

Timon/ActIII 1

ACT III, SCENE I.

[Athens. A room in Lucullus' house. FLAMINIUS waiting to speak with LUCULLUS from his master, enters a SERVANT to him.]

SERVANT.

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

FLAMINIUS.

I thank you, sir.

[Enter LUCULLUS.]

SERVANT.

Here's my lord.

LUCULLUS [aside].

One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night.-

Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectfully welcome, sir.- Fill me some wine.- [Exit SERVANT.] And how does that honourable, complete, freehearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

FLAMINIUS.

His health is well, sir.

LUCULLUS.

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

FLAMINIUS.

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

LUCULLUS.

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

[Enter SERVANT, with wine.]

SERVANT.

Please your lordship, here is the wine.

LUCULLUS.

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

FLAMINIUS.

Timon/ActIII 2

Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

LUCULLUS.

I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,-  
give thee thy due,- and one that knows what belongs to  
reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee  
well: good parts in thee.- [to SERVANT]Get you gone,  
sirrah.- [Exit SERVANT.]Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy  
lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou  
know'st well enough, although thou comest to me, that this  
is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship,  
without security.Here's three solidares for thee: good  
boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.  
FLAMINIUS.

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

LUCULLUS.

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

FLAMINIUS.

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

ACT III, SCENE II.

[Athens. A public place. Enter LUCIUS, with three STRANGERS.]

LUCIUS.

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

FIRST STRANGER.

We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him.  
But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from

Timon/ActIII 3

common rumours,- now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

LUCIUS.

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

SECOND STRANGER.

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

LUCIUS.

How!

SECOND STRANGER.

I tell you, denied, my lord.

LUCIUS.

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

[Enter SERVILIUS.]

SERVILIUS.

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

LUCIUS.

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

SERVILIUS.

May it please your honour, my lord hath sent-

LUCIUS.

Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endear'd to that lord: he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

SERVILIUS.

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

LUCIUS.

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

SERVILIUS.

Timon/ActIII 4

But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous,  
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

LUCIUS.

Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

SERVILIUS.

Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

LUCIUS.

What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such  
a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how  
unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before  
for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!-

Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do,- the  
more beast, I say:- I was sending to use Lord Timon myself,  
these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth  
of Athens, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his  
good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the  
fairest of me, because I have power to be kind:- and tell  
him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions,  
say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman.  
Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine  
own words to him?

SERVILIUS.

Yes, sir, I shall.

LUCIUS.

I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.[Exit  
SERVILIUS.]

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

FIRST STRANGER.

Did you observe this, Hostilius?

SECOND STRANGER.

Ay, too well.

FIRST STRANGER.

Why, this

Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece  
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him  
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in  
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,  
And kept his credit with his purse;  
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money  
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,  
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;

Timon/ActIII 5

And yet- O, see the monstrousness of man  
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!-  
He does deny him, in respect of his,  
What charitable men afford to beggars.

THIRD STRANGER.

Religion groans at it.

FIRST STRANGER.

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

ACT III, SCENE III.

[Athens. A room in Sempronius' house. Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a SERVANT of TIMON'S.]

SEMPRONIUS.

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

SERVANT.

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

SEMPRONIUS.

How! have they denied him?  
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?  
And does he send to me? Three? hum!-  
It shows but little love or judgement in him:  
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,  
Thrive, give him over: must I take th'cure upon me?  
'Has much disgraced me in't; I'm angry at him,  
That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,

Timon/ActIII 6

But his occasions might have woo'd me first;  
For, in my conscience, I was the first man  
That e'er received gift from him:  
And does he think so backwardly of me now,  
That I'll requite it last? No:  
So it may prove an argument of laughter  
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.  
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,  
'Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;  
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,  
And with their faint reply this answer join:  
who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.[Exit.]  
SERVANT.

Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew  
not what he did when he made man politic,- he cross'd  
himself by't: and I cannot think but, in the end, the  
villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord  
strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked;  
like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole  
realms on fire:  
Of such a nature is his politic love.  
This was my lord's last hope; now all are fled,  
Save the gods only. Now his friends are dead,  
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards  
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd  
Now to guard sure their master.  
And this is all a liberal course allows;  
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.[Exit.]

ACT III, SCENE IV.

[Athens. A hall in Timon's house. Enter two SERVANTS of VARRO, and the  
SERVANT of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and other SERVANTS of  
TIMON'S creditors, waiting his coming out.]

VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT.

Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

TITUS.

The like to you, kind Varro.

HORTENSIUS.

Lucius!

What, do we meet together?

LUCIUS' SERVANT.

Ay, and I think

Timon/ActIII 7

One business does command us all; for mine  
Is money.

TITUS.

So is theirs and ours.

[Enter PHILOTUS.]

LUCIUS' SERVANT.

And Sir Philotus too!

PHILOTUS.

Good day at once.

LUCIUS' SERVANT.

Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

PHILOTUS.

Labouring for nine.

LUCIUS' SERVANT.

So much?

PHILOTUS.

Is not my lord seen yet?

LUCIUS' SERVANT.

Not yet.

PHILOTUS.

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

LUCIUS' SERVANT.

Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:

You must consider that a prodigal course

Is like the sun's;

But not, like his, recoverable. I fear

'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;

That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet

Find little.

PHILOTUS.

I am of your fear for that.

TITUS.

I'll show you how t'observe a strange event.

Your lord sends now for money.

HORTENSIUS.

Most true, he does.

TITUS.

And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,

For which I wait for money.

HORTENSIUS.

It is against my heart.

LUCIUS' SERVANT.

Timon/ActIII 8

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

HORTENSIUS.

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

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

LUCIUS' SERVANT.

Five thousand mine.

VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT.

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

[Enter FLAMINIUS.]

TITUS.

One of Lord Timon's men.

LUCIUS' SERVANT.

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

FLAMINIUS.

No, indeed, he is not.

TITUS.

We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

FLAMINIUS.

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

[Exit.]

[Enter FLAVIUS, in a cloak, muffled.]

LUCIUS' SERVANT.

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

TITUS.

Do you hear, sir?

BOTH VARRO'S SERVANTS.

By your leave, sir,-

FLAVIUS.

What do ye ask of me, my friends?

TITUS.

We wait for certain money here, sir.

FLAVIUS.

Ay,



Timon/ActIII 9

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

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills  
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?  
Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,  
And take down the int'rest into their gluttonous maws.  
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly:

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;  
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

LUCIUS' SERVANT.

Ay, but this answer will not serve.

FLAVIUS.

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

For you serve knaves.[Exit.]

VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT.

How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

VARRO'S SECOND SERVANT.

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

[Enter SERVILIUS.]

TITUS.

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

SERVILIUS.

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

LUCIUS' SERVANT.

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

SERVILIUS.

Good gods!

TITUS.

We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

FLAMINIUS [within].

Servilius, help!- My lord! my lord!

[Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.]

TIMON.

Timon/ActIII 10

What, are my doors opposed against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house

Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place which I have feasted, does it now,

Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

LUCIUS' SERVANT.

Put in now, Titus.

TITUS.

My lord, here is my bill.

LUCIUS' SERVANT.

Here's mine.

HORTENSIUS.

And mine, my lord.

BOTH VARRO'S SERVANTS.

And ours, my lord.

PHILOTUS.

All our bills.

TIMON.

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

LUCIUS' SERVANT.

Alas, my lord,-

TIMON.

Cut my heart in sums.

TITUS.

Mine, fifty talents.

TIMON.

Tell out my blood.

LUCIUS' SERVANT.

Five thousand crowns, my lord.

TIMON.

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

VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT.

My lord,-

VARRO'S SECOND SERVANT.

My lord,-

TIMON.

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

HORTENSIUS.

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

[Enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.]

TIMON.

Timon/ActIII 11

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

FLAVIUS.

My dear lord,-

TIMON.

What if it should be so?

FLAVIUS.

My lord,-

TIMON.

I'll have it so.- My steward!

FLAVIUS.

Here, my lord.

TIMON.

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

FLAVIUS.

O my lord,

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

TIMON.

Be it not in thy care; go,

I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide

Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.[Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE V.

[Athens. The senate-house. The Senate sitting.]

FIRST SENATOR.

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

SECOND SENATOR.

Most true; the law shall bruise him.

[Enter ALCIBIADES attended.]

ALCIBIADES.

Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

FIRST SENATOR.

Now, captain?

ALCIBIADES.

I am an humble suitor to your virtues;  
For pity is the virtue of the law,

Timon/ActIII 12

And none but tyrants use it cruelly.  
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy  
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,  
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth  
To those that, without heed, do plunge into't.  
He is a man, setting his fault aside,  
Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,  
An honour in him which buys out his fault;  
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,  
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,  
He did oppose his foe:

And with such sober and unnoted passion  
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,  
As if he had but proved an argument.

FIRST SENATOR.

You undergo too strict a paradox,  
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:  
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd  
To bring manslaughter into form, and set  
Quarrelling upon the head of valour; which  
Indeed is valour misbegot, and came  
Into the world when sects and factions  
Were newly born:  
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer  
The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs  
His outsides,- to wear them like his raiment, carelessly;  
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,  
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

ALCIBIADES.

My lord,-

FIRST SENATOR.

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

ALCIBIADES.

My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,  
If I speak like a captain:-  
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,  
And not endure all threats? sleep upon't,  
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,  
Without repugnancy? If there be

Timon/ActIII 13

Such valour in the bearing, what make we  
Abroad? why, then, women are more valiant  
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;  
And the ass more captain than the lion; the felon  
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,  
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,  
As you are great, be pitifully good:  
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?  
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;  
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.  
To be in anger is impiety;  
But who is man that is not angry?  
Weigh but the crime with this.

SECOND SENATOR.

You breathe in vain.

ALCIBIADES.

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

FIRST SENATOR.

What's that?

ALCIBIADES.

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

SECOND SENATOR.

He has made too much plenty with 'em,  
He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin that often  
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:  
If there were no foes, that were enough  
To overcome him: in that beastly fury  
He has been known to commit outrages  
And cherish factions: 'tis inferr'd to us  
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

FIRST SENATOR.

He dies.

ALCIBIADES.

Hard fate! he might have died in war.  
My lords, if not for any parts in him,-  
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,  
And be in debt to none,- yet, more to move you,  
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:

Timon/ActIII 14

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

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

ALCIBIADES.

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

SECOND SENATOR.

How!

ALCIBIADES.

Call me to your remembrances.

THIRD SENATOR.

What!

ALCIBIADES.

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

FIRST SENATOR.

Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;

We banish thee for ever.

ALCIBIADES.

Banish me!

Banish your dotage; banish usury,

That makes the senate ugly.

FIRST SENATOR.

If after two days' shine Athens contain thee,  
Attend our weightier judgement. And, not to swell our  
spirit,

He shall be executed presently.[Exeunt SENATORS.]

ALCIBIADES.

Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live  
Only in bone, that none may look on you!

I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,

While they have told their money, and let out

Their coin upon large interest; I myself

Timon/ActIII 15

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

ACT III, SCENE VI.

[Athens. A magnificent room in Timon's house. Music. Tables set out:  
SERVANTS attending. Enter, at several doors, divers LORDS,- LUCIUS,  
LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS,- SENATORS, etc., and VENTIDIUS.]

FIRST LORD.

The good time of day to you, sir.

SECOND LORD.

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

FIRST LORD.

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

SECOND LORD.

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

FIRST LORD.

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

SECOND LORD.

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

FIRST LORD.

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

SECOND LORD.

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

FIRST LORD.

A thousand pieces.

SECOND LORD.

A thousand pieces!

Timon/ActIII 16

FIRST LORD.

What of you?

SECOND LORD.

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

[Enter TIMON and ATTENDANTS.]

TIMON.

With all my heart, gentlemen both:- and how fare you-

FIRST LORD.

Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

SECOND LORD.

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

TIMON [aside].

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

FIRST LORD.

I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

TIMON.

O, sir, let it not trouble you.

SECOND LORD.

My noble lord,-

TIMON.

Ah, my good friend,- what cheer?

SECOND LORD.

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

TIMON.

Think not on't, sir.

SECOND LORD.

If you had sent but two hours before,-

TIMON.

Let it not cumber your better remembrance.- Come, bring in all together.[The banquet brought in.]

SECOND LORD.

All cover'd dishes!

FIRST LORD.

Royal cheer, I warrant you.

THIRD LORD.



Timon/ActIII 17

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

FIRST LORD.

How do you? What's the news?

THIRD LORD.

Alcibiades is banish'd: hear you of it?

FIRST AND SECOND LORDS.

Alcibiades banish'd!

THIRD LORD.

'Tis so, be sure of it.

FIRST LORD.

How! how!

SECOND LORD.

I pray you, upon what?

TIMON.

My worthy friends, will you draw near?

THIRD LORD.

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

SECOND LORD.

This is the old man still.

THIRD LORD.

Will't hold? will't hold?

SECOND LORD.

It does: but time will- and so-

THIRD LORD.

I do conceive.

TIMON.

Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip  
of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike.

Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can  
agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our  
thanks.-

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with  
thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised:  
but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised.  
Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another;  
for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake  
the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that  
gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of  
villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a  
dozen of them be- as they are. The rest of your foes, O  
gods,- the senators of Athens, together with the common tag  
of people,- what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable  
for destruction. For these my present friends- as they are

Timon/ActIII 18

to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.-

Uncover, dogs, and lap.[The dishes are uncovered, and seen to be full of warm water.]

SOME.

What does his lordship mean?

OTHERS.

I know not.

TIMON.

May you a better feast never behold,  
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and lukewarm water  
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last:

Who, stuck and spangled with your flattery,  
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces[Throwing the  
water in their faces.]

Your reeking villainy. Live loathed, and long,  
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,  
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,  
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,  
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!

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

Soft! take thy physic first,- thou too,- and thou;-  
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.-[Throws the  
dishes at them, and drives them out.]

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast  
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be  
Of Timon man and all humanity![Exit.]

[Enter the LORDS, SENATORS, etc.]

FIRST LORD.

How now, my lords!

SECOND LORD.

Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

THIRD LORD.

Push! did you see my cap?

FOURTH LORD.

I have lost my gown.

FIRST LORD.

He's but a mad lord, and naught but humour sways him. He  
gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of  
my hat:- did you see my jewel?

THIRD LORD.

Timon/ActIII 19

Did you see my cap?

SECOND LORD.

Here 'tis.

FOURTH LORD.

Here lies my gown.

FIRST LORD.

Let's make no stay.

SECOND LORD.

Lord Timon's mad.

THIRD LORD.

I feel't upon my bones.

FOURTH LORD.

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