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# Timon of Athens

## Act III, sc. 5

**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  
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.