

THE LIFE OF TYMON  
OF ATHENS

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*Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.*

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

*Poet*

Good day Sir.

*Pain.* I am glad y<sup>r</sup>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.

*Pai.* I know them both: th<sup>r</sup>others a Jeweller.

*Mer.* O tis a worthy Lord.

*Jew.* Nay that's most fixt.

*Mer.* A most imcomparable man, breath'd as it were,  
To an untyrable and continueate goodnesse:  
He passes.

*Jew.* I have a Jewell heere.

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

*Jew.* If he will touch the estimate, but for that -----

*Poe.* 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.

*Jew.* And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.

*Pai.* You are rapt tis , in some worke, some Dedication  
to the great Lord.

*Poe.* A think 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 flae

Provokes it selfe, and like the cudrrant flyes

Each bound it chases. What have you there?

*Pai.* A Picture sir: when comes yur Booke forth?

*Poe.* Upon the heeles of my presentment sir.  
Let's see your peece.

*Pai.* 'Tis a good Peece.

*Poe.* So tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

*Pain* Indifferent:

*Poe.* Admirable: How this grace

Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power

Thi eye shootes forth? How bigge imagination

Move in this Lip; th'dumbnesse of the gesture,

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One might interpret.

*Pai.* It is a pretty mocking of the life:  
Heere is a touch: Is't good?

*Poe.* I will say of it,  
It Tutors Nature, Artificiall strife  
Lives in these touches, livelier then life.

*Enter certaine Senators.*

*Pai.* How this Lord is followed.

*Poe.* The Senators of Athens, happy men.

*Pain.* Looke moe.

*Po.* You see this confluēce, 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 entertainment: 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.

*Pai.* How shall I understand you?

*Poe.* I will unbould 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 abhore himselfe, even hee drops downe  
The knee before him, and returns in peace  
Most rich in *Timons* not.

*Pai.* I saw them speake together.

*Poe.* 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 Sovereaign Lady fixt,  
One do I personate of Lord *Timons* frame,  
Whom Fortune withher Ivory hand wafts to her,  
Whose present grace, to present slaves and servants  
Translates his Rivals.

*Pai.* Tis conceiv'd, to scope  
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes

With

With one man becken'd from the rest below,  
Bowling his head agaonst the steepy Mount  
To climbe his happinesse, would be well exprest  
In our Condition.

*Poe.* Nay Sir, but heare me on:  
All those which were his Fellowes but of late,  
Some better then his vawle; on the moment  
Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,  
Raine Sacrificiall whisperings in his eare,  
Make Sacred even his styrtrop, and through him  
Drinke the free Ayre.

*Pai.* I marry, what of these?

*Poe.* 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.

*Pai.* 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 strait:  
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.

*Old.* Thou hast a Servant nam'd *Lucilius*.

*Tim.* I have so: What of him?

*Old.* Most noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

*Tim.* Attends he heere, or no? *Lucilius*?

*Luc.* Heere at your Lordships service.

*Old.* 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)

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Joyne with me to forbid him her resort,  
My selfe have spoke in vaine.  
*Tim.* The man is honest,  
*Old.* Therefore he will be *Timon*.  
His honesty rewards him in it selfe,  
It must not beare my Daughter.  
*Tim.* Does she love him?  
*Old.* 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.  
*Old.* If in her Marriage my consent be missing,  
I call the Gods to witnesse, I will chose  
Mine heyre from forth the Beggars of the world,  
And dispossesse her all.  
*Tim.* How shall she be endowed,  
If she be mated with an equall Husband?  
*Old.* 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.  
*Old.* 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.)*  
*Poe.* 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?  
*Pai.* 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.  
*Pay.* 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  
*Jew.* 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.  
*Jew.* 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. Beleeve'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?  
*Jew.* Wee'l I beare with your Lordship.  
*Mer.* Hee'l spare none.  
*Tim.* Good morrow to thee,  
Gentle *Apermantus*.

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*Aper.*

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*Ape.* Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow.  
Well thou 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 shouldst, thoud'st anger Ladies

*Ape.* O they eate Lords;

So they come by great bellies.

*Tim.* That's a lascivious apprehension.

*Ape.* So. thou apprehendst 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?

*Ape.* Thou lvest.

*Poet.* Art not one?

*Ape.* Yes.

*Poet.* Then I lye not.

*Ape.* Art not a Poet?

*Poet.* Yes.

*Ape.* Then thou lvest:

Looke in thy last worke, where thou hast feign'd hom 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

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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 thank't 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 time 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* bounty: 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 guise 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 re-  
deemd from prison. Then comes dropping after all Ape-  
mantus 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 thanks and service, from whose helpe  
I deriv'd liberty.

*Tim.* O by no meanes,  
Honet *Ventigius*: you mistake my love,

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I gave

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I gave it freely ever, and there's none  
 Can truly say he gives, if he receives:  
 If our betters play at that game, we must not dare  
 To imitate them. faults that are rich are 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.

*Lord.* My Lord, we alwayes have confest it.

*Ape.* Ho ho, confest it? hang'd it? have you not?

*Tim.* O *Apermantus*, you are welcome.

*Ape.* No: you shall not make me welcome.

I come to have thee thrust out of doores.

*Tim.* Fye, th'art a churle, ye have got a humour there  
 Does not become a man, tis much too blame:  
 They say my Lords, *Irassuror brevis est*,  
 But yond man is very angry.  
 Goe, let him have a Table by himselfe:  
 For he does neither affect company,  
 Nor is he fit for't indeed.

*Ape.* 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 grieves 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 [mnch] 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.

*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 thanks 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.* Capitaine,

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*Alcibiades*, your hearts in the field now.

*Alci.* My heart is ever at your service, my Lord.

*Tim.* You had rather be at a breakfast of Enemies,  
Then a dinner of Friends.

*Alci.* 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.

*I 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.

*Tim.* 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 chiefly 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 themselves.  
Why I have often wisht mo selfe poorer, that I might  
come neerer to you: we are borne to doe benefits. And  
what better or properer can we call our owne, then the  
riches of our Friends? Oh what a [pretious] comfort tis  
to have so many like Brothers commanding one another  
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.* Their welcome all, let em have kind admit-  
tance. Musicke make their welcome.

*Luc.* You see my Lord, how ample ye are belov'd.

*Aper.* Hoyday,

What a sweepe of vanity comes this way.

They daunce? They are madwomen.

Like



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 voyce 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 peasures  
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.

*Ape.* 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'd be crost then, and he could:  
Tis pittie 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 Sertant.*

*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 scarce 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.

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*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 Lands put to their Bookes. Well, would I were

Gently put out of Office, ere I were forc'd:

Happier is he that has no friend to feede,

Then such that doe e'ne Enemies excede.

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 thanks

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 pitch field.

*Alci.* I defie Land, my Lord.

*1 Lord.* We are so vertuously bound.

*Tim.* And so am I to you.

*2 Lord.* So infinitely endear'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.* 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 coyne 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 goe sir.

*Sen.* I goe 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 .  
Fie, 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 yourse too, *Isidore*?

*Isid.* It is so.

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*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 pay-  
ment,

*Cap.* If you did know my Lord, my [Nasters] wants.

*Var.* Twas due on forfeiture my Lord, sixe weekes.  
and past.

*Isid.* YOur Steward puts me off my Lord, and I  
Am sent expressly 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.* Doe so my Friends, see them well entertained.

*Stew.* Pray draw neere. *Exit.*

*Enter Apemantus and Foole.*

*Caph.* Stay, stay, here comes the Foole with *Apeman-*  
*tus*, 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.*

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*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 whelp't 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 goe 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, sometime 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.

[c] *Var.* Thou art not altogether a foole.

[c] *Foole.* Nor thou altogether a Wise man,

[c] As much foolery as I hve, so much wit thou lack'st.

*Ape.* That answer might have become *Apemantus*.

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

*Enter Timon, and Steward.*

*Ape.* Come with me (foole) come.

[c] *Foole.* I doe not alwayes follow Lover, elder Brother, [c]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 laid my state before me, That I might so have rated my expence As I had leave of meanes.

*Stew.* You would not heare me>

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At many leysures I propos'd.

*Tim.* Goe 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 forfeited 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 prooffe. 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 frankly 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 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 *Lucullus*? 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 pittie,  
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 cheereely. 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 Gift I warrant.  
Why this hits right: I dreamt of a Silver Bason and  
Ewre to night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are ve-  
re respectively welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. Ahd  
how does that honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted

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Gentleman of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and Master?

*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 fifty 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 keepe so good a house. Many a time and often I ha din'd with [c]him, and told him on't, and come againe to supper to him [e]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, [h]ut 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. Heres to thee.

*Flam.* Your Lordship speakes your pleasure.

*Luci.* I have observed thee alwayes for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone sir rah. Draw neerer honest *Flaminius*. Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowst well enough (although thou com'st to me) tht this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship without security. 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 Lucullus.*

*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 milky 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 paid for, be of any powre,  
To expell sicknesse, but prolong his hower. *Exit.*

*Enter Lucius, 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* happy howres are done and past, ans his estate shrinkes from him.

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

2. But beleeeve 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 extreemely 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. Denied that honourable man? There was very little honour shew'd in. For my owne part, I must needs confesse, I have received some small kindnesses from hi, 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

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

*Serv.* Hal'js 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 shewne my selfe honorable? how unluckilyit hapned, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undoe 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 don't now Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions say, that I cannot pleasure such an honorable 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 your said, *Timon* is shrunke indeed,  
And he thats once deny'd, will hardly speed. *Exit.*

1 Doe 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

*Timo* has bin this Lords Fathre,

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 monstrosnesse of man,

When he lookes out in an ungratefull shape:

He does edny him (in respect of his)

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What charitable men afford to Beggers.

3 Religion grones at it.

I 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 policie fits 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 *Ventidius* 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 friend: (like Phusitians)  
That thriv'd, 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:  
Ide rather then the worth of thrice the summe,  
Had sent to me first, but for my minds sake:  
Ide 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*

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*Tit.* The like to you kind *Varro*.

*Hort.* *Lucius*, what doe we meet together?

*Luc.* I, and I thinke one businesse do'd 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 doe 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* gift,

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 weare of this Charge,

The gos can witenesse:

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, sit.

*Stew.* What doe 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 doe yur selves but wrong, to stirre me up,

Let me oasse quietly:

Beleeve't, my Lord and I have made an end,

I have no more to reckon he to spend.

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*Luci.* I, but this answer will not serve.  
*Stew.* If twill not serve, tis not so base as you,  
For you serve Knaves.  
*1. Varro.* How? what does his casheer'd Worship mut-  
ter?  
*2 Varro.* No matter what, he's poor, and thats re-  
venge enough. Who can speake broader, then he that  
[c]has no house to put his head in? Such may rayle against  
[c] great buildigs.

*Enter Servilius.*  
*Tit.* Oh heres *Servilius*: nw we shall know some an-  
swer.  
*Serv.* If I might beseech you Gentlemen, to rapayre  
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 doe 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 cleare way to the gods.

*Servil.* Good gods.  
*Tit.* We caunot take this for answer, sir.  
*flaminus 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 ow  
(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 despe-  
rate ones, for a madman owes em. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Timon.*  
*Tim.* They have e'ne 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? Goe, bit all my Friends againe,  
*Lucius, Lucullus, add Sempronius:* All,  
Ile once mor feast the Rascals.

*Stew.* O my Lord, you onely speake from your distra-  
cted soule: there's not so much left to furnish out a mo-  
derate Table.

*Timon.*

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*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. *Exeun.*

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

*1 Sen.* My Lord, you have my voyce, too't,  
The faults Bloudy;  
Nothing imboldens sinne so much, as Mercy.

*2* Most true; the Law shall bruise em.

*Alci.* Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate,  
*I* Now Captaine.

*Alci.* I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;  
For pitty is the vertue of the Law,  
And none but Tyrants use it cruallly.  
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 brov'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 labourd  
To bring Mad-slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling  
Upon the head of Valour; which indeed  
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 evils, 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 doe 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 we  
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 ercy, tis most just.  
To be in Anger, is impiety:  
But who is Man, that is not Angry.  
Weigh but the Crime with this.

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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?

*Alci.* Why I say my Lords ha's done faire service,  
And slaine in fight any 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 em

Hes a sworne Rioter, he has a sinne  
That often drownes him. and takes his valour prisoner.  
If there were no [Fots], that were enough  
To overcome him. In that Beastly fury,  
He has bin knowne to commit outrages,  
And cherrish Factions. Tis inferr'd to us,  
His dayes are foule, and his drinke [drangerous.]

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 honours to you,  
Upon his good returnes.  
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his live,  
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 spills another,

*Alci.* Must it be so? It must not bee:

My Lords, I doe beseech, you know me.

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 usury,  
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 jurts. 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*

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*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 neer occasions did urge me to put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appeare.
2. In like manner was I in debt to my important bu-sinesse, but he would not heare my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of mee, that my Provusion was out.
1. I am sicke of that grieve too, as I understand how all things goe.
- 2 Every man heares so: what would he have borrow-wed 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 remains 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 Begger.
- 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 doe you? Whats the newes?
  - 3 *Alcibiades* is banish'd: here 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 does, but time will, and so.
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3 I doe conceive.

*Tim.* Each man to his stoole, with that spurre as hee would to the lip of his mistris: your dyet shall be in al places alike. Make not a City Feast of it, to let the meat coule, ere we can agree upon the first place. Sir, sir. The gods require our Thankes.

*You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thankfulnessse. 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, together 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 know of Mouth-friends: Smoke, and luke warm  
Is your perfection. This is *Timons* last, (water  
Who stucke and spangled you with flatrerries,  
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces  
Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long  
Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,  
Curtous destroyers, affable Wolves, meeke Beares:  
You fooles of fortune, Trencher-friends, Time flyes,  
Cap and knee Slaves, vapours, and Minute Jackes  
Of Man and Beast, the infinite Malady  
Crust you quite o're, What do'st thou goe?  
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 humos swaies him. He gave me a Jewell th'other day, and now he 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 fee'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



Plucke the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,  
And minister in their steeds, to generall Filthes.  
And minister in their steeds, to generall Filthes.  
Convert o'th' instant greene Virginitie,  
Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast  
Rather than render backe; out with your Knives  
And cut your Trusts 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 sixteene,  
Plucke the ly'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, Musteries, 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 liberty  
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 busomes, and their crop  
Be generall Leprosie: Breath, infect freath,  
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 find  
Th'unkindest Beast, more kinder then Mankind.  
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 Master Steward, where's our Master?  
Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?  
*Srew.* 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 doe turne our backs  
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 doe our hearts weare *Timos* 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.

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The latest of my wealth Ile share amongst 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 kind 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 (kind Lord)  
Hes flung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate  
Of monstrous Friends:  
Nor [has] 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 Pastor Lords, the Brothers sides,  
The want that makes him leane: who dares? who dares  
In purity of Manhood stand upright  
And say, this mans a flatterer. If one be,  
[c]So are they all: for every grize of fortune  
[c]Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate  
Duckes to the Golden foole. Alls obliquy:  
[c]Theres nothing leuell i our cursed Natures  
[c]But direct villainy. 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.  
[c]Ha you gods! why this? what this you gods? why this  
[c]Will ligge your Priests and Servants from your sides:  
Plucke stout mens pillowes from below the heads.

This

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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 will make thee.  
Doe thy right Nature. *March afarre off.*  
Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,  
But yet Ile bury tee: Thou't goe (strong Theefe).  
When Gowty keepest of thee cannot stand:  
Nay stay thou out for earnest.

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

*Alci.* What art thou thre? 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 Mankind.  
For thy part, I doe 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 to, 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 returns  
To thine owne lippes againe.

*Alci.* How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?

[c] *Tim.* As the Moone doe's; by wanting light to give:  
[c] But then renew I could not like the Moone,  
[c] There were no Sunnes to borrow of.

*Alci.* Noble *timon*, what friendship may I doe 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 blague 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 sawst them when I have prosperity.

*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-checkt 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.

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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 curs'd 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, ad get thee gone.

*Alci.* I am thy Friend, and pitty thee deere *Timon*.

*Tim.* How doest thou pitty him whom thou dost trouble.  
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 Cuntry.  
Put up they Gold. Go on, heeres Gold. goe on;  
Be as a Plaetary plague, whom Jove  
Will ore 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 oely, that is honest,  
Her selfes a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheekes  
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 prooffe, 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 givest  
me, not all thy Counsell.

*Tim.* Dost thou or dost thou not, Heavens curse upon  
thee.

*Both.* Give us some Gold good *Timon*, hast thou 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'll 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[mouths]  
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

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Be[l]ieve't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.

*Tim.* Consumptions sowe

In hollow bones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,  
Andmarre mens spurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,  
That he may never more false Title pleade,  
Nor soundhis Quillets shrilly; Hoare the Flamen,  
That scold'st against the quality of Flxh,  
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 fource of all Ereccion. 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 given  
you earnest.

*Alc.* Strike up the Drum towards 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 Child (arrogant man) is puffed,  
Wngenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,  
The gilded Newt, and eyeslesse venom'd Worme,  
With all th'abhorred Births below Crispe Heaven,  
Whereon *Huperions* quickning fire doth shine:  
Yield him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,  
From foorth thy plentious bosome, one pppre 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 thanks:  
Dry up thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leasm  
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 diseased 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

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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 boisterous 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 ves thee.

*Tim.* Alwaies 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 [Coun/r/tier] be againe  
Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery  
Out-lives: in certaine pompe, is crown'd before:  
The one is filling stil, 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 numberlesse 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 [sume] 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 beene 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 i thee,  
I'd give the leave to hange it. Get the 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 whirlwid: 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 lye'st 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 was in thy  
Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much  
Curiosity: in thy Ragges thou knowest 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, thou 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 nearest  
compare to thy Flatterers?

[c] *Tim.* Women nearest, but men: men are the things  
[c] 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 confusion  
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 Aasse, 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,

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and oft thou shold'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 Leopard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the Lion, and the spotted of hy Kindred, were Jurors on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What Beast could'st thou bee, that were not subject 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 Common wealth of Athens is become  
A Forrest of Beasts.

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

*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 Beggars Dogge,  
Then *Apemantus*.

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

*Tim.* Would thou wert cleane enough  
Tospit 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 mangy dogge.  
Collar 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,

[c]Whose blush doth thawe the consecrated Snow

[c]That lies on Dians lap.

[c]Thou visible God,

[c] That souldrest close Impossibilities.

[c]And mak'st them disse; that speak'st with every Tongue

To

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[c]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 prytheem

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 hoth a masse of Treasure,

3 Let us make the assay upon him, if he care not for't,  
he will supply is easily: if he covetously refferve 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 the *Timon*.

Tim. Now Theeves.

All. Soldiers, not Theeves.

Tim. Both too, and womens Sons.

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 thanks 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 Phusitian,  
His Antidotes are poyson, and he slayes  
Moe then you Rob: Take wealth, and live together,  
Do Villaine do, since you protest to doo't.

Like Workemen, Ile exmple you with Theevely:

[c]The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction

[c]Robbes the vast Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe.

And her pale fire, she snatches from the Sunne.

[c]The Seas a Theefe, whose liquid Surge, resolves

The moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,

[c]That feeds and breeds by a composture stolne

[c]From gen'rall excrement: each thing's a Theefe.

The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power

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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 per-  
swadingme to it.

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

2 Ile beleve 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.*

*Stw.* 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: (ping.  
Strange times that weepe with laughing, not with wee-

*Stew.* I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,  
T'accept my greefe, and whil'dt 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 wild.  
[c]Let me behold thy face: SurelyQ this man  
[c] Was borne of woman!  
Forgive my generall, and exceptlesse rashnesse  
You perpetuall sober Gods. I do proclaime  
[c]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,

1 1 2 [Thon,]

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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 beleeeve 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 the 'tis so: thou singly honest man,  
 Heere take: the Gods out of my misery  
 Ha's sent the 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 releeeve 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 gafe 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.* Nothing 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.

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*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 sue.  
To promise, is most Courtly and fashionable;  
Performance, is a kind of Will or Testament  
Which argues a great sicknesse in his judgement  
That makes it.

*Enter Timon from his Cave.*

*Timon.* Excellent Workeman,  
[c]Thou canst not paint a man so badde  
[c]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?  
Wilt 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 monstros 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 seeme, 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 [sevice]

*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 thankfully, 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 batchery, love him, feede him,

Keepe in your bosome, yet remaine assur'd

That he's a mad-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 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

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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'e it as it may,

*Stew.* Heere is his Cave:  
Peace and content be heere. *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 Catherizing to the root o'th'Tongue,  
Consuming it with speaking.

1 Worthy *Timon.*

*Tim.* Of non 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 weith 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 Captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks  
Allowed with absolute power and thy good name  
Live with Authority : so soone we shall drive backe  
Of *Alcibiades* th'appreaches wilde  
Who like a Boare 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 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 brute 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 Na-  
ture.

2. Our hope in him is dead: let us returen,  
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?

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*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?  
*Timon* is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,  
Some Beast reade this; There do's no 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 fludh,  
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  
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 welles of ours,  
Were not erected by their hands, from whom  
You have receiv'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

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Who were the motives that you first went out,  
Shame (that they wanted cunning in excesse)  
Hath broke their hearts, Martch, Noble Lord,  
Into our City with thy Banners spred,  
By decimation and a tythed death;  
If thy Rebvenges 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,  
Bringin thy rankes, but leave without thy rage,  
Spare thy AthenianCradle, 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 we  
Have seal'd thy full desire.

*Alc.* Then there's my Glove,  
Defend and open your uncharged Ports,

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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, Catifs left:  
Heere lye I Timon, who all living men did hate,  
Passe by, and curse thy fill, but 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  
Taughe thee to make vast Neptune weepe for aye  
On thy low Grave: on faults forgiven. Dead  
Is Noble *Timon*, of whose Memory  
Heereafter more. Bring me into your City,  
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.*

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*F I N I S .*

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THE  
ACTORS  
*NAMES*

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

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

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