless deeds, hollow greetings, and false kindness. It is sad that it is shown here, where true friendship and ceremony is not needed. Please sit down. You are more welcome to my fortunes than they are welcome to me.

They sit.

FIRST LORD

My lord, we have always said the same .

 The meaning of "confess'd" in the original text is "said so" or "declared," not "confessed" in a criminal or religious sense.

APEMANTUS

Haha, you've confessed  it? And been hanged for the sin, have you not?

 Apemantus's reply is a pun in response to the First Lord's use of the word "confess" in the original text.

TIMON

Apemantus, you (and your humor) are welcome here.

APEMANTUS

No, I am not. You will not let me be welcome, because I have come to remove you.

TIMON

Ah, you are a mean-spirited man. You have an unbecoming disposition and it's pretty sad. My lords, they say, "anger is a brief madness," but this man here is angry all the time! Let him have a table for himself, for he neither wants company nor seems deserving of it.

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

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

SECOND LORD

Let it flow this way, my good lord.

APEMANTUS

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

Eats and drinks

APEMANTUS

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

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

APEMANTUS

Let me stay at your own risk, Timon. I come only to observe and am giving you fair warning abo that.

TIMON

I do not worry about your insults. You are an Athenian and therefore welcome. I myself would have no power to silence you, so please, just let my food keep you quiet.

APEMANTUS

I don't want your food. It would choke me because it is offered to flatterers, and I would never flatter you. Oh you gods, what number of men eat Timon's meat ⁴, and he doesn't even notice. It makes me sad to see so many dip their meat into the blood of one man, and the crazy thing about it all is that he encourages them to do it! I wonder how men dare to trust other men. They should be cautious of letting them bring their knives ⁵ to such a feast. It would keep them from eating so much, and probably save their lives too! There are many examples of it: the man sitting next to him now, breaks bread with him, and shares his germs as he drinks from the same glass—that is the man most ready to kill him ⁶. It is certain. If I were a man of higher rank, I would fear drinking at my meals, because they might be able to see my neck's tenderest spots while I tilted my head back. Great men should drink with armor on their throats.

TIMON

Health to everyone!

SECOND LORD

I hope it flows this way, my lord!

APEMANTUS

Flow this way! What a fine man! He keeps time well. Those wishes of health will make you and your state sorry, Timon.

[Referring to himself] Here before you stands a man not like the wine you toast with, but like honest water, which is too weak a drink to be a sinner and never abandoned a man in times of need. This food for thought is equal to the food you offer, no doubt. Men who attend feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

[APERMANTUS gives his own toast] Immortal gods, I do not want money; I pray for no one other than myself. Please grant that I never become so dumb as to trust a man on his oath or promise; or a whore, when she weeps; or a dog, that seems to sleep; or a jailer with my freedom; or my friends if I ever need them. Amen. So let's get to eating: rich men will sin while I eat my root.

He eats and drinks.

APEMANTUS

This food will do your heart much good, Apemantus!

TIMON

Captain Alcibiades, you seem to long for battle now.

ALCIBIADES

I always long to serve you, my lord.

TIMON

It seems you would rather be at a breakfast with your enemies than a dinner with your friends.

ALCIBIADES

Only if my enemies are bleeding to death, my lord, there's no food like that. I would wish such a feast on my best friend.

⁴ This is a bawdy reference to Timon's sexual organs.

⁵ It was customary in Shakespeare's time for guests to bring their own knives.

⁶ Though anachronistic historically, this passage is laden with references to the tale of Judas's betrayal of Jesus Christ.

APEMANTUS

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

FIRST LORD

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

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

Thou weapest to make them drink, Timon.

SECOND LORD

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

APEMANTUS

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

THIRD LORD

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

APEMANTUS

Much!

Tucket, within

TIMON

What means that trump?

Enter a Servant

TIMON

120 How now?

SERVANT

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

TIMON

Ladies! what are their wills?

SERVANT

125 There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

APEMANTUS

[Interrupting] If only all these fat men here were your enemies, then you might kill them and bring them to me.

FIRST LORD

Could we have the pleasure, my lord Timon, of serving you in some way? That way we could express our great enthusiasm for you, and be forever happy.

TIMON

Without a doubt, my good friends, the gods themselves have made it so that I will need much help from you: how could you be my friends otherwise? Indeed, why else would you—out of thousands of men—have that charitable title of friend, if you did not belong in my heart? I have told you more about myself than you could tell yourself, and through that I have confirmed you to indeed be my friends. I ask the gods sometimes, why would friends be so necessary if we never had any need for them? They would be the most useless creatures alive if we never had any use for them, and would be like beautiful instruments hung up in cases, but keeping their sounds to themselves. Sometimes I wish that I were a poorer man, so that I could be closer to you all in rank. We are born to give and to do good—so what belongs to us more than the riches of our friends? Oh how comforting it is, to have so many friends, like brothers, enjoying one another's fortunes! What a joy, even if it expresses itself in tears before it can be expressed in words! I cannot help but cry, I think. And to forget the faults of my eyes, I drink to you.

APEMANTUS

You cry so they can drink, Timon.

SECOND LORD

Joy has the same effect on our eyes, and suddenly tears spring up from them like a baby.

APEMANTUS

Ha ha! I laugh when I imagine that baby as a bastard!

THIRD LORD

I promise you, Timon, you have moved me greatly.

APEMANTUS

Much!

A trumpet call within 🎺.

TIMON

What does that trumpet sound mean?

A SERVANT enters.

TIMON

What is going on?

SERVANT

If you want, my lord, there are certain ladies who would like to come in.

TIMON

Ladies! What do they want?

SERVANT

They have brought with them someone to come in first, my lord, and whose job it is to tell you all what they want.

🎺 "Within" is often understood in stage directions to mean under or behind the stage.

TIMON

I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid

CUPID

Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all
 130 That of his bounties taste! The five best senses
 Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
 To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear,
 Taste, touch and smell, pleased from thy tale rise;
 They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

TIMON

135 They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:
 Music, make their welcome!

Exit Cupid

FIRST LORD

You see, my lord, how ample you're beloved.

Music. Re-enter Cupid with a mask of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing

APEMANTUS

Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
 They dance! they are mad women.
 Like madness is the glory of this life.
 As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
 We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
 145 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 deprived or depraves?
 Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
 150 Of their friends' gift?
 I should fear those that dance before me now
 Would one day stamp upon me: 't 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

TIMON

You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
 155 Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
 You have added worth unto 't and lustre,
 And entertain'd me with mine own device;
 I am to thank you for 't.

FIRST LADY

160 My lord, you take us even at the best.

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

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

ALL LADIES

165 Most thankfully, my lord.

Exeunt Cupid and Ladies

TIMON

Flavius.

TIMON

Please, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

CUPID

Hail, worthy Timon, and all those who enjoy his bounty. All
 five of the senses acknowledge you as their patron, and
 that they come here freely to pay homage to you and your
 great wealth. Yes, hearing, taste touch, and smell, all the
 senses have enjoyed what you offer. Now it is time to feast
 your eyes!

TIMON

You are all welcome; please let the ladies kindly enter.
 Music, play them in!

CUPID exits.

FIRST LORD

You see how well loved you are my lord?

Music plays, and CUPID enters again with an interlude that shows the Ladies dressed up as Amazons, with harps in their hands, dancing and playing.

APEMANTUS

Whoa, what a wave of vanity comes this way! The
 performers dance! They are mad women and celebrate
 their madness as if it were the glory of this life. The way this
 feast exceeds the basic necessities of oil and root makes us
 all seem like fools to forget ourselves and waste our time
 flattering these men and drinking to the health of those
 who eventually stop giving in old age and we come to hate
 and envy. Who alive is not either deprived or deprives
 others of wealth? Who dies that does not disrespect the
 graves of friends who once gave to them? I should be afraid
 of these people who dance in front of me right now,
 because one day they might stamp on me. It has happened
 before. Men shut their doors to those who decline in age
 like the setting sun.

The Lords rise from their tables, praising TIMON. Each singles out an Amazon, and they all dance, men with women, a dance to music played by two of the oboes. Then they stop.

TIMON

You have pleased us greatly, fair ladies, and set a
 wonderful mood for our feast, which before was not half so
 beautiful and kind. You have added value and brilliance to
 the event and entertained me in my own home. Thank you.

FIRST LADY

My lord, you are too kind.

APEMANTUS

Yes, for the worst of you is filthy, and I fear too rotten to
 hold.

TIMON

Ladies, there is a small banquet here for you. Please enjoy
 yourselves.

ALL LADIES

Thank you, my lord.

CUPID and the Ladies exit.

TIMON

Flavius.

FLAVIUS

My lord?

TIMON

The little casket bring me hither.

FLAVIUS

170 Yes, my lord. More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in 's humour;

Aside

FLAVIUS

Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith I should,
When all's spent, he 'ld be cross'd then, an he could.
175 'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

Exit

FIRST LORD

Where be our men?

SERVANT

Here, my lord, in readiness.

SECOND LORD

Our horses!
180
Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket

TIMON

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

FIRST LORD

I am so far already in your gifts,—

ALL

So are we all.

Enter a Servant

SERVANT

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

TIMON

They are fairly welcome.

Exit servant.

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

Near! why then, another time I'll hear thee:
195 I prithee, let's be provided to show them
entertainment.

FLAVIUS

[Aside] I scarce know how.

Enter a Second Servant

FLAVIUS

Yes my lord?

TIMON

Bring that little chest here.

FLAVIUS

Yes, my lord. *[Seeing the chest]* Even more jewels! There is
no opposing him when he is in this mood!

He speaks to himself.

FLAVIUS

Otherwise I would tell him—and really I should, that when
all these gifts are spent on others, which he has proven
capable of doing, he'd have all his debts erased. It is sad
that generosity is not more vigilant, that way man might
never lack for having such a giving spirit.

FLAVIUS exits.

FIRST LORD

Where is everyone?

SERVANT

Here, my lord, all ready.

SECOND LORD

Our horses!
FLAVIUS enters again with the casket.

TIMON

Oh my friends, I wanted to say one thing to you. You, my
good lord, I must beg you—please—to honor me by taking
this jewel. Accept it and wear it kindly, my lord.

FIRST LORD

You have already given me so many gifts.

ALL

And us, too.

A SERVANT enters.

SERVANT

My lord, there are some senators who have just arrived and
come to visit you.

TIMON

They are welcome.

The SERVANT exits.

FLAVIUS

Could I speak with you a moment, your honor? It is urgent.

TIMON

Urgent! Let's do it another time. Please, let's get ready to
entertain these new guests.

FLAVIUS

[To himself] I don't know how we'll afford to.

A SECOND SERVANT enters.

SECOND SERVANT

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

TIMON

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

Enter a third Servant

TIMON

205 How now! what news?

THIRD SERVANT

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

TIMON

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

FLAVIUS

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

Exit

TIMON

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

SECOND LORD

With more than common thanks I will receive it.

THIRD LORD

O, he's the very soul of bounty!

TIMON

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

SECOND LORD

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

TIMON

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

ALL LORDS

O, none so welcome.

SECOND SERVANT

May it please your honor that Lord Lucius, out of pure
kindness, has presented to you four milk-white horses
wearing silver trappings.

TIMON

I shall accept them, and let the rest of those present be well
entertained.

A THIRD SERVANT enters.

TIMON

What now?

THIRD SERVANT

If you like, my lord, the honorable Lord Lucullus begs that
you accompany him hunting tomorrow, and has sent you
two sets of greyhounds.

TIMON

I'll hunt with him, and make sure he is not received into our
home without fair compensation.

FLAVIUS

[To himself] What will this come to? He commands us to
provide for others, and give great gifts, and all out of an
empty pocket. He won't even let us tell him how much is
left in his wallet, or let me show him what a beggar he truly
is, having no power to actually make give the things he
promises. His promises exceed what he has by so much that
what he offers is putting him even further in debt. He owes
money for every word he gives. He is so kind that now he
pays interest for it. His land has been incorporated into
their accounts. Well, I wish I were relieved of this job before
he is forced to fire me! The man is happier that has no
friends to feed than the one who has friends that do him
more harm than enemies. I hurt so much for my lord!

He exits.

TIMON

You do yourselves much wrong and undervalue yourselves
too much. Here, my lord, a small sign of my love.

SECOND LORD

I will receive it with great thanks.

THIRD LORD

Oh, he's the very meaning of generosity.

TIMON

And now I remember, my lord, you complimented me the
other day when I rode on a great horse. Since you liked it so
much, take it!

SECOND LORD

Please, my lord, there is no need for that.

TIMON

You may take my word, my lord. I know no man who can
fairly praise more than what he likes: I count my friends'
desires as my own. This is the truth. We'll see each other
again.

ALL LORDS

We would like nothing more.

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

250 Ay, defiled land, my lord.

FIRST LORD

We are so virtuously bound--

TIMON

And so
 Am I to you.

SECOND LORD

So infinitely endear'd--

TIMON

255 All to you. Lights, more lights!

FIRST LORD

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

TIMON

Ready for his friends.

Exeunt all but APEMANTUS and TIMON

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

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

Exit

APEMANTUS

So:
 Thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not then:
 280 I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
 O, that men's ears should be
 To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

Exit

TIMON

I hold you all and your many visits so dear to my heart,
 there is not enough to give. I could deal kingdoms to my
 friends, and never tire of it. Alcibiades, you are a soldier,
 and therefore will never be rich. To give to you would be
 genuine charity, because you live among the dead, and all
 the lands you have are in the battlefield.

ALCIBIADES

Yes, ruined land, my lord.

FIRST LORD

We are so indebted--

TIMON

And so am I to you.

SECOND LORD

So infinitely owing--

TIMON

All to you. More lights please!

FIRST LORD

May the best happiness, honor, and fortune be yours, Lord
 Timon!

TIMON

I am always there for friends.

Everyone exits but APEMANTUS and TIMON.

APEMANTUS

What a fuss of bows and butts sticking out, here! I wonder
 whether their bows are worth the money that you pay for
 them. Friendship is full of worthless people, and such false
 people should not have good legs, so that true fools do not
 give all their wealth for a few curtsies.

TIMON

Now Apemantus, if you weren't so sullen, I would be nice to
 you.

APEMANTUS

No, I'll have nothing from you. Besides, if I were bribed like
 all the others, there wouldn't be anyone left to criticize you,
 and then you would fall even faster than you do now. You
 give so much I worry that you will yourself away in IOUs
 shortly: why do you have these feasts, celebrations, and
 vanities?

TIMON

No, if you attack all my friends again, I swear I will never
 listen to you. Goodbye, and come next time with better
 music to sing.

TIMON exits.

APEMANTUS

Very well, then. You will not listen to me now, and I will not
 help you later. And I won't give you any more advice. Oh,
 that human ears should be deaf to good advice, but not to
 flattery!

He exits.

Act 2, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Enter Senator, with papers in his hand

SENATOR

And late, five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
5 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,
10 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. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS

CAPHIS

15 Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

SENATOR

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

CAPHIS

I go, sir.

SENATOR

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

CAPHIS

I will, sir.

SENATOR

Go.

Exeunt

Shakescleare Translation

A SENATOR enters carrying papers.

SENATOR

So Timon right now owes five thousand, plus the nine thousand he borrowed from Varro and Isidore, not including what he previously owed me, which totals up to twenty five thousand. And he is still wasting all of this money? This cannot last. Right now, if I want money, all I have to do is take a beggar's dog and give it to Timon. When he gives me gifts in return, it is as if the dog were made of gold. If I wanted to sell my horse and then buy twenty better ones, all I need to do is give that horse to Timon, and without even asking for anything in return, he will give me horses right away—good ones, too. It is as if he has no guard at the gate of his house, only a man that smiles and invites anyone walking by to enjoy his house. This cannot last, and no man of sound mind could think his estate is safe. Hey, Caphis! Caphis!

CAPHIS enters.

CAPHIS

Hello, sir, what do you want?

SENATOR

Get your cloak and go straight to Lord Timon. Ask him to give me my money, and do not take no for an answer. Don't even stop asking for my money when he asks you to bring him to me. Tell him that I am busy with other things, and that the terms of his loans have expired and that my kindness to his delays in repaying them has damaged my credit. I do like him, but I cannot suffer for his sake. I need money right away, and I will not accept excuses, only what I am owed. Go now, and make sure to seem urgent, like you are demanding and not asking him. I am afraid that by the time every creditor tries to take back what Timon borrowed from them, he will default with nothing, left like a naked seagull after everyone has plucked a feather from his wing, despite his current brilliant, phoenix-like appearance. Go right away.

CAPHIS

I will leave now, sir.

SENATOR

Yes, leave, and take these notes of the debt with you, and make sure to show him that the time has already passed to pay me back.

CAPHIS

Ok, sir.

SENATOR

Go.

CAPHIS and the SENATOR exit.

Act 2, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Shakescleare Translation

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand

FLAVIUS

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

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro

CAPHIS

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

Varro's Servant

Is't not your business too?

CAPHIS

15 It is: and yours too, Isidore?

Isidore's Servant

It is so.

CAPHIS

Would we were all discharged!

Varro's Servant

I fear it.

CAPHIS

20 Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, & c

TIMON

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

CAPHIS

My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

TIMON

Dues! Whence are you?

CAPHIS

25 Of Athens here, my lord.

TIMON

Go to my steward.

CAPHIS

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

TIMON

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

CAPHIS

35 Nay, good my lord,--

FLAVIUS enters carrying money.

FLAVIUS

He has no common sense, no restraint! He spends his money so thoughtlessly that there is no way he will ever learn to care for it responsibly or even stop lending it out extravagantly. He does not even take account of what he gives away, nor does he give a thought to what means he has to keep this up. I have never seen someone so dumb, but so kind. But what can we do? He will not listen until he suffers for his actions. I must be honest with him, and here he comes from hunting. Damn, damn, damn!

CAPHIS enters with the servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

CAPHIS

Good evening. You've come from Varro for money?

Varro's Servant

Isn't that why you're here too?

CAPHIS

Yes, and you come from Isidore for the same?

Isidore's Servant

Yes.

CAPHIS

I just want to get paid!

Varro's Servant

I'm worried we won't be.

CAPHIS

Here he comes.

TIMON enters with ALCIBIADES and other Lords.

TIMON

So as soon as we're done with dinner you will be leaving, Alcibiades.

[To CAPHIS] What? You're here to see me?

CAPHIS

Yes my lord, here is a note stating your debts.

TIMON

Debts! Where are you from?

CAPHIS

Athens, my lord.

TIMON

Go see my assistant.

CAPHIS

Please, he has been putting me off every day for the past month. Please, my master is newly aware of reasons to want his money back, and only asks that your honor will prove consistent and give him what you owe.

TIMON

Fine, just please wait until tomorrow morning.

CAPHIS

No.

TIMON

Contain thyself, good friend.

Varro's Servant

One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isidore's Servant

From Isidore;
He humbly prays your speedy payment.

CAPHIS

40 If you did know, my lord, my master's wants—

Varro's Servant

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

Isidore's Servant

Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

TIMON

Give me breath.

45 I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I'll wait upon you instantly.

Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords

To FLAVIUS

TIMON

Come hither: pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
50 With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd.

Exit

FLAVIUS

60 Pray, draw near.

Exit

Enter APEMANTUS and Fool

CAPHIS

Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus:
let's ha' some sport with 'em.

Varro's Servant

Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isidore's Servant

65 A plague upon him, dog!

Varro's Servant

How dost, fool?

TIMON

Calm down.

Varro's Servant

I come as Varro's servant, sir—

Isidore's Servant

And I come as Isidore's. He wants you to pay him back as
soon as possible.

CAPHIS

If you knew why my master needed the money, sir—

Varro's Servant

Your debt was owed six weeks ago.

Isidore's Servant

Your assistant keeps ignoring me, and now I've been told to
speak only to you.

TIMON

Give me a second. Please wait a bit and I'll be with you as
soon as I can.

ALCIBIADES and the Lords exit.

TIMON speaks to FLAVIUS.

TIMON

Come here, please. What the hell is going on? Why is
everyone yelling at me about overdue payments, which I
promised to pay a long time ago?

FLAVIUS

Please, sir. Now is not the time to talk about this. Keep your
questions until after dinner, then I will tell you why you
have not repaid these debts.

TIMON

Ok, and make sure to take care of them.

TIMON exits.

FLAVIUS

Here it comes.

FLAVIUS exits.

APEMANTUS enters with the FOOL.

CAPHIS

Look! Here comes Apemantus with the fool . Let's make
fun of them.

 The "fool" was a type of character-type/entertainment act common in the drama of Shakespeare's time. It refers to a certain comedic routine often played by the same man in the company.

Varro's Servant

We should kill him before he harasses us.

Isidore's Servant

I do hope that dog dies.

Varro's Servant

What's up, fool?

APEMANTUS

Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Varro's Servant

I speak not to thee.

APEMANTUS

No,'tis to thyself.

70

To the Fool

APEMANTUS

Come away.

Isidore's Servant

There's the fool hangs on your back already.

APEMANTUS

No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on him yet.

CAPHIS

75 Where's the fool now?

APEMANTUS

He last asked the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

ALL SERVANTS

What are we, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

Asses.

ALL SERVANTS

80 Why?

APEMANTUS

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

FOOL

How do you, gentlemen?

ALL SERVANTS

Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?

FOOL

85 She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

APEMANTUS

Good! gramercy.

Enter Page

FOOL

Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

PAGE90 *[To the Fool]* Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?**APEMANTUS**

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

APEMANTUS

Are you talking to yourself?

Varro's Servant

I'm not talking to you.

APEMANTUS

Exactly, you could only be calling yourself a fool.

APEMANTUS speaks to the FOOL.

APEMANTUS

Let's go.

Isidore's Servant

Actually, it seems the "fool" goes with you.

APEMANTUS

You're not even good enough to come with me. You are the fool.

CAPHIS

Wait, now, who does the title, "fool," attend now?

APEMANTUS

The man who needs to ask. You poor idiots, working for money-lenders. You're like whores who shuttle between money and greed?

ALL SERVANTS

What did you call us?

APEMANTUS

Asses.

ALL SERVANTS

Excuse me?

APEMANTUS

Proof of it lies in the fact that you even need to ask, because you don't even know that you're asses. Go ahead, fool.

FOOL

Good day, gentlemen.

ALL SERVANTS

Why thank you! How is your whore girlfriend?

FOOL

She's sitting over hot water ² to sweat out STDs like yourselves. If only we had known about you all at the Corinth ³ whorehouse!

² This is a reference to common treatments for sexually transmitted diseases like syphilis.

³ Corinth is another city in Greece.

APEMANTUS

Haha. Well done!

A PAGE enters.

FOOL

Look, here comes my girlfriend's little man.

PAGE

[To the FOOL] What are you doing here with these people? And how are you Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

I wish my mouth were a bat to beat you with. That way, I could answer your question correctly.

PAGE

95 Prithce, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

APEMANTUS

Canst not read?

PAGE

No.

APEMANTUS

100 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'rt die a bawd.

PAGE

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

Exit

APEMANTUS

105 E'en so thou outrunnest grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

FOOL

Will you leave me there?

APEMANTUS

If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

ALL SERVANTS

Ay; would they served us!

APEMANTUS

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

FOOL

Are you three usurers' men?

ALL SERVANTS

Ay, fool.

FOOL

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

Varro's Servant

I could render one.

APEMANTUS

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

Varro's Servant

What is a whoremaster, fool?

PAGE

Please Apemantus, could you read the different lines in these letters? I can't make any sense of them.

APEMANTUS

You can't read?

PAGE

No.

APEMANTUS

You might as well die, because the day you can't learn is the day you are basically hanged.

[Gesturing with the letters] This one is to Lord Timon, and this one is to Alcibiades. You were born a bastard, and now you'll die a whore.

PAGE

You talk like a dog  and you're going to die like a dog. Don't even answer me, I'm leaving.

 Again referring to Apemantus's being a cynic philosopher.

The PAGE exits.

APEMANTUS

You're running away from the teaching that might have saved you.

[To the FOOL] Let's go together to Lord Timon's.

FOOL

I can't stay here?

APEMANTUS

If Timon is there I'm going to leave a Fool with him.

[To CAPHIS and the Servants] The three of you are assistants to the money-lenders?

ALL SERVANTS

Yes, if only they were our assistants!

APEMANTUS

Me too—that would be like an executioner serving a thief.

FOOL

Say again, you three are assistants to the money-lenders?

ALL SERVANTS

Yes, fool.

FOOL

Any assistant to a money-lender is a fool. My girlfriend is a fool, and I am her fool. When people come to borrow from your bosses, they come with sad faces and leave with happy ones, but when they come to my girlfriend's whorehouse, they come with happy faces and leave with sad ones. What's the reason for this?

Varro's Servant

I can give you a reason.

APEMANTUS

Give it then, so we can call you both a pimp and an idiot, which would not be any worse than what you are now.

Varro's Servant

What is a pimp, fool?

FOOL

A fool in good clothes, and something like thee.

125 'Tis a spirit: sometime't appears like a lord;
sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher,
with two stones more than's artificial one: he is
very often like a knight; and, generally, in all
shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore
130 to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Varro's Servant

Thou art not altogether a fool.

FOOL

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

APEMANTUS

That answer might have become Apemantus.

ALL SERVANTS

135 Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS

APEMANTUS

Come with me, fool, come.

FOOL

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

140 *Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool*

FLAVIUS

Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.

Exeunt Servants

TIMON

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

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

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

FLAVIUS

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

FOOL

A fool that wears nice clothes, not unlike you. He can
change appearances. Sometimes he looks like a lord, and
sometimes he looks like lawyer. Sometimes, he looks like a
philosopher with two testicles to add to the stone he uses
for alchemy.  A lot of times he looks like a knight, but
generally he sticks to the appearances men take between
the ages of 13 and 80.

 *Alchemists—people thought to be capable of turning common metal into gold—were thought to use certain "Alchemist's stones" in their practices. In the original text, Shakespeare puns on the alternate meaning of the word "stones"—testicles.*

VARRO'S SERVANT

You're not a complete fool.

FOOL

And you're definitely not the brightest bulb on the tree. As
much as I am a fool, that's how much intelligence you lack.

APEMANTUS

That response could have come from my own mouth.

ALL SERVANTS

Move away, here comes Lord Timon.

TIMON enters again with FLAVIUS.

APEMANTUS

Let's go, fool.

FOOL

I do not always stick to lovers, women, and rich men.
Sometimes I hang out with philosophers!

APEMANTUS and the Fool exit.

FLAVIUS

[To TIMON] Let's walk and talk.

The Servants exit.

TIMON

I'm shocked. Why did you not tell me about all of the debts,
so I could cut off my spending?

FLAVIUS

I brought it up many times. You didn't listen to me.

TIMON

No way! Maybe you took some small opportunities to
mention it to me, and you took my deafness on a few
occasions as an excuse not to ask me ever again.

FLAVIUS

Oh no, I showed you the numbers several times and put
them right in front of you. You would throw them away and
say you had me look at them. I have said no and cried when
you offered huge amounts of money in return for small
gifts, and I have told you to be tighter with your wallet, so
bluntly that it was almost rude. I faced many hard outbursts
of yours when I told you about your shrinking estate and
your growing debts. Now that you are listening to me it's
too late, and still I have to tell you that all your money will
only pay half of all that you owe.

TIMON

Let all my land be sold.

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

To Lacedaemon did my land extend.

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

You tell me true.

FLAVIUS

180 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 have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
185 Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

TIMON

Prithee, no more.

FLAVIUS

Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
190 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!
195 Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

TIMON

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

FLAVIUS

Assurance bless your thoughts!

TIMON

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

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants

SERVANTS

My lord? my lord?

TIMON

Sell all my land.

FLAVIUS

It's all mortgaged, and some of it already sold. What's left won't even come close to paying off everyone. And what are we going to do about the even greater number of creditors that will approach us soon? What can we do in the long run?

TIMON

My land extended all the way to Sparta.

FLAVIUS

But sir, you would have given the entire world in one breath. Your holdings shrank so quickly!

TIMON

You are telling the truth.

FLAVIUS

If you think that my management has been poor or dishonest, have me inspected by the strictest auditors to prove my integrity. This is how the gods reward me, when greedy freeloaders have eaten everything in the kitchen and drunk all the wine, and when hired musicians have been made to occupy and light up every room in the house. I have given myself up to wastefulness and now all I can do is cry about it.

TIMON

Please stop.

FLAVIUS

And yet I have not touched on how loose you've been with your money! How many delicacies have poor men eaten tonight on your account? Who does not seem to belong to Timon? Is there anything in the world that you have not claimed as your own to give? They have called you great, noble, worthy, and royal, but when all you have to buy compliments is gone, there will be no praise left. What is quickly made is quickly lost, and these men will disappear like flies after seeing one winter cloud.

TIMON

Don't preach to me. I have not done a single bad thing in giving these gifts, for they were imprudently, not dishonorably, given. Why are you so upset? Can't you see that I have all the friends in the world? Don't worry, because if I could appeal to those who have received so much from me in love and work to inspire their sympathy, other men and their fortunes will prove themselves available to me. One word and someone will lend to me.

FLAVIUS

I hope you're right.

TIMON

In a way, these debts are a blessing in disguise, because this way I can see who my real friends are. You'll see how wrong you are about their loyalty to me—I have many friends! Come here Flaminius, Servilius!

FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants enter.

SERVANTS

Hello?

TIMON

215 I will dispatch 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 'em toward a supply of money: let
220 the request be fifty talents.

FLAMINIUS

As you have said, my lord.

FLAVIUS

[Aside] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!

TIMON

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

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

Is't true? can't be?

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

You gods, reward them!
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
245 Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

To a Servant

TIMON

250 Go to Ventidius.

To FLAVIUS

TIMON

Prithee, be not sad,
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak.
No blame belongs to thee.

255

To Servant

TIMON

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,
260 I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity

TIMO

[Pointing to different servants] I will split you all up and
send you to Lord Lucius, you to Lord Lucullus, my hunting-
partner today, and you to Sempronius. Tell them you come
from me, and due to extenuating circumstances I could use
their help and some money. Ask for fifty talents from each.

FLAMINIUS

Whatever you say.

FLAVIUS

[To himself] He's going to ask Lucius and Lucullus, of all
people?

TIMON

[To FLAVIUS] You go to the senators. I deserve an audience
with them. Ask them to send me a thousand talents.

FLAVIUS

I have used your badge as sign of my authority to act for
you and approached them aggressively asking for money.
They said no, and I came back with no more than I left with.

TIMON

That can't be true!

FLAVIUS

They answered in unison that they would like to help, but
do not have enough to spare. They did say they were sorry
and that they liked you, and that they had no idea anything
was wrong with your estate. They lamented that even the
noblest men can come upon bad luck, wished life were
better, and said it was all so sad. Then they moved on to
what they said were more serious matters, and shared
looks of disgust and hard, half-uttered sentences. Then
they were so gruff with their grudging salutes and cold nods
that I was shocked into silence.

TIMON

I hope the gods give them what they deserve! But calm
down, those old cronies have ingratitude in their DNA. Their
blood is thick and runs slow and cold. They do not have the
warmth to be kind. And they must act as their nature
dictates, dull and heavy.

He speaks to one Servant.

TIMON

Go to Ventidius.

He speaks to FLAVIUS

TIMON

Please cheer up. You are a good man, and I don't blame
you.

He speaks to another servant.

TIMON

Ventidius just held his father's funeral, who died and left
him heir to an enormous fortune. When he was poor and
had no one to turn to, I gave him five talents. Go to him for
me and ask that his friend needs him right now, and hopes
that he remembers those five talents.

Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents.

Exit Servant

To FLAVIUS

TIMON

265 That had, give't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

FLAVIUS

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

Exeunt

The Servant exits.

TIMON speaks to FLAVIUS.

TIMON

Now that that's done, give these men what they are due
right now. Don't say or even imagine that my friends will fail
me.

FLAVIUS

I wish I could unthink it. The idea that some will fail you is
the enemy of generosity, because once it gets out that some
are withholding their money, everyone will do the same.

They both exit.

Act 3, Scene 1

Shakespeare

FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to him

SERVANT

I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

FLAMINIUS

I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS

SERVANT

Here's my lord.

LUCULLUS

5 *[Aside]* One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I
warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver
basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest
Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome, sir.
Fill me some wine.

Exit Servants

LUCULLUS

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

FLAMINIUS

His health is well sir.

LUCULLUS

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

FLAMINIUS

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

Shakesclare Translation

*FLAMINIUS stands waiting to see the lord LUCULLUS on
behalf of TIMON. A SERVANT walks in.*

SERVANT

I told Lucullus that you were here. He'll be in soon.

FLAMINIUS

Thanks.

LUCULLUS walks in.

SERVANT

There he is.

LUCULLUS

[To himself] Is this one of Timon's servants? Great! I dreamt
last night of expensive gifts.

[To FLAMINIUS] Welcome, Flaminius.

[To the SERVANT] Go get some wine for us.

The SERVANT exits.

LUCULLUS

How is your master Timon? He's so honest and generous.

FLAMINIUS

He is healthy.

LUCULLUS

It's important to be healthy. What do you have under your
cloak, Flaminius?

FLAMINIUS

Nothing, just an empty box, which Timon asked that I beg
you fill with some money. He could really use fifty talents,
and thinks you would be kind enough to lend him that
money. He thinks without a doubt you will assist him.

LUCULLUS

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

Re-enter Servant, with wine

SERVANT

Please your lordship, here is the wine.

LUCULLUS

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

FLAMINIUS

35 Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

LUCULLUS

I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt
 spirit--give thee thy due--and one that knows what
 belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if
 the time use thee well: good parts in thee.

To Servant

LUCULLUS

40 Get you gone, sirrah.

Exit Servant

LUCULLUS

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

FLAMINIUS

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

Throwing the money back

LUCULLUS

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

Exit

FLAMINIUS

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

LUCULLUS

Ha ha ha! He thinks so? He's a very nice guy, but he has
 spent too much money. I came over several times for dinner
 and told him to be more thrifty, but he would never listen or
 heed my warnings. No one is perfect, and his vice is
 generosity. I told him so, but never could change his ways.

The SERVANT re-enters with wine.

SERVANT

Here's the wine.

LUCULLUS

I always thought you were smart, Flaminius. Take this.

FLAMINIUS

Timon says the same.

LUCULLUS

I always thought you were an able and efficient guy
 who—to give you your due credit—knows how to be
 reasonable. I always imagined that instead of being swept
 up in circumstance you'd be able to see an opportunity
 when it presented itself. These are good traits.

He speaks to the SERVANT.

LUCULLUS

Leave and give us a moment.

The SERVANT exits.

LUCULLUS

Come closer to me Flaminius. Your lord is a generous man,
 but you are smart and know as well as anybody, even
 though you've come to me, that now is not the time to lend
 money, especially to friends, without some kind of
 insurance. Here are three coins. This way you can say that
 you never visited me and I did not reject your request for a
 loan. Goodbye.

FLAMINIUS

Is it really possible that such bad men can exist when there
 are good ones too? You and your money sicken me.

He throws the money back at LUCULLUS.

LUCULLUS

Ah, now I can tell that you're as dumb as Timon.

He exits.

FLAMINIUS

I hope those coins melt into a burning hot liquid and scald
 you! You make me sick. Is friendship really such a flimsy
 thing that it can break in less than two nights? God! I am
 offended for Timon. This idiot has eaten at his table, and
 what he ate should not have nourished him, but poisoned
 him! I hope he gets a fatal disease, and that whatever part
 of him existed thanks to eating Timon's food works to make
 his suffering even more painful.

*Exit**He exits.*

Act 3, Scene 2

Shakespeare

*Enter LUCILIUS, with three Strangers***LUCILIUS**

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

FIRST STRANGER

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

LUCILIUS

Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

SECOND STRANGER

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

LUCILIUS

How!

SECOND STRANGER

I tell you, denied, my lord.

LUCILIUS

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

*Enter SERVILIUS***SERVILIUS**

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

*To LUCIUS***LUCILIUS**

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

SERVILIUS

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

LUCILIUS

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

Shakesclore Translation

*LUCILIUS enters with three Strangers.***LUCILIUS**

You're talking about Timon? He is my friend and a good guy.

FIRST STRANGER

We've heard as much, even though we've never met the man. Still, I can tell you something else which I've heard as a rumor: Timon's best days are behind him, and his estate is shrinking beyond his control.

LUCILIUS

Psh, no, don't believe the rumors. He has plenty of money.

SECOND STRANGER

But, my lord, believe this: one of his men went to the Lord Lucullus to ask for that much. Really, he begged desperately for it, showing just how much he really needed it, and still he was rejected.

LUCILIUS

No way!

SECOND STRANGER

Yes, totally rejected.

LUCILIUS

That is so weird! God as my witness, I am ashamed to hear that such an honorable man was denied a loan. There is no honor at all in that, and when I think of myself, I must say I have received many gifts from him: money, silver, jewels, and other things—though nothing compared to what he gave Lucullus. If Timon had foregone Lucullus and asked me for a loan, I never would have denied him so much.

*SERVILIUS enters.***SERVILIUS**

There you are, my lord, I've been look all over for you. My lord—

*To LUCIUS.***LUCILIUS**

Servilius! It's good to see you. Please, bring me to Timon, my good friend.

SERVILIUS

If you are willing, Timon sent—

LUCILIUS

Ha! What gift has he sent me? I owe that man so much, since he's always giving me gifts. How do you think I should thank him? What has he sent me?

SERVILIUS

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

LUCILIUS

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

SERVILIUS

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

LUCILIUS

Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

SERVILIUS

Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

LUCILIUS

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

SERVILIUS

60 Yes, sir, I shall.

LUCILIUS

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

Exit SERVILIUS

LUCILIUS

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

Exit

FIRST STRANGER

Do you observe this, Hostilius?

SECOND STRANGER

Ay, too well.

FIRST STRANGER

Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the
same piece
70 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
75 Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet--O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!--
He does deny him, in respect of his,
80 What charitable men afford to beggars.

SERVILIUS

Only me to state his current state of affairs, and to ask you
to lend him some money.

LUCILIUS

Timon must be joking. There's no way he needs fifty five
hundred talents.

SERVILIUS

For now he wants less. I wouldn't speak with such urgency
about this if it were a joke.

LUCILIUS

You're serious?

SERVILIUS

Yes, I swear.

LUCILIUS

I'm a horrible man for accepting all those gifts from Timon,
when I could have been better! I gave up the opportunity to
be a good man for something that brings me no honor!
Servilius, I swear to god that I cannot help. I was actually
going to send someone to borrow from Timon, and these
men here will back me up. I swear on all the wealth of
Athens! Tell Timon what I've said. I hope he will think of me
well, even if I cannot help him. Tell him that it pains me
more than anything else that I cannot aid such a good man.
Servilius, would you be a good friend to me and tell him
this?

SERVILIUS

Yes, I will.

LUCILIUS

I wish you the best, Servilius!

SERVILIUS exits.

LUCILIUS

It's as you said, Timon is poor. And someone who is denied
once does not have much hope of prospering.

LUCILIUS exits.

FIRST STRANGER

Did you see that, Hostilius?

SECOND STRANGER

Yes.

FIRST STRANGER

That's what the world is like, and every flatterer is the same.
What is a friend who takes so much? Timon was so good to
Lucilius, and kept him afloat with his own money. It's Timon
who paid for his servants, and he never enjoys anything
that does not owe itself to him. But how monstrous he
looks for being so ungrateful! He denies him what rich men
would give to beggars.

THIRD STRANGER

Religion groans at it.

FIRST STRANGER

For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
85 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,
90 And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience.

Exeunt

THIRD STRANGER

It's unholy.

FIRST STRANGER

I myself have never received anything from Timon, and am not his friend. But I swear on all of his good qualities that if he approached me for money, I would have given him something. I like him that much. Men don't know how to give and value shrewd money-making over their conscience.

They all exit.

Act 3, Scene 3

Shakespeare

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON's

SEMPRONIUS

Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum!--'bove
all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
5 Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

SERVANT

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

SEMPRONIUS

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

Exit

SERVANT

Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The
devil knew not what he did when he made man
politic; he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot
think but, in the end, the villainies of man will
35 set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to
appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked,

Shakescleare Translation

Enter TIMON's Servant and SEMPRONIUS.

SEMPRONIUS

Should Timon really have to struggle for this? He could go to Lord Lucius or Lucullus for a loan, and he could also call on the rich Ventidius, who is free from prison thanks to Timon. All these men owe some of their wealth to Timon.

SERVANT

All those men must be under some wicked influence, because they all denied him.

SEMPRONIUS

No way! Ventidius and Lucullus denied him? Has he approached me for a loan? It shows little Timon's friends loved him that all three of these men refused him, and now I must be his last hope! All his friends benefitted from the charity that leaves him without money, and now leave him for broke like doctor does a case he has deemed helpless. Must I now try to cure him of his debts? What a disgrace and an unenviable position for me! I cannot understand why he did not come to me first—I was the first to receive a gift from him, after all. Does he think so poorly of me as to believe I would be the last to repay him? No, and that way I'll have reason to laugh at him and all the others, who have called me an idiot. If Timon had approached me first, I would have three times the amount he asks for. But now, servant, go back to him and tell him this: whoever scorns me this way will never get my money.

SEMPRONIUS exits.

SERVANT

Wow, what a villain! Even the devil couldn't have known how evil men would be when he made them so crafty. He ruined himself in the process, and there's no way that all the badness in men will ever absolve him. It is incredible how this lord actually works to seem horrible! He makes himself seem virtuous, but only so he can be as wicked as

like those that under hot ardent zeal would set
whole realms on fire: Of such a nature is his
politic love.

- 40 This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
45 And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.

Exit

those who would burn entire empires to the ground. That's
what political desire is made of. He was Timon's best
chance at getting money, and now all hopes are gone
except for the will of the gods. Timon's friends are dead to
him, and now all those doors he had left wide open all
those years must be closed and used to protect him in his
home. That's what being too generous gets you. He who
cannot hang onto wealth must at least hang onto his house.

The SERVANT exits.

Act 3, Scene 4

Shakespeare

*Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting
TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and other Servants of TIMON's creditors,
waiting his coming out*

Varro's FIRST SERVANT

Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

TITUS

The like to you kind Varro.

HORTENSIUS

Lucius!
What, do we meet together?

LUCIUS'S SERVANT

- 5 Ay, and I think
One business does command us all; for mine is money.

TITUS

So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS

TITUS

Lucius' Servant And Sir Philotus too!

PHILOTUS

- 10 Good day at once.

Lucius' Servant

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

PHILOTUS

- 15 Labouring for nine.

Lucius' Servant

So much?

PHILOTUS

Is not my lord seen yet?

Lucius' Servant

Not yet.

PHILOTUS

- 20 I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Lucius' Servant

Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:
You must consider that a prodigal course

Shakesclare Translation

*Two of VARRO's Servants enter with one of LUCIUS's
Servants. They find TITUS and HORTENSIUS, along with
other Servants representing TIMON's creditors.*

varro's FIRST SERVANT

Right on time. Good day, Titus and Hortensius.

TITUS

And you as well.

HORTENSIUS

Oh, a representative of Lucius! Are you here to see Timon as
well?

LUCIUS'S SERVANT

Yes. We do all have the same goal, and mine is money.

TITUS

And your goal is our goal.

PHILOTUS enters.

TITUS

Not only Lucius's Servant, but Philotus's too!

PHILOTUS

Good day.

Lucius's Servant

Hello. What time is it?

PHILOTUS

Close to nine.

Lucius's Servant

That late?

PHILOTUS

Has anyone seen Timon yet?

Lucius's Servant

Not yet.

PHILOTUS

I wonder why. He usually wakes up at seven.

Lucius's Servant

Yeah, but the days have become shorter for him, because
you should remember that the path of extravagance

Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear 'tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
25 That is one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

PHILOTUS

I am of your fear for that.

TITUS

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

HORTENSIUS

30 Most true, he does.

TITUS

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

HORTENSIUS

It is against my heart.

Lucius' Servant

Mark, how strange it shows,
35 Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

HORTENSIUS

I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
40 And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

Varro's FIRST SERVANT

Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: what's yours?

Lucius' Servant

Five thousand mine.

Varro's FIRST SERVANT

'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sun,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
45 Else, surely, his had equal'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

TITUS

One of Lord Timon's men.

Lucius' Servant

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

FLAMINIUS

50 No, indeed, he is not.

TITUS

We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

FLAMINIUS

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

Exit

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled

lucius's servant

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

descends like the sun in winter, even if it does not regain its
height the following year. And I'm afraid that Lord Timon's
estate is withering, no matter how hard he tries to recover
money.

PHILOTUS

Me too.

TITUS

And I'll tell you something funny.

[To HORTENSIUS] Your lord sent you to get money, right?

HORTENSIUS

Yes.

TITUS

And he now possesses jewels from Timon, which I lent him
the money to buy.

HORTENSIUS

Unfortunately, yes.

Lucius's Servant

It's so weird how Timon must pay out more than he owes,
while your lord seems to get the privilege of wearing the
jewels and getting to request the money paid for them.

HORTENSIUS

God I'm sick of this job. I know that my lord spent Timon's
money and now in his ingratitude is as bad as a thief.

varro's FIRST SERVANT

Yeah. My lord is asking for three thousand crowns. What
about yours?

Luicius's Servant

Five thousand.

varro's FIRST SERVANT

Way too much. It seems your master is more brazen even
than mine, otherwise mine would have asked for as much.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

TITUS

One of Timon's servants is coming

Lucius's Servant

Flaminius! Can we talk for a second? Is Timon coming?

FLAMINIUS

No he's not.

TITUS

At least tell him we are waiting for him.

FLAMINIUS

I don't have to do that. He knows how attentive you are.

FLAMINIUS exits.

FLAVIUS enters covered in a cloak.

lucius's Servant

Ha! Is that his assistant wrapped up like that? Get him, he's
trying to sneak away under cover.

TITUS

Do you hear, sir?

varro's SECOND SERVANT

By your leave, sir,—

FLAVIUS

What do ye ask of me, my friend?

TITUS

60 We wait for certain money here, sir.

FLAVIUS

Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
65 When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts
And take down the interest into their
gluttonous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
70 Let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Lucius' Servant

Ay, but this answer will not serve.

FLAVIUS

If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
75 For you serve knaves.

Exit

Varro's FIRST SERVANT

How! what does his cashiered worship mutter?

Varro's SECOND SERVANT

No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge
enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no
80 house to put his head in? such may rail against
great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS

TITUS

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

SERVILIUS

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

Lucius' Servant

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

SERVILIUS

Good gods!

TITUS

We cannot take this for answer, sir.

FLAMINIUS

[*Within*] Servilius, help! My lord! my lord!
95

TITUS

[*Pestering FLAVIUS*] Can we talk, please?

varro's SECOND SERVANT

[*Pestering FLAVIUS*] Please, sir—

FLAVIUS

What do you want?

TITUS

We want the money Timon owes.

FLAVIUS

Yes, if only money were as sure a thing as you all asking for it, then you would definitely have it. Why didn't your masters send you to pay the bills for the food they ate off Timon's plate? That way, they could smile and enjoy the debts he incurred and then shovel all the interest he owed into their greedy mouths. You're not doing yourself any favors riling me up like this. Let me go. My lord and I have parted ways. I have no more counsel to give, and he has no more money to spend.

LUCIUS' SERVANT

Yes, but that still isn't enough.

FLAVIUS

If it's not enough, it's still worth more than all of you, because you serve bad men.

FLAVIUS exits.

varro's FIRST SERVANT

What did the fired man just say?

Varro's SECOND SERVANT

Whatever, he's poor and that's punishment enough for him. After all, who can say whatever he wants more than the man with no home and nothing to lose?

SERVILIUS enters.

TITUS

Here is Servilius. Now we'll know what is going on.

SERVILIUS

If I may ask, gentleman, please come back some other time, and it will help me a great deal. I swear, Timon is extremely upset. His cheerful disposition is gone, he is sick, and he keeps to his room.

Lucius' Servant

Lots of people who stay in their rooms aren't sick, and if he's as sick as you say he is, all the more reason for him to pay off his debts before he dies.

SERVILIUS

Good lord!

TITUS

We can't accept this.

FLAMINIUS

[*Shouting from inside*] Servilius, help! Timon! Timon!

Enter TIMON, in a rage, FLAMINIUS following

TIMON

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

Lucius' Servant

Put in now, Titus.

TITUS

My lord, here is my bill.

Lucius' Servant

Here's mine.

HORTENSIUS

And mine, my lord.

Both Varro's Servants

105 And ours, my lord.

PHILOTUS

All our bills.

TIMON

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

Lucius' Servant

Alas, my lord,-

TIMON

Cut my heart in sums.

TITUS

110 Mine, fifty talents.

TIMON

Tell out my blood.

Lucius' Servant

Five thousand crowns, my lord.

TIMON

Five thousand drops pays that.
What yours?--and yours?

Varro's FIRST SERVANT

My lord,--

Varro's SECOND SERVANT

115 My lord,--

TIMON

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

Exit

HORTENSIUS

120 '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

TIMON storms onto the stage in a rage and FLAMINIUS
follows him.

TIMON

What, are my own doors going to shut themselves to me?
Am I not free to leave my own house? Does the home to
such great parties turn its back on me, like everyone else?

Lucius's Servant

Calm down Titus.

TITUS

Here is the receipt for debts you owe me.

Lucius's Servant

Here's mine.

HORTENSIUS

And mine.

Both Varro's Servants

And ours.

PHILOTUS

All our receipts.

TIMON

Go ahead, kill me with them.

Lucius's Servant

But--

TIMON

Rip pieces  of my heart out.

TITUS

My receipt is for fifty talents.

TIMON

Count my blood drop by drop and take it from me.

Lucius's Servant

Mine is for five thousand.

TIMON

Five thousand drops should cover.

[To the other servants] What about all your receipts?

varro's FIRST SERVANT

My lord--

varro's SECOND SERVANT

My lord--

TIMON

Tear me apart and take me away, and may the gods take
their revenge upon you!

TIMON exits.

HORTENSIUS

It seems our masters should probably give up on getting
their money back. Now that Timon's mad, these debts are
junk.

They all exit.

 The original, "sums" allows for a
double meaning alluding to the
"sums" of money he owes.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS

TIMON

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

FLAVIUS

My dear lord,--

TIMON

125 What if it should be so?

FLAVIUS

My lord,--

TIMON

I'll have it so. My steward!

FLAVIUS

Here, my lord.

TIMON

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

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

140 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

TIMON and FLAVIUS reenter.

TIMON

[Panting] These men have even taken my breath away. They
call themselves creditors? They are devils!

FLAVIUS

Timon—

TIMON

[Coming up with an idea] But what if...

FLAVIUS

Timon—

TIMON

[Realizing something] Yes, that's it! Come here!

FLAVIUS

I'm here.

TIMON

So soon? Go get all those men for me. Lucius, Lucullus, and
Sempronius, all of them! I'll throw them one last party!

FLAVIUS

But my lord you only speak in a daze. You do not have
enough money yet to offer even a small meal.

TIMON

Don't worry about that. Go, and invite them all. Let in that
wave of villains once more. My cook and I will figure it out.

They all exit.

Act 3, Scene 5

Shakespeare

FIRST SENATOR

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

SECOND SENATOR

Most true; the law shall bruise him.

5

Enter ALCIBIADES, with Attendants

ALCIBIADES

Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

FIRST SENATOR

Now, captain?

ALCIBIADES

10 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 't.

15

Shakesclare Translation

FIRST SENATOR

You have my vote! He should die for this heinous act,
because mercy would only lead to more behavior like it.

SECOND SENATOR

I agree. He must face the rule of law.

ALCIBIADES walks in with his Attendants.

ALCIBIADES

Long live the senate!

FIRST SENATOR

What, captain?

ALCIBIADES

I stand before you virtuous men to ask a favor. The law is a
merciful thing, which only a tyrant could use for cruel
purposes. Time and hard luck have worked against a friend
of mine who recently broke the law in a fit of rage, a state
which unfortunately the law does not consider when men
break it. My friend, this action aside, is a good man, who in
the moment actually acted without cowardice—something

He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice--
An honour in him which buys out his fault--
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
20 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,
As if he had but proved an argument.

FIRST SENATOR

25 You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which indeed
30 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,
35 carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

ALCIBIADES

40 My lord,--

FIRST SENATOR

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

ALCIBIADES

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

SECOND SENATOR

You breathe in vain.

ALCIBIADES

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

FIRST SENATOR

What's that?

ALCIBIADES

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

which ought to be held against his crime—by bravely identifying and responding to one who had ruined his reputation. He opposed this enemy with a clearheaded and calculating passion, expressing his anger with a certain coldness, almost as if he were proving a point.

FIRST SENATOR

Your argument is contradictory, a forced attempt to make gross actions seem justifiable. Your rhetoric reaches almost to the point of labor as it tries to turn murder into a mere formality and feuding into an act of valor. Feuds actually prove to be valor in its most degenerate form, as they come from the formation of rivalries. A man is truly valiant only when he can endure the worst insults men can speak, and even wear them like clothing without a care in the world. True valor never takes injury to heart, or retaliates in violence. If acts of injustice are in fact evil and force us to kill others, how dumb it would be then to risk your life for such a cause!

ALCIBIADES

But—

FIRST SENATOR

You cannot make terrible sins look innocent. Valor is patience, not revenge.

ALCIBIADES

Then forgive me for speaking like a military man, my lords. Why do good people fight and not patiently bear the insults of their enemies? Why do they not patiently let those same enemies murder them in their sleep? If there is such honor in patience, what do we make of our wars abroad, and why are women not considered more valiant for staying at home? Why do we not deem the donkey superior to the lion, or the prisoner to the judge, if there is such wisdom in suffering? You are great men, be compassionate. Who would not sentence a man for violent aggression? You are right, murder is the greatest sin, but when it is done for self-defense it is fair. Anger is wicked, but who has not been angry before? Think about this as you judge the crime before you.

SECOND SENATOR

Your speech is useless.

ALCIBIADES

Useless! The man's heroism at the battles of [Lacedaemon](#) and Byzantium should be enough to win him his life.

 Another Greek city-state, also known more commonly as Sparta.

FIRST SENATOR

What?

ALCIBIADES

The man is a hero and has killed many of our enemies. How bravely did he fight and wound many men in the last battle?

SECOND SENATOR

He has made too much plenty with 'em;
 He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin that often
 Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
 If there were no foes, that were enough
 75 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.

FIRST SENATOR

He dies.

ALCIBIADES

80 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:
 85 And, for I know your reverend ages love
 Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
 My honours to you, upon his good returns.
 If by this crime he owes the law his life,
 Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore
 90 For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

FIRST SENATOR

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

ALCIBIADES

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

SECOND SENATOR

How!

ALCIBIADES

Call me to your remembrances.

THIRD SENATOR

What!

ALCIBIADES

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

FIRST SENATOR

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

ALCIBIADES

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

FIRST SENATOR

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

Exeunt Senators

ALCIBIADES

Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
 Only in bone, that none may look on you!
 115 I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
 While they have told their money and let out

SECOND SENATOR

He wounded too many men. He's a crazy drunk, and that
 vice ruins his honor. He would fight even if he had no
 enemies, and in his temper he has committed many crimes
 and encourages rebellion. We have been told that he is a
 dangerous and wicked man.

FIRST SENATOR

He will die.

ALCIBIADES

How cruel! He would have died in battle if he did not have
 certain good qualities. And even though his sword-arm has
 bought him a longer life, in which he owes nothing to
 anyone, take this as encouragement to change your ruling.
 Think of what's mine as his, and because I know you all love
 money, I'll give to you all that I have won at war in return for
 his safety. If he owes his life for this crime, let it at least be
 had at war with the army. War can punish the way the law
 does.

FIRST SENATOR

We represent the law. He will die, and stop pushing the
 point. Though it does not please us, he will die for murder,
 even if he is your friend or family.

ALCIBIADES

Why does it have to be this way? It cannot be. Please, my
 lords, I beg you to trust me.

SECOND SENATOR

How!

ALCIBIADES

Remember what I have done.

THIRD SENATOR

What?

ALCIBIADES

You cannot possibly have forgotten me, but there is no
 other reason you would deny me after I have lowered
 myself to beg for something you would grant any other
 man. It hurts me to the very core.

FIRST SENATOR

Are you seriously provoking us? In just a few words we can
 have an enormous impact. We banish you forever.

ALCIBIADES

Banish me! Banish your old ways! Banish your money-
 lending! Banish everything that has ruined the senate!

FIRST SENATOR

If we find you in Athens two days from now, you will face
 the most severe punishment. And even though it displeases
 us, your friend will be executed now.

The Senators exit.

ALCIBIADES

The gods have let you live so long that you are only skin and
 bones, and so ugly that no one will even look at you! I'm
 crazy with anger. I have defended them from their enemies.
 They have lent their money to everyone and pocketed the

120 Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
125 'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

Exit

earnings, while all I have are wounds from battle. All that fighting for this? Is this what the senate gives its captains for sacrificing themselves to battle? Banishment! Good! I would hate not to be banished. It makes me angry enough to attack Athens. I'll gather the troops and garner their support. Countries are always at war, and soldiers should not have to face any more trials than the gods.

He exits.

Act 3, Scene 6

Shakespeare

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.

SECOND LORD

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

FIRST LORD

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

SECOND LORD

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

FIRST LORD

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

SECOND LORD

15 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.

SECOND LORD

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

FIRST LORD

A thousand pieces.

SECOND LORD

A thousand pieces!

FIRST LORD

What of you?

SECOND LORD

25 He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Shakescleare Translation

Music plays while dining tables are set up. Several Lords and Senators enter from different parts of the stage with their Servants attending them.

FIRST LORD

Good day, sir.

SECOND LORD

You too. This feels familiar.

FIRST LORD

I was just thinking that when we met. I hope things are not so bad that Timon has had to borrow more from his friends.

SECOND LORD

From what I see at this feast, I don't think so.

FIRST LORD

I do. He sent me an invitation, and when I said I had other engagements, he pressed me further and told me I had to come.

SECOND LORD

I also said I needed to deal with some business matters, but he didn't care. I am not happy to say it, but when he asked me for money, I had no more left to give him.

FIRST LORD

Same with me. I know how it is.

SECOND LORD

So does everyone here. How much money did he ask you for?

FIRST LORD

A thousand pieces.

SECOND LORD

A thousand pieces!

FIRST LORD

What did he ask you for?

SECOND LORD

He asked me for—here he is.

Enter TIMON and Attendants

TIMON

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

FIRST LORD

Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

SECOND LORD

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

TIMON

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

FIRST LORD

35 I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I returned you an empty messenger.

TIMON

O, sir, let it not trouble you.

SECOND LORD

My noble lord,--

TIMON

Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

SECOND LORD

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

TIMON

Think not on 't, sir.

SECOND LORD

If you had sent but two hours before,--

TIMON

45 Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

The banquet brought in

TIMON

Come, bring in all together.

SECOND LORD

All covered dishes!

FIRST LORD

50 Royal cheer, I warrant you.

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?

SECOND LORD

55 Alcibiades banished!

TIMON enters with his Attendants.

TIMON

Greetings, gentleman. How are you?

FIRST LORD

Well, especially after seeing that you are well, too.

SECOND LORD

We care as much about you as a bird that flies south cares for summer weather.

TIMON

[To himself] And you and other men have left me with the readiness that the bird flees from winter weather.

[To the others] Dinner is getting cold, gentlemen! Enjoy the music, if you like such humble playing. Let's go.

FIRST LORD

I hope you are not bitter that I could not lend you money.

TIMON

Don't worry about it.

SECOND LORD

My noble lord—

TIMON

[As the banquet is being prepared] What a party!

SECOND LORD

Timon, I feel so bad that I had no money left to give you when you asked me.

TIMON

Don't worry about it.

SECOND LORD

If you had come just two hours earlier—

TIMON

Think about happier things.

The food is served.

TIMON

Come here, the food is ready!

SECOND LORD

It must be good food if you cover it this way!

FIRST LORD

It looks like food for kings.

THIRD LORD

As long as he has enough money and time, I would count on it from Timon.

FIRST LORD

[To the THIRD LORD] Oh how are you? What is new with the world?

THIRD LORD

Did you hear that Alcibiades is banished?

SECOND LORD

What? Alcibiades is banished?

THIRD LORD

'Tis so, be sure of it.

FIRST LORD

How! how!

SECOND LORD

I pray you, upon what?

TIMON

My worthy friends, will you draw near?

THIRD LORD

60 I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

SECOND LORD

This is the old man still.

THIRD LORD

Will 't hold? will 't hold?

SECOND LORD

It does: but time will--and so--

THIRD LORD

I do conceive.

TIMON

65 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.

70 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

75 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

80 rest of your fees, O gods--the senators of Athens,
together 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

85 nothing are they welcome.
Uncover, dogs, and lap.

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

SOME SPEAK

What does his lordship mean?

SOME OTHERS

I know not.

TIMON

90 May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends I smoke and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany.

Throwing the water in their faces

TIMON

95 Live loathed and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,

THIRD LORD

I swear.

FIRST LORD

What? How?

SECOND LORD

Why?

TIMON

Come here, my friends.

THIRD LORD

I'll tell you about it later. Let's eat now.

SECOND LORD

You speak of the famous Alcibiades?

THIRD LORD

Can it be? Will the punishment stick?

SECOND LORD

Yes, but time will tell--

THIRD LORD

I see.

TIMON

Go to your chairs as hungrily as you might kiss the lips of
your mistress. There are no assigned seats ¹, when the
food gets cold before people find out where they sit. Sit, sit,
and thank the gods. I thank you for the gifts you have given,
and hope you will keep enough for yourselves so that you
can still be so charitable in the future. You should have
given enough that no man will have to give his own money
to another, because even gods would not be successful in
applying for a loan nowadays. Enjoy the meat more than
you enjoy the man who provides you with it. Make sure also
that twenty out of twenty men are villains, as you might let
twelve women at a table be as they are. As for the rest, ²
the senators and the commoners, destroy the worst parts
of them.

[Gesturing to the people around him] My friends here, they
mean nothing to me, so bless them with nothing. Here they
are welcome to nothing. Uncover the dishes so the dogs
may lick up the water.

They lift the covers off the dishes to reveal warm water.

SOME SPEAK

What is this supposed to mean?

SOME OTHERS

I don't know.

TIMON

All you bottom-feeders, water and steam is the perfect meal
for you, and I hope you never eat a better feast than this for
the rest of your lives. I, who endured all your flattery, wash
myself of it and return to you your wickedness.

He throws the water in their faces.

TIMON

I hope you live long and painful lives, you smooth-talking
parasites, you wolves in sheeps' clothing, you weak fools of

¹ Seating was typically done by rank at official banquets.

² The word "fees" is ambiguous, here. The 1974 Riverside suggests that it could mean "property," or perhaps refers to people who hold themselves at a distance in fee from you.

Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
 You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
 Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
 100 Of man and beast the infinite malady
 Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?
 Soft! take thy physic first--thou too--and thou;--
 Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out

TIMON

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
 105 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!

SECOND LORD

Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

THIRD LORD

110 Push! did you see my cap?

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?

THIRD LORD

115 Did you see my cap?

SECOND LORD

Here 'tis.

FOURTH LORD

Here lies my gown.

FIRST LORD

Let's make no stay.

SECOND LORD

Lord Timon's mad.

THIRD LORD

120 I feel 't upon my bones.

FOURTH LORD

One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

Exeunt

fortune, fake friends, worthless workers! You'll die soon
 enough! May the worst disease cover you all over in scabs!
 What, are you leaving? Come now, everyone, take your
 medicine first! Come on, I'll give you money and ask for
 nothing back!

He throws dishes at them, scaring them off.

TIMON

What, everyone's leaving? From now on, let there never be
 a feast where such villains are not welcome. Burn down the
 house! Destroy all of Athens! Timon will from now on hate
 all of humanity!

He exits.

*The Lords, Senators, and other victims of TIMON's rage
 come in again.*

FIRST LORD

What the hell was that?

SECOND LORD

Have you ever seen someone as furious as Timon just now?

THIRD LORD

Psh! Have you seen my hat?

FOURTH LORD

I can't find my coat.

FIRST LORD

He's a madman, and his insanity is what drives him. He
 gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beaten it out
 of my hat. Have you seen the jewel?

THIRD LORD

Have you seen my hat?

SECOND LORD

Here it is.

FOURTH LORD

And here's my coat.

FIRST LORD

Let's get out of here.

SECOND LORD

Timon is crazy.

THIRD LORD

Yes I am sure of it.

FOURTH LORD

One day he gives us diamonds, and the next day he throws
 stones at us!

They all exit.

Act 4, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Enter TIMON

Shakescleare Translation

TIMON enters.

TIMON

Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
5 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;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
10 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 lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
15 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,
20 Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live! Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
25 As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
30 Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
at their society, as their friendship, may
merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
35 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
40 To the whole race of mankind, high and low! Amen.

Exit

TIMON

Let me back on the city. Your walls that contain those
ravenous wolves should sink into the earth instead of
protecting you, Athens 🗣️. I hope your mothers become
drunks and that your children grow bad-tempered! I hope
that slaves and idiots replace the cranky old senators and
rule from their seats, that little girls turn instantly into low
whores and lose their virginities right in front of their
parents' eyes, that bankrupt debtors pay back their debts
by slitting their creditors' throats, and that servants bound
to loyalty steal from their masters! The great men of Athens
are all greedy robbers and use the law to plunder for their
own means. You, maid, go to your masters' bed, because
your mistress is a whore! You, sixteen-year-old son, steal the
cane out of the hands of your old crippled father and use it
to beat out his brains! All civic virtues—piety, fear, devotion,
peace, justice, truth, respect, tranquility, neighborly love,
education, manners, professions, ranks, observance,
custom, law—let all your chaotic opposites reign in
destruction! You, plague, attack Athens with your powerful
and infectious fevers! You, sciata 🗣️, cripple all the senators
and make their limbs as useless as their manners! You, free
lust, crawl into the minds and bodies of teenagers so that
they betray virtue and drown themselves in debauchery! I
hope every Athenian is infected with horrible itches and
boils 🗣️, and be struck with leprosy. May each breath
spread infection and make society poisonous! Evil city, I will
spare you no evil but the sight of my naked body—but no,
take that too!

[Ripping off his clothes and flashing the city walls] I, Timon,
will go to the woods and find the most savage beast a better
friend to mankind. May the gods drive all Athenians within
and outside the city walls crazy! And may I grow to hate
more and more the whole race of mankind, top to bottom!
Amen.

He exits.

🗣️ Timon's address to the city of Athens is an example of the literary device known as "apostrophe," in which a speaker addresses someone or something not present (often beginning with an exclamation like "O"). Apostrophe becomes a fundamental part of Timon's speech patterns throughout his exile. It is a technique quite common elsewhere in the play as well.

🗣️ Sciata refers to pain that affects the back.

🗣️ "Blains" were an inflamed swelling or sore, usually around a boil.

Act 4, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants

FIRST SERVANT

Hear you, master steward, where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

FLAVIUS

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

FIRST SERVANT

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

SECOND SERVANT

10 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,

Shakescleare Translation

FLAVIUS enters with two or three Servants in attendance.

FIRST SERVANT

Listen, where is our master? Are we done for? Fired? Is there
nothing left?

FLAVIUS

Guys, what do you want me to say? The gods hear me when
I say that I am as broke as you are.

FIRST SERVANT

How great a house gone bankrupt! How great a master
fallen! Everything's gone! And there's not a single friend to
help him in this unfortunate time and accompany him!

SECOND SERVANT

As we leave our friend, tossed into his grave, so too do
those friends whose fortunes were tied to his now run
away, leaving with him only their lies, like purses emptied
by a pick-pocket. And the poor man will become a

Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
 15 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

FLAVIUS

All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

THIRD SERVANT

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

FLAVIUS

25 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,
 30 'We have seen better days.' Let each take some;
 Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
 Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

Servants embrace, and part several ways

FLAVIUS

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
 35 Since riches point to misery and contempt?
 Who would 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?
 40 Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
 Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
 Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 45 My dearest lord, bless'd, to be most accursed,
 Rich, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
 He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends, nor has he with him to
 50 Supply his life, or that which can command it.
 I'll follow and inquire him out:
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

Exit

homeless beggar with his disease of poverty, walking alone
 in contempt. Look, here are more of our friends.

More Servants enter.

FLAVIUS

All the shattered pieces of a ruined house.

THIRD SERVANT

I can see in our sullen faces that all our hearts still wear the
 uniforms we served Timon in. We are still friends, serving
 him in sorrow. It is as if our boat had a leak and we were
 standing on the sinking deck, hearing the water rising all
 around us. We must all leave each other to drown in this
 imaginary sea .

 "Sea of air" could refer to the fact that they are all breathing air, not water, or it could refer as this translation indicates to the fact that this is all an illusory image of nothing more than "air."

FLAVIUS

Friends, I'll share with you the last bit of money I have.
 Wherever we next meet, let's still be friends for Timon's
 sake. Let's shake our heads and say, "We have seen better
 days," to honor our old master's fortune.

[He puts out his hands] Let's each take a bit of what's left.
 Put out your hands, and without saying one more word,
 let's all part poor in money, but rich in sadness.

They all embrace and then exit in different directions.

FLAVIUS

Oh, the terrible sadness that glory can bring! Who wouldn't
 wish to never be rich, if all that riches lead to is misery and
 hate? Who would ever accept fame or friendship, if all of the
 luxury and everything else that comes with it is fake, like
 those friends of Timon's? Poor man, doing himself in by his
 own goodness! It's a strange curse when a man's worst sin
 is that he does too much good! Who will ever dare to be half
 as kind again? The wealth that makes the gods ruins men.
 My good lord, blessed only to later be cursed, rich only to
 later be poor, your great fortune was built upon your
 greatest weaknesses. Oh what a kind man! He's cast out
 mad from this group of monsters, with nothing to live on at
 all and no way to make more money. I'll follow and ask
 about him. I'll always serve him as well as I can. As long as I
 have any wealth, I'll be by his side.

He exits.

Act 4, Scene 3

Shakespeare

Enter TIMON, from the cave

TIMON

O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 5 Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes;

Shakescleare Translation

TIMON enters from a cave.

timon

Oh generous sun, suck all of this rotten dampness from the
 ground into the air below the moon! In the case of twin
brothers , who were identically conceived, housed, and
 born out of the same womb into a world with different
 fortunes, it is the one with more who scorns the one with

 Timon is likely at least alluding to the story of Romulus and Remus, twin brothers who turned against one another. Remus was killed by

The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord;
10 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
15 And say 'This man's a flatterer?' if one be,
So are they all; for every guise of fortune
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,
20 But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!

Digging

TIMON

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
25 With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,
Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.
30 Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods? Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions, bless the accursed,
35 Make the hoar leprosy adored, place thieves
And give them title, knee and approbation
With senators on the bench: this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
40 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the route of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.

March afar off

TIMON

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

Keeping some gold

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in warlike manner; PHRYNIA
and TIMANDRA*

ALCIBIADES

What art thou there? speak.

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

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

less. Human nature is subject to many evils, and cannot
bear great riches without reserving contempt for those
without such luxuries. I will become a beggar and restrain
the lord within me, for the senator will be scorned, the
beggar honored. Whether or not one is wealthy is only a
matter of luck: if an ox is born into abundant pastures, he
will grow fat, whereas if he is born into scarcity, he will grow
thin. Who? Who will dare to stand up for what's right and
call a man a flatterer? After all, if one man is a flatterer, so is
everyone, because every level in a hierarchy is flattered by
the one below it. Smart men bow to rich fools. Everything is
ridiculous, because we have nothing rational within our
nature, just straight villainy. Thus I hate all feasts, society,
and groups of people! Timon hates anything that
resembles—or is—himself. All men go to hell! Earth, where
are your roots?

Romulus, who then went on to found Rome.

He begins to dig into the ground.

TIMON

Whoever works to rise in the world ought to poison himself!
What do we have here? Gold? Shiny yellow gold? No, I am
not a false man—

[He keeps digging] Where are you, roots?!

*[Looking at the gold] Just this much gold will turn the world
upside down, making black white, foul fair, wrong right, low
high, old young, cowardice valor. Ha, gods! Why this little
thing? What is it, even? Why does this steal from you your
loyal priests and servants, and steal the pillow from
beneath a man's head? This yellow fiend will make and
break religions, bless the lowly, and even make the leper
liked, the thief as great as a senator! This little thing makes
a widow get married a second time, and rejuvenates a
woman so ugly that even the grossest men plagued with
sores would have rejected her.*

Refers to the custom of taking the pillow away from a dying man so that he will pass away more easily.

*[Still digging] Come on, stupid earth, whoring around
beneath the feet of different nations, I will lower myself to
your level and take my revenge.*

A marching drum sounds off the stage.

TIMON

What, a drum? So soon?

*[Talking to some of the gold] I'll bury you: you will walk
about again when your keeper cannot stand because of his
gout. Actually, no, stay out here for leverage.*

Gout is a painful disease characterized by the inflammation of the joints, much like what we refer to as arthritis more commonly today.

He keeps some of the gold.

*ALCIBIADES enters with a marching drummer and flute
player, prepared for war. PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA follow
him.*

ALCIBIADES

What are you doing there? Speak up.

TIMON

An animal, the same as you! Damn you for showing me
again the eyes of a human!

ALCIBIADES

What is your name? Has mankind been so awful to you? You
are a man, after all.

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

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

TIMON

I know thee too; and more than that I know thee,
60 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,
65 For all her cherubim look.

PHRYNIA

Thy lips rot off!

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

How came the noble Timon to this change?

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

TIMON

75 None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

ALCIBIADES

What is it, Timon?

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

TIMON

Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

ALCIBIADES

I see them now; then was a blessed time.

TIMON

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

TIMANDRA

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

TIMON

I am a man-hater, who hates mankind. I wish you were a
dog, for your good as well as mine. Then I could love you at
least a little.

ALCIBIADES

I understand what you are saying, but do not know how you
have arrived at these conclusions.

TIMON

I know you as well, more than I'd like to know. Go follow
your drum and paint the ground with the red, red, red
blood of men. Religious and civil laws are cruel—why
shouldn't war be cruel too?

[Speaking of PHRYNIA] This whore of yours right here has
more power to destroy than your sword, despite her angelic
appearance.

PHRYNIA

Shut your filthy mouth!

TIMON

Then I will not kiss you, so as not to dirty your mouth too.

ALCIBIADES

How has the noble Timon fallen to this place?

TIMON

Like the moon, which falls as it loses its light to give. But I
cannot renew myself and start again like the moon. There
are no suns out there to borrow light from.

ALCIBIADES

Timon, what can I do for you?

TIMON

Nothing, except follow my demands.

ALCIBIADES

What is it you want, Timon?

TIMON

Promise me your friendship, but don't do anything that
would make you seem like my friend. That way, whether
you refuse or keep this promise, and whether you follow
through or not, the gods may damn you, because you are
like all these other men!

ALCIBIADES

I have heard a bit about your bad luck.

TIMON

You saw my bad luck even when I had my wealth.

ALCIBIADES

No, I see your bad luck now. Those were great times when
you had your wealth.

TIMON

[Referring to TIMANDRA and PHRYNIA] Like your good times
now with these whores.

TIMANDRA

Is this the darling of Athens everyone spoke so well of?

TIMON

Art thou Timandra?

TIMANDRA

Yes.

TIMON

90 Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.

TIMANDRA

95 Hang thee, monster!

ALCIBIADES

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

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

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

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

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

TIMON

110 Keep it, I cannot eat it.

ALCIBIADES

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

TIMON

Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

ALCIBIADES

Ay, Timon, and have cause.

TIMON

115 The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

ALCIBIADES

Why me, Timon?

TIMON

That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold: go on,--here's gold,--go on;
120 Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-iced city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;
125 It is her habit only that is honest,

TIMON

You are Timandra?

TIMANDRA

Yes.

TIMON

Keep whoring around. Those who use you don't love you, so you might as well give them diseases, because they give you their lust. Use these dirty hours well and prepare these villains for tubs and baths. Bring those bright youths down to their rightful place, trying to cure their venereal diseases with diets and salt-baths.

TIMANDRA

Go kill yourself you monster!

ALCIBIADES

Forgive him, Timandra. His mind has been muddled and lost in his troubles.

[To TIMON] I have only a little money left, Timon, and the lack of it makes the possibility of revolt greater and greater each day in my poor band of soldiers. I have heard and felt sorry for how Athens left you high and dry, completely forgetting you and your great deeds when neighboring states would have defeated the city had you not protected it with your sword and your wealth.

TIMON

Please, play yourself out.

ALCIBIADES

I'm your friend Timon. I feel for you.

TIMON

Do you feel for the person whom you hurt? I'd rather be alone.

ALCIBIADES

Well goodbye. Here is some gold.

TIMON

Keep it. It won't feed me.

ALCIBIADES

When I destroy Athens in war—

TIMON

You're waging war on Athens?

ALCIBIADES

Yes, Timon, and for a good reason.

TIMON

May the gods strike those you war against, and after you win, you as well!

ALCIBIADES

Why me too, Timon?

TIMON

Because you were born to conquer my country by killing villains. Keep your gold and go, take it. Be like a plague that ravages the entire world, or like Zeus throwing poison over some wicked city. Do not spare any with your sword, and give no mercy to the elderly man, as he is a money-lender. Give no mercy to false women, because they only look honest and are all whores. Give no mercy to young virgins, because those breasts that break through the lines of her bodies and into men's eyes are horrible traitors and do not

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,
 130 But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the
 babe,
 Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
 Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
 Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,
 135 And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;
 Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;
 Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
 Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
 Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay soldiers:
 140 Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

ALCIBIADES

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

TIMON

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

TIMANDRA

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

TIMON

Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
 And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
 150 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: be whores still;
 155 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
 160 With burthens of the dead;--some that were hang'd,
 No matter:--wear them, betray with them: whose still;
 Paint till a horse may mire upon your face,
 A pox of wrinkles!

TIMANDRA

Well, more gold: what then?
 165 Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

TIMON

Consumptions sow
 In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
 And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false title plead,
 170 Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
 That scolds against the quality of flesh,
 And not believes himself: down with the nose,
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
 Of him that, his particular to foresee,
 175 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
 180 The source of all erection. There's more gold:
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
 And ditches grave you all!

TIMANDRA

More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

deserve pity. Do not spare any babies, whose smiling only
 earns the mercy of fools. Think of them as bastards, whom
 an oracle has foreseen will cut your throat, and crush it
 without any guilt. Swear not to listen to any objections, and
 arm your ears and your eyes so they shall not yield to the
 yells of mothers, maids, or babies, or the sight of priests
 bleeding in their holy clothes. Here's some gold to pay your
 soldiers. Make a riot, and after all your rage is gone, damn
 you! Don't speak to me. Just go.

ALCIBIADES

You still have gold? I'll take that, but not your advice.

TIMON

Do or don't, damn you.

TIMANDRA

Give us some gold, too, Timon. Do you have any more?

TIMON

Enough to get a whore to retire, as well as enough to turn
 women into whores too. Stop bothering me and holding
 your skirts up, you sluts. You are not trustworthy, though I
 do know you will swear shaking with supposed divinity
 onto the immortal gods. Spare your prayers, and I'll trust
 your characters. Keep whoring, and the man that tries to
 tell you to do otherwise, be sure to stay true to your
 profession, seduce him, and infect him with your venereal
 diseases. Let that hidden fire overpower his piety, and do
 not betray your craft so that you may keep laboring. Cover
 your heads with wigs plucked from the hairs of the dead ⁴
 —even if they were hanged. Wear them and sin with them.
 Keep whoring around, with that thick makeup hiding all
 your wrinkles!

TIMANDRA

Tell us more with more gold. We'll do anything for gold!

TIMON

Plant syphilis into the hollow bones of men. Kick their shins
 and cripple them. Steal the voice of the lawyer, so he will
 never ever defend a false case or voice his small
 disagreements. Give diseases to the priest who scolds
 against carnal pleasures, but doesn't behave himself. Make
 it so his nose rots off ⁵, so that for his private pleasures he
 loses the scent of public welfare. Make curly-haired
 scoundrels bald, and have the silly macho men in the army
 finally feel some pain from you. Give diseases to everyone,
 so that in your profession you defeat all of men's power.
 Here's some more gold, so that you damn even more. But
 let it damn you, too, and send you to your graves!

TIMANDRA

We'll keep listening to you if you keep giving us money,
 Timon.

⁴ A reference to the loss of hair that could follow the contraction of a sexually transmitted disease, and the common methods of hiding it.

⁵ The withering away of the nasal bone was an obvious sign of syphilis.

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

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

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

I never did thee harm.

TIMON

190 Yes, thou spokest well of me.

ALCIBIADES

Call'st thou that harm?

TIMON

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

ALCIBIADES

195 We but offend him. Strike!

Drum beats. Exeunt ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA

TIMON

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

Digging

TIMON

200 Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast, 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, With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
205 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 conceptious womb, Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
210 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!--
215 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas; Whereof ungrateful man, with liquorish draughts And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind, That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS

TIMON

More man? plague, plague!

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

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

TIMON

With more whoring, and more mischief first. This payment is just a token.

ALCIBIADES

Drum up the march to Athens! Bye, Timon. If I am successful, I'll come back for you.

TIMON

And I hope I never see you again.

ALCIBIADES

I never did you any harm.

TIMON

Yes, you spoke well of me.

ALCIBIADES

And that's harm?

TIMON

Some men think so. Go now and take your dogs with you.

ALCIBIADES

We're just making him more angry. Let's go!

The drum starts the march, and ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA exit.

TIMON

I cannot believe that those outraged at wicked men should still ask for money!

He keeps digging.

TIMON

You, earth, your fertile ground births and feeds everything. You are made of the same hard stuff that puffs out the chests of proud men, though is also the same stuff that produces disgusting critters like the black toad, the blue snake, the golden newt, and the blind, poisonous worm. The sun  shines its life-giving fire equally on all of these horrid births. Earth, give me just one poor root, which all men hate! Dry up your fertile womb so that it never gives life to another man! Bring forth tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears. Produce new monsters, never before presented to the world from your face which looks up into the heavens!

[He finds a root] Finally! A root! Dry up your marrow, vines, and grassy lands, which yield the sweet drinks and tasty food that grease the sides of ungrateful men's minds, so that all that was considerate within them slips out!

APEMANTUS enters.

TIMON

Another man? The plague, the plague!

APEMANTUS

I was directed here by men who tell me you have gone crazy and insult them.

TIMON

It is true, and because you do not have a dog which I could imitate so as to flatter you, I hope you catch a disease!

 In Greek mythology, Hyperion was a Titan who fathered Helios (the sun), Selene (the moon), and Eos (dawn).

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
 A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
 245 Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd trees,
 That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
 And skip where thou point'st out? will the
 cold brook,
 Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
 250 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
 Whose naked natures live in an the spite
 Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
 To the conflicting elements exposed,
 Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee;
 255 O, thou shalt find--

TIMON

A fool of thee: depart.

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

I hate thee worse.

APEMANTUS

Why?

TIMON

260 Thou flatter'st misery.

APEMANTUS

I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.

TIMON

Why dost thou seek me out?

APEMANTUS

To vex thee.

TIMON

Always a villain's office or a fool's.
 265 Dost please thyself in 't?

APEMANTUS

Ay.

TIMON

What! a knave too?

APEMANTUS

This behavior is a symptom of your infected nature, which
 has caught an unmanly melancholy due to bad luck. Why
 this shovel? In this place? In these tattered clothes? With
 these sad looks? Those who flattered you still wear silk,
 drink wine, and lie down on soft beds. They hug their
 perfumed, diseased women, and have totally forgotten that
 Timon even existed. Do not curse these woods by becoming
 a cynic. Be a flatterer and look to live off what once undid
 you. Bow your knee and heed every word of the men you
 would flatter as genius. Praise the worst parts of a man and
 call them excellent. That is what you used to be told. You
 once gave your ears to men like bartenders give their ears
 to the worst villains and rascals. It is only fair that you
 become a rascal. If you had your money again, rascals
 would have it. Do not act as I did to you, act like them!

TIMON

If I were like you I'd throw myself away.

APEMANTUS

You already have thrown yourself away, being the madman
 you were, and now an idiot. Do you really think that this
 cold air will act like a manservant and put on a warm shirt
 for you? Do you really think that these mossy trees, which
 have outlived eagles, will follow your every step? That the
 cold brook crusted in ice will give you a warm drink to cure
 a hangover? Call out to the animals who live naked despite
 the fall of man, who expose their bodies to the harsh
 elements and contend with nature. Call them to flatter you
 and, oh, you will find--

TIMON

You're an idiot. Go away.

APEMANTUS

I love you more than I ever did.

TIMON

I hate you worse.

APEMANTUS

Why?

TIMON

You flatter my misery.

APEMANTUS

I am not flattering you. I am calling you a wretch.

TIMON

Why did you look for me?

APEMANTUS

To anger you.

TIMON

That was always the job of a villain or a fool. Do you like it?

APEMANTUS

Sure.

TIMON

Ah! So you're scoundrel too!

APEMANTUS

If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
 To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
 270 Dost it enforcedly; thou'ldst courtier be again,
 Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
 Outlives encertain pomp, is crown'd before:
 The one is filling still, never complete;
 The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,
 275 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
 Worse than the worst, content.
 Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

TIMON

Not by his breath that is more miserable.
 Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
 280 With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
 Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
 The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
 To such as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
 285 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,
 Who had the world as my confectionary,
 290 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment,
 That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
 Do on the oak, hive with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare
 295 For every storm that blows: I, to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden:
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
 They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
 300 If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
 To some she beggar and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 305 Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

APEMANTUS

Art thou proud yet?

TIMON

Ay, that I am not thee.

APEMANTUS

I, that I was
 No prodigal.

TIMON

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

Eating a root

APEMANTUS

315 Here; I will mend thy feast.

Offering him a root

TIMON

First mend my company, take away thyself.

APEMANTUS

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

APEMANTUS

If you assumed this disposition to punish yourself for our pride, that was a good idea. But you are forcing it! If you weren't a beggar, you could be a courtier again. Willful poverty is safer than uncertain luxury, and achieves what it wants sooner. One is always seeking more and never fulfilled. The other will accept no better situation, but has a crazy and miserable existence and is happy with the worst of the worst. You should kill yourself, as miserable as you are.

TIMON

Not under the advice of a man even more miserable. You are a slave, a dog, who was always unlucky. If you were born like I was into a sweet life this world gives to whoever it likes, you would have gone crazy and wasted your youth in lusty beds. You would never have learned hard reason, but instead followed all temptations before you. But I, who was born right in the place where all sweet things are made, and where countless mouths, tongues, eyes, and hearts of men waited at my command, stuck to me like leaves stick to an oak, I was abandoned by all them, as if those leaves had all dropped at the first sight of winter and left me bare to feel every storm. Trust me, you who never knew any better, bearing this tragedy is a great burden. Your life began in suffering, and you have grown used to it. Why should you hate men? They never flattered you? What did you give them? If you will curse anyone it should be your father, because he had sex with some poor woman out of spite and conceived you. So just go away! If you had not been born in the worst position, you would have been a false flatterer.

APEMANTUS

Ha! You are still proud?

TIMON

Yes, proud of the fact that I'm not you.

APEMANTUS

And I'm proud of the fact that I was never a wasteful man like you.

TIMON

Yes and I'm still proud that I am a wasteful man still. I would still give all the wealth I have—nothing—to you. Get away from me.

[Gesturing to a root] I wish all of Athens were in this! I would eat it!

He eats a root.

APEMANTUS

Here, improve your feast.

He offers him another root.

TIMON

First improve my company and get away from me.

APEMANTUS

That way I would improve my own company for the lack of yours.

TIMON

320 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
if not, I would it were.

APEMANTUS

What wouldst thou have to Athens?

TIMON

Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

APEMANTUS

Here is no use for gold.

TIMON

325 The best and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

APEMANTUS

Where liest o' nights, Timon?

TIMON

Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

330 Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat
it.

TIMON

Would poison were obedient and knew my mind!

APEMANTUS

Where wouldst thou send it?

TIMON

To sauce thy dishes.

APEMANTUS

335 The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the
extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy guilt
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
340 thee, eat it.

TIMON

On what I hate I feed not.

APEMANTUS

Dost hate a medlar?

TIMON

Ay, though it look like thee.

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

Myself.

TIMON

It would not be better that way, because you'd still be with
yourself.

APEMANTUS

What report would you like me to bring Athens for you?

TIMON

A tornado, if you could, and tell them that I have more gold
here. Look, right here.

APEMANTUS

Gold is useless here.

TIMON

And so it is here the best, where it sleeps and doesn't do
any harm.

APEMANTUS

Where do you sleep here Timon?

TIMON

Under what's above me. Where do you eat these days,
Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

Wherever I can find meat, or rather, where I eat meat.

TIMON

I wish poison would go wherever my mind sent it!

APEMANTUS

Where would you send it?

TIMON

To your plates.

APEMANTUS

You never inhabited the middle ranks of humanity, only the
very rich and the very poor. When you were basking in gold
in perfume, they all mocked you for your meticulousness. In
your tattered rags you don't have any of that left, but are
despised for being messy and dirty. Here's a little fruit for
you, eat it.

TIMON

I don't eat what I hate.

APEMANTUS

You hate [medlar](#) ⁷?

TIMON

Yes. It looks rotten like you.

APEMANTUS

If you had hated [meddlers](#) ⁸ sooner, you would have loved
your station better now. What wasteful man did you ever
meet that was well-liked after his money was gone?

TIMON

Who have you ever known that was well-liked without any
means at all?

APEMANTUS

Me.

⁷ A medlar is the name of a small tree, and the fruit that grows on it, which has been cultivated since the time of the Romans.

⁸ Apemantus puns on the similar sounding nature of the words "medlar" (meaning a tree/fruit) and "meddler."

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

360 Ay, Timon.

TIMON

A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy 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 transformation!

365
370
375
380

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

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

390

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

TIMON

Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

True. The dogs love you because you only have enough means to keep a dog.

APEMANTUS

What would you compare your flatterers to?

TIMON

Women, probably. But men too, because they are men themselves. What would you do with the world if you were all-powerful, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS

Give it to the animals and get rid of all men.

TIMON

Would you fall with the rest of the men and remain an animal?

APEMANTUS

Yes, Timon.

TIMON

What a beastly thing for the gods to have you wish! If you were a lion, the fox would trick you; if you were a lamb, the fox would deceive three of you; if you were a fox, the lion would be suspicious of you when you were accused by the donkey; if you were a donkey, your stupidity would torment you, and you would only be the breakfast of the wolf; if you were a wolf, your greed would plague you, and you would have to risk your life just for dinner; if you were a unicorn, pride and anger would end you and when in your anger you ramed your horn and got stuck in a tree; if you were a bear, you would be killed by the horse; if you were a horse; you would be attacked by the leopard; if you were a leopard, you would be related to the lion and the crimes of your relatives would condemn you to death. Your only safety would lie in leaving one place for another, so what beast could you be that you would not fall prey to some other beast? What kind of animal are you already that you cannot see what you would lose in changing into an animal!?

APEMANTUS

If your speech could ever please me, it would be these observations. The state of Athens has become a forest of beasts.

TIMON

How? Has a donkey broken down the wall, so you find yourself outside the city?

APEMANTUS

Look, here comes a poet and a painter. I hope you catch the plague of their company! For fear of catching it I'll leave now. I'll see you again when I have nothing better to do.

TIMON

When you're the last man on earth, you'll be welcome here. I would rather be a beggar's dog than you.

APEMANTUS

You are the captain of all fools.

TIMON

I wish you were clean enough to spit on.

APEMANTUS

Get bit! You aren't even good enough to curse.

TIMON

All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

APEMANTUS

There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

400 I would my tongue could rot them off!

TIMON

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

APEMANTUS

Would thou wouldst burst!

TIMON

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

Throws a stone at him

APEMANTUS

Beast!

TIMON

410 Slave!

APEMANTUS

Toad!

TIMON

Rogue, rogue, rogue!
I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon 't.
415 Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

To the gold

TIMON

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
420 'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
425 That solder'st close impossibilities,
And makest 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
430 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

APEMANTUS

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

TIMON

435 Throng'd to!

TIMON

Villains look good in your company.

APEMANTUS

Your speech is worse than leprosy.

TIMON

When I say your name. I'll beat you up, if only touching you
wouldn't infect my hands!

APEMANTUS

I wish my tongue could rot them off!

TIMON

Get away, you son of a bitch! Your life makes me angry
enough to die. I swoon just looking at you!

APEMANTUS

Maybe you'll explode!

TIMON

Get away you dumb peasant! It's sad I have to waste a stone
on you.

He throws a stone at APEMANTUS.

APEMANTUS

Beast!

TIMON

Slave!

APEMANTUS

Toad!

TIMON

You worthless, worthless man! I am sick of this lying world
and will not love anything but the most basic necessities.
So, Timon, prepare your own grave, lie down here where
the light foam of the sea might lap against your grave stone
every single day. Make your own epitaph, so my death will
laugh at the lives of others.

He speaks to the gold.

TIMON

Oh you sweet little king-killer, which can set even a son and
father at odds! You that can defile the bed of Hymen like
Mars ⁹! You forever young, fresh, beloved, and delicate
wooer, that can ruin the chastity of Diana ¹⁰ with just a
blush! You beautiful god, which can sew together
impossible events and make them kiss! That can speak in
every language and for any purpose! You tester of hearts,
that think your slave man rebels against you and, with your
power, set him at odds with himself so that beasts may rule
the world!

APEMANTUS

If only it were so! But not until I am dead. I'll say to gold that
it will be rushed to before long.

TIMON

Rushed to!?

⁹ This alludes to Venus's adultery with Mars in Greek mythology.

¹⁰ Diana (or Artemis) was the Greek goddess of the moon and of chastity.

APEMANTUS

Ay.

TIMON

Thy back, I prithee.

APEMANTUS

Live, and love thy misery.

TIMON

Long live so, and so die.

440

*Exit APEMANTUS***TIMON**

I am quit.

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

*Enter Banditti***FIRST BANDIT**

445

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

SECOND BANDIT

It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

THIRD BANDIT

450

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

SECOND BANDIT

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

FIRST BANDIT

Is not this he?

BANDITTI

Where?

SECOND BANDIT

455

'Tis his description.

THIRD BANDIT

He; I know him.

BANDITTI

Save thee, Timon.

TIMON

Now, thieves?

BANDITTI

Soldiers, not thieves.

TIMON

460

Both too; and women's sons.

BANDITTI

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

TIMON

Your greatest want is, you want much of meat. Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots; Within this mile break forth a hundred springs; The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;

465

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

APEMANTUS

Yes.

TIMON

Show me your back and leave.

APEMANTUS

May you live in misery and love it too.

TIMON

May you live long and miserable too, then die.

*APEMANTUS leaves.***TIMON**

I am rid of him, and yet more men! Hate them, Timon, and eat your food.

*The bandits enter.***FIRST BANDIT**

Where could his gold be? It is the last scrap of his life of wealth. It was the mere desire for gold and the betrayal of his friends which drove him to this depression.

SECOND BANDIT

I have heard he has a huge treasure.

THIRD BANDIT

Let's test that. If he doesn't care about it, he'll give it to us without a care. If he covets it, how will we get it?

SECOND BANDIT

That's a good question, because he doesn't have it with him. It's hidden.

FIRST BANDIT

Is that not him?

BANDITTI

Where?

SECOND BANDIT

That's what he's supposed to look like.

THIRD BANDIT

Him? I recognize him.

BANDITTI

God bless you, Timon?

TIMON

What do you want, thieves?

BANDITTI

We're soldiers, not thieves.

TIMON

Both, and women's sons too.

BANDITTI

We are not thieves, just poor men.

TIMON

The greatest thing you lack is brought about by your great desire to eat a lot—why else would you feel poor? Look here, the earth has roots, and within a mile are a hundred springs. The oaks have nuts, the briers red berries. Nature is

Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

FIRST BANDIT

We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.

TIMON

470 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,
475 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 lays
Moe than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
480 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:
485 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
490 Have uncheque'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
495 I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er! Amen.

THIRD BANDIT

Has almost charmed me from my profession, by
persuading me to it.

FIRST BANDIT

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

SECOND BANDIT

500 I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

FIRST BANDIT

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

Exeunt Banditti

Enter FLAVIUS

FLAVIUS

O you gods!
505 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!
510 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
515 Those that would mischief me than those that do!
Has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

TIMON

Away! what art thou?

a generous housewife, who gives a great meal on each
bush. Poor! How could you feel poor?

FIRST BANDIT

We are not animals, birds, nor fish. We cannot live on just
grass, berries, and water.

TIMON

No you cannot even live on animals like birds and fish
yourselves. You must eat men. Though I ought to thank you
for at least being honest thieves who do not hide behind
some more respectable disguise, for there is thievery in
other professions as well. Here's some gold, you dirty
thieves. Go now and drink all the wine you can until you
catch a deadly fever that makes your blood foam. Do not
trust the doctor, though, because his cures are poisonous
and he kills men even more often than you rob them, taking
both money and lives. Wreak havoc as your occupation
dictates, and like one being instructed in his occupation, I'll
give you good examples of thieves. The sun is a thief for
robbing water from the vast sea; the moon is a thief for
snatching light off the sun; the sea is a thief as its tides
surge forth, dissolve the moon into salty tears; the earth is a
thief as it steals and feeds off the manure of animals.
Everything is a thief, from the laws to its enforcement,
which use their unlimited power to steal. And do not make
yourselves the exception, go away and rob one another.
Here's some more gold. Go cut some throats, because
everyone you meet is a thief. Go to Athens, pillage shops,
because nothing you steal will not come from a thief's
pocket. Do not steal any less because I'm giving you this,
more gold, which I hope may curse you! Amen.

THIRD BANDIT

He almost makes me want to give up my profession by
talking me into it.

FIRST BANDIT

His hatred of mankind is what gives us advice, not his
concern for our craft.

SECOND BANDIT

I'd trust him about as much as my enemy and just give up
thieving altogether.

FIRST BANDIT

Let's at least wait until the war is over. There is no worse
time to be honest than a war.

The bandits exit.

Flavius enters.

FLAVIUS

Good god! Is that hateful man in tatters, looking so down
and out, really my lord? Oh he is a memorial of what
happens when good deeds are received ungratefully!
Poverty has made such a remarkable change to his
honorable appearance! How vile his friends were to bring
down such a great man! It really shows the accuracy of that
saying, "Love your enemies!" I would indeed much rather
love those who wish me harm to my face than those who
pretend to be my friends and stab me in the back.

[Noticing TIMON] He has seen me, and I will show him how
much I grieve for him, and how I promise still to serve him.
My fine master!

TIMON

Go away! Who are you?

FLAVIUS

520 Have you forgot me, sir?

TIMON

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

FLAVIUS

An honest poor servant of yours.

TIMON

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

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

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

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
545 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.
550 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,
555 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,
560 If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

FLAVIUS

No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late:
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast:
565 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,
570 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.

FLAVIUS

Have you forgotten who I am?

TIMON

Why bother asking that? I have forgotten all men. If you
agree that you are indeed a man, then I have forgotten you
too.

FLAVIUS

I was your poor and loyal servant.

TIMON

Then I definitely do not know you, because I never had an
honest man around me. All those I kept around me were
liars, because I wanted to serve meat to villains.

FLAVIUS

The gods know that there has never been an assistant
racked with sadness for his lord the way I am looking at
you.

TIMON

What, are you crying? Come closer. I do love you, now,
because these tears show you to be a woman. You give up
your manhood, because no man's eyes ever did tear up,
except for lust or laughter. Pity may as well be asleep, for
these are strange times, in which people weep for laughter
and not in sadness.

FLAVIUS

I beg you, please recognize me, my good lord. That way you
can accept my sadness and let me serve as your assistant
while this bad luck continues.

TIMON

Did I really have an assistant so honest, fair, and
comforting? It almost cures me of my dangerous and
violent thoughts. Let me see your face: you are definitely a
man born of a woman. Forgive me gods, for assuming the
worst of all men. I admit now that there is one honest man,
only one. No more, I swear--and he's just an assistant. How
I dared to hate all of mankind!

[To FLAVIUS] You do redeem yourself, but the rest I did lay
flat with insults. I think you are more honest than wise,
because you might have been better off betraying me. Many
do have second masters at the expense of their first. But tell
me, please, is your kindness not a subtle, greedy, and self-
serving kind of kindness, which hopes to get what it gives
twenty-to-one?

FLAVIUS

No, master, in whom doubt and suspicion have taken hold
too late. You should have feared lies when you threw feasts
with your wealth, but your suspicion comes when you are
most poor. What I show you is true love, duty, and
enthusiasm for your outstanding mind, along with care for
your wellbeing. Believe me, my lord, that any advantage I
could gain now I would exchange for one wish: that you had
the power and wealth to make yourself rich. That would be
the return for my admiration.

TIMON

Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly honest man,
 575 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,
 580 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!
 585 And so farewell and thrive.

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

If thou hatest curses,
 Stay not; fly, whilst thou art blest and free:
 590 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

Exit FLAVIUS. TIMON retires to his cave

TIMON

Look here, it is true! You uniquely honest man, take this.
 The gods have given you a gift out of my misery.

[Offering FLAVIUS gold] Go be rich and happy, but under one condition: you take advantage of other men, hate all of them, curse all of them, and show charity to none of them. Let the starving flesh slide off the bones of a beggar before you give him any money. Give to dogs what you do not give to men, whom you should let go to prison in debt. Let men be like dying woods, with diseases eating at their lying blood. Live this way, and goodbye.

FLAVIUS

Let me stay and comfort you, master.

TIMON

If you hate to be insulted, do not stay. Go away, and while you are blessed and free, never meet with another man, and never let me see you here again.

FLAVIUS leaves, and TIMON goes back into his cave.

Act 5, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Enter POET and PAINTER; TIMON watching them from his cave

PAINTER

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

POET

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

PAINTER

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

POET

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

PAINTER

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

POET

What have you now to present unto him?

PAINTER

20 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.

Shakescleare Translation

The POET and PAINTER enter, and TIMON watches them from his cave.

PAINTER

As I recall, he can't be far from here.

POET

What do you think? Do you think it's true that he's got a
 hidden stash of gold?

PAINTER

Definitely. Alcibiades says so, and Phrynia and Timandra
 got gold from him. He also gave the poor soldiers a ton. I
 also heard he gave his assistant a lot too.

POET

So his bankruptcy has just been a test for his friends.

PAINTER

It can't be anything else. You'll see him high and mighty in
 Athens again, to be sure. For that reason it's not crazy to
 appeal to him in his supposed distress. It'll look good for us,
 and it is likely to end in us receiving what the others got, if it
 is in fact true that he has money.

POET

What do you have to give to him?

PAINTER

Nothing but my presence for now. I will promise him an
 excellent work of art.

POET

Me too, and to promise him something in the future.

PAINTER

Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation:

25 performance is ever the duller for his act; and,
but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness
30 in his judgment that makes it.

TIMON comes from his cave, behind

TIMON

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

POET

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

TIMON

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

POET

Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

PAINTER

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

TIMON

[Aside] I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
50 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!
55 Fit I meet them.

Coming forward

POET

Hail, worthy Timon!

PAINTER

Our late noble master!

TIMON

Have I once lived to see two honest men?

POET

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

PAINTER

Good idea. Promises are all the rage right now. They open the door for expectation, whereas actions themselves are merely done once they happen. With the exception of the plainer and simpler sort, the fulfillment of promises has gone out of fashion. But still promising itself is current and stylish. The actual doing of the thing is a kind of statement that shows a lack of judgment in the person who made the promise in the first place.

TIMON sneaks up behind them out of his cave.

TIMON

[To himself] What an artist! You couldn't paint a man worse than yourself.

POET

I am thinking about what I will say I have brought him. It must be some kind of portrait of himself, maybe a satire about the flightiness of wealth, with an exposition about the many flatteries that youth and opulence brings with it.

TIMON

[To himself] Do you really need to model a villain in your work? Would you chastise your own vices in other men? Do it, and I've got gold for you.

POET

Let's go look for him. We would do wrong to our own prosperity if we were to arrive too late to such an opportunity.

PAINTER

For sure. Before night falls, we ought to find what is offered freely in the light of day. Follow me.

TIMON

[To himself] I'll play your own little game. What a magnificent god is gold, that it is worshipped in a place grosser than a pigpen. It is the thing that rigs the ship and sets it on its journey, the thing that makes a slave honor his master. May people continue to worship it! May its disciples forever be chased with its own unique plagues. It's about time to talk to them.

TIMON approaches them.

POET

Hey, Timon!

PAINTER

Our great master!

TIMON

Have I ever seen two such honest men?

POET

Sir, after having received so many of your gifts, and then hearing you were retired, abandoned by friends so ungrateful that all the whips of heaven are not large enough to punish them. Incredible! To you, whose stellar generosity gave life to them! It drives me mad, and I cannot conceive of any way to describe this level of ingratitude.

TIMON

Let it go naked, men may see't the better:

70 You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

PAINTER

He and myself

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

TIMON

75 Ay, you are honest men.

PAINTER

We are hither come to offer you our service.

TIMON

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

BOTH

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

TIMON

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

PAINTER

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

TIMON

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

PAINTER

So, so, my lord.

TIMON

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

BOTH

95 Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

TIMON

You'll take it ill.

BOTH

Most thankfully, my lord.

TIMON

Will you, indeed?

BOTH

100 Doubt it not, worthy lord.

TIMON

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

BOTH

Do we, my lord?

TIMON

Let it go. Some men might be more optimistic. Your
truthfulness, your being what you proclaim to be, make
ungrateful men more noticeable.

PAINTER

He and I have triumphed in the great shower of your gifts
and enjoyed it so much!

TIMON

Yes, you are honest men.

PAINTER

We have come to offer you our service.

TIMON

Such honest men! How could I ever repay you? Can you eat
roots or drink cold water? No.

BOTH

We'll do what we can for you.

TIMON

You are both honest men and have heard that I have gold. I
am sure that you have. Tell me the truth, honest men.

PAINTER

We have heard that. But that is not why we've come.

TIMON

Good honest men! You draw the best portrait in all of
Athens. Yes, you are the best, your counterfeits are the most
lifelike.

PAINTER

So it is, my lord.

TIMON

Yes, it is as I said.

[To the POET] And as for your fiction, the lines swell with
material so fine and smooth that your art comes to equal
nature. But in spite of all this, my truthful friends, I must say
that you do have one vice. It's not such a bad thing, and you
shouldn't try too hard to fix it.

BOTH

Please, Timon, tell us what it is.

TIMON

You won't like it.

BOTH

We'll appreciate it, my lord.

TIMON

Will you really?

BOTH

Definitely.

TIMON

Both of you are too trustful of scoundrels who wish to
deceive you.

BOTH

Are we really?

TIMON

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

PAINTER

I know none such, my lord.

POET

Nor I.

TIMON

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

BOTH

115 Name them, my lord, let's know them.

TIMON

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

To Painter

TIMON

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

To Poet

TIMON

You are an alchemist; make gold of that.
Out, rascal dogs!

Beats them out, and then retires to his cave

Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators

FLAVIUS

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

FIRST SENATOR

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

SECOND SENATOR

At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
140 The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

TIMON

Definitely. You hear him cheat, see him pretend, and watch
him commit crimes, and all the while you love him, feed
him, and keep him close, knowing full well that he's a total
villain.

PAINTER

I know no one like this.

POET

Me neither.

TIMON

Hey, guys, I like you a lot. I'll give you some gold, and in
return you may rid the world of some evil men. Hang them,
stab them, drown them in a toilet, I don't care. Get rid of
them some way, and then come to me and I'll give you even
more gold.

BOTH

Name your enemies, Timon, we'd like to know.

TIMON

You, that man, and you the other, each of you still in the
company of the other. Each of you is single and alone when
apart from the other, but now an enemy keeps you
company.

[To one of the men] If you promise to rid the world of
villains, do not go near the other guy.

[To the other] If you swear you will not stand where one
villain is, abandon him.

[To both] So go away! Here's the gold you came for, you
slaves.

To the PAINTER.

TIMON

Here's payment for the work you owe me. Now go!

To the POET.

TIMON

You make gold from metal. Here, make gold from this! Get
out of here you dogs!

*He beats the two out of his sight and then returns to his
cave.*

FLAVIUS enters with two Senators.

FLAVIUS

It's useless to speak with Timon. He only trusts himself, and
nobody that looks anything like a man appears friendly to
him.

FIRST SENATOR

Bring us to the cave. We promised the Athenians we would
speak to Timon.

SECOND SENATOR

Men are not the same all the time. It was time and sadness
that made him this way. Time presents to him the riches of
his former days, the opportunity to become the man he
was. Bring us to him and we'll take our chances.

FLAVIUS

Here is his cave.

Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!

Look out, and speak to friends: the Athenians,

145 By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:

Speak to them, noble Timon.

TIMON comes from his cave

TIMON

Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! Speak, and
be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister! and each false

150 Be as cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,

Consuming it with speaking!

FIRST SENATOR

Worthy Timon,—

TIMON

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

FIRST SENATOR

The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

TIMON

155 I thank them; and would send them back the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

FIRST SENATOR

O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators with one consent of love

160 Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.

SECOND SENATOR

They confess

Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:

165 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 fail, restraining aid to Timon;

And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,

170 Together with a recompense more fruitful

Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs

And write in thee the figures of their love,

175 Ever to read them thine.

TIMON

You witch me in it;

Surprise me to the very brink of tears:

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

And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

FIRST SENATOR

180 Therefore, so please thee to return with us

And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take

The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,

Allow'd with absolute power and thy good name

Live with authority: so soon we shall drive back

185 Of Alcibiades the approaches wild,

Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up

His country's peace.

SECOND SENATOR

And shakes his threatening sword

Against the walls of Athens.

FLAVIUS

Here is his cave. We come in peace and friendship! Timon!

Timon! Come out and speak to two friends. The Athenians

send their best to you in two honored senators. Speak to

them, Timon.

TIMON emerges from his cave.

TIMON

You, sun which comforts the world, burn them! Speak to me

and then be hang'd! Because each true word must to you

be like a blister, and each lie burn you to the root of your

tongue, eating it away with your own talk!

FIRST SENATOR

Great Timon—

TIMON

Great to no one but those like yourself, and you but to

Timon.

FIRST SENATOR

The Senators of Athens send their regards.

TIMON

I thank them, and would send them a disease if only I could

catch it for them.

FIRST SENATOR

Forget the things that have happened to you, which we are

very sorry for. The senators unanimously agreed to ask you

to come back to Athens. There are many honors there,

totally ready for you to take up.

SECOND SENATOR

They admit they had were too quick to forget your good

deeds, which they take back now that you have stopped

aiding them, knowing full well that it is their fault for not

extending their hands to you in your time of need. They

sent us to tell you about our sadness, along with a

repayment greater than their crime could possibly weigh on

you. Indeed they promise such heaps of wealth and

friendship that it should make you entirely forget how they

wronged you, feeling within yourself instead such

sentiments of love that you will always consider them your

friends.

TIMON

You cast a spell on me. You've beaten me to the brink of

tears, giving me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes, crying

before these comforting words.

FIRST SENATOR

So come back with us to Athens, a city yours as well as ours,

to become a captain. You will be met with thanks and

allowed absolute power and authority to your name. Soon

enough we will drive back Alcibiades and his wild attacks.

He is like a savage boar, rooting up the peace in his own

country.

SECOND SENATOR

He threatens the walls of Athens with his own sword.

FIRST SENATOR

190 Therefore, Timon,—

TIMON

Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
195 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,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
200 I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love before
205 The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

FLAVIUS

Stay not, all's in vain.

TIMON

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

FIRST SENATOR

215 We speak in vain.

TIMON

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

FIRST SENATOR

That's well spoke.

TIMON

220 Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

FIRST SENATOR

These words become your lips as they pass
thorough them.

SECOND SENATOR

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

TIMON

225 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
230 In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
them:
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

FIRST SENATOR

I like this well; he will return again.

TIMON

235 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

FIRST SENATOR

So Timon—

TIMON

I will say this. If Alcibiades wants to kill my fellow citizens,
let Alcibiades know that Timon does not care. But if he
wants to pillage Athens, grabbing old men by the beards
and sacrificing holy virgins to the horrors of war, then let
him know that even as I pity the old and the young, I cannot
help but say still that I do not care if he does his worst. Their
blades do not care that your throats suffer the
consequences of their actions. And as for me, I put the
smallest switchblade in their rebel barracks before the most
honored throat in all of Athens. I leave you to the protection
of the gods, the way I might leave thieves to their jailers.

FLAVIUS

Let's go. It's hopeless.

TIMON

I was writing the epitaph for my tombstone, which will be
seen tomorrow. My blight of health and living well is
now being cured, and death will bring everything with it. Go
and keep living. Let Alcibiades be your blight, and you his.
Live that way as long as you can!

FIRST SENATOR

It's useless.

TIMON

I do love my country, and contrary to what rumors may say,
am not glad to see total destruction.

FIRST SENATOR

Well said.

TIMON

Give my best to my fellow Athenians—

FIRST SENATOR

These words do the person who speaks them justice.

SECOND SENATOR

And enter our ears like trumpeters celebrating at the gates.

TIMON

Give them my best, and tell them that, to ease their
sadness, their fear of war, their pains, their losses, their
pangs of love, and all the other difficulties common to life, I
send some kindness their way. I'll teach them how to
defend themselves against the wild Alcibiades's wrath.

FIRST SENATOR

This sounds good. He will return soon enough.

TIMON

I have a tree that grows around here that I need to cut
down, and I need to do that soon. Tell my friends in Athens
of all stations that whoever wants to stop these pains
should hurry here before my axe touches the tree, so

From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
240 Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.

FLAVIUS

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

TIMON

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

Retires to his cave

FIRST SENATOR

His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

SECOND SENATOR

255 Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

FIRST SENATOR

It requires swift foot.

Exeunt

that they might hang themselves. Please, send those
regards.

FLAVIUS

Stop bothering him. You will find him this way again.

TIMON

Don't come back, and instead tell all of Athens that Timon
has built his house on the shore, and everyday will cover
himself with the surging foam of the sea. Tell them to come
here and let my grave-stone be their guide. Oh lips, let
these harsh words fall from you and be your last, let
everything wrong with the world be healed by ravaging
diseases! Graves are just another of men's works, and death
another of their benefits! Go away, sun! Timon has finished
his time on earth.

He goes back into his cave.

FIRST SENATOR

His sadness is now a part of himself.

SECOND SENATOR

He's hopeless. Let's go back and try whatever else we can
do to save ourselves.

FIRST SENATOR

We need to hurry.

They all exit.

Act 5, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Enter two Senators and a Messenger

FIRST SENATOR

Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as thy report?

MESSENGER

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

SECOND SENATOR

We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

MESSENGER

I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
10 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 moved.

FIRST SENATOR

15 Here come our brothers.

Enter the Senators from TIMON

Shakescleare Translation

Two Senators enter with a MESSENGER.

FIRST SENATOR

You have retrieved information at great cost. Does he have
as many troops as you say?

MESSENGER

My estimate is conservative. Plus, he approaches at a great
speed.

SECOND SENATOR

We are in great danger if the others do not bring Timon with
them.

MESSENGER

I met with a messenger friend of mine who, despite having
argued with me in public, held a strong love for me and
approached me like the old friend he is. He was riding from
Alcibiades to Timon with letters hoping he would join the
cause against Athens, which was inspired partly by his poor
treatment here.

FIRST SENATOR

Here come our fellow Senators.

The Senators who had visited TIMON enter.

THIRD SENATOR

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:
20 Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare.

Exeunt

THIRD SENATOR

Let's not talk about Timon. We can't expect any help from him. The drum of the enemy armies can be heard in the city, and their marching lifts dust into the air. We fall right into the enemies' trap.

They all exit.

Act 5, Scene 3

Shakespeare

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON

SOLDIER

By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.
5 Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An aged interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
10 Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.

Exit

Shakescleare Translation

A soldier enters looking for TIMON.

SOLDIER

This looks like the place as it was described to me. Who's there? Speak up! No Answer! What is going on? Timon has reached his final days. He is dead. Some horrible animal must have done this, for all men seem beasts to me now. He is definitely dead, and there is his grave. I cannot read what's written on his tomb. I'll use wax to mold out the lettering.  My captain can read any kind of lettering, for despite being young he's an experienced interpreter. In front of Athens the man whose ambition was his downfall is set down by these words.

He exits.

 It is unclear whether he records the markings in a tablet of wax or whether he melts wax over the tombstone to take the etchings.

Act 5, Scene 4

Shakespeare

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES with his powers

ALCIBIADES

Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach.

A parley sounded

Enter Senators on the walls

ALCIBIADES

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

FIRST SENATOR

15 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
20 Above their quantity.

SECOND SENATOR

So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love

Shakescleare Translation

The trumpets blast while ALCIBIADES enters with his train.

ALCIBIADES

Make sure this cowardly and dirty town hears our troops approach.

Other trumpets sound in response.

The Senators enter upon the walls.

ALCIBIADES

Previously, you filled your days by using your own power unchecked, making your own personal desires equivalent with justice. Before now I and people like me slept in the shadow of your power, walking about with folded arms and voicing our opinions only in vain. Now is the time for action, when the bones of those bowing down to you finally cry out, "No more!" Now those supposed wrongdoers, voiceless then, will have the opportunity to sit in your positions of power. And those who were supposedly ill-mannered during your time shall be able to say and do whatever they like.

FIRST SENATOR

Young, honorable, Alcibiades, when your grievances were just an idea, before you had any power and we had any fear of it, we sent assistance to you to apologize for our ingratitude with endless admiration.

SECOND SENATOR

And we also tried to reach out to Timon and express our city's love for him with a message of humility and promised

By humble message and by promised means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
25 The common stroke of war.

FIRST SENATOR

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

SECOND SENATOR

Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess
35 Hath broke their hearts. 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 loathes--take thou the destined tenth,
40 And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

FIRST SENATOR

All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
45 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,
50 Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

SECOND SENATOR

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

FIRST SENATOR

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

SECOND SENATOR

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

ALCIBIADES

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

BOTH

75 'Tis most nobly spoken.

ALCIBIADES

Descend, and keep your words.

riches. We were not unkind, and we do not deserve to fall to war.

FIRST SENATOR

These walls of ours were not built by the people who
insulted you, nor were they people that deserve their work
to fall for the faults of others.

SECOND SENATOR

The people who banished you are no longer living. Their
shame at their actions broke their hearts. March into our
city with your banners, Alcibiades, and if in an unnatural
hunger for revenge you'd like to kill one tenth of the entire
city, let those unfortunate enough to have gotten such a
bad turn of the dice die ¹ for all the rest.

¹ In Shakespeare's England the word "die" could have indicated the singular as well as the plural form of "dice," and it is for this reason that the original text benefits from a homonymic pun that would not make sense in translation to contemporary English.

FIRST SENATOR

It is not everyone's fault that you are offended. It is not fair
to avenge yourself on those that are here now for those
who offended you then. Crimes should not be inherited like
the land. Dear countrymen, bring in your army, but leave
without your anger. Spare your hometown of Athens and
those people who in your wrath you might otherwise kill.
Be like a shepherd and approach the herd and separate the
infected parts of it. Do not kill everyone.

SECOND SENATOR

Whatever you want, enforce it with mercy and not with
violence.

FIRST SENATOR

Set your foot against the ramped-up walls and they will
open, but you should tell us before you come in peace.

SECOND SENATOR

Throw your gauntlet down ², but do it so that you may
use your army to redress the wrongs done to you, and not
to destroy everyone here. You can put your entire force here
peacefully until you get what you want.

² Referring to the tradition of throwing one's glove, or "gauntlet," down before a duel.

ALCIBIADES

There's my glove, then. Descend now and open your gates.
Those who were enemies of Timon and me you will hand
over. They, and no one else, will die. And to calm your fear
of me, no man of mine shall go beyond an assigned area, or
disturb the peace within the city. If they do they will have to
answer to harsh punishment.

BOTH

Well said.

ALCIBIADES

Descend and do what you have promised.

The Senators descend, and open the gates

Enter Soldier

SOLDIER

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

ALCIBIADES

[Reads the epitaph] "Here lies a
wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
85 Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked
caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay
not here thy gait."

90 These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our
droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
95 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,
100 Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike.

Exeunt

The Senators descend from the walls and open the gates.

A SOLDIER enters.

SOLDIER

My noble general, Timon is dead. His grave lies on the
shore, and on that tombstone there is this epitaph, which I
brought here on wax which will show you what I cannot in
ignorance.

ALCIBIADES

[Reading the epitaph] "Here lies a poor corpse and a poor,
disturbed soul. Do not look for my name, and may a disease
strike all you remaining cowards! Here I lie, Timon, who
when alive all living men hated. Pass here and insult me to
your heart's content, but go and do not stay here too long."

[Speaking about TIMON] These words describe you in the
depression of your later life. Though you hated our human
grievances, scorned our tears which from our sad
dispositions fell, still your ingenious mind taught you to
make the god of the sea cry for you on your low grave, on
your forgiven faults. The noble Timon is dead, who will be
remembered from now on. Bring me into your city, and I
will combine peace with war. I will make war end in peace,
then make peace stop war, as if each were the doctors
curing the other. Strike the drums.

 Reminiscent of the last lines of
Hamlet, when Fortinbras says, "Go, bid
the soldiers shoot." What events are to
follow remain ambiguous in both
plays.

They all exit.

How to Cite

To cite this Shakescleare translation:

MLA

Menna, Michael. "Timon of Athens: A Shakescleare Translation."
LitCharts. LitCharts LLC, 19 May 2017. Web. 14 Sep 2017.

Chicago Manual

Menna, Michael. "Timon of Athens: A Shakescleare Translation."
LitCharts LLC, May 19, 2017. Retrieved September 14, 2017.
<http://www.litcharts.com/lit/timon-of-athens>.