

FLAVIUS Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake
Let's yet be fellows. Let's shake our heads and say, 25

As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
`We have seen better days.'
He gives them money

Let each take

some.

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more.
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

They embrace, and the Servants part several ways

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us! 30

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?

Who would be so mocked with glory, or to live
But in a dream of friendship,

To have his pomp and all what state compounds 35
But only painted like his varnished friends?

Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood
When man's worst sin is he does too much good!

Who then dares to be half so kind again? 40

For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord, blessed to be most accursed,

Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!

He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat 45
Of monstrous friends;

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

I'll follow and enquire him out.

I'll ever serve his mind with my best will. 50

Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still.

Exit