

Table Of Contents

Timon of Athens Act 1	2
Timon of Athens Act 2	13
Timon of Athens Act 3	17
Timon of Athens Act 4	27
Timon of Athens Act 5	39

Timon of Athens Act 1

[00:01:05] Good day, sir.
[00:01:06] I am glad you're well.
[00:01:07] I have not seen you long.
[00:01:09] How goes the world?
[00:01:10] Oh, it wears, sir, as it grows.
[00:01:12] Ay, that's well known: but what particular rarity?
[00:01:16] What strange,
[00:01:18] which manifold record not matches?
[00:01:20] See, magic of bounty!
[00:01:22] All these spirits thy powers have conjured to attend.
[00:01:26] I know the merchant.
[00:01:27] I know them both; the other's a jeweller.
[00:01:29] Oh, 'tis a worthy lord.
[00:01:31] Nay, that's most fixed.
[00:01:32] A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were,
[00:01:35] to an untirable and continue goodness:
[00:01:38] he passes.
[00:01:39] I have a jewel here
[00:01:41] Oh, pray, let's see it.
[00:01:44] For the Lord Timon, sir?
[00:01:45] If he will touch the estimate:
[00:01:47] but, for that
[00:01:49] 'Tis a good form.
[00:01:50] And rich, yes.
[00:01:51] You are rapt, sir, in some work,
[00:01:53] some dedication to the great Lord.
[00:01:55] A thing slipped idly from me.
[00:01:58] Our poesy is as a gum
[00:02:02] which oozes from whence 'tis nourished:
[00:02:04] the fire in the flint shows not till it be struck;
[00:02:06] our gentle flame provokes itself
[00:02:09] and like the current flies each bound it chafes.
[00:02:11] What have you there?
[00:02:12] A picture, sir.
[00:02:14] When comes your book forth?
[00:02:15] Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
[00:02:17] Let's see your piece.
[00:02:18] It's a good piece.
[00:02:20] Oh, so 'tis:
[00:02:22] this comes off well and excellent.
[00:02:24] Indifferent.
[00:02:26] Admirable: how this grace speaks his own standing.
[00:02:31] What a mental power this eye shoots forth.
[00:02:33] How big imagination moves in this lip.
[00:02:37] To the dumbness of the gesture one might interpret.
[00:02:40] It's a pretty mocking of the life.
[00:02:42] Here is a touch; is it good?
[00:02:44] I will say of it, it tutors nature:
[00:02:47] Artificial strife lives in these touches,
[00:02:51] livelier than life.
[00:02:52] How this lord is followed.
[00:02:54] The senators of Athens: happy man.
[00:02:57] Look, more.
[00:02:59] You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors?
[00:03:03] I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
[00:03:07] whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
[00:03:10] with amplest entertainment:
[00:03:12] my free drift halts not particularly,

[00:03:14] but moves itself in a wide sea of tacks:
 [00:03:19] no levelled malice infects one comma in the course I hold;
 [00:03:22] but flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
 [00:03:27] leaving no tract behind.
 [00:03:30] How shall I understand you?
 [00:03:32] I will unbolt to you.
 [00:03:33] You see how all conditions, how all minds,
 [00:03:37] as well of glib and slippery creatures
 [00:03:39] as of grave and austere quality,
 [00:03:41] tender down their services to Lord Timon:
 [00:03:45] his large fortune upon his good and gracious nature hanging
 [00:03:48] subdues and properties to his love and tendence
 [00:03:49] all sorts of hearts;
 [00:03:51] yea, from the glass-faced flatterers
 [00:03:56] to Apemantus,
 [00:03:58] whom few things loves better than to abhor himself:
 [00:04:01] even he drops down the knee before him
 [00:04:03] and returns in peace most rich in Timon's nod.
 [00:04:08] I saw them speak together.
 [00:04:10] Sir, I have on a high and pleasant hill
 [00:04:15] feigned fortune to be throned: the base of the mount
 [00:04:19] is ranked with all deserts, all kind of natures,
 [00:04:21] that labor on the bosom of this sphere
 [00:04:23] to propagate their states.
 [00:04:25] Amongst them all, whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fixed,
 [00:04:29] one do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
 [00:04:33] whom fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
 [00:04:38] whose present grace to present slaves and servants
 [00:04:41] translates his rivals.
 [00:04:43] 'Tis conceived to scope.
 [00:04:45] This throne, this fortune, and this hill, methinks,
 [00:04:48] with one man beckoned from the rest below,
 [00:04:49] bowing his head against the sleepy mount
 [00:04:51] to climb his happiness,
 [00:04:52] would be well expressed in our condition.
 [00:04:55] Nay, sir, but hear me on.
 [00:04:56] All those which were his fellows but of late
 [00:04:59] Mmm.
 [00:05:00] No, no, no. No, no, no.
 [00:05:01] But of late.
 [00:05:02] Even better than his value,
 [00:05:04] on the moment follow his strides,
 [00:05:06] his lobbies fill with tendance,
 [00:05:09] rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
 [00:05:11] make sacred even his stirrup,
 [00:05:13] and through him drink the free air.
 [00:05:17] Ay, marry, what of these?
 [00:05:19] When fortune in her shift and change of mood
 [00:05:23] spurns down her late beloved,
 [00:05:25] all his dependants that labor after him
 [00:05:27] to the mountain's top, even on their knees and hands,
 [00:05:30] let him slip down,
 [00:05:32] not one accompanying his declining foot.
 [00:05:36] 'Tis common: a thousand moral paintings I can show
 [00:05:39] that shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune's
 [00:05:42] more pregnantly than words.
 [00:05:43] Yet you do well to show Lord Timon
 [00:05:45] that mean eyes have seen the foot above the head.
 [00:05:50] Imprisoned is he, say you?
 [00:05:51] Ay, my good lord.

[00:05:52] Five talents is his debt,
 [00:05:54] his means most short, his creditors most strait:
 [00:05:56] your honorable letter he desires
 [00:05:58] to those have shut him up;
 [00:05:59] which failing, periods his comfort.
 [00:06:02] Noble Ventidius!
 [00:06:04] Well; I am not of that feather to shake off my friend
 [00:06:07] when he must needs me.
 [00:06:08] I do know him a gentleman well deserves a help:
 [00:06:10] which he shall have: I'll pay the debt and free him.
 [00:06:14] Your Lordship ever binds him.
 [00:06:16] Commend me to him.
 [00:06:17] I will send his ransom;
 [00:06:18] and being enfranchised, bid him come to me.
 [00:06:21] 'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
 [00:06:23] but to support him after.
 [00:06:25] Lord Timon, hear me speak.
 [00:06:27] Freely, good father.
 [00:06:28] Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.
 [00:06:31] Yes, I have so: what of him?
 [00:06:33] Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.
 [00:06:36] Attends he here, or no?
 [00:06:38] Lucilius!
 [00:06:39] Here, at Your Lordship's service.
 [00:06:46] This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature
 [00:06:49] at night frequents my house.
 [00:06:52] I am a man that from my first have been inclined to thrift;
 [00:06:56] and my estate deserves an heir more raised
 [00:06:58] than one which holds a trencher.
 [00:07:01] Well; what further?
 [00:07:03] One only daughter have I, no kin else,
 [00:07:07] on whom I may confer what I have got.
 [00:07:09] The maid is fair, of the youngest for a bride,
 [00:07:13] and I have bred her at my dearest cost
 [00:07:16] in qualities of the best.
 [00:07:18] This man of thine attempts her love.
 [00:07:21] I prithee, noble Lord, join with me
 [00:07:24] to forbid him her resort;
 [00:07:26] myself have spoke in vain.
 [00:07:28] The man is honest.
 [00:07:30] Therefore he will be, Timon:
 [00:07:32] his honesty rewards him in itself;
 [00:07:35] it must not bear my daughter.
 [00:07:38] Does she love him?
 [00:07:40] She is young and apt.
 [00:07:42] Our own precedent passions do instruct us
 [00:07:45] what levity's in youth.
 [00:07:47] And love you the maid?
 [00:07:49] Ay, my good Lord, and she accepts of it.
 [00:07:51] If, in her marriage, my consent is missing,
 [00:07:54] I call the gods to witness,
 [00:07:56] I will choose mine heir from forth the beggars of this world,
 [00:08:00] and dispossess her all!
 [00:08:03] How shall she be endowed,
 [00:08:04] if she be mated with an equal husband?
 [00:08:07] Three talents on the present; in future, all.
 [00:08:12] This gentleman of mine hath served me long.
 [00:08:16] To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
 [00:08:18] for 'tis a bond in men.
 [00:08:20] Give him thy daughter.

[00:08:22] What you bestow, in him, I'll counterpoise,
 [00:08:24] make him weigh with her.
 [00:08:26] My noble Lord,
 [00:08:29] pawn me to this your honor, she is his.
 [00:08:35] My hand to you; my honor on my promise.
 [00:08:41] Humbly I thank Your Lordship.
 [00:08:42] Never may that state of fortune fall into my keeping,
 [00:08:44] that is not owed to you.
 [00:08:45] Vouchsafe my labor, and long live Your Lordship!
 [00:08:48] I thank you; you shall hear from me anon.
 [00:08:51] What have you there, my friend?
 [00:08:52] A piece of painting, which I do beseech Your Lordship to accept.
 [00:08:55] Painting is welcome.
 [00:08:56] Painting is almost the natural man;
 [00:08:59] or since dishonor traffics with man's nature,
 [00:09:01] he is but outside.
 [00:09:03] these pencilled figures are even such as they give out.
 [00:09:07] I like your work; you shall find I like it.
 [00:09:10] Wait attendance till you hear further from me.
 [00:09:11] The gods preserve you!
 [00:09:13] Well fare you, gentleman.
 [00:09:14] Give me your hand; we must needs dine together, hmm?
 [00:09:18] Sir, sir, your jewel hath suffered under praise.
 [00:09:23] What, my lord?
 [00:09:24] Dispraise?
 [00:09:26] A mere satiety of commendations.
 [00:09:31] If I should pay you for it as 'tis extolled,
 [00:09:34] it would unclaw me quite.
 [00:09:37] My lord, 'tis rated as those which sell would give.
 [00:09:40] But you well know, things of like value
 [00:09:43] differing in the owners
 [00:09:44] are prized by their masters.
 [00:09:46] Believe it, dear lord,
 [00:09:47] you mend the jewel by the wearing it.
 [00:09:49] Well mocked.
 [00:09:50] Oh, no, my good lord;
 [00:09:52] he speaks the common tongue, which all men speak with him.
 [00:09:58] Look, who comes here: will you be chid?
 [00:10:00] We'll bear, with Your Lordship.
 [00:10:02] We'll spare none.
 [00:10:04] Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.
 [00:10:06] Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;
 [00:10:08] when thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.
 [00:10:12] Why dost thou call them knaves?
 [00:10:13] Thou knowest them not.
 [00:10:14] Are they not Athenians?
 [00:10:15] Yes.
 [00:10:16] Then I repent not.
 [00:10:18] You know me, Apemantus?
 [00:10:19] Thou knowest I do: I called thee by thy name.
 [00:10:22] Thou art proud, Apemantus.
 [00:10:24] Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.
 [00:10:26] Whither art going?
 [00:10:28] To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.
 [00:10:30] That's a deed thou'lt die for.
 [00:10:32] Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.
 [00:10:38] How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?
 [00:10:40] The best, for the innocence.
 [00:10:42] Wrought he not well that painted it?
 [00:10:47] He wrought better that made the painter;

[00:10:49] and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.
[00:10:50] You're a dog.
[00:10:52] Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?
[00:10:55] Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?
[00:10:56] No; I eat not lords.
[00:10:59] And thou shouldst, thou wouldst anger ladies.
[00:11:02] O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.
[00:11:06] That's a lascivious apprehension.
[00:11:08] So thou apprehendest it.
[00:11:10] Take it for thy labor.
[00:11:13] How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?
[00:11:16] Not as well as plain dealing,
[00:11:18] which will not cost a man a doit.
[00:11:21] What dost thou think 'tis worth?
[00:11:23] Not worth my thinking.
[00:11:26] How now, poet!
[00:11:29] How now, philosopher!
[00:11:30] Thou liest.
[00:11:31] Art not one?
[00:11:32] Yes.
[00:11:33] Then I lie not.
[00:11:35] Art not a poet?
[00:11:36] Yes.
[00:11:37] Then thou liest.
[00:11:38] Look in thy last work,
[00:11:39] where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.
[00:11:42] That's not feigned; he is so.
[00:11:45] Yes, he is worthy of thee and to pay thee for thy labor.
[00:11:50] He that loves to be flattered is worthy of the flatterer.
[00:11:54] Heavens, that I were a lord.
[00:11:57] What wouldst do then, Apemantus?
[00:11:59] Even as Apemantus does now; hate a lord with my heart.
[00:12:01] What, thyself?
[00:12:03] Ay.
[00:12:04] Wherefore?
[00:12:05] That I had no angry wit to be a lord.
[00:12:08] Art not thou a merchant?
[00:12:10] Ay, Apemantus.
[00:12:12] Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!
[00:12:14] If traffic do it, the gods do it.
[00:12:16] Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee.
[00:12:19] What trumpet's that?
[00:12:20] 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
[00:12:21] all of companionship.
[00:12:23] Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.
[00:12:25] Now go not you hence till I've thanked you.
[00:12:27] When dinner's done, you show me this piece.
[00:12:29] I am joyful of your sights.
[00:12:32] Oh.
[00:12:35] Most welcome, sir!
[00:12:37] Sir, you have saved my longing,
[00:12:38] and I feed most hungerly on your sight.
[00:12:41] Right welcome, sir!
[00:12:44] Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
[00:12:46] in different pleasures.
[00:12:49] Pray, pray let us in.
[00:12:53] So, so, there!
[00:12:55] Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
[00:12:58] That there should be small love among these sweet knaves,
[00:13:00] and all this courtesy.

[00:13:02] The strain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey
 [00:13:05] What time of day is it, Apemantus?
 [00:13:07] Time to be honest.
 [00:13:08] That time serves still.
 [00:13:10] The more accursed thou, that still omittest it.
 [00:13:12] Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?
 [00:13:14] Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools.
 [00:13:17] Fare thee well, fare thee well.
 [00:13:19] Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.
 [00:13:20] Why, Apemantus?
 [00:13:22] Shouldst have kept one to thyself,
 [00:13:23] for I mean to give thee none.
 [00:13:24] Hang thyself!
 [00:13:25] No, I will do nothing at thy bidding:
 [00:13:28] make thy requests to thy friend.
 [00:13:30] Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence!
 [00:13:33] I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.
 [00:13:36] Hee-haw.
 [00:13:38] He's opposite to humanity.
 [00:13:41] Come, shall we in, and taste Lord Timon's bounty?
 [00:13:44] He outgoes the very heart of kindness.
 [00:13:47] He pours it out;
 [00:13:48] Plutus, the god of gold, is but his steward.
 [00:13:51] No meed, but he repays sevenfold above itself;
 [00:13:54] no gift to him, but breeds the giver a return
 [00:13:57] exceeding all use of quittance.
 [00:13:59] The noblest mind he carries that ever governed man.
 [00:14:02] Long may he live in fortunes.
 [00:14:04] Shall we in?
 [00:14:05] I'll keep you company.
 [00:14:14] Most honored Timon!
 [00:14:15] Ventidius!
 [00:14:17] Oh!
 [00:14:19] It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age,
 [00:14:22] and call him to long peace.
 [00:14:23] He is gone happy, and has left me rich.
 [00:14:26] And, as in grateful virtue I am bound to your free heart,
 [00:14:29] I do return those talents,
 [00:14:30] doubled with thanks and service,
 [00:14:31] from whose help I derived liberty.
 [00:14:33] Oh, by no means, honest Ventidius;
 [00:14:34] you mistake my love:
 [00:14:35] I gave it freely ever;
 [00:14:37] and there's none can truly say he gives,
 [00:14:39] if he receives.
 [00:14:41] If our betters play at that game,
 [00:14:42] we must not dare to imitate them.
 [00:14:45] Faults that are rich are fair.
 [00:14:47] A noble spirit.
 [00:14:48] Nay, my lord.
 [00:14:51] Ceremony was but devised at first
 [00:14:53] to set a gloss on faint deeds,
 [00:14:55] hollow welcomes, recanting goodness,
 [00:14:58] sorry ere 'tis shown;
 [00:15:00] But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
 [00:15:04] Pray, sit;
 [00:15:05] more welcome are ye to my fortunes
 [00:15:07] than my fortunes are to me.
 [00:15:09] My lord, we have always confessed it.
 [00:15:11] Oh, confessed it!

[00:15:12] Hanged it, have you not?
[00:15:27] Oh, Apemantus, you are welcome.
[00:15:30] No, you shall not make me welcome.
[00:15:32] I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.
[00:15:35] Fie, thou art a churl;
[00:15:36] you've a humor there does not become a man:
[00:15:38] 'tis much to blame.
[00:15:39] They say, my lords, "ira furor brevis est;"
[00:15:42] but yond man is ever angry.
[00:15:46] Go, let him have a table by himself,
[00:15:48] for he does neither affect company,
[00:15:50] nor is he fit for it, indeed.
[00:15:52] Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon.
[00:15:55] I come to observe;
[00:15:57] I give thee warning on it.
[00:15:59] I take no heed of thee;
[00:16:00] Thou art an Athenian, therefore welcome:
[00:16:02] I myself would have no power;
[00:16:04] prithee, let my meat make thee silent.
[00:16:05] I scorn thy meat;
[00:16:07] 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee.
[00:16:10] O you gods, what a number of men eats Timon,
[00:16:14] and he sees 'em not!
[00:16:18] It grieves me to see so many
[00:16:20] dip their meat in one man's blood;
[00:16:22] and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.
[00:16:26] I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
[00:16:28] Methinks they should invite them without knives;
[00:16:31] good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
[00:16:35] There's much example for it;
[00:16:37] the fellow that sits next him, now parts bread with him,
[00:16:40] pledges the breath of him in a divided draught,
[00:16:43] is the readiest man to kill him.
[00:16:45] It has been proved.
[00:16:47] If I were a huge man, I would fear to drink at meals
[00:16:52] lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
[00:16:55] Great men should drink with harness on their throats.
[00:17:02] My lords, in heart.
[00:17:08] And let the health go round.
[00:17:10] Let it flow this way, my good lord.
[00:17:12] Flow this way!
[00:17:13] A brave fellow!
[00:17:14] He keeps his tides well.
[00:17:16] Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.
[00:17:20] Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner,
[00:17:23] honest water,
[00:17:24] which ne'er left man in the mire:
[00:17:26] It and my food are equals;
[00:17:29] there's no odds.
[00:17:32] Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.
[00:17:36] Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
[00:17:39] I pray for no man but myself.
[00:17:42] Grant I may never prove so fond
[00:17:45] to trust man on his oath or bond;
[00:17:48] or a harlot, for her weeping;
[00:17:50] or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;
[00:17:52] or a keeper with my freedom;
[00:17:55] or my friends, if I should need 'em.
[00:17:58] Amen.
[00:18:01] So fall to it.

[00:18:04] Rich men sin, and I eat root.
 [00:18:08] Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus.
 [00:19:12] All!
 [00:20:41] May it please Your Honor.
 [00:20:43] Lord Lucius, out of his free love,
 [00:20:46] hath presented to you four milk-white horses
 [00:20:49] trapped in silver.
 [00:20:52] I shall accept them fairly.
 [00:20:54] Let the presents be worthily entertained.
 [00:20:57] Please you, my lord,
 [00:20:59] Lord Lucullus entertains your company tomorrow
 [00:21:02] to hunt with him,
 [00:21:03] and has sent Your Honor two brace of greyhounds.
 [00:21:07] I'll hunt with him.
 [00:21:09] Let them be well received, not without fair reward.
 [00:21:14] Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.
 [00:21:17] My heart's ever at your service, my good lord.
 [00:21:19] Had you rather be at a breakfast of enemies
 [00:21:21] than a dinner of friends?
 [00:21:23] So they were bleeding-new, my lord,
 [00:21:25] there's no meat like them:
 [00:21:27] I could wish my best friend at such a feast.
 [00:21:29] Would all those flatterers were thy enemies then,
 [00:21:32] that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em!
 [00:21:38] Might we but have that happiness, my lord,
 [00:21:41] that you would once use our hearts,
 [00:21:44] whereby we might express some part of our zeals,
 [00:21:48] we should think ourselves forever perfect.
 [00:21:52] No doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves
 [00:21:56] have provided I shall have much help from you.
 [00:21:58] How had you been my friends else?
 [00:22:01] Why have you that charitable title from thousands,
 [00:22:04] did not you chiefly belong to my heart?
 [00:22:07] I have told more of you to myself
 [00:22:08] than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf;
 [00:22:12] and thus far, I confirm you.
 [00:22:17] O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends,
 [00:22:21] should we ne'er have need of 'em?
 [00:22:22] They're the most needless creatures living,
 [00:22:24] should we ne'er have use of 'em,
 [00:22:26] and should most resemble sweet instruments
 [00:22:28] hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves.
 [00:22:34] Why, I have often wished myself poorer,
 [00:22:38] that I might come nearer to you.
 [00:22:41] We're born to do benefits:
 [00:22:44] and what better or properer can we call our own
 [00:22:46] than the riches of our friends?
 [00:22:51] O, what a precious comfort 'tis,
 [00:22:53] to have so many, like brothers,
 [00:22:54] commanding one another's fortunes.
 [00:22:58] Oh, joy's even made a way ere it can be born.
 [00:23:02] Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks.
 [00:23:05] To forget their faults, I drink to you.
 [00:23:11] Thou weepst to make them drink, Timon.
 [00:23:14] Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
 [00:23:16] and that instant, like a babe, sprung up.
 [00:23:19] I laugh to think that babe a bastard.
 [00:23:21] I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.
 [00:23:24] Much!
 [00:23:28] How now? What means that trump?

[00:23:29] Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies
 [00:23:31] most desirous of admittance.
 [00:23:34] Ladies!
 [00:23:35] What are their wills?
 [00:23:37] There comes with them a forerunner, my lord,
 [00:23:38] which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.
 [00:23:42] Well, let them have kind admittance.
 [00:23:44] Music, make their welcome.
 [00:24:08] Hail, hail, hail to thee, worthy Timon,
 [00:24:19] and to all that of his bounties taste!
 [00:24:30] The five best senses acknowledge thee their patron;
 [00:24:39] and come freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom:
 [00:24:49] and come freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom:
 [00:25:01] There, taste, touch, all,
 [00:25:03] there, taste, touch, all,
 [00:25:05] pleased from thy table rise;
 [00:25:07] pleased from thy table rise;
 [00:25:09] pleased from thy table rise;
 [00:25:12] pleased from thy table rise;
 [00:25:14] They only now come but to feast thine eyes.
 [00:25:22] They only now come but to feast thine eyes.
 [00:25:59] You see, my lord, how ample you are beloved?
 [00:26:24] Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
 [00:26:41] They dance.
 [00:26:43] They are mad women.
 [00:26:45] Like madness is the glory of this life.
 [00:26:48] As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
 [00:26:51] We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves;
 [00:26:54] and spend our flatteries to drink those men
 [00:26:56] upon whose age we void it up again
 [00:26:59] with poisonous spite and envy.
 [00:27:02] Who lives that's not depraved or depraves?
 [00:27:05] Who dies that bears not one spurn to their graves
 [00:27:08] of their friends' gift?
 [00:27:12] I should fear that those that dance before me now
 [00:27:14] would one day stamp upon me.
 [00:27:17] It has been done.
 [00:27:19] Men shut their doors against a setting sun.
 [00:27:50] You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
 [00:27:53] set a fair fashion on our entertainment.
 [00:27:56] I am to thank you for it.
 [00:27:57] My lord, you take us even at the best.
 [00:28:00] 'Faith, for the worst is filthy;
 [00:28:01] and would not hold taking, I doubt me.
 [00:28:20] Flavius, the little casket bring me hither.
 [00:28:22] Yes, my lord.
 [00:28:24] More jewels yet!
 [00:28:25] There is no crossing him in his humor;
 [00:28:27] Else I should tell him
 [00:28:28] well, in faith I should
 [00:28:29] when all's spent,
 [00:28:31] he would be crossed then, he could.
 [00:28:32] 'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
 [00:28:34] that man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.
 [00:28:45] Ah, Flavius.
 [00:28:59] My lord, honor me so much as to advance this jewel;
 [00:29:03] accept it and wear it, kind my lord.
 [00:29:06] I am so far already in your gifts
 [00:29:08] So are we all.
 [00:29:12] I beseech Your Honor, vouchsafe me a word;

[00:29:14] it does concern you near.
 [00:29:15] Near!
 [00:29:16] Why, then, another time I'll hear:
 [00:29:20] What will this come to?
 [00:29:21] He commands us to provide and give great gifts,
 [00:29:23] and all out of an empty coffer:
 [00:29:25] Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
 [00:29:26] to show him what a beggar his heart is,
 [00:29:28] being of no power to make his wishes good.
 [00:29:30] His promises fly so beyond his state
 [00:29:32] that what he speaks is all in debt;
 [00:29:34] he owes for every word.
 [00:29:36] He is so kind that he now pays interest for it;
 [00:29:37] his land's put to their books.
 [00:29:39] Well, would I were gently put out of office
 [00:29:41] before I were forced out.
 [00:29:43] Happier is he that has no friend to feed
 [00:29:45] than such that do even enemies exceed.
 [00:29:47] I bleed inwardly for my lord.
 [00:29:53] You do yourselves too much wrong,
 [00:29:55] you bate too much of your own merits:
 [00:29:57] Here, my lord, a token of our love.
 [00:30:00] With more than common thanks I will receive it.
 [00:30:03] O, he is the very soul of bounty!
 [00:30:05] Now I do remember, my lord,
 [00:30:07] you gave good words the other day
 [00:30:08] of a bay courser I rode on:
 [00:30:10] it is yours, because you liked it.
 [00:30:12] Oh, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.
 [00:30:14] You may take my word.
 [00:30:16] I know no man can justly praise but what he does affect:
 [00:30:19] I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
 [00:30:21] I'll tell you true.
 [00:30:22] I'll call to you.
 [00:30:23] Oh, none so welcome.
 [00:30:25] I take all and your several visitations so kind to heart,
 [00:30:28] 'tis not enough to give;
 [00:30:30] methinks I could deal kingdoms to my friends
 [00:30:33] and ne'er be weary.
 [00:30:35] Alcibiades, thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
 [00:30:39] It comes in charity to thee:
 [00:30:42] for all thy living is amongst the dead.
 [00:30:44] All the lands thou hast lie in a pitched field.
 [00:30:47] Ay, defiled land, my lord.
 [00:30:50] We are so virtuously bound.
 [00:30:52] And I to you.
 [00:30:53] So infinitely endeared
 [00:30:56] So I to you.
 [00:30:58] Lights, more lights!
 [00:31:00] The best of happiness, honor and fortunes,
 [00:31:03] keep with you, Lord Timon!
 [00:31:04] Ready for his friends.
 [00:31:09] What a coil's here.
 [00:31:10] Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums.
 [00:31:12] I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
 [00:31:14] that are paid for them.
 [00:31:15] Friendship's full of dregs.
 [00:31:18] Methinks false hearts should never have sound legs,
 [00:31:21] thus honest fools lay out their wealth on curtsies.
 [00:31:28] Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,

[00:31:33] I would be good to thee.
[00:31:34] No, I'll nothing:
[00:31:37] for if I should be bribed too,
[00:31:38] there would be none left to rail upon thee,
[00:31:40] and then thou wouldst sin the faster.
[00:31:43] Thou givest so long, Timon,
[00:31:44] I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:
[00:31:48] what need these feasts, pomps and vainglories?
[00:31:51] Nay, and you begin to rail upon society once,
[00:31:54] I am sworn not to give regard to you.
[00:31:56] Farewell.
[00:31:57] Come again with better music.
[00:31:59] So thou wilt not hear me now;
[00:32:00] thou shalt not then:
[00:32:01] I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
[00:32:04] Oh, that men's ears should be to counsel deaf,
[00:32:09] but not to flattery.
[00:32:18] Here, my lord.

Timon of Athens Act 2

[00:32:42] Haste you to Lord Timon;
 [00:32:43] Importune him for my moneys;
 [00:32:44] be not ceased by slight denial,
 [00:32:46] nor then silenced when
 [00:32:47] "Commend me to your master,"
 [00:32:48] and the cap plays in the right hand, thus.
 [00:32:51] But tell him, my uses cry to me,
 [00:32:53] I must serve my turn out of mine own.
 [00:32:56] His days and times are past
 [00:32:58] and my reliance on his fracted dates
 [00:32:59] have smit my credit:
 [00:33:01] I love and honor him,
 [00:33:02] but I must not break my back to heal his finger.
 [00:33:05] Immediate are my needs,
 [00:33:07] and my relief must not be tossed and turned to me in words,
 [00:33:09] but find supply immediate.
 [00:33:11] Get you gone.
 [00:33:13] Put on a most importunate aspect,
 [00:33:15] a visage of demand, for, I do fear,
 [00:33:18] when every feather sticks in his own wing,
 [00:33:20] Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 [00:33:22] which flashes now a phoenix.
 [00:33:24] Get you gone.
 [00:33:25] I go, sir.
 [00:33:26] Take the bonds along with you,
 [00:33:27] I will, sir.
 [00:33:28] Have the dates in contempt.
 [00:33:30] Go.
 [00:33:34] No care, no stop!
 [00:33:36] So senseless of expense,
 [00:33:37] that he will neither know how to maintain it,
 [00:33:39] nor cease his flow of riot.
 [00:33:41] Takes no account how things go from him,
 [00:33:44] nor resumes no care of what is to continue.
 [00:33:46] Never mind was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
 [00:33:50] Oh, what shall be done?
 [00:33:52] He will not hear, till feel.
 [00:33:54] I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
 [00:33:57] Fie, fie, fie!
 [00:33:58] Good even.
 [00:33:59] What, you come for money?
 [00:34:00] Is it your business too?
 [00:34:02] 'Tis, and yours?
 [00:34:03] Would we were all discharged!
 [00:34:04] I fear it.
 [00:34:05] Here comes the lord.
 [00:34:06] So soon as dinner's done,
 [00:34:08] we'll forth again, my Alcibiades.
 [00:34:10] With me?
 [00:34:11] What is your will?
 [00:34:12] My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
 [00:34:15] Dues?
 [00:34:17] Whence are you?
 [00:34:19] Of Athens here, my lord.
 [00:34:20] Go to my steward.
 [00:34:21] Please it, Your Lordship,
 [00:34:22] he has put me out to the succession
 [00:34:23] of new days this month.

[00:34:25] My master is awaked to great occasion
 [00:34:26] to call upon his own,
 [00:34:27] and humbly prays you that, with your other noble parts,
 [00:34:30] you'll suit in giving him his right.
 [00:34:31] Mine honest friend, I prithee, but repair to me next morning.
 [00:34:34] Nay, good my lord!
 [00:34:35] Contain thyself, good friend.
 [00:34:36] One Varro's servant, my good
 [00:34:37] From Isidore;
 [00:34:38] he humbly prays your speedy payment.
 [00:34:40] If you did know, my lord, my master's wants
 [00:34:41] 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks and past.
 [00:34:43] Give me breath!
 [00:34:45] My lords, I beseech you, keep on;
 [00:34:48] I'll wait upon you instantly.
 [00:34:53] Come hither, I pray you.
 [00:34:57] I beseech you, how goes the world
 [00:34:59] that I am thus encountered with clamorous demands
 [00:35:01] of debt, broken bonds,
 [00:35:04] and the detention of long-since-due debts against my honor?
 [00:35:07] Please you, gentlemen,
 [00:35:08] the time is unagreeable to this business.
 [00:35:09] Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
 [00:35:11] that I may make His Lordship understand
 [00:35:13] wherefore you are not paid.
 [00:35:16] Do so, my friends.
 [00:35:17] Pray, you're welcome here.
 [00:35:19] I'll speak with you anon.
 [00:35:29] You make me marvel.
 [00:35:31] Wherefore ere this time
 [00:35:32] you had not fully laid my state before me,
 [00:35:35] that I might so have rated my expense,
 [00:35:36] as I had leave of means?
 [00:35:38] You would not hear me; at many leisures, I proposed.
 [00:35:39] Go to!
 [00:35:42] Perchance some single vantages you took
 [00:35:45] when my indisposition put you back,
 [00:35:47] and that unaptness made your minister,
 [00:35:49] thus to excuse yourself.
 [00:35:50] Oh, my good lord, at many times I brought in my accounts,
 [00:35:54] laid them before you.
 [00:35:55] You would throw them off
 [00:35:56] and say you found them in mine honesty.
 [00:35:58] When, for some trifling present, you have bid me return so much,
 [00:36:00] I have shook my head and wept;
 [00:36:02] Yea, against the authority of manners,
 [00:36:04] prayed you to hold your hand more close.
 [00:36:06] I have endured not seldom, nor no slight checks,
 [00:36:08] when I have prompted you in the ebb of your estate
 [00:36:10] and your great flow of debts.
 [00:36:12] My loved lord, though you hear now too late
 [00:36:14] yet now's a time
 [00:36:16] the greatest of your having lacks a half
 [00:36:18] to pay your present debts.
 [00:36:21] Let all my lands be sold.
 [00:36:23] 'tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone;
 [00:36:27] and what remains will hardly stop the mouth of present dues.
 [00:36:30] The future comes apace.
 [00:36:31] What shall defend the interim?
 [00:36:32] And at length, how goes our reckoning?

[00:36:33] To Lacedaemon did my land extend.
[00:36:35] O my good lord, the world is but a word.
[00:36:38] Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
[00:36:39] how quickly were it gone!
[00:36:41] You tell me true?
[00:36:43] If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,
[00:36:45] call me before the exactest auditors
[00:36:46] and set me on the proof.
[00:36:49] So the gods bless me,
[00:36:50] when all our offices have been oppressed with riotous feeders,
[00:36:53] when our vaults have wept with drunken spilth of wine,
[00:36:56] when every room was blazed with lights
[00:36:58] and brayed with minstrelsy,
[00:37:00] I have retired me to a wasteful cock
[00:37:01] and set mine eyes at flow.
[00:37:02] Prithee, no more.
[00:37:03] Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
[00:37:06] How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
[00:37:08] this night englutted!
[00:37:09] Who is not Timon's?
[00:37:11] What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
[00:37:15] Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
[00:37:18] Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
[00:37:22] the breath is gone whereof this praise is made.
[00:37:24] Feast-won, fast-lost;
[00:37:26] one cloud of winter showers, these flies are couched.
[00:37:29] Come, sermon me no further.
[00:37:33] No villainous bounty yet hath passed my heart;
[00:37:38] unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
[00:37:43] Why dost thou weep?
[00:37:45] Has thou the conscience lack to think I shall lack friends?
[00:37:50] Secure thy heart;
[00:37:52] if I would broach the vessels of my love,
[00:37:55] and try the arguments of hearts by borrowing,
[00:37:57] men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
[00:38:00] as I can bid thee speak.
[00:38:02] Assurance bless your thoughts!
[00:38:04] And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crowned,
[00:38:07] that I account them blessings;
[00:38:09] for by these shall I try friends.
[00:38:13] You shall see how you mistake my fortunes;
[00:38:17] I am wealthy in my friends.
[00:38:20] Within there!
[00:38:21] Flaminius!
[00:38:22] My lord?
[00:38:23] Servilius!
[00:38:24] My lord?
[00:38:28] I will dispatch you severally;
[00:38:31] To Lord Lucius, you;
[00:38:33] to Lord Lucullus, you.
[00:38:35] I hunted with His Honor today.
[00:38:38] To Sempronius, you.
[00:38:40] Commend me to their loves, and, I am proud, say,
[00:38:44] that my occasions have found time to use 'em
[00:38:46] toward a supply of money.
[00:38:48] Let the request be... fifty talents?
[00:38:53] As you have said, my lord.
[00:38:54] Lord Lucius and Lucullus, hmm?
[00:38:56] And go you, sir, to the senators
[00:38:59] of whom, even to the state's best health,

[00:39:01] I have deserved this hearing
 [00:39:03] bid 'em send of the instant a thousand talents to me.
 [00:39:05] I have been bold
 [00:39:07] for that I knew it the most general way
 [00:39:08] to them to use your signet and your name;
 [00:39:11] but they do shake their heads,
 [00:39:12] and I am here no richer in return.
 [00:39:16] It is true?
 [00:39:19] Can it be?
 [00:39:21] They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
 [00:39:23] that now they are at fall, want treasure,
 [00:39:25] cannot do what they would;
 [00:39:26] are sorry you are honorable
 [00:39:28] but yet they could have wished
 [00:39:29] they know not something hath been amiss
 [00:39:31] a noble nature may catch a wrench
 [00:39:33] would all were well 'tis pity;
 [00:39:35] and so, intending other serious matters,
 [00:39:37] after distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
 [00:39:40] with certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
 [00:39:44] they froze me into silence.
 [00:39:48] You gods, reward them!
 [00:39:54] Prithee, man, look cheerly.
 [00:39:57] These old fellows have their ingratitude in them hereditary.
 [00:40:02] Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
 [00:40:08] 'tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
 [00:40:12] and nature, as it grows again toward earth,
 [00:40:14] is fashioned for the journey, dull and heavy.
 [00:40:19] Go to Ventidius.
 [00:40:22] Prithee, be not sad.
 [00:40:24] Ingeniously I speak.
 [00:40:25] No blame belongs to thee.
 [00:40:27] Ventidius lately buried his father,
 [00:40:30] by whose death he's stepped into a great estate.
 [00:40:33] When he was poor, imprisoned, and in scarcity of friends,
 [00:40:37] I cleared him with five talents.
 [00:40:38] Greet him from me;
 [00:40:40] bid him suppose some good necessity touches his friend,
 [00:40:42] which craves to be remembered with those five talents.
 [00:40:45] That had, give it these fellows to whom 'tis instant due.
 [00:40:49] Ne'er speak, or think, that Timon's fortunes
 [00:40:53] amongst his friends can sink.
 [00:40:56] I would I could not think it.
 [00:40:59] That thought is bounty's foe;
 [00:41:01] being free itself, it thinks all others so.

Timon of Athens Act 3

[00:41:33] Flaminius, honest Flaminius;
[00:41:37] you are very respectfully welcome, sir.
[00:41:41] And how does that honorable, complete,
[00:41:43] free-hearted gentleman of Athens,
[00:41:45] thy very bountiful good lord and master?
[00:41:47] His health is well sir.
[00:41:49] I am right glad that his health is well, sir.
[00:41:52] And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?
[00:41:55] 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir;
[00:41:58] Which, in my lord's behalf,
[00:41:59] I come to entreat Your Honor to supply;
[00:42:02] who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents,
[00:42:05] hath sent to Your Lordship to furnish him,
[00:42:06] nothing doubting your present assistance therein.
[00:42:10] La, la!
[00:42:18] La, la, la!
[00:42:20] "Nothing doubting," says he?
[00:42:23] Alas, good lord!
[00:42:25] A noble gentleman 'tis,
[00:42:26] if he would not keep so good a house.
[00:42:29] Many a time and often I have dined with him,
[00:42:31] and told him on it, and come again to supper to him,
[00:42:34] of purpose to have him spend less,
[00:42:37] and yet he would embrace no counsel,
[00:42:39] take no warning by my coming.
[00:42:40] Every man has his fault, and honesty is his.
[00:42:43] I had told him on it,
[00:42:44] but I could ne'er get him from it.
[00:42:47] Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise.
[00:42:52] Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.
[00:42:53] I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit
[00:42:56] give thee thy due
[00:42:57] and one that knows what belongs to reason;
[00:42:59] and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well.
[00:43:02] Good parts in thee.
[00:43:04] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius.
[00:43:08] Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman.
[00:43:10] But thou art wise;
[00:43:11] and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me,
[00:43:13] that this is no time to lend money,
[00:43:16] especially upon bare friendship, without security.
[00:43:19] Here's three solidares for thee.
[00:43:24] Good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not.
[00:43:29] Fare thee well.
[00:43:30] Is it possible the world should so much differ,
[00:43:33] and we alive that lived?
[00:43:35] Fly, damned baseness, to him that worships thee!
[00:43:38] Ha!
[00:43:39] Now I see thou art a fool and fit for thy master.
[00:43:42] May these add to the number that may scald thee!
[00:43:45] Let molten coin be thy damnation,
[00:43:47] thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
[00:43:49] Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
[00:43:51] it turns in less than two nights?
[00:43:53] Oh, you gods, I feel master's passion!
[00:43:55] This slave, unto his honor, has my lord's meat in him.
[00:44:00] Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,
[00:44:02] when he is turned to poison?

[00:44:03] Oh, may diseases only work upon it!
[00:44:05] And when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature
[00:44:08] which my lord paid for
[00:44:10] be of any power to expel sickness,
[00:44:11] but prolong his hour!
[00:44:22] Servilius!
[00:44:23] You are kindly met, sir.
[00:44:25] Commend me to thy honorable virtuous lord,
[00:44:28] my very exquisite friend.
[00:44:30] May it please Your Honor, my lord hath sent
[00:44:32] Ha! What has he sent?
[00:44:33] I am so much endeared to that lord;
[00:44:36] he's ever sending.
[00:44:38] How shall I thank him, thinkest thou?
[00:44:40] And what has he sent now?
[00:44:42] Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord;
[00:44:46] requesting Your Lordship to supply his instant use
[00:44:49] with so many talents.
[00:44:52] I know His Lordship is but merry with me;
[00:44:56] he cannot want 5,500 talents.
[00:44:59] But in the meantime, he wants less, my lord.
[00:45:02] If his occasion were not virtuous,
[00:45:04] I should not urge it half so faithfully.
[00:45:07] Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?
[00:45:08] Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.
[00:45:14] What a wicked beast was I to disfigure myself
[00:45:17] against such a good time,
[00:45:19] when I might have shown myself honorable.
[00:45:23] How unluckily it happened, that I should purchase
[00:45:25] the day before for a little part
[00:45:28] and undo a great deal of honor.
[00:45:33] Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do
[00:45:37] the more beast, I say.
[00:45:39] I was sending to use Lord Timon myself,
[00:45:43] But I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done it now.
[00:45:49] Commend me bountifully to His good Lordship;
[00:45:51] and I hope His Honor will conceive the fairest of me,
[00:45:54] because I have no power to be kind.
[00:46:01] And tell him this from me,
[00:46:06] I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say,
[00:46:11] that I cannot pleasure such an honorable gentleman.
[00:46:18] Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far
[00:46:21] as to use mine own words to him?
[00:46:25] Yes, sir, I shall.
[00:46:30] I'll look you out a good turn,
[00:46:34] Servilius.
[00:46:42] Must he needs trouble me in it, hmm,
[00:46:45] above all others?
[00:46:48] He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
[00:46:52] and now Ventidius is wealthy too,
[00:46:54] whom he redeemed from prison.
[00:46:56] all these owe their estates unto him.
[00:46:58] My lord, they've all been touched and found base metal,
[00:47:00] for they have all denied him.
[00:47:03] How!
[00:47:04] Have they denied him?
[00:47:06] Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
[00:47:09] And does he send to me?
[00:47:11] Three?
[00:47:12] Hum!

[00:47:13] It shows but little love or judgment in him.
 [00:47:16] Must I be his last refuge?
 [00:47:19] His friends, like physicians, thrice give him over.
 [00:47:23] Must I take the cure upon me?
 [00:47:26] Has much disgraced me in it;
 [00:47:29] I'm angry at him, that might have known my place.
 [00:47:32] I see no sense for it,
 [00:47:34] but his occasions might have wooed me first;
 [00:47:36] for, in my conscience, I was the first man
 [00:47:38] that e'er received gift from him.
 [00:47:41] And does he think so backwardly of me now
 [00:47:44] that I'll requite it last?
 [00:47:46] No.
 [00:47:48] So it may prove an argument of laughter to the rest,
 [00:47:51] and I amongst the lords be thought a fool.
 [00:47:55] I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum
 [00:47:57] had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
 [00:48:00] I'd such a courage to do him good.
 [00:48:04] But now return, and with their faint reply this answer join:
 [00:48:10] who bates mine honor shall not know my coin.
 [00:48:15] One of Lord Timon's men.
 [00:48:16] Flaminus!
 [00:48:17] Sir, a word.
 [00:48:19] Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?
 [00:48:21] No, indeed, he is not.
 [00:48:22] We attend His Lordship;
 [00:48:23] pray, signify so much.
 [00:48:24] I need not tell him that!
 [00:48:25] He knows you are too diligent.
 [00:48:26] Is not that his steward muffled so?
 [00:48:27] He goes away in a cloud.
 [00:48:28] Call him.
 [00:48:29] Ho! Do you hear, sir?
 [00:48:30] By your leave, sir,
 [00:48:31] What do ye ask of me, my friend?
 [00:48:33] We wait for certain money here, sir.
 [00:48:35] Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting,
 [00:48:37] 'twere sure enough.
 [00:48:38] Why then preferred you not your sums and bills,
 [00:48:41] when your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
 [00:48:43] Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts
 [00:48:45] and take down the interest into their gluttonous maws.
 [00:48:49] You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up.
 [00:48:51] Let me pass quietly.
 [00:48:53] Believe it, my lord and I have made an end;
 [00:48:55] I have no more to reckon, he to spend.
 [00:48:58] Ay, but this answer will not serve.
 [00:49:00] If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
 [00:49:02] For you serve knaves.
 [00:49:03] How, what does his cashiered worship mutter?
 [00:49:05] No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough.
 [00:49:07] Here comes Servilius;
 [00:49:08] now we shall know some answer.
 [00:49:12] If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
 [00:49:14] to repair some other hour,
 [00:49:15] I should derive much from it;
 [00:49:17] for take it of my soul,
 [00:49:18] my lord leans wondrously to discontent.
 [00:49:20] His comfortable temper has forsook him;
 [00:49:22] he's much out of health and keeps his chamber.

[00:49:24] Many who keep their chambers are not sick.
 [00:49:26] And if it be so far beyond his health,
 [00:49:28] methinks he should the sooner pay his debts
 [00:49:31] and make a clear way to the gods.
 [00:49:33] We cannot take this for answer, sir.
 [00:49:34] Aah!
 [00:49:36] Are my doors opposed against my passage?
 [00:49:39] Have I been ever free,
 [00:49:41] and must my house now be my retentive enemy, my jail?
 [00:49:45] The place which I have feasted, does it now, like all mankind,
 [00:49:48] show me an iron heart?
 [00:49:49] My lord, here is my bill.
 [00:49:50] Here's mine.
 [00:49:51] And mine, my lord.
 [00:49:52] Knock me down with 'em.
 [00:49:53] Cleave me to the girdle.
 [00:49:54] Alas, my lord
 [00:49:55] Cut my heart in sums.
 [00:49:56] Mine, fifty talents.
 [00:49:57] Tell out my blood!
 [00:49:58] Five thousand crowns, my lord.
 [00:49:59] Five thousand drops pays that.
 [00:50:00] What's yours?
 [00:50:01] Alas, my lord
 [00:50:03] The gods fall upon you!
 [00:50:07] They have even put my breath from me, the slaves.
 [00:50:12] Creditors?
 [00:50:14] Devils!
 [00:50:15] My dear lord
 [00:50:17] What if it should be so?
 [00:50:18] My lord
 [00:50:20] I'll have it so.
 [00:50:23] My steward!
 [00:50:24] Here, my lord.
 [00:50:26] So fitly?
 [00:50:29] Go, bid all my friends again,
 [00:50:34] Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius.
 [00:50:38] All.
 [00:50:41] I'll once more feast the rascals.
 [00:50:43] O my lord, you only speak from your distracted soul;
 [00:50:45] there is not so much left to furnish out a moderate table.
 [00:50:47] Be it not in thy care.
 [00:50:50] Go, I charge thee, invite them all.
 [00:50:53] Let in the tide of knaves once more;
 [00:50:56] my cook and I'll provide.
 [00:51:19] My lord, you have my voice to it;
 [00:51:23] the fault's Bloody;
 [00:51:24] 'tis necessary he should die.
 [00:51:26] Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
 [00:51:29] Most true.
 [00:51:30] The law shall bruise him.
 [00:51:33] Honor, health, and compassion to the senate.
 [00:51:38] Now, Captain?
 [00:51:41] I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
 [00:51:44] for pity is the virtue of the law,
 [00:51:47] and none but tyrants use it cruelly.
 [00:51:52] It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
 [00:51:56] upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
 [00:51:57] hath stepped into the law,
 [00:51:59] which is past depth to those that, without heed,

[00:52:01] do plunge into it.
 [00:52:04] He is a man, setting his fate aside, of comely virtues.
 [00:52:08] Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice
 [00:52:10] an honor in him which buys out his fault
 [00:52:13] but with a noble fury and fair spirit,
 [00:52:15] seeing his reputation touched to death,
 [00:52:17] he did oppose his foe.
 [00:52:19] And with such sober and unnoted passion,
 [00:52:22] he did behoove his anger,
 [00:52:23] ere 'twas spent,
 [00:52:24] as if he had but proved an argument.
 [00:52:26] You undergo too strict a paradox,
 [00:52:29] striving to make an ugly deed look fair.
 [00:52:32] Your words have took such pains
 [00:52:34] as if they labored to bring manslaughter into form
 [00:52:37] and set quarrelling upon the head of valor;
 [00:52:39] which indeed is valor misbegot and came into the world
 [00:52:42] when sects and factions were newly born.
 [00:52:46] He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
 [00:52:49] the worst that man can breathe
 [00:52:51] and make his wrongs his outsides,
 [00:52:53] to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
 [00:52:55] and ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
 [00:52:58] to bring it into danger.
 [00:53:00] If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
 [00:53:03] what folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!
 [00:53:07] My lord
 [00:53:08] You cannot make gross sins look clear.
 [00:53:09] My lord!
 [00:53:10] To revenge is no valor, but to bear.
 [00:53:13] My lords, then, under favor,
 [00:53:14] pardon me, if I speak like a captain.
 [00:53:17] Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
 [00:53:19] and not endure all threats?
 [00:53:21] Sleep upon it, and let the foes quietly cut their throats,
 [00:53:24] without repugnancy?
 [00:53:26] If there be such valor in the bearing,
 [00:53:27] what make we abroad?
 [00:53:29] Why then, women are more valiant that stay at home,
 [00:53:32] if bearing carry it,
 [00:53:34] and the ass more captain than the lion,
 [00:53:38] the fellow loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
 [00:53:40] if wisdom be in suffering.
 [00:53:44] O my lords, as you are great, be pitifully good.
 [00:53:50] Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
 [00:53:52] To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
 [00:53:55] but, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
 [00:53:57] To be in anger is impiety;
 [00:54:00] but who is man that is not angry?
 [00:54:02] Weigh but the crime with this.
 [00:54:04] You breathe in vain.
 [00:54:06] In vain!
 [00:54:08] His service done at Lacedaemon and Byzantium
 [00:54:10] were a sufficient briber for his life.
 [00:54:12] What's that?
 [00:54:13] I say, my lords, he has done fair service,
 [00:54:14] and slain in fight many of your enemies.
 [00:54:16] How full of valor did he bear himself in the last conflict,
 [00:54:18] and made plenteous wounds!
 [00:54:20] He has made too much plenty with 'em;

[00:54:22] he's a sworn rioter.
[00:54:24] He has a sin that often drowns him
[00:54:25] and takes his valor prisoner.
[00:54:27] If there were no foes,
[00:54:28] that were enough to overcome him.
[00:54:30] In the beastly fury, he has been known to commit outrages
[00:54:33] and cherish factions.
[00:54:35] It is inferred to us
[00:54:36] that his days are foul and his drink dangerous.
[00:54:39] He dies.
[00:54:41] Hard fate!
[00:54:43] He might have died in war.
[00:54:46] My lords, if not for any parts in him
[00:54:48] though his right arm might purchase his own time
[00:54:50] and be in debt to none
[00:54:51] yet more to move you,
[00:54:53] take my deserts to his, and join 'em both.
[00:54:55] And, for I know your reverend ages love security,
[00:54:57] I'll pawn my victories, all my honors to you,
[00:55:01] upon his good returns.
[00:55:03] If, by this crime, he owes the law his life,
[00:55:05] why, let the war receive it in valiant gore
[00:55:08] for law is strict, and war is nothing more.
[00:55:11] We are for law.
[00:55:14] He dies.
[00:55:15] Urge it no more, on height of our displeasure.
[00:55:18] Friend or brother,
[00:55:19] he forfeits his own blood that spills another.
[00:55:22] Must it be so?
[00:55:24] It must not be.
[00:55:25] My lords, I do beseech you, know me.
[00:55:26] How!
[00:55:27] Call me to your remembrances.
[00:55:28] What!
[00:55:30] I cannot think but that your age has forgot me;
[00:55:31] it could not else be, I should prove so base, to sue,
[00:55:33] and be denied such common grace.
[00:55:35] My wounds ache at you.
[00:55:37] Do you dare our anger?
[00:55:39] 'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
[00:55:43] we banish thee forever.
[00:55:46] Banish me!
[00:55:48] Banish your dotage;
[00:55:50] banish usury, that makes the senate ugly.
[00:55:52] If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
[00:55:55] attend our weightier judgment.
[00:55:56] And, not to swell our spirit, he shall be executed presently.
[00:56:02] Now the gods keep you old enough;
[00:56:03] that you may live only in bone, that none may look on you!
[00:56:09] I'm worse than mad.
[00:56:12] I have kept back their foes,
[00:56:14] while they have told their money
[00:56:16] and let out their coin upon large interest,
[00:56:19] I myself rich only in large hurts.
[00:56:22] All those for this?
[00:56:27] Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
[00:56:29] pours into captains' wounds?
[00:56:31] Banishment.
[00:56:35] It comes not ill;
[00:56:37] I hate not to be banished;

[00:56:39] it is a cause worthy my spleen and fury
 [00:56:42] that I may strike at Athens.
 [00:56:47] I'll cheer up my discontented troops
 [00:56:48] and lay for hearts.
 [00:56:51] 'Tis honor with most lands to be at odds;
 [00:56:55] soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.
 [00:57:11] The good time of day to you, sir.
 [00:57:13] I also wish it to you.
 [00:57:17] I think this honorable lord did but try us this other day.
 [00:57:22] Upon that were my thoughts tiring,
 [00:57:24] when we encountered.
 [00:57:26] I hope it is not so low with him
 [00:57:30] as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.
 [00:57:34] It should not be,
 [00:57:35] by the persuasion of his new feasting.
 [00:57:39] I should think so.
 [00:57:41] He hath sent me an earnest inviting,
 [00:57:44] which many my near occasions did urge me to put off;
 [00:57:49] but he hath conjured me beyond them,
 [00:57:52] and I must needs appear.
 [00:57:54] In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business,
 [00:57:57] but he would not hear my excuse.
 [00:58:02] I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me,
 [00:58:06] that my provision was out.
 [00:58:08] I am sick of that grief too,
 [00:58:10] as I understand how all things go.
 [00:58:13] Every man here's so.
 [00:58:16] What would he have borrowed of you?
 [00:58:20] A thousand pieces.
 [00:58:26] He sent to me, sir
 [00:58:29] Here he comes.
 [00:58:33] With all my heart, gentlemen both.
 [00:58:35] How fare you?
 [00:58:37] Ever at the best, hearing well of Your Lordship.
 [00:58:41] The swallow follows not summer
 [00:58:42] more willing than we, Your Lordship.
 [00:58:45] Nor more willingly leaves winter;
 [00:58:47] such summer-birds are men.
 [00:58:55] Our dinner will not recompense this long stay.
 [00:59:01] Feast your ears with the music awhile,
 [00:59:03] if they will fare so harshly of the trumpet's sound;
 [00:59:07] we will to it presently.
 [00:59:22] I hope it remains not unkindly with Your Lordship
 [00:59:27] that I returned you an empty messenger.
 [00:59:29] O, sir, let it not trouble you.
 [00:59:38] My noble lord
 [00:59:39] My good friend, what cheer?
 [00:59:41] My most honorable lord, I am even sick of shame that,
 [00:59:45] when this other day Your Lordship sent to me,
 [00:59:47] I was so unfortunate a beggar.
 [00:59:49] Think not on it.
 [00:59:50] If you had sent but two hours before
 [00:59:53] Let it not cumber your better remembrance.
 [01:00:03] Come, bring in all together.
 [01:00:08] All covered dishes.
 [01:00:09] Royal cheer, I warrant you.
 [01:00:11] I doubt not that,
 [01:00:12] if money and the season can yield it.
 [01:00:15] How do you?
 [01:00:16] What's the news?

[01:00:17] Alcibiades is banished.
 [01:00:19] Hear you of it?
 [01:00:20] Alcibiades banished.
 [01:00:22] 'Tis so; be sure of it.
 [01:00:23] How, how?
 [01:00:24] I pray you, upon what?
 [01:00:26] My worthy friends, will you draw near?
 [01:00:28] I'll tell you more anon.
 [01:00:29] Here's a noble feast toward.
 [01:00:31] This is the old man still.
 [01:00:33] Will it do? Will it do?
 [01:00:34] It does.
 [01:00:35] But time will, and so
 [01:00:37] I do conceive.
 [01:00:45] Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would
 [01:00:48] to the lip of his mistress.
 [01:00:50] Your diet shall be in all places alike.
 [01:00:52] Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool
 [01:00:54] ere we can agree upon the first place.
 [01:00:56] Sit, sit.
 [01:01:02] The gods require our thanks.
 [01:01:09] You great benefactors,
 [01:01:12] sprinkle our society with thankfulness.
 [01:01:16] For your own gifts, let yourselves be praised.
 [01:01:21] But reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised.
 [01:01:26] Lend to each man enough,
 [01:01:29] that one need not lend to another;
 [01:01:31] for, were your godheads to borrow of men,
 [01:01:34] men would forsake the gods.
 [01:01:37] Let the meat be beloved
 [01:01:38] more than the man that gives it.
 [01:01:41] Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains.
 [01:01:45] if there sit twelve women at the table,
 [01:01:48] let a dozen of them be as they are.
 [01:01:52] The rest of your fees, you gods
 [01:01:56] the senators of Athens,
 [01:01:57] together with the common lag of people
 [01:01:58] what is amiss in them,
 [01:02:00] you gods, make suitable for destruction.
 [01:02:04] For these, my present friends, as they are nothing to me,
 [01:02:09] so in nothing bless them,
 [01:02:10] and to nothing are they welcome.
 [01:02:20] Uncover, dogs, and lap.
 [01:02:32] What does His Lordship mean?
 [01:02:34] I know not.
 [01:02:36] May you a better feast never behold,
 [01:02:37] you knot of mouth-friends.
 [01:02:40] Smoke and lukewarm water is your perfection.
 [01:02:45] This is Timon's last;
 [01:02:46] who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
 [01:02:49] washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
 [01:02:53] your reeking villainy.
 [01:02:59] Live loathed and long,
 [01:03:00] most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
 [01:03:06] courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
 [01:03:13] you fools of fortune, trencher-friends,
 [01:03:20] cap and knee slaves, vapors, minute-jacks!
 [01:03:25] Of man and beast the infinite malady crust you quite o'er!
 [01:03:32] What, dost thou go?
 [01:03:35] All in motion soft!

[01:03:36] Take thy physic first thou too
 [01:03:39] and thou
 [01:03:40] Stay, I'll lend thee money, borrow none.
 [01:03:43] Henceforth be no feast,
 [01:03:45] whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
 [01:03:49] Burn, house!
 [01:03:52] Sink, Athens!
 [01:03:55] Henceforth hated be of Timon
 [01:03:58] man and all humanity!
 [01:04:02] Matrons, turn incontinent!
 [01:04:06] Obedience, fail in children!
 [01:04:09] Slaves and fools,
 [01:04:11] pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
 [01:04:14] and minister in their steads!
 [01:04:17] To general filths convert of the instant,
 [01:04:19] green virginity, do it in your parents' eyes!
 [01:04:24] Bankrupts, hold fast;
 [01:04:27] rather than render back, out with your knives,
 [01:04:29] and cut your trusters' throats!
 [01:04:32] Bound servants, steal!
 [01:04:34] Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
 [01:04:37] and pill by law.
 [01:04:39] Maid, to thy master's bed;
 [01:04:43] thy mistress is of the brothel!
 [01:04:45] Son of sixteen, pluck the lined crutch
 [01:04:48] from thy old limping sire, with it, beat out his brains!
 [01:04:53] Piety and fear, religion to the gods,
 [01:04:56] peace, justice, truth, domestic awe, night-rest,
 [01:05:01] neighborhood, instruction, manners,
 [01:05:05] mysteries, trades,
 [01:05:06] decline to your confounding contraries,
 [01:05:09] and let confusion live!
 [01:05:12] Plagues, incident to men,
 [01:05:15] your potent and infectious fevers heap on Athens,
 [01:05:18] ripe for stroke!
 [01:05:20] Thou cold sciatica, cripple our senators,
 [01:05:25] that their limbs may halt as lamely as their manners.
 [01:05:28] Lust and liberty creep into the minds and marrows of our youth,
 [01:05:33] that 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 [01:05:35] and drown themselves in riot!
 [01:05:38] Itches, blains, sow all the Athenian bosoms;
 [01:05:43] and their crop be general leprosy!
 [01:05:47] Breath infect breath, that their society,
 [01:05:51] as their friendship, may be merely poisoned!
 [01:05:55] Nothing I'll bear from thee but nakedness,
 [01:05:59] thou detestable town!
 [01:06:02] Take thou that with multiplying bans!
 [01:06:08] The gods confound
 [01:06:09] hear me, you good gods all
 [01:06:12] the Athenians both within and out that wall!
 [01:06:16] And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 [01:06:21] to the whole race of mankind, high and low!
 [01:06:26] Amen.
 [01:06:39] Hear you!
 [01:06:43] Master steward?
 [01:06:51] Where's our master?
 [01:06:55] Are we undone?
 [01:06:57] Cast off? Nothing remaining?
 [01:07:00] Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
 [01:07:04] Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,

[01:07:06] I am as poor as you.
[01:07:08] Such a house broke?
[01:07:09] So noble a master fallen?
[01:07:11] All gone, and not one friend to take his fortune by the arm,
[01:07:14] and go along with him?
[01:07:15] As we do turn our back from our companion
[01:07:17] thrown into his grave,
[01:07:18] so his familiars to his buried fortunes
[01:07:20] slink all away,
[01:07:21] leave their false vows in him,
[01:07:23] like empty purses picked;
[01:07:24] and his poor self, a dedicated beggar to the air,
[01:07:27] with his disease of all-shunned poverty,
[01:07:29] walks, like contempt, alone.
[01:07:33] More of our fellows.
[01:07:34] All broken implements of a ruined house.
[01:07:37] Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;
[01:07:40] that see I by our faces;
[01:07:42] we are fellows still, serving alike in sorrow.
[01:07:46] Leaked is our bark, and we, poor mates,
[01:07:48] stand on the dying deck, hearing the surges threat.
[01:07:51] We must all part into this sea of air.
[01:07:53] Good fellows all, the latest of my wealth
[01:07:55] I'll share amongst you.
[01:07:57] Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
[01:07:58] let's yet be fellows;
[01:08:00] let's shake our heads and say,
[01:08:02] as 'twere a knell unto our master's fortune,
[01:08:04] "We have seen better days."
[01:08:06] Let each take some;
[01:08:07] nay, put out all your hands.
[01:08:09] Not one word more.
[01:08:11] Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[01:08:17] Oh, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us.
[01:08:20] Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
[01:08:22] since riches point to misery and contempt?
[01:08:26] Who would be so mocked with glory?
[01:08:28] Or to live but in a dream of friendship?
[01:08:30] To have his pomp and all what state compounds
[01:08:33] but only painted, like his varnished friends?
[01:08:37] Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
[01:08:40] undone by goodness.
[01:08:43] Strange, unusual blood, when man's worst sin is
[01:08:45] he does too much good.
[01:08:47] Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?
[01:08:49] For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
[01:08:54] My dearest lord, blessed, to be most accursed,
[01:08:58] rich, only to be wretched,
[01:09:01] thy great fortunes are made thy chief afflictions.
[01:09:06] Alas, kind lord.
[01:09:07] He's flung in rage
[01:09:08] from this ingrateful seat of monstrous friends,
[01:09:10] nor has he with him to supply his life,
[01:09:12] or that which can command it.
[01:09:14] I'll follow and inquire him out.
[01:09:16] I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
[01:09:20] whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

Timon of Athens Act 4

[01:10:22] O blessed breeding sun,
 [01:10:28] draw from the earth rotten humidity;
 [01:10:33] below thy sister's orb, infect the air!
 [01:10:38] Twin brothers of one womb,
 [01:10:41] whose procreation, residence, and birth
 [01:10:44] scarce is dividant,
 [01:10:47] touch them with several fortunes;
 [01:10:49] the greater scorns the lesser.
 [01:10:54] Not nature, to whom all sores lay siege,
 [01:10:58] can bear great fortune,
 [01:10:59] but by contempt of nature.
 [01:11:03] Raise me this beggar, deny it that lord;
 [01:11:09] the senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 [01:11:13] the beggar, native honor.
 [01:11:18] It is the pasture lards, the brother's sides,
 [01:11:20] the want that makes him lean.
 [01:11:25] Who dares, who dares,
 [01:11:28] in purity of manhood stand upright,
 [01:11:30] and say, "This man's a flatterer"?
 [01:11:33] If one be, so are they all;
 [01:11:37] for every guise of fortune is smoothed by that below.
 [01:11:41] The learned pate ducks to the golden fool.
 [01:11:44] All is oblique;
 [01:11:46] there's nothing level in our cursed natures,
 [01:11:49] but direct villainy.
 [01:11:51] Therefore, be abhorred
 [01:11:54] all feasts, societies, throngs of men.
 [01:11:59] His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains.
 [01:12:08] Destruction fang mankind!
 [01:12:15] Earth, yield me roots.
 [01:12:21] Who seeks for better of thee,
 [01:12:23] sauce his palate with thy most operant poison.
 [01:12:35] What is here?
 [01:12:39] Gold?
 [01:12:44] Yellow, glittering, precious gold?
 [01:12:52] No, gods, I'm no idle votarist!
 [01:12:57] Roots, you clear heavens!
 [01:13:04] Thus much of this will make black white,
 [01:13:09] foul fair, wrong right, base noble,
 [01:13:14] old young, coward valiant.
 [01:13:18] Ha, you gods!
 [01:13:20] What this?
 [01:13:22] Why, this will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
 [01:13:30] pluck pillows from beneath stout men's heads.
 [01:13:34] This yellow slave will knit and break religions,
 [01:13:39] bless the accursed, make the hoar leprosy adored,
 [01:13:43] place thieves and give them title, knee and approbation
 [01:13:46] with senators on the bench.
 [01:13:50] Why, this is it that makes the wappened widow wed again;
 [01:13:55] she whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
 [01:13:58] would cast the gorge at,
 [01:13:59] this embalms and spices to the April day again.
 [01:14:06] Come, damned earth, thou common whore of mankind,
 [01:14:11] that puttdest odds among the route of nations,
 [01:14:14] I will make thee do thy right nature.
 [01:14:17] Ha!
 [01:14:19] A drum?
 [01:14:22] Thou art quick, but yet I'll bury thee.

[01:14:26] Thou go, strong thief,
 [01:14:29] when gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.
 [01:14:33] Nay, stay thou out for earnest.
 [01:14:38] What art thou there?
 [01:14:40] Speak.
 [01:14:43] A beast, as thou art.
 [01:14:47] The canker gnaw thy heart,
 [01:14:48] for showing me again the eyes of man.
 [01:14:52] What is thy name?
 [01:14:55] Is man so hateful to thee that art thyself a man?
 [01:14:59] I am Misanthropos and hate mankind.
 [01:15:07] For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog
 [01:15:09] that I might love thee something.
 [01:15:11] I know thee well;
 [01:15:13] but in thy fortunes am unlearned and strange.
 [01:15:16] I know thee too;
 [01:15:17] and more than that I know thee, I not desire to know.
 [01:15:20] Follow thy drum;
 [01:15:22] with man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules.
 [01:15:28] Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
 [01:15:30] what should war be?
 [01:15:33] This fell whore of thine hath in her more destruction
 [01:15:35] than thy sword, for all her cherubim look.
 [01:15:37] Oh, thy lips rot off!
 [01:15:39] I'll not kiss thee;
 [01:15:40] then the rot returns to thine own lips again.
 [01:15:44] How came the noble Timon to this change?
 [01:15:47] As the moon does, by wanting light to give.
 [01:15:52] But then renew I could not, like the moon;
 [01:15:55] there were no suns to borrow of.
 [01:15:58] Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?
 [01:16:02] None, but to maintain my opinion.
 [01:16:05] What is it, Timon?
 [01:16:07] Promise me friendship, but perform none.
 [01:16:10] If thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee,
 [01:16:14] for thou art a man.
 [01:16:15] If thou dost perform, confound thee,
 [01:16:17] for thou art a man!
 [01:16:19] I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.
 [01:16:22] Thou sawest them, when I had prosperity.
 [01:16:24] I see them now;
 [01:16:26] then was a blessed time.
 [01:16:28] As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
 [01:16:31] Is this the Athenian minion
 [01:16:33] the world has voiced so regardfully?
 [01:16:36] Art thou Timandra?
 [01:16:37] Yes.
 [01:16:38] Be a whore still.
 [01:16:41] They love thee not that use thee;
 [01:16:43] give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
 [01:16:47] Make use of thy salt hours.
 [01:16:50] Season the slaves for tubs and baths;
 [01:16:53] bring down rose-cheeked youth to the tub-fast and diet.
 [01:16:56] Hang thee, monster!
 [01:16:57] Pardon him, sweet Timandra;
 [01:16:58] his wits are drowned and lost in his calamities.
 [01:17:03] I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
 [01:17:06] the want whereof doth daily make revolt
 [01:17:08] in my penurious band.
 [01:17:15] I have heard, and grieved, how cursed Athens,

[01:17:16] mindless of thy worth,
 [01:17:18] forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbor states,
 [01:17:20] but for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them
 [01:17:21] I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
 [01:17:24] I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
 [01:17:26] How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
 [01:17:28] I had rather be alone!
 [01:17:31] Why, fare thee well.
 [01:17:33] Here is some gold for thee.
 [01:17:34] Keep it; I cannot eat it.
 [01:17:38] When I have laid proud Athens on a heap
 [01:17:40] Warrest thou against Athens?
 [01:17:41] Ay, Timon, and have cause.
 [01:17:43] The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
 [01:17:46] and thee after, when thou hast conquered!
 [01:17:50] Why me, Timon?
 [01:17:51] That, by killing of villains,
 [01:17:52] thou was born to conquer my country.
 [01:17:55] Put up thy gold.
 [01:17:56] Go on
 [01:17:57] here's gold
 [01:18:00] go on;
 [01:18:02] be as a planetary plague,
 [01:18:04] when Jove will over some high-vised city
 [01:18:06] hang his poison in the sick air.
 [01:18:08] Let not thy sword skip one.
 [01:18:11] Pity not honored age for his white beard;
 [01:18:14] he is an usurer.
 [01:18:15] Strike me the counterfeit matron;
 [01:18:18] it is her habit only that is honest,
 [01:18:19] herself's a bawd.
 [01:18:21] Let not the virgin's cheek make soft thy trenchant sword;
 [01:18:24] for those milk paps, that through the window-bars
 [01:18:26] bore at men's eyes,
 [01:18:27] are not within the leaf of pity writ,
 [01:18:29] but set them down horrible traitors.
 [01:18:31] Spare not the babe, whose dimpled smiles
 [01:18:35] from fools exhaust their mercy;
 [01:18:37] think it a bastard,
 [01:18:38] whom the oracle hath doubtfully pronounced
 [01:18:40] the throat shall cut,
 [01:18:41] and mince it sans remorse.
 [01:18:44] Swear against objects;
 [01:18:46] put armor on thine ears and on thine eyes;
 [01:18:49] whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
 [01:18:51] nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
 [01:18:54] shall pierce a jot.
 [01:18:56] There's gold to pay thy soldiers.
 [01:18:58] Make large confusion;
 [01:19:00] and, thy fury spent, confounded be thyself!
 [01:19:03] Speak not, be gone.
 [01:19:05] Hast thou gold yet?
 [01:19:07] I'll take the gold thou givest me,
 [01:19:09] not all thy counsel.
 [01:19:10] Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!
 [01:19:17] Give us some gold, good Timon.
 [01:19:18] Hast thou more?
 [01:19:20] Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
 [01:19:23] and to make whores, a bawd.
 [01:19:27] Hold up, you sluts, your aprons mountant.

[01:19:30] You are not oathable, although, I know, you'll swear,
 [01:19:33] terribly swear into strong shudders
 [01:19:35] and heavenly agues the immortal gods that hear you
 [01:19:38] spare your oaths, I'll trust to your conditions.
 [01:19:42] Be whores still;
 [01:19:44] and he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 [01:19:47] be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
 [01:19:51] let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 [01:19:53] and be no turncoats.
 [01:19:54] Yet may your pains, six months, be quite contrary.
 [01:20:02] And thatch your poor thin roofs with burthens of the dead
 [01:20:08] some that were hanged, no matter
 [01:20:10] wear them, betray with them.
 [01:20:13] Whore still;
 [01:20:14] paint till a horse may mire upon your face,
 [01:20:17] a pox of wrinkles!
 [01:20:19] Well, more gold.
 [01:20:20] What then?
 [01:20:22] Believe it that we'll do anything for gold.
 [01:20:24] Consumptions sow in hollow bones of man;
 [01:20:27] strike their sharp shins, and mar men's spurring.
 [01:20:33] Crack the lawyer's voice,
 [01:20:34] that he may never more false title plead,
 [01:20:37] nor sound his quillets shrilly.
 [01:20:39] Hoar the flamen, who scolds against the quality of flesh,
 [01:20:43] and not believes himself.
 [01:20:45] Down with the nose, down with it flat;
 [01:20:50] take the bridge quite away of him that,
 [01:20:52] his particular to foresee, smells from the general weal.
 [01:20:56] Make curled-pate ruffians bald;
 [01:21:00] and let the unscarred braggarts of the war
 [01:21:03] derive some pain from you.
 [01:21:04] Plague all;
 [01:21:07] that your activity may defeat and quell
 [01:21:08] the source of all erection.
 [01:21:13] There's more gold.
 [01:21:14] Gold.
 [01:21:16] Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
 [01:21:19] and ditches grave you all.
 [01:21:22] More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.
 [01:21:24] More gold and more mischief first;
 [01:21:26] I've given you earnest.
 [01:21:28] Strike up the drum towards Athens!
 [01:21:30] Farewell, Timon.
 [01:21:32] If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.
 [01:21:34] If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.
 [01:21:36] I never did thee harm!
 [01:21:37] Yes, thou spokest well of me.
 [01:21:39] Callest thou that harm?
 [01:21:40] Men daily find it.
 [01:21:43] Get thee gone, and take thy beagles with thee.
 [01:21:47] We but offend him.
 [01:21:50] Strike!
 [01:22:01] That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
 [01:22:05] should yet be hungry.
 [01:22:08] Common mother, thou, whose womb immeasurable,
 [01:22:11] and infinite breast, teems and feeds all;
 [01:22:15] whereof thine proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
 [01:22:19] engenders the black toad and adder blue,
 [01:22:23] the gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,

[01:22:26] with all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
 [01:22:31] whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
 [01:22:35] yield him, whom all the human sons do hate,
 [01:22:38] from forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root.
 [01:22:43] Ensear thy fertile and conceitious womb;
 [01:22:47] let it no more bring out ingrateful man.
 [01:22:51] Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, bears;
 [01:22:58] teem with new monsters,
 [01:23:00] whom thy upward face to the marbled mansion
 [01:23:02] all above hath never presented.
 [01:23:08] A root!
 [01:23:12] Dear thanks!
 [01:23:20] Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
 [01:23:25] whereof ingrateful man,
 [01:23:27] with liquorish draughts and morsels unctuous,
 [01:23:30] greases his pure mind,
 [01:23:32] that from it all consideration slips.
 [01:23:39] More man.
 [01:23:41] Plague, plague!
 [01:23:45] I was directed hither.
 [01:23:49] Men report thou dost affect my manners
 [01:23:52] and dost use them.
 [01:23:54] 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog,
 [01:23:56] whom I would imitate.
 [01:23:58] Consumption catch thee!
 [01:24:01] This is in thee a nature but infected;
 [01:24:03] a poor unmanly melancholy sprung from change of fortune.
 [01:24:09] Why this spade?
 [01:24:11] This place?
 [01:24:13] This slave-like habit?
 [01:24:15] And these looks of care?
 [01:24:19] Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
 [01:24:23] hug their diseased perfumes,
 [01:24:25] and have forgot that ever Timon was.
 [01:24:27] No, no, no!
 [01:24:29] Shame not this place
 [01:24:30] by putting on the cunning of a carper.
 [01:24:33] Be thou a flatterer now,
 [01:24:35] and seek to thrive by that which has undone thee.
 [01:24:38] Hinge thy knee, and let his very breath,
 [01:24:41] whom thoust observe, blow off thy cap;
 [01:24:44] praise his most vicious strain, and call it excellent.
 [01:24:49] Thou wast told thus;
 [01:24:51] thou gavest thine ears like tapsters
 [01:24:54] that bid welcome to knaves and all approachers.
 [01:24:58] 'Tis most just that thou turn rascal;
 [01:25:00] hadst thou wealth again, rascals should have it.
 [01:25:05] Do not assume my likeness.
 [01:25:08] Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.
 [01:25:09] Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
 [01:25:12] a madman so long, now a fool.
 [01:25:16] What, thinkest that the bleak air,
 [01:25:19] thy boisterous chamberlain, will put thy shirt on warm?
 [01:25:23] Will the mossed trees that have outlived the eagle
 [01:25:25] page thy heels, and skip where thou pointest out?
 [01:25:28] Will the cold brook, candied with ice,
 [01:25:31] caudle thy morning taste,
 [01:25:32] to cure thy o'er-night's surfeit?
 [01:25:34] Call the creatures whose naked natures
 [01:25:37] live in all the spite of wreakful heaven,

[01:25:39] whose bare unhoused trunks,
 [01:25:41] to the conflicting elements exposed,
 [01:25:43] answer mere nature;
 [01:25:46] bid them flatter thee;
 [01:25:49] oh, thou shalt find
 [01:25:50] A fool of thee.
 [01:25:52] Depart.
 [01:25:55] I love thee better now than e'er I did.
 [01:25:57] I hate thee worse.
 [01:25:58] Why?
 [01:25:59] Thou flatterest misery.
 [01:26:01] I flatter not;
 [01:26:02] but say thou art a caitiff.
 [01:26:05] Why dost thou seek me out?
 [01:26:08] To vex thee.
 [01:26:10] Always a villain's office or a fool's.
 [01:26:13] Dost please thyself in it?
 [01:26:14] Ay.
 [01:26:15] What! A knave too?
 [01:26:17] If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
 [01:26:20] to castigate thy pride, 'twere well.
 [01:26:22] But thou dost it enforcedly;
 [01:26:24] thou wouldst courtier be again, wert thou not beggar.
 [01:26:29] Willing misery outlives encertain pomp,
 [01:26:32] is crowned before.
 [01:26:34] The one is filling still, never complete;
 [01:26:36] the other, at high wish.
 [01:26:39] Best state, contentless, hath a distracted
 [01:26:43] and most wretched being,
 [01:26:45] worse than the worst, content.
 [01:26:51] Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.
 [01:26:56] Not by his breath that is more miserable.
 [01:27:00] Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
 [01:27:05] with favor never clasped,
 [01:27:06] but bred a dog.
 [01:27:09] Hadst thou, like us from our first swath,
 [01:27:11] proceeded the sweet degrees
 [01:27:12] that this brief world affords to such
 [01:27:14] as may the passive drudges of it freely command,
 [01:27:17] thou wouldst have drowned thyself in general riot;
 [01:27:21] melted down thy youth in different beds of lust;
 [01:27:23] and never learned the icy precepts of respect,
 [01:27:26] but followed the sugared game before thee.
 [01:27:29] But myself, who had the world as my confectionary,
 [01:27:34] the eyes, the tongues, the hearts,
 [01:27:36] the mouths of men at duty,
 [01:27:38] more than I could frame employment,
 [01:27:40] these that numberless upon me stuck
 [01:27:45] as leaves do on the oak,
 [01:27:46] with one winter's brush fell from their boughs
 [01:27:49] and left me open, bare to every storm that blows.
 [01:27:53] I, to bear this, that never knew but better,
 [01:27:56] is some burden.
 [01:28:00] Thy nature did commence in sufferance,
 [01:28:01] time hath made thee hard in it.
 [01:28:04] Why dost thou hate men?
 [01:28:07] They never flattered thee.
 [01:28:08] What hast thou given?
 [01:28:10] If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
 [01:28:14] must be thy subject,

[01:28:15] who in spite put stuff to some she beggar
 [01:28:17] and compounded thee poor rogue hereditary.
 [01:28:21] Hence, be gone!
 [01:28:23] If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 [01:28:25] thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.
 [01:28:26] Art thou proud yet?
 [01:28:28] Ay, that I am not thee.
 [01:28:30] I, that I was no prodigal.
 [01:28:32] I, that I am one now.
 [01:28:35] Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
 [01:28:36] I'd give thee leave to hang it.
 [01:28:38] Get thee gone.
 [01:28:42] That the whole world of Athens were in this,
 [01:28:44] thus would I eat it.
 [01:28:47] Here; I will mend thy feast.
 [01:28:49] First, mend my company; take away thyself.
 [01:28:51] So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.
 [01:28:54] 'Tis not well mended so; 'tis but botched;
 [01:28:56] if 'twere not, I would it were.
 [01:28:59] What wouldst thou have to Athens?
 [01:29:01] Thee thither in a whirlwind.
 [01:29:05] If thou wilt, tell them there I have gold.
 [01:29:10] Look.
 [01:29:14] See?
 [01:29:15] So I have.
 [01:29:19] Here is no use for gold.
 [01:29:21] The best and truest;
 [01:29:23] for here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.
 [01:29:33] Where liest at nights, Timon?
 [01:29:36] Under that's above me.
 [01:29:39] Where feedest thou days, Apemantus?
 [01:29:41] Where my stomach finds meat;
 [01:29:43] or, rather, where I eat it.
 [01:29:45] Would poison were obedient and knew my mind.
 [01:29:47] Where wouldst thou send it?
 [01:29:48] To sauce thy dishes.
 [01:29:54] The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
 [01:29:56] but the extremity of both ends.
 [01:29:59] When thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume,
 [01:30:02] they mocked thee for too much curiosity;
 [01:30:05] in thy rags, thou knowest none,
 [01:30:07] but art despised for the contrary.
 [01:30:11] There's a medlar for thee; eat it.
 [01:30:14] On what I hate I feed not.
 [01:30:16] Dost hate a medlar?
 [01:30:18] Ay, e'en though it look like thee.
 [01:30:21] Hadst thou hated medlars sooner,
 [01:30:24] thou shouldst have loved thyself better now.
 [01:30:30] What man didst thou ever know unthrift
 [01:30:32] that was beloved after his means?
 [01:30:35] Who, without those means thou speaks of,
 [01:30:37] didst ever know beloved?
 [01:30:38] Myself.
 [01:30:39] I understand thee;
 [01:30:40] thou hadst some means to keep a dog.
 [01:30:48] What things in the world
 [01:30:51] canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?
 [01:30:57] Women nearest;
 [01:30:59] but men, men are the things themselves.
 [01:31:10] What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus,

[01:31:11] if it lay in your power?
[01:31:14] Give it the beasts to be rid of the men.
[01:31:18] Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men
[01:31:20] and live a beast with the beasts?
[01:31:21] Ay, Timon.
[01:31:22] A beastly ambition,
[01:31:24] which the gods grant thee to attain to.
[01:31:28] Wert thou the lion, the fox would beguile thee;
[01:31:32] wert thou the lamb, the fox would eat thee up.
[01:31:36] Wert thou the fox, the lion would suspect thee,
[01:31:39] when peradventure thou wert accused by the ass.
[01:31:43] Wert thou the ass, thy dullness would torment thee,
[01:31:46] and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf.
[01:31:49] Wert thou the wolf, thy greediness should afflict thee,
[01:31:53] and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner.
[01:31:55] Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee
[01:32:00] and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury.
[01:32:03] Wert thou a bear, thou would be killed by a horse.
[01:32:06] Wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by a leopard.
[01:32:09] Wert thou a leopard, thou wert germane to the lion,
[01:32:11] and all the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life.
[01:32:15] All thy safety were remotion and thy defence absence.
[01:32:20] What beast couldst thou be
[01:32:21] that were not subject to a beast?
[01:32:23] And what a beast art thou already
[01:32:25] that seest not thy loss in transformation.
[01:32:31] If thou couldst please me with speaking to me,
[01:32:33] thou mightst have hit upon it here.
[01:32:36] The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.
[01:32:41] How has the ass broke the wall that thou art out of the city?
[01:32:46] Yonder comes a poet and a painter.
[01:32:49] The plague of company light upon thee.
[01:32:53] I will fear to catch it and give way.
[01:33:00] When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.
[01:33:04] When there is not else living but thee,
[01:33:06] thou shalt be welcome.
[01:33:08] I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.
[01:33:11] Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.
[01:33:15] Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.
[01:33:17] A plague upon thee.
[01:33:18] Thou art too bad to curse.
[01:33:20] All villains that do stand by thee are pure.
[01:33:22] There is no leprosy but what thou speakest.
[01:33:24] If I name thee.
[01:33:26] I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.
[01:33:28] I would my tongue could rot them off.
[01:33:30] Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
[01:33:34] Choler does kill me that thou art still alive;
[01:33:36] I swound to see thee.
[01:33:37] Wouldst thou would burst!
[01:33:39] Away, thou tedious rogue!
[01:33:41] I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.
[01:33:44] Beast!
[01:33:45] Slave!
[01:33:46] Toad!
[01:33:48] Rogue, rogue, rogue!
[01:33:52] I am sick of this false world
[01:33:55] and will love nought but even the mere necessities upon it.
[01:33:59] Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
[01:34:04] lie where the light foam of the sea

[01:34:07] may beat thy grave stone daily.
[01:34:09] Make thine epitaph, that death in me
[01:34:12] at other lives may laugh.
[01:34:15] O thou sweet king killer,
[01:34:20] thou dear divorce 'twixt natural son and sire!
[01:34:24] Thou bright defiler of Hymen's purest bed!
[01:34:28] Thou valiant Mars!
[01:34:30] Thou ever young, fresh, loved and delicate wooer,
[01:34:35] whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
[01:34:37] that lies on Dian's lap!
[01:34:40] Thou visible god that solderest close impossibilities,
[01:34:44] and makest them kiss.
[01:34:46] Thou touch of hearts.
[01:34:49] Think, thy slave man rebels,
[01:34:53] and by thy virtue set them into confounding odds,
[01:34:55] that beasts may have the world in empire!
[01:34:57] Would 'twere so!
[01:34:59] But not till I am dead.
[01:35:02] I'll say thou hast gold.
[01:35:04] Thou wilt be thronged to shortly.
[01:35:06] Get back, I prithee!
[01:35:09] Live, and love thy misery.
[01:35:12] Long live so, and so die.
[01:35:20] I am quit.
[01:35:21] More things like men!
[01:35:23] Eat, Timon, and abhor them.
[01:35:37] Where should he have this gold?
[01:35:39] It is some poor fragment,
[01:35:40] some slender sort of his remainder.
[01:35:41] The mere want of gold,
[01:35:42] and the falling-from of his friends,
[01:35:43] drove him into this melancholy.
[01:35:45] It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.
[01:35:47] Let us make the assay upon him.
[01:35:48] If he care not for it, he will supply us easily;
[01:35:51] if he covetously reserve it, how shall us get it?
[01:35:54] True; for he bears it not about him.
[01:35:57] It's hid.
[01:36:00] Is not that he?
[01:36:01] Where?
[01:36:02] It is his description.
[01:36:04] What, he?
[01:36:06] I know him.
[01:36:16] Save thee, Timon.
[01:36:18] Now, thieves?
[01:36:20] Soldiers, not thieves.
[01:36:22] Both too;
[01:36:24] and women's sons.
[01:36:25] We are not thieves; we are men that much do want.
[01:36:29] Your greatest want is, you want much meat.
[01:36:33] Why should you want?
[01:36:36] Behold, the earth hath roots;
[01:36:39] within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
[01:36:43] the oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
[01:36:49] the bounteous housewife, nature,
[01:36:52] on each bush lays her full mess before you.
[01:36:55] Want!
[01:36:57] Why want?
[01:36:58] We cannot live on grass, berries, water,
[01:37:02] as beasts, birds, and fishes.

[01:37:04] Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
 [01:37:09] you must eat men.
 [01:37:13] Yet thanks I must you con that you are thieves professed,
 [01:37:17] that you work not in holier shapes.
 [01:37:20] For there is boundless theft in limited professions.
 [01:37:26] Rascal thieves, here's gold.
 [01:37:33] Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape,
 [01:37:35] till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
 [01:37:38] and so 'scape hanging.
 [01:37:40] Trust not the physician;
 [01:37:43] his antidotes are poison;
 [01:37:45] he slays more than you rob.
 [01:37:49] Take wealth and lives together;
 [01:37:52] do villainy, do, since you protest to do it, like workmen.
 [01:37:58] I'll example you with thievery.
 [01:38:02] The sun's a thief, and, with his great attraction,
 [01:38:06] robs the vast sea.
 [01:38:08] The moon's an arrant thief
 [01:38:11] whose pale fire is snatched from the sun.
 [01:38:15] The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge
 [01:38:18] resolves the moon into salt tears.
 [01:38:22] The earth's a thief that feeds and breeds
 [01:38:25] from the composture stolen from general excrement.
 [01:38:29] Each thing's a thief.
 [01:38:32] The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power,
 [01:38:35] has unchecked theft.
 [01:38:38] Love not yourselves.
 [01:38:40] Rob one another.
 [01:38:44] There's more gold.
 [01:38:47] Cut throats.
 [01:38:48] All that you meet are thieves.
 [01:38:50] To Athens go, break open shops;
 [01:38:53] nothing can you steal, but thieves do lose it.
 [01:38:56] Steal not less for this I give you;
 [01:38:59] and gold confound you howsoe'er.
 [01:39:02] Amen.
 [01:39:04] Has almost charmed me from my profession
 [01:39:06] by persuading me to it.
 [01:39:07] It is in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us;
 [01:39:10] not to have us thrive in our mystery.
 [01:39:12] I'll believe him as an enemy and give over my trade.
 [01:39:14] Let us first see peace in Athens.
 [01:39:19] There is no time so miserable a man may be true.
 [01:39:22] True.
 [01:39:45] O you gods.
 [01:39:48] Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?
 [01:39:52] Full of decay and failing?
 [01:39:56] O monument and wonder of good deeds evilly disposed.
 [01:40:01] What an alteration of honor has desperate want made.
 [01:40:05] What viler thing upon the earth than friends
 [01:40:06] who can bring noblest minds to basest ends.
 [01:40:10] How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
 [01:40:12] when man was wished to love his enemies.
 [01:40:15] Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
 [01:40:17] those who would mischief me than those that do.
 [01:40:20] Has caught me in his eye.
 [01:40:23] I will present my honest grief unto him;
 [01:40:25] and, as my lord, still serve him with my life.
 [01:40:30] My dearest master.
 [01:40:32] Away.

[01:40:35] What art thou?
[01:40:36] Have you forgot me, sir?
[01:40:39] I have forgot all men;
[01:40:41] then, if thou grantest thou art a man,
[01:40:44] I have forgot thee.
[01:40:45] An honest poor servant of yours.
[01:40:48] Then I know thee not.
[01:40:51] I never had honest men about me, I
[01:40:54] all I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.
[01:40:57] The gods are witness,
[01:40:58] ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
[01:41:00] for his undone lord than mine eyes for you.
[01:41:03] Why dost thou weep?
[01:41:07] Come nearer.
[01:41:11] Then I love thee, because thou art a woman
[01:41:15] and disclaimest flinty mankind,
[01:41:18] whose eyes do never give but thorough lust and laughter.
[01:41:24] Pity's sleeping.
[01:41:28] Strange times that weep with laughing,
[01:41:30] not with weeping.
[01:41:31] I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
[01:41:33] to accept my grief,
[01:41:34] and whilst this poor wealth lasts,
[01:41:35] to entertain me as your steward still.
[01:41:38] Had I a steward so true, so just,
[01:41:46] and now so comfortable?
[01:41:49] It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
[01:41:56] Let me behold thy face.
[01:42:08] Surely, this man was born of woman.
[01:42:15] Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
[01:42:18] you perpetual-sober gods.
[01:42:22] I do proclaim one honest man
[01:42:26] mistake me not
[01:42:28] but one; no more, I pray,
[01:42:33] and he's a steward.
[01:42:41] How fain I would have hated all mankind.
[01:42:46] But thou redeemest thyself.
[01:42:50] But all, save thee, I fell with curses.
[01:42:58] Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
[01:43:03] for, by oppressing and betraying me,
[01:43:06] thou mightst sooner got another service.
[01:43:09] For many so arrive at second masters,
[01:43:11] upon their first lord's neck.
[01:43:16] But tell me true
[01:43:19] for I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure
[01:43:24] is not thy kindness subtle, covetous, and
[01:43:33] and, as rich men deal gifts,
[01:43:35] expecting in return twenty for one?
[01:43:37] No, no, my most worthy master;
[01:43:39] in whose breast doubt and suspect, alas,
[01:43:41] are placed too late.
[01:43:43] You should have feared false times when you did feast.
[01:43:45] Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
[01:43:48] That which I show, heaven knows,
[01:43:50] is merely love, duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
[01:43:52] care of your food and living;
[01:43:54] and, believe it, my most honored lord,
[01:43:55] for any benefit that comes to me,
[01:43:57] either in hope or present, I'd exchange for this one wish,
[01:44:00] that you had power and wealth to requite me

[01:44:03] by making rich yourself.
[01:44:05] Why, look thee, 'tis so.
[01:44:10] Thou singly honest man,
[01:44:12] the gods out of my misery have sent thee treasure.
[01:44:18] Go, live rich and happy;
[01:44:21] but thus conditioned:
[01:44:24] thou shalt build from men;
[01:44:27] hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
[01:44:32] but let the famished flesh slide from the bone,
[01:44:34] ere thou relieve the beggar;
[01:44:35] give to dogs what thou deniest to men;
[01:44:38] let prisons swallow 'em up, debts wither 'em to nothing;
[01:44:44] be men like blasted woods,
[01:44:46] and diseases lick their false bloods.
[01:44:49] So, so farewell and thrive.
[01:44:51] Oh, let me stay and comfort you, my master.
[01:44:53] Fly, whilst thou art blest and free!
[01:44:57] Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

Timon of Athens Act 5

[01:45:23] As I took note of the place,
 [01:45:24] it cannot be far where he abides.
 [01:45:27] What's to be thought of him?
 [01:45:28] Does the rumour hold for true that he's so full of gold?
 [01:45:32] Certain.
 [01:45:33] Alcibiades reports it;
 [01:45:34] Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him.
 [01:45:36] He likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers
 [01:45:38] with great quantity.
 [01:45:40] Then this breaking of his
 [01:45:41] has been but a try for his friends.
 [01:45:43] Nothing else.
 [01:45:44] You shall see him a palm in Athens again
 [01:45:46] and flourish with the highest.
 [01:45:47] Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our love to him
 [01:45:50] in this supposed distress of his.
 [01:45:52] It will show honestly in us
 [01:45:54] and is very likely to load our purposes
 [01:45:55] with what they travail for,
 [01:45:56] if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.
 [01:45:59] What have you now to present unto him?
 [01:46:03] Nothing at this time but my visitation.
 [01:46:06] Only I will promise him a most excellent piece.
 [01:46:09] I must serve him so too,
 [01:46:10] tell him of an intent that's coming towards him.
 [01:46:14] Good as the best.
 [01:46:15] Promising is the very air of the time.
 [01:46:17] It opens the eyes of expectation.
 [01:46:20] Performance is ever the duller for his act;
 [01:46:22] and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people,
 [01:46:24] the deed of saying is quite out of use.
 [01:46:27] To promise is most courtly and fashionable.
 [01:46:30] Performance is a kind of will or testament
 [01:46:34] that argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.
 [01:46:37] I am thinking what I shall say that I have provided for him,
 [01:46:41] it must be a personating of himself,
 [01:46:43] a satire against the softness of prosperity,
 [01:46:47] with a discovery of the infinite flatteries
 [01:46:49] that follow youth and opulency.
 [01:46:52] Nay, let's seek him.
 [01:46:54] Then do we sin against our own estate,
 [01:46:56] when we may profit meet and come too late.
 [01:46:59] True;
 [01:47:01] when the day serves, before black-cornered night,
 [01:47:03] find what thou wantest by free and offered light.
 [01:47:06] Come.
 [01:47:21] Hail, worthy Timon!
 [01:47:24] Our late noble master.
 [01:47:26] Have I once lived to see two honest men?
 [01:47:32] Sir, having often of your open bounty tasted,
 [01:47:37] hearing you were retired,
 [01:47:41] your friends fallen off, whose thankless natures
 [01:47:43] O abhorred spirits
 [01:47:45] Not all the whips of heaven are large enough.
 [01:47:47] What!
 [01:47:48] to you, whose star-like nobleness
 [01:47:51] gave life and influence to their whole being.
 [01:47:54] I am rapt and cannot cover the monstrous bulk

[01:47:58] of this ingratitude with any size of words.
[01:48:01] Let it go naked; men may see it the better.
[01:48:04] You that are honest, by being what you are,
[01:48:07] make it best seen and known.
[01:48:10] He and myself have travailed in the great
[01:48:13] and sweetly felt it.
[01:48:14] Ay, you are honest men.
[01:48:16] We are hither come to offer you our service.
[01:48:20] Most honest men.
[01:48:23] How shall I requite you?
[01:48:28] Can you eat root and drink cold water?
[01:48:31] No?
[01:48:34] What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.
[01:48:39] You're honest men.
[01:48:54] You've heard that I have gold?
[01:48:59] I am sure you have.
[01:49:00] Speak truth;
[01:49:01] you're honest men.
[01:49:03] So it is said, my noble lord;
[01:49:05] but therefore came not my friend nor I.
[01:49:09] Ay, good honest men.
[01:49:13] Thou drawest the best counterfeit in all Athens.
[01:49:17] Indeed, thou art the best;
[01:49:19] Thou counterfeitest most lively.
[01:49:22] So, so, my lord.
[01:49:23] Even so, sir, as I say.
[01:49:26] And, for thy fiction, why,
[01:49:29] thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
[01:49:35] thou art even natural in thine own art.
[01:49:38] But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
[01:49:42] I must needs say you have a little fault.
[01:49:45] Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you,
[01:49:48] neither wish I you take much pains to mend.
[01:49:50] Beseech Your Honor; make it known to us.
[01:49:55] You'll take it ill.
[01:49:57] Most thankfully, my lord.
[01:49:58] Will you, indeed?
[01:49:59] Doubt it not, worthy lord.
[01:50:07] There's never a one of you that trusts a knave,
[01:50:09] but mightily deceives you.
[01:50:13] Do we, my lord?
[01:50:14] Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
[01:50:20] know his gross patchery,
[01:50:23] love him, feed him, keep in your bosom.
[01:50:27] Yet remain assured, he's a made-up villain.
[01:50:32] I know none such, my lord.
[01:50:34] Nor I.
[01:50:35] Look you, I love you well;
[01:50:37] I'll give you gold;
[01:50:38] rid me these villains from your companies.
[01:50:41] Hang them, stab them, drown them in a draught,
[01:50:45] confound them by some course,
[01:50:47] come to me; I'll give you gold enough.
[01:50:49] Name them, my lord; let's know them.
[01:50:51] You that way and you this,
[01:50:55] each man apart, but two in company,
[01:50:58] all single and alone,
[01:51:00] yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
[01:51:13] If where thou art two villains shall not be,
[01:51:17] come not near him.

[01:51:24] If thou would not reside but where one villain is,
[01:51:27] then him abandon.
[01:51:39] Hence, pack!
[01:51:43] You came for gold, you slaves.
[01:51:47] There's gold.
[01:51:48] You've worked for me;
[01:51:50] there's payment!
[01:51:52] You're an alchemist;
[01:51:53] make gold of that.
[01:51:55] Out, rascal dogs!
[01:52:12] It is vain that you would speak with Timon;
[01:52:14] for he is set so only to himself
[01:52:16] that nothing but himself which looks like man
[01:52:18] is friendly with him.
[01:52:19] Bring us to him.
[01:52:21] It is our part and promise to the Athenians
[01:52:22] to speak with Timon.
[01:52:23] At all times, alike men are not still the same.
[01:52:25] 'Twas time and griefs that framed him thus.
[01:52:27] Time, with his fairer hand, offering the fortunes
[01:52:31] of his former days,
[01:52:33] the former man may make him.
[01:52:35] Bring us to him, and chance it as it may.
[01:52:47] Lord Timon.
[01:52:49] Timon.
[01:52:52] Look out, and speak to friends.
[01:52:54] The Athenians, by two of their most reverend senate,
[01:52:57] greet thee.
[01:52:59] Speak to them, noble Timon.
[01:53:03] Thou sun, that comforts, burn.
[01:53:09] Speak, and be hanged.
[01:53:13] For each true word, a blister,
[01:53:16] and each false be as a cauterizing
[01:53:20] to the root o' the tongue,
[01:53:22] consuming it with speaking.
[01:53:35] Worthy Timon
[01:53:37] Of none but such as you and you of Timon.
[01:53:42] The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.
[01:53:46] I thank them
[01:53:48] and would send them back the plague,
[01:53:50] could I but catch it for them.
[01:53:52] Oh, forget what we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
[01:53:56] The senators with one consent of love
[01:53:58] entreat thee back to Athens;
[01:54:00] who have thought on special dignities,
[01:54:02] which vacant lie for thy best use and wearing.
[01:54:05] They confess towards thee
[01:54:07] forgetfulness too general, gross.
[01:54:10] You witch me in it;
[01:54:15] surprise me to the very brink of tears.
[01:54:20] Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
[01:54:22] and I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.
[01:54:27] Therefore, so please thee to return with us
[01:54:30] and of our Athens, thine and ours,
[01:54:33] to take the captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
[01:54:37] allowed with absolute power
[01:54:39] and thy good name live with authority.
[01:54:42] So soon we shall drive back of Alcibiades the approaches wild,
[01:54:45] who, like a boar too savage,
[01:54:47] doth root up his country's peace.

[01:54:49] And shakes his threatening sword against the walls of Athens.
 [01:54:52] Therefore, Timon
 [01:54:56] Therefore, I will, sir;
 [01:54:59] therefore, I will, sir; thus.
 [01:55:05] If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
 [01:55:09] let Alcibiades know this of Timon:
 [01:55:14] that Timon cares not.
 [01:55:18] But if he sack fair Athens
 [01:55:22] and take our goodly aged men by the beards,
 [01:55:26] giving our holy virgins to the stain
 [01:55:28] of contumelious, beastly, mad-brained war,
 [01:55:33] then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it.
 [01:55:37] In pity of our aged and our youth,
 [01:55:39] I cannot choose but tell him
 [01:55:43] that I care not and let him take it at worst;
 [01:55:49] for their knives care not,
 [01:55:50] while you have throats to answer.
 [01:55:55] For myself, there's not a whittle in the unruly camp
 [01:55:59] but I do prize it at my love
 [01:56:01] before the reverendest throat in Athens.
 [01:56:05] So I leave you to the protection of the gods,
 [01:56:10] as thieves to keepers.
 [01:56:12] Stay not; all's in vain.
 [01:56:15] Why, I was writing of my epitaph.
 [01:56:21] It will be seen tomorrow.
 [01:56:26] My long sickness of health and living now begins to mend,
 [01:56:31] and nothing brings me all things.
 [01:56:36] Go; live still;
 [01:56:40] be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
 [01:56:44] and live so long enough.
 [01:56:45] We speak in vain.
 [01:56:48] But yet I love my country and am not one
 [01:56:54] that rejoices in the common wreck,
 [01:56:56] as common bruit doth put it.
 [01:56:57] That's well spoke.
 [01:56:59] Commend me to my loving countrymen
 [01:57:03] These words become your lips as they pass through them.
 [01:57:05] And enter in our ears like great triumphers
 [01:57:07] in their applauding gates.
 [01:57:09] Commend me to them,
 [01:57:11] and tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
 [01:57:17] their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
 [01:57:22] their pangs of love, with other incident throes
 [01:57:26] that nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
 [01:57:28] in life's uncertain voyage,
 [01:57:30] I will some kindness do them.
 [01:57:34] I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.
 [01:57:38] I like this well;
 [01:57:39] he will return again.
 [01:57:41] I have a tree which grows here in my close
 [01:57:47] that mine own use invites me to cut down.
 [01:57:51] Shortly must I fell it.
 [01:57:54] Tell my friends, tell Athens, in sequence of degree
 [01:58:00] from high to low throughout,
 [01:58:03] that whoso please to stop affliction,
 [01:58:06] let him take his haste, come hither,
 [01:58:10] ere my tree hath felt the axe,
 [01:58:14] and hang himself.
 [01:58:17] I pray you, do my greeting.
 [01:58:20] Trouble him no further;

[01:58:21] thus you still shall find him.
 [01:58:23] Come not to me again,
 [01:58:26] but say to Athens,
 [01:58:29] Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
 [01:58:32] upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
 [01:58:36] who, once a day, with his embossed froth,
 [01:58:40] the turbulent surge shall cover.
 [01:58:44] Thither come; let my gravestone be your oracle.
 [01:58:52] Lips, let four words go by and language end.
 [01:59:01] What is amiss plague and infection mend.
 [01:59:08] Graves only be men's works, death their gain.
 [01:59:16] Sun, hide thy beams.
 [01:59:22] Timon hath done his reign.
 [01:59:33] His discontents are unremovably coupled to nature.
 [01:59:36] Our hope in him is dead.
 [01:59:38] Let us return and strain
 [01:59:40] what other means are left to us in our dear peril.
 [01:59:43] It requires swift foot.
 [01:59:45] The enemy's drum is heard,
 [01:59:47] and fearful scouring doth choke the air with dust.
 [01:59:51] On and prepare.
 [01:59:52] Ours is the fall, I fear,
 [01:59:55] our foes the snare.
 [02:00:30] Till now you have gone on
 [02:00:31] and filled the time with all licentious measure,
 [02:00:34] making your wills the scope of justice;
 [02:00:38] till now, myself and such
 [02:00:42] as slept within the shadow of your power,
 [02:00:44] have wandered with our traversed arms,
 [02:00:47] and breathed our sufferance vainly.
 [02:00:52] Now the time is flush,
 [02:00:59] when crouching marrow in the bearer
 [02:01:02] strong cries of itself, "No more."
 [02:01:06] Now breathless wrong shall sit and pant
 [02:01:09] in your great chairs of ease,
 [02:01:13] and pury insolence shall break his wind
 [02:01:16] with fear and horrid flight.
 [02:01:22] Noble and young, when thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
 [02:01:27] ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
 [02:01:29] we sent to thee to give thy rages balm,
 [02:01:32] to wipe out our ingratitude with loves above their quantity.
 [02:01:36] So did we woo transformed Timon to our city's love
 [02:01:39] by humble message and by promised means.
 [02:01:41] We were not all unkind,
 [02:01:43] nor all deserve the common stroke of war.
 [02:01:46] These walls of ours were not erected by their hands
 [02:01:50] from whom you have received your griefs;
 [02:01:51] nor are they such that these great towers,
 [02:01:54] trophies, and schools should fall for private faults in them.
 [02:01:58] Nor are they living that were the motives that you first went out;
 [02:02:01] shame that they wanted cunning,
 [02:02:03] in excess hath broke their hearts.
 [02:02:06] March, noble lord, into our city with thy banners spread.
 [02:02:10] By decimation, and a tithed death
 [02:02:13] if thy revenges hunger for that food which nature loathes
 [02:02:16] take thou the destined tenth,
 [02:02:18] and by the hazard of the spotted die, let die the spotted.
 [02:02:24] All have not offended;
 [02:02:26] for those that were,
 [02:02:27] it is not square to take on those that are revenge.

[02:02:30] Crimes, like lands, are not inherited.
 [02:02:34] Then, dear countryman, bring in thy ranks,
 [02:02:37] but leave without thy rage.
 [02:02:39] Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin
 [02:02:41] which in the bluster of thy wrath
 [02:02:42] must fall with those that have offended.
 [02:02:47] Like a shepherd, approach the fold,
 [02:02:49] and cull the infected forth, but kill not all together.
 [02:02:53] What thou wilt, thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
 [02:02:56] than hew to it with thy sword.
 [02:02:58] Set but thy foot against our rampired gates,
 [02:03:00] and they shall ope;
 [02:03:01] so thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
 [02:03:03] to say thou'lt enter friendly.
 [02:03:06] Throw thy glove, or any token of thine honor else,
 [02:03:10] that thou wilt use these wars as thy redress
 [02:03:12] and not as our confusion,
 [02:03:14] all thy powers shall make their harbor in our town,
 [02:03:18] till we have sealed thy full desires.
 [02:03:29] Then there's my glove.
 [02:03:33] Those enemies of Timon's and mine own
 [02:03:35] whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof fall
 [02:03:41] and no more.
 [02:03:44] And to atone your fears with my more noble meaning,
 [02:03:47] not a man shall pass his quarter
 [02:03:49] or offend the stream of regular justice in your city's bounds,
 [02:03:54] but shall be rendered to your public laws at heaviest answer.
 [02:03:58] 'Tis most nobly spoken.
 [02:04:02] My noble general, Timon is dead;
 [02:04:06] entombed upon the very hem of the sea;
 [02:04:08] and on his grave-stone this insculpture,
 [02:04:10] which with wax I brought away,
 [02:04:12] whose soft impression interprets for my poor ignorance.
 [02:04:18] "Here lies a wretched corse, wretched soul bereft.
 [02:04:24] "Seek not my name.
 [02:04:27] "A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left.
 [02:04:30] "Here lie I, Timon,
 [02:04:34] "who, alive, all living men did hate.
 [02:04:38] "Pass by and curse thy fill,
 [02:04:42] but pass and stay not here thy gait."
 [02:04:50] These well express in thee thy latter spirits.
 [02:04:54] Though thou abhorredst in us our human griefs,
 [02:04:58] scornedst our brain's flow and those our droplets
 [02:05:01] which from niggard nature fall,
 [02:05:04] yet rich conceit taught thee to make vast Neptune weep
 [02:05:09] for aye on thy low grave, on faults forgiven.
 [02:05:24] Dead is noble Timon
 [02:05:26] of whose memory hereafter more.
 [02:05:31] Bring me into your city,
 [02:05:32] and I will use the olive with my sword,
 [02:05:37] make war breed peace, make peace stint war,
 [02:05:44] make each prescribe to other as each other's leech.