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THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS

《雅典的泰门》

北京师联教育科学研究所 编



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1608

THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS

by William Shakespeare

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

TIMON of Athens

LUCIUS

LUCULLUS

SEMPRONIUS

flattering lords

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian captain

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon

FLAMINIUS

LUCILIUS

SERVILIUS

Timon's servants

CAPHIS

PHILOTUS

TITUS

HORTENSIUS

servants to Timon's creditors

POET

PAINTER

JEWELLER

MERCHANT

MERCER

AN OLD ATHENIAN

THREE STRANGERS

A PAGE

A FOOL

PHRYNIA

TIMANDRA

mistresses to Alcibiades

CUPID

AMAZONS

in the Masque

Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Servants, Thieves, and
Attendants

SCENE:

Athens and the neighbouring woods

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. TIMON'S house

Enter POET, PAINTER, JEWELLER, MERCHANT, and
MERCER, at several doors

POET. Good day, sir.

PAINTER. I am glad y'are well.

POET. I have not seen you long; how goes the world?

PAINTER. It wears, sir, as it grows.

POET. Ay, that's well known.

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

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

MERCHANT. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

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

MERCHANT. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continue goodness.

He passes.

JEWELLER. I have a jewel here-

MERCHANT. O, pray let's see't. For the Lord Timon, sir?

JEWELLER. If he will touch the estimate. But for that-

POET. When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

MERCHANT. [Looking at the jewel] 'Tis a good form.

JEWELLER. And rich. Here is a water, look ye.

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

POET. A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd. The fire i' th' flint
Shows not till it be struck: our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and like the current flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

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

POET. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let's see your piece.

PAINTER. 'Tis a good piece.

POET. So 'tis; this comes off well and excellent.

PAINTER. Indifferent.

POET. Admirable. How this grace
Speaks his own standing! What a mental power
This eye shoots forth! How big imagination
Moves in this lip! To th' dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

PAINTER. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Here is a touch; is't good?

POET. I will say of it

It tutors nature. Artificial strife

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain SENATORS, and pass over

PAINTER. How this lord is followed!

POET. The senators of Athens- happy man!

PAINTER. Look, moe!

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

I have in this rough work shap'd out a man

Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug

With amplest entertainment. My free drift

Halts not particularly, but moves itself

In a wide sea of tax. No levell'd malice

Infects one comma in the course I hold,

But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,

Leaving no tract behind.

PAINTER. How shall I understand you?

POET. I will unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds-

As well of glib and slipp'ry creatures as

Of grave and austere quality, tender down

Their services to Lord Timon. His large fortune,

Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,

Subdues and properties to his love and tendance

All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better

Than to abhor himself; even he drops down

The knee before him, and returns in peace

Most rich in Timon's nod.

PAINTER. I saw them speak together.

POET. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd. The base o' th' mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states. Amongst them all
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

PAINTER. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.

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

POET. Nay, sir, but hear me on.

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

PAINTER. Ay, marry, what of these?

POET. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

PAINTER. 'Tis common.

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

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

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

TIMON. Imprison'd is he, say you?

MESSENGER. Ay, my good lord. Five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait.
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

TIMON. Noble Ventidius! Well.

I am not of that feather to shake of
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

MESSENGER. Your lordship ever binds him.

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

MESSENGER. All happiness to your honour! Exit

Enter an OLD ATHENIAN

OLD ATHENIAN. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

TIMON. Freely, good father.

OLD ATHENIAN. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

TIMON. I have so; what of him?

OLD ATHENIAN. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

TIMON. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

LUCILIUS. Here, at your lordship's service.

OLD ATHENIAN. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,

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

TIMON. Well; what further?

OLD ATHENIAN. One only daughter have I, no kin else,

On whom I may confer what I have got.
The maid is fair, o' th' youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love; I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

TIMON. The man is honest.

OLD ATHENIAN. Therefore he will be, Timon.

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

TIMON. Does she love him?

OLD ATHENIAN. She is young and apt:

Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

TIMON. Love you the maid?

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

OLD ATHENIAN. If in her marriage my consent be missing,

I call the gods to witness I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

TIMON. How shall she be endow'd,

If she be mated with an equal husband?

OLD ATHENIAN. Three talents on the present; in future, all.

TIMON. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;.

To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

OLD ATHENIAN. Most noble lord,

Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

TIMON. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

LUCILIUS. Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may

That state or fortune fall into my keeping

Which is not owed to you!

Exeunt LUCILIUS and OLD ATHENIAN

POET. [Presenting his poem] Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your
lordship!

TIMON. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon;

Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

PAINTER. A piece of painting, which I do beseech

Your lordship to accept.

TIMON. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;

For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,

He is but outside; these pencill'd figures are

Even such as they give out. I like your work,

And you shall find I like it; wait attendance

Till you hear further from me.

PAINTER. The gods preserve ye!

TIMON. Well fare you, gentleman. Give me your hand;

We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel

Hath suffered under praise.

JEWELLER. What, my lord! Dispraise?

TIMON. A mere satiety of commendations;

If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,

It would unclaw me quite.

JEWELLER. My lord, 'tis rated

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

TIMON. Well mock'd.

Enter APEMANTUS

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

TIMON. Look who comes here; will you be chid?

JEWELLER. We'll bear, with your lordship.

MERCHANT. He'll spare none.

TIMON. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

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

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

APEMANTUS. Are they not Athenians?

TIMON. Yes.

APEMANTUS. Then I repent not.

JEWELLER. You know me, Apemantus?

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

TIMON. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

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

TIMON. Whither art going?

APEMANTUS. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

TIMON. That's a deed thou't die for.

APEMANTUS. Right, if doing nothing be death by th' law.

TIMON. How lik'st thou this picture, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS. The best, for the innocence.

TIMON. Wrought he not well that painted it?

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

PAINTER. Y'are a dog.

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

TIMON. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS. No; I eat not lords.

TIMON. An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

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

TIMON. That's a lascivious apprehension.

APEMANTUS. So thou apprehend'st it take it for thy labour.

TIMON. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

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

TIMON. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

APEMANTUS. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!

POET. How now, philosopher!

APEMANTUS. Thou liest.

POET. Art not one?

APEMANTUS. Yes.

POET. Then I lie not.

APEMANTUS. Art not a poet?

POET. Yes.

APEMANTUS. Then thou liest. Look in thy last work, where thou hast
feign'd him a worthy fellow.

POET. That's not feign'd- he is so.

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

TIMON. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

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

TIMON. What, thyself?

APEMANTUS. Ay.

TIMON. Wherefore?

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

MERCHANT. Ay, Apemantus.

APEMANTUS. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

MERCHANT. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

APEMANTUS. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a MESSENGER

TIMON. What trumpet's that?

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

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

Exeunt some attendants

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

Enter ALCIBIADES, with the rest

Most welcome, sir!

[They salute]

APEMANTUS. So, so, there!

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

ALCIBIADES. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

TIMON. Right welcome, sir!

Ere we depart we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

Exeunt all but APEMANTUS

Enter two LORDS

FIRST LORD. What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS. Time to be honest.

FIRST LORD. That time serves still.

APEMANTUS. The more accursed thou that still omit'st it.

SECOND LORD. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast.

APEMANTUS. Ay; to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools.

SECOND LORD. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

APEMANTUS. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

SECOND LORD. Why, Apemantus?

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

FIRST LORD. Hang thyself.

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

SECOND LORD. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

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

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

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

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

SECOND LORD. Long may he live in fortunes! shall we in?

FIRST LORD. I'll keep you company. Exeunt

SCENE II.

A room of state in TIMON'S house

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet serv'd in;

FLAVIUS and others attending; and then enter LORD TIMON,

the states, the ATHENIAN LORDS, VENTIDIUS, which TIMON redeem'd
from prison. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS,
discontentedly, like himself

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

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

VENTIDIUS. A noble spirit!

TIMON. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. [They sit]

FIRST LORD. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

APEMANTUS. Ho, ho, confess'd it! Hang'd it, have you not?

TIMON. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

APEMANTUS. No;

You shall not make me welcome.

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

TIMON. Fie, th'art a churl; ye have got a humour there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.

They say, my lords, Ira furor brevis est; but yond man is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by himself; for he does neither affect company nor is he fit for't indeed.

APEMANTUS. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon.

I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

TIMON. I take no heed of thee. Th'art an Athenian, therefore welcome. I myself would have no power; prithee let my meat make thee silent.

APEMANTUS. I scorn thy meat; 't'would choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a number of men eats Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.

Methinks they should invite them without knives:

Good for their meat and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow that sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him. 'T has been proved. If I were a huge man I should fear to drink at meals.

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

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

SECOND LORD. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

APEMANTUS. Flow this way! A brave fellow! He keeps his tides well.

Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.

Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' th' mire.

This and my food are equals; there's no odds.'

Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS' Grace

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;

I pray for no man but myself.
Grant I may never prove so fond
To trust man on his oath or bond,
Or a harlot for her weeping,
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't.

Rich men sin, and I eat root. [Eats and drinks]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

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

ALCIBIADES. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

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

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

APEMANTUS. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

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

TIMON. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you. How had you been my friends else? Why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends if we should ne'er have need of 'em? They were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We