THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at severall doores

Poet

Good day Sir.
Pain. I am glad y'are well.
Poet. I have not seene you long, how goes the World?
Pain. It weares sir, as it growes.
Poet. I that's well knowne:
But what particular Rarity? What strange,
Which manifold record ot matches: see
Magicke of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hat conjur'd to attend.
I know the Merchant.
Pain. I know them both: th'others a Jeweller.
Mer. O tis a worthy Lord.
Jew. Nay that's most fixt.
Mer. A most imconparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an untyrable and continuate goodnesse:
He passes.
Jew. I have a Jewell heere.
Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord *Timon*, sir?
Jewel. If he will touch the estimate, but for that -----
Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vild,
It staines the glory in that happy Verse,
Which aptly sings the good.
Mer. Tis a good forme.
Jewel. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.
Pain. You are rapt tis , in some worke, some Dedication to the great Lord.
Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.
Our Poesie is as a Gowne, which uses
From whence tis nourisht: the fire i'th'Flint
Shewes not, till it be strooke: our gentle flame
Provokes it selfe, and like the cudrrant flyes
Each bound it chases. What have you there?
Pain. A Picture sir: when comes yur Booke forth?
Poet. Upon the heeles of my presentment sir.
Let's see your peece.
Pani. 'Tis a good Peece.
Poet. So tis, this comes off well, and excellent.
Pain Indifferent:
Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power
Thi eye shootes forth? How bigge imagination
Move in this Lip, to th'dumbnesse of the gesture,

One might interpret.
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Heere is a touch: Is't good?
Poet. I will say of it,
It Tutors Nature, Artificiall strife
Lives in these toutches, livelier then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.
Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.
Pain. Looke moe.
Po. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,
I have in this rough worke, shap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge
With amplest entertainement: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves it selfe
In a wide Sea of wax, no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no Tract behinde.
Pain. How shall I understand you?
Poet. I will unboult to you.
You see how all Conditions, how all Mindes,
As well of glib and slipp'ry Creatures, as
Of Grave and austere quality, tender downe
Their services to Lord *Timon:* his large Fortune,
Upon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties tohis love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glasse-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus,* that few things loves better
Then to abhorre himselfe, even hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returnes in peace
Most rich in *Timons* nod.
Pain. I saw them speake 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 kinde of Natures
That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,
To propagate their states; among'st them all,
Whose eyes are on this Soveraigne Lady fixt,
One do I personate of Lord *Timons* frame,
Whom Fortune with her Ivory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace, to present slaves and servants
Translates his Rivals.
Pain. Tis conceiv'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes
With

With one man becken'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head agaonst the steepy Mount
To climbe his happinesse, would be well exprest
In our Condition.
Poet. Nay Sir, but heare me on:
All those which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his valew; on the moment
Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Raine Sacrificiall whisperings in his eare,
Make Sacred even his styrrop, and through him
Drinke the free Ayre.
Pain. I marry, what of these?
Poet. When fortune in her shift and chang of mood
Spurnes downe her late beloved; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him sit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.
*Pain.*Tis common:
A thousand morall Painting I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quicke blowes of Fortune,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To shew Lord *Timon,* that meane eyes have seene
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound.
Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe curteously to every Suitor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?
Mes. I my good Lord, five Talents is his debt,
His meanes most short, his Creditors most straite:
Your Honourable Letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.
Tim. Noble *Ventidus* well:
I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he must neede me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deserves a helpe,
Which he shall have. Ile pay the debt and free him.
Mes. Your Lorship ever bindes him.
Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransome,
And being enfranchized bid him come to me;
Tis not enought to helpe the Feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.
*Mes.*All happinesse to your Honor. *Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.
Oldm. Lord *Timon,* heare me speake.
Tim. Freely good Father.
Oldm. Thou hast a Servant nam'd *Lucilius.*
Tim. I have so: What of him?
Oldm. Most noble *Timon,* call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he heere, or no? *Lucilius?*
Luc. Heere at your Lordships service.
Oldm. This Fellow heere, L. *Timon,* this thy Creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have beene inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an Heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.
Tim. Well: what further?
Old. One onely Daughter have I, no Kin else,
On whom I may conferre what I have got:
The Maid is faire, a'th'youngest for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my deerest cost
In Qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prythee (Noble Lord)

Joyne with me to forbid him her resort,
My selfe have spoke in vaine.
Tim, The man is honest,
Oldm. Therefore he will be *Timon.*
His honesty rewards him in it selfe,
It must not beare my Daughter.
Tim. Does she love him?
Oldm. She is young and apt:
Our owne precedent passions do instruct us
What levities in youth.
Tim. Love you the Maid?
Luc. I my good Lord, and she accepts of it.
Oldm. If in her Marriage my consent be missing,
I call the Gods to witnesse, I will chose
Mine heyre from forth the Beggers of the world,
And dispossesse her all.
Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equall Husband?
Oldm. Three Talents on the present; in future, all.
Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath serv'd me long:
To build his Fortune, I will straine a little,
For tis a Bond in men. Give him thy Daughter,
What you bestow, in him Ile counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.
Oldm. Most Noble Lord,
Pawne me to this your Honour, she is his.
Tim. My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my promise.
Luc. Humbly I thake your Lordship, never may
That state or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you. *Exit*
Poet. Vouchsafe my Labour.
And long live your Lordship.
Tim. I thanke you, you shall heare from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my Friend?
Pain. A peece of Painting, which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almost the Naturall man:
For since Dishonor Traffickes with mans Nature,
He is but out-side: the Pensil'd Figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your worke,
And you shall finde I like it; Waite attendance
Till you heare further from me.
Pain. The Gods preserve ye.
Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: give me your hand.
We must needs dine together: sir your Jewell
Hath suffered under praise. x
*Jewel.*What my Lord, dispraise?
Tim. A meere saciety of Commendations,
If I should pay you for't as tis extold,
It would unclew my quite.
Jewel. My Lord, tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Maisters. Beleev't deere Lord,
You mend the Jewell by the wearing it.
Tim. Well mock'd. *Enter Apermantus.*
Mer. No my good Lord, he speakes the common toong
Which all men speake with him.
Tim. Looke who comes heere, will you be chid?
Jewel. Wee'l I beare with your Lordship.
Mer. Hee'l spare none.
Tim. Good morrow to thee,
Gentle *Apermantus.*

*Ape.*Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow.
Well thu art *Timons* dogge, and these Knaves honest.
Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaves, thou knowst them not?
Ape. Are they not Athenians?
Tim Yes.
Ape. Then I repent not.
Jew. You know me, *Apemantus?*
Ape. Thou knowst I doe, I call'd thee by thy name:
Tim. Thou art proud *Apemantus?*
Ape. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon.*
Tim. Whether art going?
Ape. To knocke out an honest Athenians braines.
Tim. That is a deed thou'd dye for.
Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th'Law.
Tim. How lik'st thou this picture *Apemantus?*
Ape. The best, for the innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it:
Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy peece of worke.
Pain. Y'are a Dogge.
Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation: whats she, If I be a Dogge?
Tim. Wilt dine with me *Apemantus?*
Ape. No: I eate not Lords.
Tim. And thou should'st, thoud'st anger Ladies.
Ape. Oh they eate Lords;
So they come by great bellies.
Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.
Ape. So. thou apprehend'st it.
Take it for thy labour.
Tim. How dost thou like this Jewell, *Apemantus.*
Ape. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cast a man a Doit.
Tim. What dost thou thinke tis worth?
Ape. Not worth my thinking.
How now Poet?
poet. How now Philosopher?
pe. Thou lyest.
Poet. Art not one?
Ape. Yes.
Poet. Then I lye not.
Ape. Art not a Poet?
Poet. Yes.
Ape. Then thou lyest:
Looke in thy last worke, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy Fellow.
Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.
Ape. 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.
Tim. What wouldst doe then *Apemantus?*
Ape. E'ne as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my heart.
Tim. What thy salfe?
Ape. I
Tim. Wherefore?
Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.
Are not thou a Merchant?
Mer. I *Apemantus.*
Ape. Trafficke confound thee, if the gods will not.
Mer. If Trafficke doe it, the gods doe it.
Ape. Traffickes thy god, and thy god confound thee.
Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.
Tim. What Trumpets that?
Mes. 'Tis *Alcibiades,* and some twenty horse

All of Companionship.
Tim. Pray entertaine them, give them guide to us.
You must needs dine with me: goe not yu hence
'Till I have thankt you: and when dinners done
Shew me this peece, I am joyfull of your sights.
Enter Alcibiades with the rest.
Most welcome Sir.
Ape. So, so: their Aches contract, and sterve your supple joynts: that there should be small love amongst these sweet Knaves, and all this Curtesie. The straine of mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.
Alci. Sir, you hav sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.
Tim. Right welcome Sir.
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures.
Pray you let us in. *Exeunt.*
Enter two Lords.
1.Lord. What tima a day is't *Apemantus.*
Ape. Time to be honest.
1, That time serves still.
Ape. The most accursed thou that still omitst it.
2. Thou art going to Lord *Timons* Feast.
Ape. I, to see meate fill Knaves, and Wine heat fooles,
2. Farthee well, farthee well.
Ape. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.
2. Why Apemantus?
Ape. Shouldst have kept one to thy selfe, for I meane to give thee none.
*1.*Hang thy selfe.
Ape. No I will doe nothing at thy biddig:
Make thy requests to thy Friend.
2. Away unpeaceable Dogge,
Or Ile spurne thee hence.
Ape. I will flye like a dogge, the heeles a'th'Asse.
1. He's opposite to humanity.
Come shall we in,
And taste Lord *Timons* bountie: he out goes
The very heart of kindnesse.
2. He powres it out: *Plutus* the god of gold
Is but his Steward; no meede but he repayes
Seven-fold above it selfe: No guift to him,
But breeds the giver a returne: exceeding
All use of quittance.
1. The Noblest minde he carries.
That ever govern'd man.
2. Long may he live i Fortunes. Shall we in?
Ile keepe you Company. *Exeunt.*

Hoboyes Playing lowd Musicke.

A great Banquet serv'd in: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon redeemd from prison. Then comes dropping after all Apemantus doscontentedly like himselfe.

Ventig. Most honoured *Timon,*
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my fathers age,
And call him to long peace:
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in gratefull Vertue I am bound
TO your free heart, I doe returne tho Talent
Doubled with thankes and service, from whose helpe
I deriv'd liberty.
Tim. O by no meanes,
Honet *Ventigius:* you mistake my love,
I gave

I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truely 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 faire.
Vint. A Noble spirit.
Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a glosse on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodnesse, sorry ere tis showne:
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray sit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me.
*1. Lord.*My Lord, we alwayes have confest it.
Aper. Ho ho, confest it? hang'd it? have you not?
Tim. O *Apermantus,* you are welcome.
Aper. No: you shall not make me welcome.
I come to have thee thrust out of doores.
Tim. Fie, th'art a churle, ye have got a humour there
Does not become a man, tis much too blame:
They say my Lords, *Irasuror brevis est,*
But yond man is verie angrie.
Go, let him have a Table by himselfe:
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.
*Aper.*Let me stay at thine apperill *Timon,*
I come to objerve, I give the warning on't.
Tim. I take no heede of thee: Th'art an *Athenian,*
therefore welcome: I my selfe would have no power,
prethee let my meate make thee silent.
Aper. I scorne thy meate, twould choake me: for I
should nere flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number
of men eates *Timon,* and he sees 'em not? It greeves e
to see so many dip there meate in one mans blood, and
all the madnesse is, he cheeres them up too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.
Me thinkes they should invite them without knives,
Good for their meate, and safer for their lives.
Theres much example for't, the fellow that sits next him
now parts bread with him, pledges the brreath of him in
a divided draught: is the readiest man to kill him. Tas
beene proved, if I were a huge man I should feare to
drinke at meales, least they should spye my wind-pipes
dangerous noates, great men should drinke with harnesse
on their throats.
Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health goe round.
a *Lord.* Let it flow this way my good Lord.
Aper. Flow thi way? A brave fellow. He keepes his
tides well, thos healths will make thee and thy state
looke ill, *Timon.*
Heeres: that which is too weake to be a inner,
Honest water, which nere left man i'th'mird:
This and my food are equall, theres no ods,
Feasts are to proud to give thankes to the gods.

Apermantus Grace.
Immortall gods, I crave no pelfe,
I pray for no man but my selfe,
Grant I may never prove so fone,
To trust man on his Oath or Bond.
Or a Harlot for her weeping.
Or a Dogge that seemes asleeping,
Or a keeper with my fredome,
Or my friend if I should need em.
Amen. So fall too't:
Richmen sin, and I eat root.
Much good dich thy good heart, *Apermantus.*
Tim. Captaine,

Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now.
Alci. My heart is ever at your service, my Lord.
Tim. You had rather be at a breakefast of Enemies,
Then a dinner of Friends.
Alc. So they were bleeding new my Lord, theres no
meat like em, I could with my friend at such a Feast.
Aper. Would all those flatterers were thine Enemies
then, tht then thou mightst kill em: and bid me to em.
1. Lord. Might we but have that happinesse my Lord,
that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might
expresse some part of our zeales, we should thinke our
selves for ever perfect.
Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the gods
themselves have provided that I shall have much helpe
from you: how had you beene my Friends else. Why
have you that charitable title from thousands? Did not
you chiefely belong to my heart? I have told more of
you to my selfe, then you can with modesty speake in
your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh
you gods (thinke I) what need we have any Friends; if
we should nere have neede of em? They were the most
needelesse Creatures living; should we nere have use for
'em? And would most resemble sweet Instruments
hung up in Cafes, that keepe their sounds to them-
selves. Why I have often wisht mo selfe poorer, that
I might come neerer to you: we are borne to doe bene-
fits. And what better or properer can we call our owne,
then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a pretious com-
fort 'tis, to have so many like Brothers commanding
one anothers Fortunes. Oh joyes, e'ne made away er't
can be borne: mine eyes cannot hold out watter me thinkes
to forget their faults. I drinke to you.
Aper. Thou weep'st to made them drinke *Timon.*
2. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant, like a babe sprung up.
Aper. Ho, ho : I laugh to thinke that babe a bastard.
3. Lord. I promise you my Lord you mov'd me much.
Aper. Much.

Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons with Lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Tim. What meanes that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Please you my Lord; there are certaine Ladies
Most desirous of admittance.
Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?
Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord,
which beares that office, to signifie their pleasures.
Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies.

Cup. Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of
his Baunties taste: the five best Sences acknowledge thee
their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plenteous
bosome.
There taste, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise:
They onely now come, but to Feast thine eyes.
Timo. They'r welcome all, let 'em have kind admit-
tance. Musicke make their welcome.
Luc. You see my Lord, how ample y'are belov'd.
Aper. Hoyday,
What a sweepe of vanity comes this way.
They daunce? They are madwomen.

Like Madnesse is the glory of this life,
As this pompe shewes to a little oyle and roote.
We make our selves fooles, to disport our selves,
And spend our Flatteries, to drinke those men,
Upon whose Age we voyde it up agen
With poysonous Spight and Envy.
Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves;
Who dyes, that beares not one spurne to their graves
Of their friends gift:
I should feare, those that dance before me now,
Would one day stampe upon me: 'Tas beene done,
Men shut their doores against a setting Sunne.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and to shew their loves, each single out an Aazon, and all Dance, men with women, a lofty straine or two to the Hoboyes, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Sets a faire fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe so beautifull, and kind:
You have added worth untoo't, and lively luster,
And entertain'd me with mine owne device.
I am to thanke you for't.
1 Lord. My Lord you take us even at the best.
Aper. Faith for the forst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.
Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.
Please you to dispose your selves.
All La. Most thankfully, my Lord. *Exeunt.*
Tim. Flavius,
Fla. My Lord.
Tim. The little Casket, bring my hither.
Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Jewels yet?
There is no crossing him in's humour,
Else I should tell him well, ifaith I should;
When alls spent, he'ld be crost then, and he could:
Tis pitty Bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne're be wretched for his mind.
1 Lord. Where be our men?
Ser. Heere my Lord in readinesse,
2 Lord. Our horses.
Tim. O my Friends;
I have one word to say to you: Looke you, my good L.
I must intreat you honour me so much.
As to advance this Jewell, accept, and weare it,
Kind my Lord.
1 Lord. I am so farre already in your guifts.
All. So are we all.
Enter a Servant.
Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.
Tim. They are fairely welcome.
Enter Flavius.
Fla. I beseech your Honor, vouchsafe me a word, it does concerne you neere.
Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.
I prethee let's be provided to shew them entertainment.
Fla. I scarse know how.
Enter another Servant.
Ser. May it please your honor, Lord *Lucius*
(Out of his free love) hath presented to you
Four Milke-white Horses, trapt in Silver.
Tim. I shall accept them fairely: let the Presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.
How now? What newes?
3. Ser. Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentleman Lord *Lucullus,* entreats your company to morrow, to hunt with him, and ha's sent your Honour two brace of Grey-hounds.
Tim. Ile hunt with him.
And let them be received, not without faire Reqard.
Fla. What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and gives great guifts, and all out of an empty Coffer:
Nor will he know his purse, or yeeld me this,
To shew him what a Begger his heart is,
Being of now power to make his wishes good,
His promises flye so beyond his state,
That what he speakes is all in debt, owes for ev'ry word:
He is so kind, that he now payes interest for't;
His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out:
Happier is he that has no friend to feede,
Then such that doe e'ne Enemies exceede.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord. *Exit.*
Tim. You doe your selves much wrong,
You bate too much of your owne merits.
Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Love.
2 Lord. With more then common thankes
I will receive it.
3. Lord. O has the very sould of Bounty.
Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gave good words the other day of a Bay Courser I rod on. Tis yours because you lik'd it.
1. L. Oh, I beseech you pardon me, my Lord, in that.
Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no man can justly praise, but what he does affect. I weigh my friends affection with mine owne? Ile tell you true, Ile call to you.
All Lor. O none so welcome.
Tim. I take all, and your severall visitations
So kind to heart, tis not enough to give:
Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdomes to my friends,
And nere be weary. *Alcibiades,*
Thou art a Souldier, therefore sildome rich,
It comes in Charity to thee; for all thy living
Is mong'st the dead: and all the Lands thou hast
Lye in a pitcht field.
Alci. I, defil'd Land, my Lord.
1. Lord. We are so vertuously bound.
Tim. And so am I to you.
2. Lord. So infinitely endeer'd.
Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights, more Light.
1. Lord. The best of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes
Keepe with you Lord *Timon.*
Tim. Ready for his Friends. *Exeunt Lords.*
Aper. What a coiles heere, serving of beckes, and jutting out of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be worth the summes that are given for 'em.
Friendships full of dregges,
Me thinkes false hearts, should never have sound legges.
Thus honest Fooles lay out their wealth on Curtsies
Tim. Now *Apermantus* (If thou wert not sullen)
I would b good to thee.
Aper. No, Ile nothing, for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to raile upon thee, and then thou wouldst sinne the faster. Thou giv'st so long *Timon* (I feare me) thou wilt give away thy selfe in paper shortly. What neede these Feasts, pompes, and Vaine-glories?
Tim.

Tim. Nay, and you begin to raile on Society once, I
am sworne not to give regard to you. Farewell, and come
with better Musicke. *Exit.*

Aper. So: thou wilt not heare me now, thou shalt not
then. Ile locke thy heaven from thee:
Oh that mens eares should be
To Counsell deafe, but not to Flattery. *Exit.*

Enter A Senator.

Sen. And late five thousand: to *Varro* and to *Isidore*
He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I wan Gold, steale but a beggers Dogge,
And give it *Timon,* why the Dogge coynes Gold.
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better then he: why give my horse to *Timon.*
Aske nothing, give it him, if Foles me straight
And able Horses: No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that passe by. It cannot hold, no reason
Can sound his state in safety. *Caphis* hoa,
Caphis I say.

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Heere sir, what is your pleasure.

Sen. Get on your cloake, and hast you to Lord *Timon*
Importune him for my Moneyes, be not ceast
With slight deniall; nor then silenc'd, then
Commend me to your Master, and the Cap
Playes in the right hand, thus: but tell him sirrah
My Uses cry to me; I must serve my turne
Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit. I love, and honour hi,
But must not breake my backe, to heale his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my reliefe
Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand: for I doe feare
When every Feather tickes in his owne wing.
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a Phoenix, get you gone.

Ca. I go sir.

Sen. I go sir?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And have the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Go. *Exeunt.*

Enter Steward, with many billes in his hand.

Stew. No care, no stop, so senselesse of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintaine it,
Nor cease his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt
How things goe from him, nor resume no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done, he will not here, till feele:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting .
Fye, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good even *Varro:* what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your businesse too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, *Isidore?*

Isid. It is so.

Cap. Would we were all discharg'd.
Var. I feare it.
Cap. Heere comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine.

Tim. So soone as dinners done, we'll forth againe
My *Alcibiades.* With me, what is your will?
Cap. My Lord, heere is a note of certaine dues.
Tim. Dues? whence are you?
Cap. Of Athens heere: my Lord.
Tim. Goe to my Steward.
Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new dayes this moneth:
My Master is awak'd by great Occasion,
To call upon his owne, and humbly prayes you
That with your other Noble parts, you'll suite,
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honest Friend,
I prethee but repaire to me next morning.
Cap. Nay good my Lord.
Tim. Containe thy selfe, good friend.
Var. One *Varroes* servant, my good Lord.
Isid. From *Isidore,* he humbly prayes your speedy payment,
Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.
Var. Twas due on forfeyture my Lord, sixe weekes. and past.
Isid. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am sent expressely to your Lordship.
Tim. Give me breath:
I doe beseech you good my Lords keepe on,
Ile waite upon you instantly. Come hither: pray you
How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detention long since due debts
Against my Honor?
Stew. Please you Gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this businesse:
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner,
That I may make his Lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.
Tim. Do so my Friends, see them well entertained.
Stew. Pray draw neere. *Exit.*

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the Foole with *Apemantus,* lets ha some sport with em.
Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.
Isid. A plague upon him dogge.
Var. How dost Foole?
Ape. Dost Dialogue with thy shadow?
Var. I speake not to thee.
Ape. No tis to thy selfe. Come away.
Isid. Theres the Foole hangs on your backe already.
Ape. No thou standst single, thou art not on him yet
Cap. Wheres the foole now?
Ape. He last ask'd the question. Poore Rogues and Usurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.
All. What are we *Apemantus?*
Ape. Asses.
All. Why?
Ape. That you aske me what you are, and doe not know your selves. Speake to em foole.
Foole. How doe you Gentlemen?
All. Gramercies good Foole:
How does your Mistris?

Foole.

Foole. She's e'ne setting on water to scal'd such Chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.

Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Foole. Looke you, heere comes my Masters Page.

Page. Why how now Captaine? what doe you in this wise company.
How dost thou *Apermantus?*

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Boy. Prethee *Apermantus* reade me the superscription of these Letters, I know not which is which.

Ape. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Ape. There will little Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon,* this to *Alcibiades.* Go thou was't borne a Bastard, and thou't dye a Bawd.

Page. thou was't whelpt a Dogge, and thou shalt famish a Dogges death.
Answer not, I am gone, *Exit.*

Ape. E'ne so thou out-runst grace,
Foole I will go with you to Lord *Timons.*

Foole. Will you leave me there?

Ape. If *Timon* stay at home.
You three serve three Usurers?

All. I would they serv'd us.

Aper. So would I:
As good a tricke as every Hangman serv'd these.

Foole. Are you three [Usuers] men?

All. I foole

Foole. I thinke no Usurer, but has a boole to his Servant. My Mistris is one, and I am her foole: when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly, and goe away merry: but they enter my Masters house merrily, and goe away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ape. Doe it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaster, and a Knave, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no lesse esteemed,

Var. What is a Whoremaster foole?

Foole. A foole in good cloathes, and something like thee. Tis a spirit, sometime t'appeares like a Lord, somtime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two stones more then's artificiall one. He is very often like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes up and downe in, from fourescore to thirteen, thus spirit walkes in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a foole.

Foole. Nor thou altogether a Wise man,
As much foolery as I hve, so much wit thou lack'st.

Ape. That answer might have become *Apemantus.*

All. Aside, aside, heere comes Lord *Timon.*

Enter Timon, and Steward.

Ape. Come with me (foole) come.

Foole. I do not alwayes follow Lover, elder Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

*Stew.*Pray you walke neere,
Ile speake with you anon. *Exeunt.*

Tim. You make me mervell wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laide my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expence
As I had leave of meanes.

Stew. You would not heare me:

At many leysures I propose.
Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you tooke,
When my indisposition put you backe,
And that unaptnesse made you minister
Thus to excuse your selfe.
Stew. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accom'ts,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And say you found them in mine honesty,
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Returne so much, I have shooke my head, and wept:
Yea 'gainst th'Authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did indure
Not sildome, nor no slight checkes, when I have
Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,
And your great flow of debts; my deare lov'd Lord,
Though you here now (too late) yet nowes a time,
The greatest of you having, lackes a lalfe,
To pay your present debts.
Tim. Let all my Land be sold.
Stew.' Tis all engag'd, some forfeyted and gone,
And what remaines will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?
Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.
Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a world,
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone.
Tim. You tell me true.
Stew. If you suspect my Husbandry of Falshood,
Call me before the exactest Auditors,
And set me on the proofe. So the gods blesse me,
When all our Offices have beene opprest
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of Wine; when every roome
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrelsie,
I have retyr'd me to a wastefull cocke,
And set mine eyes at Flow.
Tim. Prethee no more.
Stew. Heavens have I said, the bounty of this Lord!
How many prodigall bits have Slaves and Pezants
This night englutted: who is not *Timons,*
What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but is L. *Timons:*
Great *Timon,* Noble Worthy, Royall *Timons:*
Ah. when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone, whereof this praise is made:
Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of Winter showres,
These flyes are coucht.
Tim Come sermon me no further.
No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly have I given.
Why dost thou weepe, canst thou the conscience lacke,
To thinke I shall lacke friends: secure thy heart,
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,
Men, and mens fortunes could I frankely use
As I can bid thee speake.
Stew. Assurance blesse your thoughts.
Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd
That I account them blessings. For by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive
How you mistake my fortunes.
I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there, *Flavius, Servilius?*

Enter

Enter three Servants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you severally.
You to Lord *Lucius,* to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted
with his Honor to day; you to *Sempronius*, commend me
to their loves, and I am proud say, that my occasions
have found time to use 'em toward a supply of mony: let
the request be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Stew. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullis?* Humh.

Tim. Goe you sir to the Senators;
Of whom, even to the States best health? I have
Deserv'd this hearing; bid 'em send o'th'instant
A thousand Talents to me.

Stwe. I have beene bold
(For that I knew it the most generall way)
To them, to use your Signet, and your Name,
But they doe shake their heads, and I am heere
No richer in returne.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Stew. They answer in a joynt and corporate voyce,
That now they are at fall, want Treasure, cannot
Doe what they would, are sorry: you ahre Honourable,
But yet they could have wisht, they know not,
Something hath been amisse; a Noble Nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; tis pitty,
And so intending other serious matters,
After distastefull lookes; and these hard Fractions
With certaine halfe-caos, and cold moving nods,
They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You gods reward them:
Prythee man looke cheerely. These old Fellowes
Have their ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, tis cold, it seldome flowes,
Tis lacke of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
Goe to *Ventidius* (prythee be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest ; ingeniously I speake,
No blame belongs to thee:) *Ventidius* lately
Buried his Father, by whose death he's stepp'd
Into agreat estate: when he was poore,
Imprison'd, and in scarsity of Friends,
I cleer'd him with five Talents: Greet him from me,
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his Friend, which craves to be remembred
With those five Talents; that had, give't these Fellowes
To whom tis instant due. Nev'r speake, or thinke,
That *Timons* fortunes 'mong his friends can sinke.

Stew. I would I could not thinke it:
That thought is Bounties Foe?
Being free it selfe, it thinkes all others so. *Exeunt.*

Flaminius waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master, enter: a servant to him.

Ser. I have told my Lord of you, he is comming downe
to yon.

Flam: I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Here's my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord *Timons* men? A Guift I warrant.
Why this hits right: I dreampt of a Silver Bason & Ewre
to night. *Flaminius,* honest *Flaminius,* you are verie re-
spectively welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And how
does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentle-

man of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and Mayster?

Flam. His health is well sir.

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

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalfe; I come to intreat your honor to supply: who having great and instant occasion to use fiftie Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him: nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting sayes he? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come againe to supper to him of purpose, to have him sped lesse, and yet he would embrace no counsell, take no warning by my comming, every man has his fault, and honesty is his. I ha told him on't, but I could nere get him from't.

Enter Servant, with Wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, here is the Wine.

Luc. Flaminius, I have noted thee alwayes wise. Heere's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speakes your pleasure.

Luc. I have observed thee alwayes for a towardlie prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reason; and canst use the time wel, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone sirrah. Draw neerer honest *Flaminius.* Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowst well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendshippe without securitie. Heres three *Soldares* for thee, good Boy winke at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare the well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that lived? Fly damned basenesse
To him that worships thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I see thou art a Foole, and fit for thy Master. *Exit L.*

Fla. May these adde to the number thay may scald thee:
Let molten Coyne be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himselfe:
Has friendship such a faint and milkie heart,
It turnes in lesse then two nights? O you gods!
I feele my Masters passion. This Slave unto his honor,
Has my Lords meate in him:
Why should it thrive, and turne to Nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poyson?
O may Diseases onely worke upon't:
And when he's sicke to death, let not that part of Nature
Which my Lord payd for, be of any power,
To expell sicknesse, but prolong his hower. *Exit.*

Enter Luciuus, with three strangers.

Luc. Who the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good friend and an honourable Gentleman.

1. We know him for no lesse, though we re but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and which I heare from common rumours, now Lord *Timons* happie howres are done and past, ans his estate shrinkes from him.

Luc. Fye no, doe not beleeve it; he cannot want for money.

2. But beleeve you this my Lord, that not long agoe, one of his men wa with the Lord *Lucullux,* to borrow so many Talents, nay urg'd extreamely for't, and shewed

what

what necessity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'de.

Luc. How?

2. I tell you, deny'de my Lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? Now before the gods I am asham'd on't. Denyed that honourable man? There was very little honour shew'd in't. For my owne part, I must needes confesse, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as Money, Plate, Jewels, and such like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had he mistooke him, and sent to me, I should ne're have denied his occasion so many Talents.

Enter Servilius.

Servil. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I have swet to see his honor. My honor'd Lord.

Luci. Servilius? You are kindly met sir. Farthewell, commend me to thy honourable vertuous Lord, my very exquisite Friend.

Servil. May it please your Honor, my Lord hath sent------.

Luci. Ha? what ha's he sent? I am so much endeered to that Lord; hee's ever sending: how shall I thanke him think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Serv. Has onely sent his present Occasion now my Lord: requesting your Lordship to supply his instant use with so many Talents.

Luci. I know his Lordship is but merry with me,
He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents,

Servil. But in the meane time he wants lesse my Lord.
If his occasion were not vertuous,
I should not urge it halfe so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speake seriously *Servilius.*

Serv. Upon my soule tis true Sir.

Luc. What a wicked Beast was I to disfurnish my selfe against such a good time, when I might ha shewn my selfe Honourable? How unluckily it hapned, that I shold Purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deale of honor? *Servilius,* now before the Gods I am not able to doe (the more beast I say) I was sending to use Lord *Timon* my selfe, these gentlemen can witnesse; 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 Honor will conceive the fairest of mee, because I have no power to be kinde. 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 farre, as to use mine owne words to him?

Serv. Yes sir, I shall. *Exit Servilius.*

Luci. Ile looke you out a good turne *Servilius.*
True as you said, *Timon* is shrunke indeede,
And he that's once deny'de, will hardly speede. *Exit.*

1 Do you observe this *Hostilius?*

2 I, to well.

1. Why this is the worlds soule
And just of the same peece
Is every Flatterers sport: who can call him his friend
That dips in the same dish? For in my knowing
Timon has bin this Lords Father,
And kept his credit with his purse:
Supported his estate, nay *Timons* money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinkes,
But *Timons* Silver treads upon his Lip,
And yet, oh see the monstrousnesse of man,
When he lookes out in an ungratefull shape:
He does deny him (in respect of his)

What charitable men affoord to Beggers.
3 Religion grones at it.
1 For mine owne part, I never tasted *Timon* in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To marke me for his Friend. Yet I protest.
For his right Noble mind, illustrious Vertue,
And Honourable Carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into Donation,
And the best halfe should have return'd to him,
So [mnch] I love his heart: But I perceive,
Men must learne now with pitty to dispence.
For Policy sits above Conscience. *Exeunt.*

Enter a third servant with Sempronius, another of Timons Friends.

Semp. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum.
'Bove all others?
He might have tried Lord *Lucius,* or *Lucullus,*
And now *Ventidgius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeemd from prison. All these
Owe their estates unto him.
Ser. My Lord,
They have all bin touch'd, and are all found Base-Mettle,
For they have all denied him.
Semp. How? have they denyde him?
Has *Ventidius* and *Lucullus* deny'de him,
And does he send to me? Three? Humh?
It shewes but little love, or judgement in him.
Must I be his last Refuge? his friends (like Physitians)
Thrive, give him over. Must I take th'Cure upon
Has much disgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him, (me?
That might have knowne my place. I see o sense for't,
But his occasions might have wooed me first:
For in my conscience, I was the first man
That ere received gift from him.
Ad does he thinke so backwardly of me now,
That Ile requite it last? No:
So it may prove an Argument of Laughter
To th'rest, and 'mongst Lords I be thought a Foole:
I'de rather then the worth of thrice the summe,
Had sent to me first, but for my mindes sake:
I'de such a courage to doe him good. But now returne,
And with their faint reply, this answer joyne;
Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne. *Exit.*
Ser. Excellent: Your Lorships a goodly Villaine. the
divell knew not what he did, when he made man Poli-
ticke ; he crossed himselfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but
in the end, the villanies of man will set him cleere. How
fairely this Lord strives to appeare foule? Takes Vertu-
ous Copies to be wicked: like those, that under hot ar-
dent zeale. would set whole Realmes on fire, of such a na-
ture is his politike love.
This was my Lords best hope, now all are fled
Save onely the gods. Now his Friends are dead,
Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous yeere, must be imploy'd
Now to guard sure their Master:
And this is all a liberall course allowes,
Who cannot keepe his wealth, must keepe his house. *Ex.*

Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait for his comming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius.

Var.man. Well met, good morrow *Titus* and *Hortensias*

Titus

Tit. The like to you kinde *Varro.*
Hort. Lucius, what do we meet together?
Luc. I, and I think one businesse do's command us all,
For mine is money.
Tit. So is theirs, and ours.
Enter Philotus.
Luci. And sir *Philotus* too.
Phi. Good day at once.
Luci. Welcome good Brother.
What do you thinke the houre?
Phil. Labouring for Nine.
Luci. So much?
Phil. Is not my Lord seene yet?
Luci. Not yet.
Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at seaven
Luci. I, but the dayes are waxt shorter with him:
You must consider, that a Prodigall course
Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recoverable, I feare:
Tis deepest Winter in Lord *Timons* purse, that is: One
may reach deepe enough, and yet find little.
Phil. I am of your feare, for that.
Tit. Ile shew you how t'observe a strange event:
Your Lord sends now for Money?
Hort. Most true, he does.
Tit. And he weares Jewels now of *Timons* ghift,
For which I waite for money.
Hort. It is against my heart.
Luci. Marke how strange it showes,
Timon in this, should pay more then he owes:
And e'ne as if your Lord should weare rich Jewels,
Ad send for money for 'em.
Hort. I'me weary of this Charge,
The Gods can witnesse:
I know my Lord hath spent of *Timons* wealth,
And now Ingratitude, makes it worse then stealth.
Varro. Yes mine's three thousand Crownes:
Whats yours?
Luci. Five thousand mine.
Var. 'Tis much deepe, and it should seeme by th'sum
Your Masters confidence was above mine,
Else surely his had equall'd.
Enter Flaminius.
Tit. One of Lord *Timons* men.
Lu . Flaminius? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord ready
to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed he is not.
Tit. We attend his Lordship: pray signifie so much.
Flam. I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too
diligent.
Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled.
Luci. Ha: is not that his Steward muffled so?
He goes away in a Clowd: Call him, call him.
Tit. Do you heare, sir?
2 Varro. By your leave, sir.
Stew. What do ye aske of me, my friend.
Tit. We waite for certaine Money heere, sir.
Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your summes and Billes
When yur false Masters eate of my Lords meat?
Then they would smile and fawne upon his debts,
And take downe th'Intrest into their glutt'nous Mawes.
You de your selves but wrong, to stirre me up,
Let me passe quietly:
Beleeve't, my Lord and I have made an end,
I have no more to reckon he to spend.
*Luci.*I, but this answer will not serve.

Stew. If't 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you,
For you serve Knaves.

1. Varro. How? what does his casheer'd Worship mutter?

2 Varro. No matter what, hee's poor, and thats revenge enough. Who can speake broader, then he that has no house to put his head in? Such may rayle against great buildigs.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh heere's *Servilius:* now we shall know some answere.

Serv. If I might beseech you Gentlemen, to repayre some other houre, I should derive much from't. For tak't of my soule, my Lord leanes wondrously to discontent: his comfortable temper has forsooke him, hes much out of health, and keepes his Chamber.

Luci. Many do keepe their Chambers, are not sicke:
And if it be so farre beyond his health,
Me thinkes he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a cleere way to the gods.

Servil. Good gods.

Titus. We caunot take this for answer, sir.

Flaminius within. Servilius helpe, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What, are my dores oppos'd against my passage?
Have I bin ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive Enemy? My Goale?
The place which I have Feasted, does it now
(Like all Mankind) shew me an Iron heart?

Luci. Put in now *Titus.*

Tit. My Lord, heere is my Bill.

Luci. Heres mine.

1 Var. And mine, my Lord.

2. Var. And ours, my Lord.

Philo. All our Billes.

Tim. Knocke me downe with 'em, cleave me to the Girdle.

Luc. Alas my Lord.

Tim. Cut my heart in summes.

Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.

Tim. Tell out my bloud.

Luc. Five thousand Crownes, my Lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops payes that.
What yours? and yours?

1. Var. My Lord.

2. Var. My Lord.

Tim. Teare me, take me, and the gods fall upon you.

Exit Timon.

Hort. 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.

Tim. They have e'ene put my breath from me the slaves. Creditors? Divels.

Stew. My deere Lord.

Tim. What if it should be so?

Stew. My Lord.

Tim. Ile have it so. My Steward?

Stew. Heere my Lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bit all my Friends againe,
Lucius, Lucullus, and *Sempronius Vllorxa:* All,
Ile once mor feast the Rascals.

Stew. O my Lord, you onely speake from your distracted soule: there's not so much left to, furnish out a moderate Table.

Timon.

Tim. Be it not in thy care:
Goe I charge thee, invite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaves once more: my Cooke and Ile provide. *Exeunt*

Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meetig them, with Attendants.

1.Sen. My Lord, you have my voyce, too't,
The faults Bloody;
Nothing imboldens sinne so much, as Mercy.
2. Most true; the Law shall bruise 'em.
Alci. Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate,
1 Now Captaine.
Alc. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;
For pitty is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants use it crually.
It pleases time and Fortune to lye heavy
Upon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stept into the Law: which is past depth
To those that (without heed) doe plundge intoo't.
He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he soyle the fact with Cowardice.
(And honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirit,
Seeing his Reputtion touch'd to death,
He did oppose his Foe;
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behoove his anger ere twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an Argument.
1. Sen. You undergoe too strict a Paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed looke faire:
Your words have tooke such paines, as they labour'd
To bring Man-slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling
Upon the head of Valour; which indeede
Is Valour mis-begot, and came into the world,
When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.
Hes truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breath,
And make his wrongs, his Out-sides,
To weare them like his Rayment, carelessly,
And ne're preferre his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evilles, and inforce us kill,
What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill.
Alci. My Lord.
.1 Sen. You cannot make grosse sinnes looke cleare,
To revenge is no Valour, but to beare.
Alci. My Lords, then under favour, pardon me.
If I speake like a Captaine.
Why do fond men expose themselves to Battell,
And not endure all threats? Sleepe upon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That stay at home, if Bearing carry it:
And the Asse, more Captaine then the Lyon?
The fellow loaden with Irons, wiser then the Judge?
If Wisedome be in suffering. Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pittifully Good,
Who cannot condemne rashnesse in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sinnes extreamest Gust,
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in Anger, is impietie:
But who is Man, that is not Angrie.
Weigh but the Crime with this.

2. *Sen.* You breath in vaine.
Alci. In vaine?
His service done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.
1 What's that?
Alc. Why say my Lords ha's done faire service,
And slaine in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he beare himselfe
In the last Conflict, and made plentious wounds?
2 He has made too much plenty with him
He's a sworne Rioter, he has a sinne
That often drownes him. and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To overcome him. In that Beastly furie,
He has bin knowne to commit outrages,
And cherrish Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.
1 He dyes.
Alci. Hard fate: he might have dyed in warre.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arme might purchase his owne time,
And be in debt to none: yet more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and joyne em both.
And for I know, your reverend Ages love Security,
Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you,
Upon his good returnes.
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the Waare receiv't in valiant gore,
For Law is strict, and Warre is nothing more.
1 We are for Law, he dyes, urge it no more
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his owne blood, tht spilles another,
Alci. Must it be so? It must not bee:
My Lords, I doe beseech, you know mee.
2 How?
Alci. Call me to your remembrance.
3 What.
Alci. I cannot thinke by your Age has forgot me,
It could not else be, I should prove so bace,
To sue and be deny'de such common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.
1 Doe you dare our anger?
'Tis few words, but spacious in effect.
We banish thee forever.
Alci. Banish me?
Banish your dotage, banish usurie,
That makes the Senate ugly.
1 If after two dayes shine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our waightier Judgement,
And not to swell our Spirit.
He shall be executed presently. *Exeunt.*
Alci. Now the gods keepe you old enough,
That you may live
Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.
I'm worse then mad: I have kept backe their Foes
While they have told their Money, and let out
Their Coyne upon large interest, I my selfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All those, for this?
Is this the Balsome, that the usuring Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? ha Banishment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,
It is a cause worthy my Spleene and Fury,
That I may strike at Athens. Ile cheere up
My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts:
'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at ods,
Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter divers Friends at severall doores.

1 The good time of day to you, sir.
2 I also wish it to you: I thinke this honourable Lord did but try us this other day.
1. Upon that were my thoughts trying when we encountered. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seeme in the triall of his severall Friends.
2. It should not be, by the perswasion of his new Feasting.
1. I should thinke so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my neere occasions did urge mee to put off: but he hath conjur'd mee beyond them, and I must needs appeare.
2. In like manner was I in debt to my importunat businesse, but he would not heare my excuse. I am sorrie, when he sent to borrow of mee, that my Provusion was out.
1. I am sicke of that griefe too, as I understand how all things go.
2 Every man heares so: what would he have borrowed of you?
1. A thousand Peeces.
2. A thousand Peeces?
1. What of you?
2. He sent to me sir------Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?
1 Ever at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.
2 The Swallow followes not Summer more willing, then we your Lordship.
Tim, Nor more willingly leaves Winter, such Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay: Feast your eares with the Musicke a while: if they will fare so harshly o'th Trumpets sound: we shall too't presently.
1. I hope it remaines not unkindly with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.
Tim. O sir, let it not trouble you.
2 My Noble Lord.
Tim. Ah my good friend, what cheere?

The Banket brought in.

2. My most honorable Lord, I am e'ne sicke of shame, that when your Lordship the other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a Beggar.
Tim. Thinke not on't, sir.
2 If you had sent but two houres before.
Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come bring in all together.
2 All cover'd Dishes.
1 Royall Cheare, I warrant you.
2 Doubt not that, if money and the season can yeild it
1 How do you? Whats the newes?
3 *Alcibiades* is banish'd: heare you of it?
Both. Alcibiades banish'd?
3 'Tis so, be sure of it.
1 How? How?
2 I pray you upon what?
Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?
3 Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward
2 This is the old man still.
3 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?
2 It do's, but time will, and so.

3 I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stoole, with that spurre as hee would to the lip of his Mistris: your dyet shall bee in all places alike. Make not a City Feast of it, to let the meat coole, ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit. The Gods require our Thankes.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thankefulnesse. For your owne guises, make your selves prais'd: But reserve still to give, least your Dieties be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one neede not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the Meate be beloved, more then the Man that give it. Let no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines. If there sit twelve Women at the Table, let a dozen of them be as they are. The rest of your Fees, O gods, the Senators of Athens, togetheer with the common legger of People, what is amisse in them. you Gods, make suteable for destruction. For these my present Friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing blesse them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover Dogges, and lap.

Some speake. What doe's his Lordship meane?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better Feast never behold
You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, & luke warm water
Is your perfection. This is *Timons* last,
Who stucke and spangled you with Flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long
Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,
Curteous destroyers, affable Wolves, meeke Beares:
You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,
Cap and knee-Slaves, vapours, and Minute Jackes
Of Man and Beast, the infinite Maladie
Crust you quite o're, What do'st thou go?
Soft, take thy Physicke first; thou too, and thou;
Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast,
Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Guest.
Burne house, sinke Athens, henceforth hated be
Of *Timon* Man, and all humanity. *Exit.*

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1 How now, my Lords?

2 Know you the quality of Lord *Timons* fury?

3 Push, did you see my Cap?

4. I have lost my Gowne.

1 Hes but a mad Lord, and nought but humors swaies him. He gave me a Jewell th'other day, and now hee has beate it out of my hat.
Did you see my Jewell?

2 Did you see my Cap.

3 Heere 'tis.

4 Heere lyes my Gowne.

1 Lets make no stay.

2 Lord *Timons* mad.

3 I feel't upon my bones.

4 One day he gives us Diamonds, next day stones.

Exeunt the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe upon thee. O thou Wall
That girdles in those Wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Atherns. [*Mu[a]trons*], turne incontinent,
Obedience fayle in Children: Slaves and Fooles

Plucke the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their steeds, to generall Filthes.
Convert o'th'Instant greene Virginity,
Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast
Rather than render backe; out with your Knives
And cut your Trusters throates. Bound Servants, steale,
Large-handed Robbers your grave Masters are,
And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Masters bed,
Thy Mistris is o'th'Brothell. Sonne of sixteen,
Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,
Religion to the gods, Peace, Justice, Truth,
Domesticke awe, Night-rest, and Neighbour-hood,
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Observances, Customes, and Lawes,
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet Confusion live: Plagues incident to men
Your potent and infectious Feavors, heape
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt
As lamely as their Manneers. Lust, and Libertie
Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,
That gainst the streame of Vertue they may strive,
And drowne themselves in Riot. Itches, Blaines,
Sowe all th'Athenian bosomes, and their crop
Be generall Leprosie: Breath, infect breath,
That their Society (as their Friendship) may
Be meerely poyson. Nothing Ile beare from thee
but nakednesse, thou detestable Towne.
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde
Th'unkindest Beast, more kinder then Mankinde.
The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)
Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:
And graunt as *Timon* growes, his hate may grow
To the whole race of Mankind, high and low.
Amen. *Exit.*

Enter Steward with two or three Servants.

1 Heare you M. Steward, where's our Master?
Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?
Stew. Alacke my fellowes, what should I say to you?
Le me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poore as you.
1 Such a House broke?
So Noble a Master falne, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,
And goe along with him.
2 As we do turne our backes
From our Companion, throwne into his grave,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slinke all away, leave their false vowes with him
Like empty purses pickt. and his poore selfe
A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
With his disease, of all shunn'd poverty,
Walkes likes contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Servants.

*Stew.*All broken Implements of a ruin'd house.
3 Yet do our hearts weare *Timons* Livery,
That see I by our Faces: we are Fellowes still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our Barke,
And we poore Mates, stand on the dying Decke,
Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
Into this Sea of Ayre.
*Stew.*Good fellowes all,

The latest of my wealth Ile share among'st you.
Where ever we shall meete, for *Timons* sake,
Let's yet be Fellowes. Lets shake our heads, and say
As 'twere a Knell unto our Masters Fortunes,
We have seene better dayes. Let each take some:
Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poore.

Embrace and part severall wayes.

Oh the fierce wretchednesse that Glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory, or to live
But in a Dreame of Friendship,
To have his pompe, and all what state compounds,
But onely painted like his varnisht Friends:
Poore honest Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,
Undone by goodnesse: Strange unusuall blood,
When mans worst sinne is, he do's too much Good.
Who then dares to be halfe so kinde agen?
For Bounty that makes gods, does still marre Men.
My deerest Lord, blest to be most accurst,
Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
Are made thy chiefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)
Hee's flung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate
Of monstrous Friends:
Nor ha's he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it:
Ile follow and enquire him out.
Ile ever serve his minde, with my best will.
Whilst I have Gold, Ile be his Steward still, *Exit.*

Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy Sisters Orbe
Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarse is dividant; touch them with severall fortunes,
The greater scornes the lesser. Not Nature
(To whom all sores lay siege) can beare great Fortune
But by contempt of Nature.
Raise me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,
The Senators shall beare contempt Hereditary,
The Begger Native Honor.
It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,
The want that makes him leave: who dares? who dares
In purity of Manhood stand upright
And say, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,
So are they all: for every grize of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
Duckes to the Golden foole. All's obliquie:
There's nothing levell in our cursed Natures
But direct villainie. Therefore be abhorr'd,
All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
His semblable, yea himselfe *Timon* disdaines,
Destruction phang mankind; Earth yeeld me Rootes,
Who seekes for better of thee, sawce his pallate
With thy most operant Poyson. What is heere?
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,
Roots you cleere Heavens. Thus much of this will make
Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;
Base, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valliant.
Ha you Gods! why this? what this you Gods? why this
Will lugge your Priests and Servants from your sides:
Plucke stout mens pillowes from below their heads.

This

This yellow Slave,
Will knit and breake Religions, blesse th'accurst,
Make the hoare Leprosie ador'd, place Theeves,
And give them Title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench: This is it
That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;
Shee, whom the Spittle-house, and ulcerous sores,
Would cast the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices
To'th'Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
Thou common whore of Mankind, that puttes oddes
Among the rout of Nations, I wll make thee.
Do thy right Nature. *March afarre off.*
Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,
But yet Ile bury thee: Thou't go (strong Theefe).
When Gowty keepers of thee cannot stand:
Nay stay thou out for earnest.

Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner, and Phrynia, and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? speake.
Tim. A beast as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy heart
For shewing me againe the eyes of Man.
Alci. What is thy name? Is man so hatefull to thee,
That art thy selfe a Man?
Tim. I am *Misanthropos,* and hate Mankinde.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dogge,
That I might love thee something.
Alci. I know thee well:
But in thy Fortunes am unlearn'd, and strange.
Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
I not desire to know, Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, civill Lawes are cruell,
Then what should warre be? This fell whore of thine,
Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looke.
Phrin. Thy lips rot off.
Tim. I will not kisse thee, then the rot returnes
To thine owne lippes againe.
Alc. How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?
Tim. As the Moone do's; by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not like the Moone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.
Alci. Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.
Alci. What is it *Timon?*
Tim. Promise me Friendship, but performe none.
If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou
art a man: if thou do'st performe, confound thee, for
thou art a man.
Alci. I have heard in some sort of thy Miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them when I have prosperitie.
Alci. I see them now, then was a blessed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brade of Harlots.
Timan. Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the world,
Voyc'd so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou *Timandra?* *Taman.* Yes.
Tim. Be a whore still, they love thee not that use thee,
give them diseases, leaving with thee their Lust. Make
use of thy salt houres, season the slaves for Tubbes and
Bathes, bring downe Rose-cheekt youth to the Fubfast,
and the Diet.
Timan. Hang thee Monster.
Alci. Pardon him sweet *Timandra,* for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.

I have but little Gold of late, brave *Timon,*
The want whereof, doth dayly make revolt
In my penurious Band. I have heard and greev'd
How cursed Athens, mindlesse of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour states
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod upon them.
Tim. I prethee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.
Alc. I am thy Friend, and pitty thee deere *Timon.*
Tim. How doest thou pitty him whom [yu] dost troble,
I had rather be alone.
Alci. Why fare thee well:
Heere is some gold for thee.
Tim. Keepe it, I cannot eat it.
Alci. When I have laid proud Athens on a heape.
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens.
Alci. I *Timon*, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast Conquer'd.
Alc. Why me, *Timon?*
Tim. That by killing of Villaines
Thou was't borne to conquer my Country.
Put up thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold. go on;
Be as a Plannetary plague, when Jove
Will o're some high-Vic'd City, hang his poyson
In the sicke ayre: let not thy sword skip one.
Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Usurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,
It is her habite onely, that is honest,
Her selfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheeke
Make soft thy trenchant Sword: for those Milke pappes
That through the Window Barne bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the Leafe of pitty writ,
But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
Whose dimpled smiles from Fooles exhaust their mercy;
Thinke it a Bastard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Sweare agais Objects,
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
Whose proofe, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes
Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. Theres Gold to pay thy Souldiers.
Make large confusion: and thy fury spent,
Confounded be thy selfe. Speake not, be gone.
Alci. Hast thou gold yet, Ile take the gold thou gi-
vest me, not all thy Counsell.
Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, Heavens curse upon
thee.
Both. Give us some Gold good *Timon,* hast [yu] more?
Tim. Enough to make a Whore foreweare her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold up you Sluts
Your Aprons mountant, you are not Othable,
Although I know you'l sweare, terribly sweare
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly Agues
Th'immortall Gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:
Ile trust to your Conditions, be whores still.
And he whose pious breath seekes to convert you,
Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him up,
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turne-coats: yet may your paines six months
Be quite contrary. And Thatch
Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
Weare them, betray with them; Whore still,
Paint till a horse may myre upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles.
Both. Well, more Gold, what then?
Beleeve't

Beleeve't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.
Tim. Consumptions sowe
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,
And marre mens spurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
That he may never more false Title pleade,
Nor sound his Quillets shrilly; Hoare the Flamen,
That scold'st against the quality of flesh,
And not beleeves himselfe. Down with the Nose,
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee (bald
Smels from the generall weale. Make curld'pate Ruffians
And let the unscarr'd Braggarts of the Warre
Derive some paine from you. Plague all,
That your Activity may defeate and quell
The fourse of all Erection. There's more Gold.
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches grave you all.
Both. More counsell with more Money, bounteous
Timon.
Tim. More whore, more Mischeefe first, I have gi-
ven you earnest.
Alc. Strike up the Drum towardes Athens, farewell
Timon: if I thrive well, Ile visit thee againe.
Tim. If I hope well, Ile never see thee more,
Alc. I never did the harme.
Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.
Alc. Call'st thou that harme?
*Tim.*Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee.
Alc. We but offend him, strike. *Exeunt.*
Tim. That Nature being sicke of mans unkindnesse
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whose wombe unmeasureable, and infinite brest
Teemes and feeds all: whose selfesame Mettle
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puft,
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and eyelesse venom'd Worme,
With all th'abhorred Births below Crispe Heaven,
Whereon *Hyperions* quickning fire doth shine:
Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
From foorth thy plentious bosome, one poore roote:
Enfeare thy Fertile and Conceptions wombe,
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
Goe great with Tygers: Dragons, Wolves, and Beares,
Teeme with new Monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the Marbled Mansion all above
Never presented. O, a Root, deare thankes:
Dry up thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingratefull man with Licourish draughts
And Morsels Unctious, greases his pure minde,
That from it all Consideration slippes-----
Enter Apemantus.
More man? Plague, plague.
Ape. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost use them.
Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keepe a dogge
Whom I would imitate, Consumption catch thee.
Ape. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore unmanly Melancholy sprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slave like Habit, and these lookes of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye soft,
Hugge their diseas'd Perfumes, and have forgot
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and seeke to thrive

By that which ha's undone thee; hindge thy knee
And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe
Blow of thy Cap: praise his most vicious straine,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:
Thou gav'st thine eares (like Tapsters, that bid welcome)
To Knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just
That thou turne Rascall, had'st thou wealth againe,
Rascalls should have't. Do not assume my likenesse.
Tim. Where I like thee, I'de throw away my selfe.
Ape. Thou has cast away thy selfe, being like thy selfe
A Madman so long, now a Foole: what think'st
That the bleake ayre, thy boysterous Chamberlaine
Will put thy shirt on warme? Will these moyst Trees,
That have out-liv'd the Eagle, page thy heeles
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taste
To cure thy o're nights surfet? Call the Creatures,
Whose naked Natures live in all the spight
Of wrekefull Heaven, whose bare unhoused Trunkes,
To the conflicting Elements expos'd
Answer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou shalt finde.
Tim. A Foole of thee: depart.
Ape. I love thee better now, then ere I did.
Tim. I hate thee worse.
Ape. Why?
Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.
Ape. I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiffe.
Tim. Why do'st thou seeke me out?
Ape. To vex thee.
Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fooles.
Dost please thy selfe in't?
Ape. I.
Tim. What, a Knave too?
Ape. If thou did'st put this sowre cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly: Thou'dst Courtier be againe
Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery
Out-lives: incertaine pompe, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never compleat:
The other, at high wish: best state Contentlesse,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse then the worst, Content.
Thou should'st desire to dye, being miserable.
Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a Slave, whom Fortunes tender arme
With favour never claspt: but bred a Dogge.
Had'st thou like us from our first swath proceeded,
The sweet degrees that this breefe world affords,
To such as may the passive drugges of it
Freely command'st: thou would'st have plung'd thy selfe
In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth
In different beds of Lust, and never learn'd
The Icie precepts of respect, but followed
The Sugred game before thee. But my selfe,
Who had the world as my Confectionary,
The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employments:
That mumberlesse upon the stucke, as leaves
Do on the Oake, have with one Winters brush
Fell from their boughes, and left me open bare,
For every storme that blowes, I to beare this,
That never knew but better, is some burthen:
Thy Nature, did commence in sufferance, Time
Hath made the hard in't. Why should'st thou hate Men?
They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?

If thou wilt curse; thy Father (that poore ragge)
Must be thy subject; who in spight put stuffe
To some shee-Begger, and compounded thee
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
If thou hadst not bene borne the worst of men,
Thou hadst bene a Knave and Flatterer.
Ape. Art thou proud yet?
Tim. I, that I am not thee.
Ape. I, that I was no Prodigall.
Tim. I, that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'ld give the leave to hang it. Get thee gone:
That the whole life of Athens were in this,
Thus would I eate it.
Ape. Heere, I will mend thy feast.
Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.
Ape. So I shall mend mine owne, by 'th'lacke of thine
Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht;
If not, I would it were.
Ape. What would'st thou have to Athens?
Tim. Thee thither in a whirlewid: if thou wilt,
Tell them there I have Gold, looke, so I have.
Ape. Heere is no use for Gold.
Tim The best, and truest:
For here it sleepes, and do's no hyred harme.
Ape. Where lyest a nights *Timon?*
Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou a dayes *Apemantus?*
Ape. Where my stomacke findes meate, or rather
where I eate it.
Tim. Would poyson were obedient, and knew my mind
Ape. Where would'st thou send it?
Tim. To sawce thy dishes.
Ape. The middle of Humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy
Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much
Curiositie: in thy Ragges thou know'st none, but art de-
spis'd for the contrary. Ther's a medler for thee, eate it.
Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.
Ape. Do'st hate a Medler?
Tim. I, though it looke like thee.
Ape. And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, [yu] should'st
have loved thy selfe better now. What man didd'st thou
ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his meanes?
Tim. Who without those meanes thou talk'st of, didst
thou ever know belov'd?
Ape. My selfe.
Tim. I understand thee: thou had'st some meanes to
keepe a Dogge.
Apem. What things in the world canst thou neerest
compare to thy Flatterers?
Tim. Women neerest, but men: men are the things
themselves. What would'st thou do with the world *A-*
pemantus, if it lay in thy power?
Ape. Give it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.
Tim. Would'st thou have thy selfe fall in the confu-
sion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.
Ape. I *Timon.*
Tim. A beastly Ambition, which the Goddes grant
thee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would
beguile thee: if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would
eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect
thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the Ass;
If thou wert the Asse, thy dulnesse would torment thee;
and still thou liv'dst but as a Breakfast to the Wolfe. If
thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflict thee,

& oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert
thou the Unicorne, pride and wrath would confound
thee, and make thine owne selfe the conquest of thy fury.
Wert thou a Beare, thou would'st be kill'd by the Horse:
wert thou a Horse, thou would'st be seaz'd by the Leo-
pard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the
Lion, and the spottes of hy Kindred, were Jurors on thy
life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence ab-
sence. What Beast could'st thou bee, that were not sub-
ject to a Beast: and what a Beast art thou already, that
seest not thy losse in transformation.

Ape. If thou could'st please me
With speaking to me thou might'st
Have hit upon it heere.
The Commonwealth of Athens is become
A Forrest of Beasts.

Tim. How ha's the Asse broke the wall, that thou art
out of the Citie.

Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:
The plague of Company light upon thee:
I will feare to catch it, and give way.
When I know not what else to do,
Ile see thee againe.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,
Thou shalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggers Dogge,
Then *Apemantus.*

Ape. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fooles alive.

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough
To spit upon.

Ape. A plague on thee,
Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All Villaines
That do stand by thee, are pure.

Ape. There is no Leprosie,
But what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee, Ile beate thee;
But I should infect my hands.

Ape. I would my tongue
Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou issue of a mangie dogge.
Choller does kill me,
That thou art alive. I swoond to see thee,

Ape. Would thou would'st burst,

Tim. Awa thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall
lose a stone by thee,

Ape. Beast.

Tim. Slave.

Ape. Toad.

Tim: Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.
I am sicke of this false world, and will love nought
But even the meere necessities upon't:
Then *Timon* presently prepare thy grave:
Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate
Thy grave-stone dayly, make thine Epitaph,
That death in me, at others lives may laugh.
O thou sweet King-killer, and deare divorce
Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler
of *Himens* purest bed, thou valiant Mars,
Thou ever, young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thawe the consecrated Snow
That lies on Dians lap.
Thou visible God,
That souldrest close Impossibilities.
And mak'st them kisse; that speak'st with every Tongue

To every purpose; O thou touch of hearts,
Thinke thy slave-man rebels, and by thy vertue
Set them into confounding oddes, that Beasts
May have the world in Empire.
Ape. Would 'twere so,
But not till I am dead. Ile say th'hast Gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly.
Tim. Throng'd too?
Ape. I.
Tim. Thy backe I prythee
Ape, Live, and love thy misery,
Tim. Long live so, and so dye. I am quit.
Ape. Mo things like men;
Eat *Timon,* and abhorre then. *Exit Apeman.*

Enter the Bandetti.

1 Where should he have this Gold? It is some poore Fragment, some slender Ort of his remainder: the meere want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, drove him into this Melancholly.
2 It is nois'd
He hath a masse of Treasure,
3 Let us make the assay upon him, if he care not for't, he will supply us easily: if he covetously referve it, how shall's get it?
2. True: for he beares it not about him:
'Tis hid.
1 Is not this hee?
All. Where?
2 'Tis his description
3 He? I know him.
All. Save thee *Timon.*
Tim. Now Theeves.
All. Soldiers, not Theeves.
Tim. Both too, and womens Sonnes.
All. We are not Theeves, but men
That much do want.
Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat:
Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes:
Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs:
The Oakes beare Mast, the Briers Scarlet Hips,
The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each bush,
Layes her full Messe before you. Want? why Want?
1 We cannot live on Grasse, on Berries, Water,
As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.
Ti. Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds and Fishes,
You must eate men. Yet thankes I must you con,
That you are Theeves profest: that you worke not
In holier shapes: For there is boundlesse Theft
In limited Professions. Rascall Theeves
Heere's Gold. Go, sucke the subtle blood o'th Grape,
Till the high Feavour seeth your blood to froth,
And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physitian,
His Antidotes are poyson, and he slayes
Moe then you Rob: Take wealth, and lives together,
Do Villaine do, since you protest to doo't.
Like Workemen, Ile exmple you with Theevery:
The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction
Robbes the vast Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe.
And her pale fire, she snatches from the Sunne.
The Seas a Theefe, whose liquid Surge, resolves
The moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolne
From gen'rall excrement: each thing's a Theefe.
The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power

Ha's uncheck'd Theft. Love not your selves, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
All that you meete are Theeves: to Athens go,
Breake open shoppes, nothing can you steale
But Theeves do loose it: steale lesse, for this I give you
And Gold confound you howsoere: Amen.

3 Has almost charm'd me from my Profession, by perswading me to it.

1. 'Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus advises us not to have us thrive in our mystery,

2 Ile beleeve him as an Enemy,
And give over my Trade.

1 Let us first see peace in Athens, there is no time so miserable but a man may be true. *Exeunt Theeves.*

Enter the Stewerd to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!
Is yon'd dispis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
Full of decay and fayling? Oh Monument
And wonder of good deeds, evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of Honor has desp'rate want made?
What vilder thing upon the earth, then Friends,
Who can bring Noblest mindes, to basest ends,
How rarely does it meete with this times guise,
When man was wisht to love his Enemies:
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would miscreese me, then those that doo.
Had caught me in his eye, I will present my honest griefe
unto him; and as my Lord, still serve him with my life.
My deerest Master.

Tim. Away: what art thou?

Stew. Have you forgot me.Sir?

Tim. Why dost aske that? I have forgot all men.
Then if thou grunt'st th'art a man,
I have forgot thee.

Stew. An honest poore servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:
I never had honest man about me, I all
I kept were Knaves, to serve in meate to Villaines.

Stew. The Gods are witnesse,
Nev'r did poore Steward weare a truer greefe
Fot his undone Lord, then mine eyes for you.

Tim. What dost thou weepe?
Come nearer. then I love thee
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankinde: whose eyes do never give,
But thorow Lust and Laughter: pittie's sleeping:
Strange times [yt] weepe with laughing, not with weeping.

Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,
T'accept my greefe, and whil'st this poore wealth lasts,
To entertaine me as your Steward still.

Tim. Had I a Steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turnes my daungerous Nature wilde.
Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man
Was borne of woman!
Forgive my generall, and exceptlesse rashnesse
You perpetuall sober Gods. I do proclaime
One honest man! Mistake me not, but one:
No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.
How faine would I have hated all mankinde,
And thou redeem'st thy selfe. But all save thee,
I fell with Curses.
Me thinkes thou art more honest now then wise:
For, by oppressing and betraying mee,

Thou

Thou might'st have sooner got another Service:
For many so arrive at second Masters,
Upon their first Lords necke. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne're so sure)
Is not thy kindnesse subtle, courtious,
If not a Usuring kindnesse, and as rich men deale Guifts,
Expecting in returne twenty for one?
Stew No my most worthy Master, in whose brest
Doubt, and suspect (alas) are plac'd to late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you did Feast.
Suspect still comes where an estate is least,
That which I shew, Heaven knowes, is meerely Love,
Duty, and Zeale, to your unmarched minde;
Care of your Food and Living, and beleeve it,
My most Honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to mee,
Either In hope, or present, I'de exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich your selfe.
Tim. Looke thee, 'tis so: thou singly honest man,
Heere take: the Gods out of my miserie
Ha's sent thee Treasure. Go, live rich and happy.
But thus condition'd: Thou shal build from men:
Hate all, curse all, shew Charity to none,
But let the famisht flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou releeve the Begger. Give to dogges
What thou denyest to men. Let Prisons swallow'em,
Debts wither'em to nothing, be men like blasted woods
And may Diseases licke up their false bloods,
And so farewell, and thrive.
Stew. O let me stay and comfort you my Master:
Tim. If thou hat'st Curses
Stay not: flye, whil'st thou art blest and free:
Ne're see thou man, and let me ne're see thee. *Exit.*

Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre
Where he abides,
Poet. What's to be thought of him?
Does the Rumor hold for true,
That hee's so full of Gold?
Painter. Certaine.
Alcibiades reports it: *Phrinia* and *Tamandra*
Had Gold of him, he likewise enrich'd
Poore stragling Soldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis saide, he gave unto his Steward
A mighty summe.
Poet. Then this breaking of his.
Ha's beene but a Try for his Friends?
Painter. Nothing else:
You shall see him a Palme in Athens againe,
And flowrish with the highest:
Therefore, 'tis not amisse, we tender our loves
To him, in this suppos'd distresse of his:
It will shew honestly in us,
And is very likely, to loade our purposes
With what they travaile for,
If it be a just and true report, that goes
Of his having.
Poet. What have you now
To present unto him?
Painter. Nothng at this time
But my Visitation: onely I will promise him
An excellent Peece.
Poet. I must serve him so too;
Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.

Painter. Good as the best
Promising, is the very Ayre o'th Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is ever the duller for his acte,
And but in the plainer and simpler kind of people,
The deede of Saying is quite one of use.
To Promise, is most Courtly and fashionable;
Performance, is a kinde of Will or Testament
Which argues a great sicknesse in his judgement
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Cave.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,
Thou canst not paint a man so badde
[As is thy selfe.
Poet. I am thinking
What I shall say I have provided for him:
It must be a personating of himselfe:
A Satyre against the softnesse of Prosperity,
With a Discovery of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulency.
Timon. Must thou needes
Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?
Witl thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
Do so, I have Gold for thee.
Poet. Nay let's seeke him.
Then do we sinne against our owne estate,
When we may profit meete, and come too late.
Painter. True:
When the day serves before blacke-corner'd night;
Finde what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.
Come.
Tim. Ile meete you at the turne:
What a Gods Gold, that he is worshipt
In a baser Temple, then where Swine feede?
'Tis thou that rigg'st the Barke, and plow'st the Fome,
Setlest admired reverence in a Slave,
To thee be worshipt, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obay.
Fit I meete them.
Poet. Haile worthy *Timon.*
Pain. Our late Noble Master.
Timon. Have I once liv'd
To see two honest men?
Poet. Sir:
Having often of your open Bounty tested,
Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends falne off,
Whose thankelesse Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the Whippets of Heaven, are large enough,
What, to you,
Whose Starre-like Noblenesse gave life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrus bulke of this Ingratitude
With any size of words.
Timon. Let it go,
Naked men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seene, and knowne.
Pain. He, and my selfe
Have travail'd in the great showre of your guifts.
And sweetly felt it.
Timon. I, you are honest men.
Painet. We are hither come
To offer you our service.
Timon. Most honest men:

Why

Why how shall I requite you?
Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?
Both. What. we can do,
Wee'l do to your service.
Tim. Y'are honest men,
Y'have heard that I have Gold,
I am sure you have, speake truth, y'are honest men,
Pain. So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.
Timon. Good honest man: Thou draw'st a counterfet
Best in all Athens, th'art indeed the best,
Thou counterfet'st most lively.
Pain. So, so, my Lord,
Tim. E'ne so sir as I say. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verse swels with stuffe so fine and smooth,
That thou art even Naturall in thine Art.
But for all this(my honest Natur'd friends)
I must needs say you have a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much paines to mend.
Both. Beseech your Honour
To make it knowne to us.
Tim. You' take it ill.
Both. Most thankefully, my Lord.
Timon. Will you indeed?
Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.
Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a Knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my Lord?
Tim. I, and you heare him cogge,
See him dissemble,
Know his grosse patchery, love him, feede him,
Keepe in your bosome, yet remaine assur'd
That he's a made-up-Villaine.
Pain. I know none such, my Lord.
Poet. Not I.
Tim. Looke you,
I live you well, Ile give you Gold
Rid me these Villaines from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drowne them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to see me,
Ile give you Gold enough.
Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them.
Tim. You that ay, and you this:
But two in Company:
Each man a part, all single, and alone,
Yet an arch Villaine keepes him company:
If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be,
Come not neere him. If thou would'st not recide
But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.
Hence, packe, there's Gold, ye came for Gold ye slaves:
You have worke for me; there's payment, thence,
You are an Alcumist, make Gold of that:
Out Rascall dogges. *Exeunt.*

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is vaine that you would speake with *Timon:*
For he is set so onely to himselfe,
That nothing but himselfe, which lookes like man,
Is friendly with him.
1.Sen. Bring us to his Cave.
It is our part and promise to th'Athenians
To speake with *Timon.*
2.Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas Time and Greefes

That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
The former man may make him: bring us to him
And chanc'd it as it may,
Stew. Heere is his Cave:
Peace and content be heere. Lord *Timon, Timon,*
Looke out, and speake to Friends: Th'Athenians
By two of their most reverend Senate greet thee:
Speake to them Noble *Timon.*

Enter Timon out of his Cave.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comfort burne,
Speake and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister, and each false
Be a Cantherizing to the root o'th'Tongue,
Consuming it with speaking.
1 Worthy *Timon.*
Tim. Of none but such as you,
And you of *Timon.*
1 The Senators of Athens, greet thee *Timon.*
Tim. I thanke them,
And would send them backe the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.
1 O forget
What we are sorry for our selves in thee:
The Senators, with one consent of love,
Intreate thee backe to Athens, who have thought
On speciall Dignities, which vacant lye
For thy best use and wearing.
2 They confesse
Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too generall grosse;
Which now the publicke Body, which doth sildome
Play the re-canter, feeling in it selfe
A lacke of *Timons* ayde, hath since withall
Of it owne fall, restraining ayde to *Timon,*
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,
I even such heapes and summes of Love and Wealth,
As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.
Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brinke of teares;
Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,
And Ile beweepe these comforts, worthy Senators.
1 Therefore so please thee to returne with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captaineship, thou shalt be met with thankes
Allowed with absolute power and thy good name
Live with Authoritie : so soone we shall drive backe
Of *Alcibiades* th'approaches wild,
Who like a Bore too savage, doth root up
His Countries peace.
2. And shakes his threatning Sword
Against the walls of *Athens.*
1 Therefore *Timon.*
Tim. Well sir, I will: therefore I will sir thus:
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon,*
That *Timon* cares not, But if he sacke faire Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by'th'Beards,
Giving our holy Virgins to the staine
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd warre:
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* speakes it,
In

In pitty of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worst: For their Knives care not,
While you have throats to answer. For my selfe,
There's not a whittle, in th'unruly Campe,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverendst Throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods.
As Theeves to Keepers.
Stew. Stay not, all's in vaine.
Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be seene to morrow, My long sicknesse
Of Health, and Living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still,
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his,
And last so long enough.
1 We speake in vaine,
Tim. But yet I love my Country, and am not
One that rejoyces in the common wracke,
As common bruite doth put it.
1 That's well spoke.
Tim. Commend me to my loving Countreymen.
1 These words become your lippes as they passe thorow them.
2 And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gates.
Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their greefes,
Their feares of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,
Their pangs of Love, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile Vessell doth sustaine
In lifes uncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them,
Ile teach them to prevent wilde *Alcibiades* wrath.
1 I like this well, he will returne again.
Tim. I have a Tree which growes heere in my Close,
That mine owne use invites me to cut downe,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the frequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who so please
To stop Affliction, let him take his haste;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.
Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
Finde him.
Tim. Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting Mansion
Upon the Beached Verge of the salt Flood,
Which once a day with his embossed Froth
The turbulent Surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your Oracle:
Lippes,let soure words go by, and Language end:
What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.
Graves onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine;
Sunne, hide thy Beames, *Timon* hath done his Raigne.
Exit Timon.
1 His discontents are unremoveably coupled to Nature.
2. Our hope in him is dead: let us returne,
And straine what other meanes is left unto us
In our deere perill.
1 It requires swift foot. *Exeunt.*

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his Files
As full as they report?

Mes. I have spoke the least.
Besides his expedition promises present approach.
2 We stand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon.*
Mes. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,
Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speake like Friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timons* Cave,
With Letters of intreaty, which imported
His Fellowship i'th'cause against your City,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Heere come our Brothers.
3 No talke of *Timon*, nothing of him expect,
The Enemies Drumme is heard, and fearefull scouring
Doth choake the ayre with dust: In, and prepare,
Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Souldier in the Woods seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Whos heere? Speake hoa. No answer? What is this?
Tymon is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,
Some Beast reade this; There do's not live a Man.
Dead sure, and this his Grave, what's on this Tomb,
I cannot read: the Character Ile take with wax,
Our Captaine hath in every Figure skill;
An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes:
Before proud Athens hee's set downe by this,
Whose fall the marke of his ambition is. *Exit.*

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers before Athens.

Alc. Sound to this Coward, and lascivious Towne,
Our terrible approach.

Sounds a Parly, The Senators appeare upon the wals.

Til now you have gone on, and filld the time
With all Licentious measure, making your willes
The scope of Justice. Till now my selfe and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traverst Armes, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong
Cries (of it selfe) no more: Now breathlesse wrong.
Shall sit and pant in your great Chaires of ease,
And pursie Insolence shall breake his winde
With feare and horrid flight.
1.Sen. Noble and young;
When thy first greefes were but a meere conceit,
Ere thou had'st power, or we had cause to feare,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages Balme,
To wipe out our ingratitude, with Loves
Above their quantity.
2 So did we wooe o
Transformed *Timon* to our Citties love
By humble Message, and by promist meanes:
We were not all unkinde, nor all deserve
The common stroke of warre.
1 These walles of ours,
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receyv'd your greefe: Nor are they such,
That these great Towres, Trophees, & Schools should fall
For private faults in them.
2 Nor are they living

Who

Who were the motives that you first went out,
Shame (that they wanted cunning in excesse)
Hath broke their hearts, March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners spred,
By decimation and a tythed death;
If thy Revenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, thake thou the destin'd tenth
And by the hazard of the spotted dye,
Let dye the spotted.
1 All have not offended:
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, Revenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
Bring in thy rankes, but leave without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended, like a Shepheard,
Approach the Fold, anc cull th'infected forth,
But kill not al together.
2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt inforce it with thy smile,
Then hew too't, with thy Sword.
1. Set but thy foot
Against our rampyr'd gates, and they shall ope:
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou't enter Friendly.
2 Throw thy Glove,
Or any Token of thine Honour else,
That thou wilt use the warres as thy redresse,
And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne till wee
Have seal'd thy full desire.
Alc. Then there's my Glove,
Defend and open your uncharged Ports,

Those Enemies of *Timons,* and mine owne
Whom you your selves shall set out for reproofe,
Fall and no more; and to attone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall passe his quarter, or offend the streame
Of Regular Justice in your Citties bounds,
But shall be remedied by your publique Lawes
At heaviest answer.
Both. 'Tis most Nobly spoken.
Alc. Descend, and keepe your words.
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. My Noble Generall, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hemme o'th'Sea,
And on his Gravestone, this Insculpture which
With wax I brought away: whose soft Impression
Interprets for my poore ignorance.

Alcibiades reades the Epitaph.
Heere lies a wretched Coarse, of wretched Soule bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague consume you,wicked Catifs left:
Heere lye I Timon, who alive, all living men did hate,
Passe by, and curse thy fill, but passe and stay not here thy gate.
These well expresse in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorrd'st in us our humane greifes,
Scornd'st our Braines flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weepe for aye
On thy low Grave: on faults forgiven. Dead
Is Noble *Timon,* of whose Memorie
Heereafter more. Bring me into your Citie,
And I will use the Olive, with my Sword:
Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes strike. *Exeunt.*

F I N I S.

THE ACTORS NAMES

TYMON of Athens.
Lucius, And
Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.
Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.
Sempronius, another flattering Lord.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.
Poet.
Painter.
Jeweller.
Merchant.
Certaine Senatours.
Certaine Maskers.
Certaine Theeves.

Flaminius, one of Tymons Servants.
Servilius, another.
Caphis. \
Varro. \
Philo. \ *Severall Servants to Userers.*
Titus. /
Lucius. /
Hortensis./
Ventigius, one of Tymons false Friends.
Cupid.
Sempronius.
With divers other Servants,
And Attendants.