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**THE LIFE OF TYMON
OF ATHENS.**

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Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

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

Poet.

Good day Sir.

Pain.

I am glad y'are well.

Poet.

I haue 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 not matches: see

Magicke of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hath coniu'd to attend.

I know the Merchant.

Pain.

I know them both: th'others a Jeweller.

Mer.

O 'tis a worthy Lord.

Iew.

Nay that's most fixt.

Mer.

A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an vntyreable and continuat goodness:
He passes.

Iew.

I haue a Jewell heere.

Mer.

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

Iewel.

If he will touch the estimate. But for that—

Poet.

When we for recompence haue prais'd the vild,
It staines the glory in that happy Verse,
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer.

'Tis a good forme.

Iewel.

And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.

Pain.

You are rapt sir, in some worke, some Dedicat
tion to the great Lord.

Poet.

A thing slipt idly from me.

Our Poesie is as a Gowne, which vses
From whence 'tis nourisht: the fire i'th'Flint
Shewes not, till it be strooke: our gentle flame
Prouokes it selfe, and like the currant flies
Each bound it chases. What haue you there?

Pain.

A Picture sir: when comes your Booke forth?

Poet.

Vpon the heeles of my presentment sir.

Let's see your peece.

Pain.

'Tis a good Peece.

Poet.

So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain.

Indifferent.

Poet.

Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power

This eye shootes forth? How bigge imagination
Moues in this Lip, to th'dumbnesse of the gesture,
One might interpret.

Pain.

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

Poet.

I will say of it,
It Tutors Nature, Artificiall strife
Liues in these touches, liuelier then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain.

How this Lord is followed.

Poet.

The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain.

Looke moe.

Po.

You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,
I haue 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 moues it selfe
In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an Eagle fl [...]ght, bold, and forth on,
Leauing no Tract behinde.

Pain.

How shall I vnderstand you?

Poet.

I will vnboult to you.
You see how all Conditions, how all Mindes,
As well of glib and slipp'ry Creatures, as
Of Graue and austere qualitie, tender downe
Their seruices to Lord *Timon*: his large Fortune,
Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glasse-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loues better
Then to abhorre himselfe; euen hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returnes in peace
Most rich in *Timons* nod.

Pain.

I saw them speake together.

Poet.

Sir, I haue vpon 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 Soueraigne Lady fixt,
One do I personate of Lord *Timons* frame,
Whom Fortune with her Iuory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace, to present slaues and seruants
Translates his Riuals.

Pain.

'Tis concey'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinks
With [\[Page 81\]](#) Timon of Athens.
With one man becken'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy Mount
To climbe his happinesse, would be well exprest
In our Condition.

Poet.

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

Pain.

I marry, what of these?

Poet.

When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurnes downe her late beloued; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
Euen on their knees and hand, let him sit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain.

'Tis common:
A thousand morall Paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quicke blowes of Fortunes,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To shew Lord *Timon*, that meane eyes haue seene
The foot about the head.

Trumpets sound.

*Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe courteously
to every Sutor.*

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 haue shut him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim.

Noble *Ventidius* 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 deserues a helpe,
Which he shall haue. Ile pay the debt, and free him.

Mes.

Your Lordship euer bindes him.

Tim.

Commend me to him, I will send his ransome,
And being enfranchized bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mes.

All happinesse to your Honor.

Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm.

Lord *Timon*, heare me speake.

Tim.

Freely good Father.

Oldm.

Thou hast a Seruant nam'd *Lucilius*.

Tim.

I haue so: What of him?

Oldm.

Most Noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim.

Attends he heere, or no? *Lucillius*.

Luc.

Heere at your Lordships seruice.

Oldm.

This Fellow heere, (L.) Lord *Timon*, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first haue beene inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserues an Heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim.

Well: what further?

Old.

One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin else,
On whom I may conferre what I haue got:
The Maid is faire, a'th'youngest for a Bride,
And I haue bred her at my deerest cost
In Qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)
Ioyne with me to forbid him her resort,
My selfe haue spoke in vaine.

Tim.

The man is honest.

Oldm.

Therefore he will be *Timon*,
His honesty rewards him in it selfe,
It must not beare my Daughter.

Tim.

Does she loue him?

Oldm.

She is yong and apt:

Our owne precedent passions do instruct vs
What leuties in youth.

Tim.

Loue you the Maid?

Luc.

I my good Lord, and she accepts of it.

Oldm.

If in her Marriage my consent be missing,
I call the Gods to witnesse, I will choose
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?

Oldm.

Three Talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim.

This Gentleman of mine
Hath seru'd me long:
To build his Fortune, I will straine a little,
For 'tis a Bond in men. Giue him thy Daughter,
What you bestow, in him Ile counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.

Oldm.

Most Noble Lord,
Pawne me to this your Honour, she is his.

Tim.

My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my promise.

Luc.

Humbly I thanke your Lordship, neuer may
That state or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

Exit

Poet.

Vouchsafe my Labour,
And long liue your Lordship.

Tim.

I thanke you, you shall heare from me anon:
Go not away. What haue you there, my Friend?

Pain.

A peece of Painting, which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim.

Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almost the Naturall man:
For since Dishonor Traffickes with mans Nature,
He is but out-side: These Pensil'd Figures are

Euen such as they giue out. I like your worke,
And you shall finde I like it; Waite attendance
Till you heare further from me.

Pain.

The Gods preserue ye.

Tim.

Well fare you Gentleman: giue me your hand.
We must needs dine together: sir your Iewell
Hath suffered vnder praise.

Iewel.

What my Lord, dispraise?

Tim.

A meere saciety of Commendations,
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extold,
It would vnclaw me quite.

Iewel.

My Lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would giue: but you well know,
Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Masters. Beleeu't deere Lord,
You mend the Iewell by the wearing it.

Tim.

Well mock'd.

Enter Apermantus.

Mer.

No my good Lord, he speakes y^e common toong
Which all men speake with him.

Tim.

Looke who comes heere, will you be chid?

Iewel.

Wee'l beare with your Lordship.

Mer.

Hee'l spare none.

Tim.

Good morrow to thee,
Gentle *Apermantus*.

gg2Aper.

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Timon of Athens.

Ape.

Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow.
When thou art *Timons* dogge, and these Knaues honest.

Tim.

Why dost thou call them Knaues, thou know'st
them not?

Ape.

Are they not Athenians?

Tim.

Yes.

Ape.

Then I repent not.

Iew.

You know me, *Apemantus*?

Ape.

Thou know'st I do, 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's a deed thou't 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: what's she, if I be a Dogge?

Tim.

Wilt dine with me *Apemantus*?

Ape.

No: I eate not Lords.

Tim.

And thou should'st, thoud'st anger Ladies.

Ape.

O they eate Lords;
So they come by great bellies.

Tim.

That's a lasciuious apprehension.

Ape.

So, thou apprehend'st it,
Take it for thy labour.

Tim.

How dost thou like this Iewell, *Apemantus*?

Ape.

Not so well as plain-dealing, which wil 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 lyeest.

Poet.

Art not one?

Ape.

Yes.

Poet.

Then I lye not.

Ape.

Art not a Poet?

Poet.

Yes.

Ape.

Then thou lyeest:

Looke in thy last worke, where thou hast feign'd him a
worthy Fellow.

Poet.

That's not feign'd, he is so.

Ape.

Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy
labour. He that loues to be flattered, is worthy o'th flat
terer. Heauens, that I were a Lord.

Tim.

What wouldst do then *Apemantus*?

Ape.

E'ne as *Apemantus* does now, [...]hate a Lord with
my heart.

Tim.

What thy selfe?

Ape.

I.

Tim.

Wherefore?

Ape.

That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.

Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.

Art not thou a Merchant?

Mer.

I *Apemantus*.

Ape.

Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer.

If Trafficke do it, the Gods do it.

Ape.

Traffickes thy God, & thy God confound thee.

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim.

What Trumpets that [...]

Mes.

'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty Horse
All of Companionship.

Tim.

Pray entertaine them, giue them guide to vs.
You must needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I haue thankt you: when dinners done
Shew me this peece, I am ioyfull of your sights.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome Sir.

Ape.

So, so; their Aches contract, and sterue your
supple ioynts: that there should bee small loue amongst
these sweet Knaues, and all this Curtesie. The straine of
mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Alc.

Sir, you haue sau'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim.

Right welcome Sir:
Ere we [depart], wee'l share a bounteous time
In different pleasures.
Pray you let vs in.

Exeunt.

Enter two Lords.

1. Lord.

What time a day is't *Apemantus*?

Ape.

Time to be honest.

1

That time serues still.

Ape.

The most accursed thou that still omitst it.

2

Thou art going to Lord *Timons* Feast.

Ape.

I, to see meate fill Knaues, and Wine heat fooles.

2

Farthee well, farthee well.

Ape.

Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.

2

Why *Apemantus*?

Ape.

Should'st haue kept one to thy selfe, for I meane
to giue thee none.

1

Hang thy selfe.

Ape.

No I will do nothing at thy bidding:
Make thy requests to thy Friend.

2

Away vnpeaceable Dogge,
Or Ile spurne thee hence.

Ape.

I will flye like a dogge, the heeles a'th'Asse.

1

Hee's opposite to humanity.
Comes shall we in,
And taste Lord *Timons* bountie: he out-goes
The verie heart of kindnesse.

2

He powres it out: *Plutus* the God of Gold
Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes
Seuen-fold aboue it selfe: No guift to him,
But breeds the giuer a returne: exceeding
All vse of quittance.

1

The Noblest minde he carries,
That euer gouern'd man.

2

Long may he liue in Fortunes. Shall we in?
Ile keepe you Company.

Exeunt.

[Act 1, Scene 2]

Hoboyes Playing lowd Musicke.

A great Banquet seru'd in: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon re deem'd from prison. Then comes dropping after all Ape mantus discontentedly 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 do returne those Talents
Doubled with thankes and seruice, from whose helpe
I deriu'd libertie.

Tim.

O by no meanes,
Honest *Ventigius*: You mistake my loue,
I gaue [\[Page 81\]](#) Timon of Athens.
I gaue it freely euer, and ther's none
Can truely say he giues, if he receiues:
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 deuis'd at first
To set a glosse on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodnesse, sorry ere 'tis showne:
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray sit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me.

1. Lord.

My Lord, we alwaies haue confest it.

Aper.

Ho ho, confest it? Handg'd it? Haue you not?

Timo.

O *Apermantus*, you are welcome.

Aper.

No: You shall not make me welcome:
I come to haue thee thrust me out of doores.

Tim.

Fie, th'art a churle, ye'haue got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much too blame:
They say my Lords, *Ira furor breuis est*,
But yond man is verie angrie.
Go, let him haue a Table by himselfe:
For he does neither affect companie,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Aper.

Let me stay at thine apperill *Timon*,
I come to obserue, I giue thee warning on't.

Tim.

I take no heede of thee: Th'art an *Athenian*,
therefore welcome: I my selfe would haue no power,
prythee 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 eats *Timon*, and he sees 'em not? It greeues me
to see so many dip there meate in one mans blood, and
all the madnesse is, he cheeres them vp too.
I wonder men dare trust themselues with men.
Me thinks they should enuite them without kniues,
Good for there meate, and safer for their liues.
There's much example for't, the fellow that sits next him,
now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in
a diuided draught: is the readiest man to kill him. 'Tas
beene proued, if I were a huge man I should feare to
drinke at meales, least they should spie my wind-pipes
dangerous noates, great men should drinke with harnesse
on their throates.

Tim.

My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.

2. Lord.

Let it flow this way my good Lord.

Aper.

Flow this way? A braue fellow. He keeps his
tides well, those healths will make thee and thy state
looke ill, *Timon*.

Heere's that which is too weake to be a sinner,

Honest water, which nere left man i'th'mire:

This and my food are equals, there's no ods,

Feasts are to proud to giue thanks to the Gods.

Apermantus Grace.

Immortall Gods, I craue no pelfe,

I pray for no man but my selfe,

Graunt I may neuer proue so fond,

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 freedome,

Or my friends if I should need 'em.

Amen. So fall too't:

Richmen sin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apermantus*

Tim.

Captaine,

Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now.

Alci.

My heart is euer at your seruice, my Lord.

Tim.

You had rather be at a breakefast of Enemies,

then a dinner of Friends.

Alc.

So they were bleeding new my Lord, there's no
meat like 'em, I could wish my best friend at such a Feast.

Aper.

Would all those Flatterers were thine Enemies
then, that then thou might'st kill 'em: & bid me to 'em.

1. Lord.

Might we but haue that happinesse my Lord,

that you would once vse our hearts, whereby we might

expresse some part of our zeales, we should thinke our
selues for euer perfect.

Timon.

Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods
themselues haue prouided that I shall haue much helpe
from you: how had you beene my Friends else. Why
haue you that charitable title from thousands? Did not
you chiefly belong to my heart? I haue told more of
you to my selfe, then you can with modestie speake in
your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh
you Gods (thinke I,) what need we haue any Friends; if
we should nere haue need of 'em? They were the most
needlesse Creatures liuing; should we nere haue vse for

'em? And would most resemble sweete Instruments hung vp in Cases, that keepes there sounds to them selues. Why I haue often wisht my selfe poorer, that I might come neerer to you: we are borne to do bene fits. And what better or properer can we call our owne, then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a pretious comfort 'tis, to haue so many like Brothers commanding one anothers Fortunes. Oh ioyes, e'ne made away er't can be borne: mine eies cannot hold out water me thinks to forget their Faults. I drinke to you.

Aper.

Thou weep'st to make them drinke, *Timon*.

2. Lord.

Ioy had the like conception in our eies,
And at that instant, like a babe sprung vp.

Aper.

Ho, ho: I laugh to thinke that babe a bastard.

3. Lord.

I promise you my Lord you mou'd me much.

Aper.

Much.

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

Tim.

What meanes that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Seruant.

Ser.

Please you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies
Most desirous of admittance.

Tim.

Ladies? what are their wils?

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 Bounties taste: the fiue best Sences acknowledge thee
their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentious
bosome.

There tast, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise:
They onely now come but to Feast thine eies.

Timo.

They'r welcome all, let 'em haue kind admit
tance. Musicke make their welcome.

Luc.

You see my Lord, how ample y'are belou'd.

Aper.

Hoyday,

What a sweepe of vanitie comes this way.
They daunce? They are madwomen,
gg3Like[Page 82]Timon of Athens.
Like Madnesse is the glory of this life,
As this pompe shewes to a little oyle and roote.
We make our selues Fooles, to disport our selues,
And spend our Flatteries, to drinke those men,
Vpon whose Age we voyde it vp agen
With poysonous Spight and Enuy.
Who lues, that's not depraued, or depraues;
Who dyes, that beares not one spurne to their graues
Of their Friends guift:

I should feare, those that dance before me now,
Would one day stampe vpon me: 'Tas bene done,
Men shut their doores against a setting Sunne.
*The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and
to shew their loues, each single out an Amazon, and all
Dance, men with women, a loftie straine or two to the
Hoboyes, and cease.*

Tim.

You haue done our pleasures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Set a faire fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe so beautifull, and kinde:
You haue added worth vntoo't, and luster,
And entertain'd me with mine owne deuce.
I am to thanke you for't.

1 Lord.

My Lord you take vs euen at the best.

Aper.

Faith for the worst is filthy, and would not hold
taking, I doubt me.

Tim.

Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
Please you to dispose your selues.

All La.

Most thankfully, my Lord.

Exeunt.

Tim.

Flavius.

Fla.

My Lord.

Tim.

The little Casket bring me hither.

Fla.

Yes, my Lord. More Iewels yet?
There is no crossing him in's humor,
Else I should tell him well, yfaith I should;
When all's spent, hee'ld be crost then, and he could:
'Tis pittie Bounty had not eyes behinde,
That man might ne're be wretched for his minde.

Exit.

1 Lord.

Where be our men?

Ser.

Heere my Lord, in readinesse.

2 Lord.

Our Horses.

Tim.

O my Friends:

I haue one word to say to you: Looke you, my good (L.)Lord

I must intreat you honour me so much,

As to aduance this Iewell, accept it, and weare it,

Kinde my Lord.

1 Lord.

I am so farre already in your guifts.

All.

So are we all.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser.

My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate
newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim.

They are fairely welcome.

Enter Flauius.

Fla.

I beseech your Honor, vouchsafe me a word, it
does concerne you neere.

Tim.

Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.

I prythee let's be prouided to shew them entertainment.

Fla.

I scarce know how.

Enter another Seruant.

Ser.

May it please your Honor, Lord *Lucius*

Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.

(Out of his free loue) hath presented to you

Foure Milke-white Horses, trapt in Siluer.

Tim.

I shall accept them fairely: let the Presents

Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Seruant.

How now? What newes?

3. Ser.

Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentle
man Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your companie 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 receiu'd, not without faire Reward.

Fla.

What will this come to?

He commands vs to prouide, and giue great guifts, and
all out of an empty Coffe:

Nor will he know his Purse, or yeeld me this,

To shew him what a Begger his heart is,

Being of no power to make his wishes good.

His promises flye so beyond his state,

That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes for eu'ry word:

He is so kinde, that he now payes interest for't;

His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were

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

Happier is he that has no friend to feede,

Then such that do e'ne Enemies excede.

I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

Exit

Tim.

You do your selues much wrong,

You bate too much of your owne merits.

Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Loue.

2. Lord.

With more then common thanks

I will receyue it.

3. Lord.

O he's the very soule of Bounty.

Tim.

And now I remember my Lord, you gaue 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 mee, my Lord, in that.

Tim.

You may take my word my Lord: I know no
man can iustly praise, but what he does affect. I weighe
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 seuerall visitations
So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to giue:
Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdomes to my Friends,
And nere be wearie. *Alcibiades*,
Thou art a Soldiour, therefore sildome rich,
It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy liuing
Is mong'st the dead: and all the Lands thou hast
Lye in a pitch field.

Alc.

I, defil'd 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.

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, seruing of beckes, and iut
ting out of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be
worth the summes that are giuen for 'em.
Friendships full of dregges,
Me thinkes false hearts, should neuer haue sound legges.
Thus honest Fooles lay out their wealth on Curtsies.

Tim.

Now *Apermantus* (if thou wert not sullen)
I would be good to thee.

Aper.

No, Ile nothing; for if I should be brib'd too,
there would be none left to raile vpon thee, and then thou
wouldst sinne the faster. Thou giu'st so long *Timon* (I
feare me) thou wilt giue away thy selfe in paper shortly.
What needs these Feasts, pompes, and Vaine-glories?

Tim.

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Timon of Athens.

Tim.

Nay, and you begin to raile on Societie once, I
am sworne not to giue regard to you. Farewell, & come
with better Musicke.

Exit

Aper.

So: Thou wilt not heare mee now, thou shalt
not then. Ile locke thy heauen from thee:
Oh that mens eares should be
To Counsell deafe, but not to Flatterie.

Exit

[Act 2, Scene 1]

Enter a Senator.

Sen.

And late fīue thousand: to *Varro* and to *Isidore*
He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,
Which makes it fīue and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.

If I want Gold, steale but a beggers Dogge,
And giue it *Timon*, why the Dogge coines Gold.
If I would sell my Horse, and buy twenty moe
Better then he; why giue my Horse to *Timon*.
Aske nothing, giue it him, it Foles me straight
And able Horses: No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and still inuites
All that passe by. It cannot hold, no reason
Can sound his state in safety. *Caphis* hoa,
Caphis I say.

Enter Caphis.

Ca.

Heere sir, what is your pleasure.

Sen.

Get on your cloake, & hast you to Lord *Timon*,
Importune him for my Moneyes, be not ceast
With slight deniall; nor then silenc'd, when
Commend me to your Master, and the Cap
Playes in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My Vses cry to me; I must serue my turne
Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Haue smit my credit. I loue, and honour him,
But must not breake my backe, to heale his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my releefe
Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
But finde supply immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand: for I do feare
When euery Feather stickes in his owne wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.
Which flashes now a Phœnix, get you gone.

Ca.

I go sir.

Sen.

I go sir?

Take the Bonds along with you,
And haue the dates in. Come.

Ca.

I will Sir.

Sen.

Go.

Exeunt

[Act 2, Scene 2]

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 go from him, nor resume no care
Of what is to continue: neuer minde,
Was to be so vnwise, to be so kinde.
What shall be done, he will not heare, till feele:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

Cap.

Good euen *Varro*: what, you come for money?

Var.

Is't not your businesse too?

Cap.

It is, and yours too, *Isidore*?

Isid.

It is so.

Cap.

Would we were all discharg'd.

Var.

I feare it,

Cap.

Here comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine.

Tim.

So soone as dinners done, wee'l 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.

Go 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 vpon his owne, and humbly prayes you,
That with your other Noble parts, you'l suite,
In giuing him his right.

Tim.

Mine honest Friend,
I prythee but repaire to me next morning.

Cap.

Nay, good my Lord.

Tim.

Containe thy selfe, good Friend.

Var.

One *Varroes* seruant, my good Lord.

Isid.

From *Isidore*, he humbly prayes your speedy pay
ment.

Cap.

If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.

Var.

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

Isi.

Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your Lordship.

Tim.

Giue me breath:

I do beseech you good my Lords keepe on,
Ile waite vpon 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 of long since due debts
Against my Honor?

Stew.

Please you Gentlemen,
The time is vnagreeable to this businesse:
Your importunacie cease, till after dinner,
That I may make his Lordship vnderstand
Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim.

Do so my Friends, see them well entertain'd.

Stew.

Pray draw neere.

Exit.

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Caph.

stay, stay, here comes the Foole with *Apeman*
tus, let's ha some sport with 'em.

Var.

Hang him, hee'l abuse vs.

Isid.

A plague vpon 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.

Isi.

There's the Foole hangs on your backe already.

Ape.

No thou stand'st single, th'art not on him yet.

Cap.

Where's the Foole now?

Ape.

He last ask'd the question. Poore Rogues, and
Vsurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.

Al.

What are we *Apemantus*?

Ape.

Asses.

All.

Why?

Ape.

That you ask me what you are, & do not know
your selues. Speake to 'em Foole.

Foole.

How do you Gentlemen?

All.

Gramercies good Foole:

How does your Mistris?

Foole.

[\[Page 84\]](#)

Timon of Athens.

Foole.

She's e'ne setting on water to scal'd such Chic
kens 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 do 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.

Prythee *Apemantus* reade me the superscripti
on of these Letters, I know not which is which.

Ape.

Canst not read?

Page.

No.

Ape.

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

Page.

Thou was't whelpt a Dogge, and thou shalt
famish a Dogges death.

Answer not, I am gone.

Exit

Ape.

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

Foole.

Will you leaue me there?

Ape.

If *Timon* stay at home.
You three serue three Vsurers?

All.

I would they seru'd vs.

Ape.

So would I:
As good a tricke as euer Hangman seru'd Theefe.

Foole.

Are you three Vsurers men?

All.

I Foole.

Foole.

I thinke no Vsurer, but ha's a Foole to his Ser
uant. My Mistris is one, and I am her Foole: when men
come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly,
and go away merry: but they enter my Masters house
merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var.

I could render one.

Ap.

Do it then, that we may account thee a Whore
master, and a Knaue, which notwithstanding thou shalt
be no lesse esteemed.

Varro.

What is a Whoremaster Foole?

Foole.

A Foole in good cloathes, and something like
thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometime t'appeares like a Lord, som
time like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with
two stones moe then's artificiall one. Hee is verie often
like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes
vp and downe in, from fourescore to thirteen, this spirit
walkes in.

Var.

Thou art not altogether a Foole.

Foole.

Nor thou altogether a Wise man,
As much foolerie as I haue, so much wit thou lack'st.

Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.

Ape.

That answer might haue become *Apemantus*.

All.

Aside, aside, heere comes Lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Ape.

Come with me (Foole) come.

Foole.

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

Stew.

Pray you walke neere,
Ile speake with you anon.

Exeunt.

Tim.

You make me meruell wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laide my state before me,
That I might so haue rated my expence
As I had leaue of meanes.

Stew.

You would not heare me:
At many leysures I propose.

Tim.

Go too:
Perchance some single vantages you tooke,
When my indisposition put you backe,
And that vnaptnesse made your minister
Thus to excuse your selfe.

Stew.

O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accompts,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And say you sound them in mine honestie,
When for some trifling present you haue bid me
Returne so much, I haue shooke my head, and wept:
Yea 'gainst th'Authoritie of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did indure
Not sildome, nor no slight checkes, when I haue
Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,
And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,
Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,
The greatest of your hauing, lackes a halfe,
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 word,
Were it all yours, to giue it in a breath,

How quickly were it gone.

Tim.

You tell me true.

Stew.

If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood,
Call me before th'exactest Auditors,
And set me on the prooffe. So the Gods blesse me,
When all our Offices haue beene opprest
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults haue wept
With drunken spilth of Wine; when euery roome
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrelsie,
I haue retyr'd me to a wastefull cocke,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim.

Prythee no more.

Stew.

Heauens, haue I said, the bounty of this Lord:
How many prodigall bits haue Slaues and Pezants
This night englutted: who is not *Timons*,
What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but is (L.)Lord *Timons*:
Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royall *Timon*:
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 villanous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Vnwisely, not ignobly haue I giuen.
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 loue,
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,
Men, and mens fortunes could I frankly vse
As I can bid thee speake.

ste.

A [...]rance 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 trie Friends. You shall perceiue
How you mistake my Fortunes:
I am wealthie in my Friends.
Within there, *Flavius*, *Seruilus*?

Enter

[\[Page 85\]](#)

Timon of Athens.

Enter three Seruants.

Ser.

My Lord, my Lord.

Tim.

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

Flam.

As you haue said, my Lord.

Stew.

Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? Humh.

Tim.

Go you sir to the Senators;
Of whom, euen to the States best health; I haue
Deseru'd this Hearing: bid 'em send o'th' instant
A thousand Talents to me.

Ste,

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

Tim.

Is't true? Can't be?

Stew.

They answer in a ioynt and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want 'Treasure cannot
Do what they would, are sorrie: you are Honourable,
But yet they could haue wisht, they know not,
Something hath beene amisse; a Noble Nature
May catch a wench; would all were well; tis pittie,
And so intending other serious matters,
After distastefull lookes; and these hard Fractions
With certaine halfe-caps, and cold mouing nods,
They froze me into Silence.

Tim.

You Gods reward them:
Prythee man looke cheerely. These old Fellowes
Haue their ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it sildome flowes,
'Tis lacke of kindly warmth, they are not kinde;
And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the iourney, dull and heauy.
Go 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 hee's stepp'd
Into a great estate: When he was poore,
Imprison'd, and in scarsitie of Friends,
I cleer'd him with fiue Talents: Greet him from me,
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his Friend, which craues to be remembred

With those five Talents; that had, giue't these Fellowes
To whom 'tis instant due. Neu'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

[Act 3, Scene 1]

*Flaminius waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master,
enters a seruant to him.*

Ser.

I haue told my Lord of you, he is comming down
to you.

Flam.

I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser.

Heere's my Lord.

Luc.

One of Lord *Timons* men? A Guift I warrant.
Why this hits right: I dreamt of a Siluer Bason & Ewre
to night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are verie re-
spectiuey welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And how
does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentle
man of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and May-
ster?

Flam.

His health is well sir.

Luc.

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

Flam.

Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in
my Lords behalfe, I come to intreat your Honor to sup-
ply: who hauing great and instant occasion to vse fiftie
Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him: no
thing doubting your present assistance therein.

Luc.

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

Enter Seruant with Wine.

Ser.

Please your Lordship, heere is the Wine.

Luc.

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

Flam.

Your Lordship speakes your pleasure.

Luc.

I haue obserued thee alwayes for a towardlie
prompt spirit, giue thee thy due, and one that knowes
what belongs to reason; and canst vse the time wel, if the
time vse thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone sir
rah. Draw neerer honest *Flaminius*. Thy Lords a boun-
tiful Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou know'st
well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no
time to lend money, especially vpon bare friendshippe
without securitie. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, good
Boy winke at me, and say thou saw'st mee not. Fare thee
well.

Flam.

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

Luc.

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

Exit L.

Flam.

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

[Act 3, Scene 2]

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, thogh we are but stran-
gers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and

which I heare from common rumours, now Lord *Timons* happie howres are done and past, and his estate shrinkes from him.

Lucius.

Fye no, doe not beleeeue it: hee cannot want for money.

2

But beleeeue you this my Lord, that not long agoe, one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow so many Talents, nay vrg'd extreemly for't, and [...] what [\[Page 86\]](#) Timon of Athens. what necessity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'de.

Luci.

How?

2

I tell you, deny'de my Lord.

Luci.

What a strange case was that? Now before the Gods I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? There was verie little Honour shew'd in't. For my owne part, I must needes confesse, I haue receyued some small kindnesses from him, as Money, Plate, Iewels, and such like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had hee mi stooke him, and sent to me, I should ne're haue denied his Occasion so many Talents.

Enter Seruilus.

Seruil.

See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I haue swet to see his Honor. My Honor'd Lord.

Lucil.

Seruilus? You are kindly met sir. Farthewell, commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my very exquisite Friend.

Seruil.

May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent□

Luci.

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

Seruil.

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

Lucil.

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

Seruil.

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

Luc.

Dost thou speake seriously *Seruilus*?

Seruil.

Vpon my soule 'tis true Sir.

Luci.

What a wicked Beast was I to disfurnish my self against such a good time, when I might ha shewn my selfe Honourable? How vnluckily it hapned, that I shold Purchase the day before for a little part, and vndo a great deale of Honour? *Seruilus*, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more beast I say) I was sending to vse Lord *Timon* my selfe, these Gentlemen can witness; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will conceiue the fairest of mee, because I haue no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions say, that I cannot pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman. Good *Seruilus*, will you befriend mee so farre, as to vse mine owne words to him?

Ser.

Yes sir, I shall.

Exit Seruil.

Lucil.

Ile looke you out a good turne *Seruilus*.

True as you said, *Timon* is shrunke indeede,
And he that's once deny'de, will hardly speede.

Exit.

1

Do you obserue this *Hostilius*?

2

I, to well.

1

Why this is the worlds soule,
And iust of the same peece
Is euery Flatterers sport: who can call him his Friend
That dips in the same dish? For in my knowing
Timon has bin this Lords Father,
And kept his credit with his purse:
Supported his estate, nay *Timons* money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinks,
But *Timons* Siluer treads vpon his Lip,
And yet, oh see the monstrosnesse of man,
When he looks out in an vngratefull shape;
He does deny him (in respect of his)
What charitable men affoord to Beggars.

3

Religion grones at it.

1

For mine owne part, I neuer tasted *Timon* in my life
Nor came any of his bounties ouer me,
To marke me for his Friend. Yet I protest,

For his right Noble minde, illustrious Vertue,
And Honourable Carriage,
Had his necessity made vse of me,
I would haue put my wealth into Donation,
And the best halfe should haue return'd to him,
So much I loue his heart: But I perceiue,
Men must learne now with pittie to dispence,
For Policy sits aboute Conscience.
Exeunt.

[Act 3, Scene 3]

*Enter a third seruant with Sempronius, another
of Timons Friends.*

Semp.

Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum.
'Boue all others?
He might haue tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidgius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these
Owes their estates vnto him.

Ser.

My Lord,
They haue all bin touch'd, and found Base-Mettle,
For they haue all denied him.

Semp.

How? Haue they deny'de him?
Has *Ventidgius* and *Lucullus* deny'de him,
And does he send to me? 'Three? Humh?
It shewes but little loue, or iudgement in him.
Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends (like Physitians)
Thriue, giue him ouer: Must I take th'Cure vpon me?
Has much disgrace'd me in't, I'me angry at him,
That might haue knowne my place. I see no sense for't,
But his Occasions might haue wooed me first:
For in my conscience, I was the first man
That ere receiued guift from him.
And does he thinke so backwardly of me now,
That Ile requite it last? No:
So it may proue an Argument of Laughter
To th'rest, and 'mong'st Lords be thought a Foole:
I'de rather then the worth of thrice the summe,
Had sent to me first, but for my mindes sake:
I'de such a courage to do him good. But now returne,
And with their faint reply, this answer ioyne;
Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne.

Exit

Ser.

Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the
diuell knew not what he did, when hee 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 striues to appeare foule? Takes Vertuous Copies to be wicked: like those, that vnder hotte ardent zeale, would set whole Realmes on fire, of such a nature is his politike loue.

This was my Lords best hope, now all are fled
Saue 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 keep his house.
Exit.

[Act 3, Scene 4]

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

Var. man.

Well met, goodmorrow *Titus & Hortensius*

Titus

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Timon of Athens.

Tit.

The like to you kinde *Varro*.

Hort.

Lucius, what do we meet together?

Luci.

I, and I think one businesse do's command vs all.

For mine is money.

Tit.

So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci.

And sir *Philotus* too.

Phil.

Good day at once.

Luci.

Welcome good Brother.

What do you thinke the houre?

Phil.

Labouring for Nine.

Luci.

So much?

Phil.

Is not my Lord seene yet?

Luci.

Not yet.

Phil.

I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at seauen.

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 recouerable, I feare:
'Tis deepest Winter in Lord *Timons* purse, that is: One
may reach deepe enough, and yet finde little.

Phil.

I am of your feare, for that.

Tit.

Ile shew you how t'obserue a strange euent:
Your Lord sends now for Money?

Hort.

Most true, he doe's.

Tit.

And he weares Iewels now of *Timons* guift,
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 Iewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hort.

I'me weary of this Charge,
The Gods can witsesse:
I know my Lord hath spent of *Timons* wealth,
And now Ingratitude, makes it worse then stealth.

Varro.

Yes, mine's three thousand Crownes:
What's yours?

Luci.

Fiue thousand mine.

Varro.

'Tis much deepe, and it should seem by th'sum
Your Masters confidence was aboue mine,
Else surely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit.

One of Lord *Timons* men.

Luc.

Flaminius? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord readie
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 leaue, sir.

Stew.

What do ye aske of me, my Friend.

Tit.

We waite for certaine Money heere, sir.

Stew.

I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your summes and Billes
When your false Masters eate of my Lords meat?
Then they could smile, and fawne vpon his debts.
And take downe th'Intrest into their glutt'nous Mawes.
You do your selues but wrong, to stirre me vp,
Let me passe quietly:
Beleue't, my Lord and I haue made an end,
I haue no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luci.

I, but this answer will not serue.

Stew.

If't 'twill not serue, 'tis not so base as you,
For you serue Knaues.

1. Varro.

How? What does his casheer'd Worship
mutter?

2. Varro.

No matter what, hee's poore, and that's re
uenge enough. Who can speake broader, then hee that
has no house to put his head in? Such may rayle against
great buildings.

Enter Seruilus.

Tit.

Oh here's *Seruilus*: now wee shall know some
answere.

Seru.

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

Luci.

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

Seruil.

Good Gods.

Titus.

We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flaminius

within.

Seruilus helpe, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim.

What, are my dores oppos'd against my passage?

Haue I bin euer free, and must my house

Be my retentiue Enemy? My Gaole?

The place which I haue Feasted, does it now

(Like all Mankinde) shew me an Iron heart?

Luci.

Put in now *Titus*.

Tit.

My Lord, heere is my Bill.

Luci.

Here's mine.

1. Var.

And mine, my Lord.

2. Var.

And ours, my Lord.

Philo.

All our Billes.

Tim.

Knocke me downe with 'em, cleaue mee to the
Girdle.

Luc.

Alas, my Lord.

Tim.

Cut my heart in summes.

Tit.

Mine, fifty Talents.

Tim.

Tell out my blood.

Luc.

Fiue thousand Crownes, my Lord.

Tim.

Fiue 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 vpon you.

Exit Timon.

Hort.

Faith I perceiue our Masters may throwe their
caps at their money, these debts may well be call'd despe
rate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

Exeunt.

Enter Timon.

Timon.

They haue e'ene put my breath from mee the
slaues. Creditors? Diuels.

Stew.

My deere Lord.

Tim.

What if it should be so?

Stew.

My Lord.

Tim.

Ile haue it so. My Steward?

Stew.

Heere my Lord.

Tim.

So fitly? Go, bid all my Friends againe,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Vllorxa: All,
Ile once more 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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Timon of Athens.

Tim.

Be it not in thy care:

Go I charge thee, inuite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaues once more: my Cooke and Ile provide.

Exeunt

[Act 3, Scene 5]

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

1. Sen.

My Lord, you haue my voyce, too't,

The faults Bloody:

'Tis necessary he should dye:

Nothing imboldens sinne so much, as Mercy.

2

Most true; the Law shall bruise 'em.

Alc.

Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate.

1

Now Captaine.

Alc.

I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;
For pittie is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants vse it cruelly.
It pleases time and Fortune to lye heauie
Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stept into the Law: which is past depth
To those that (without heede) do 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 Reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his Foe:
And with such sober and vnnoted passion
He did behooou his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prou'd an Argument.

1 Sen.

You vndergo too strict a Paradox,
Striuing to make an vgly deed looke faire:
Your words haue tooke such paines, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling
Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede
Is Valour mis-begot, and came into the world,
When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.
Hee's 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 iniuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If Wrongs be euilles, and inforce vs kill,
What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill.

Alci.

My Lord.

1. Sen.

You cannot make grosse sinnes looke cleare,
To reuenge is no Valour, but to beare.

Alci.

My Lords, then vnder fauour, pardon me,
If I speake like a Captaine.
Why do fond men expose themselues to Battell,
And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That stay at home, if Bearing carry it:
And the Asse, more Captaine then the Lyon?
The fellow loaden with Irons, wiser then the Iudge?
If Wisedome be in suffering. Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pittifully Good,

Who cannot condemne rashnesse in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sinnes extreamest Gust,
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most iust.
To be in Anger, is impietie:
But who is Man, that is not Angrie.
Weigh but the Crime with this.

2. Sen.

You breath in vaine.

Alci.

In vaine?

His seruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1

What's that?

Alc.

Why say my Lords ha's done faire seruice,
And slaine in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he beare himselfe
In the last Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2

He has made too much plenty with him:
He's a sworne Riotor, he has a sinne
That often drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To ouercome him. In that Beastly furie,
He has bin knowne to commit outrages,
And cherrish Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to vs,
His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.

1

He dyes.

Alci.

Hard fate: he might haue 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 moue you,
Take my deserts to his, and ioyne 'em both.
And for I know, your reuerend Ages loue Security,
Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you
Vpon his good returnes.
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the Warre receiue't in valiant gore,
For Law is strict, and Warre is nothing more.

1

We are for Law, he dyes, vrge it no more
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his owne blood, that spilles another.

Alc.

Must it be so? It must not bee:

My Lords, I do beseech you know mee.

2

How?

Alc.

Call me to your remembrances.

3

What.

Alc.

I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,
It could not else be, I should proue so bace,
To sue and be deny'de such common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.

1

Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
We banish thee for euer.

Alc.

Banish me?
Banish your dotage, banish vsurie,
That makes the Senate vgly.

1

If after two dayes shine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our waightier Iudgement.
And not to swell our Spirit,
He shall be executed presently.

Exeunt.

Alc.

Now the Gods keepe you old enough,
That you may liue
Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.
I'm worse then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes
While they haue told their Money, and let out
Their Coine vpon large interest. I my selfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All those, for this?
Is this the Balsome, that the vsuring Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? Banishment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,
It is a cause worthy my Spleene and Furie,
That I may strike at Athens. Ile cheere vp
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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Timon of Athens.

[Act 3, Scene 6]

Enter diuers Friends at seuerall doores.

1

The good time of day to you, sir.

2

I also wish it to you: I thinke this Honorable Lord
did but try vs this other day.

1

Vpon that were my thoughts tyring when wee en
countred. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it
seeme in the triall of his seuerall Friends.

2

It should not be, by the perswasion of his new Fea
sting.

1

I should thinke so. He hath sent mee an earnest in
uiting, which many my neere occasions did vrge mee to
put off: but he hath coniu'r'd mee beyond them, and I
must needs appeare.

2

In like manner was I in debt to my importunat bu
sinesse, but he would not heare my excuse. I am sorrrie,
when he sent to borrow of mee, that my Prouision was
out.

1

I am sicke of that greefe too, as I vnderstand how all
things go.

2

Euery man heares so: what would hee haue borro
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

Euer at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

2

The Swallow followes not Summer more willing,
then we your Lordship.

Tim.

Nor more willingly leaues Winter, such Sum
mer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not re
compence this long stay: Feast your eares with the Mu
sicke awhile: If they will fare so harshly o'th'Trumpets
sound: we shall too't presently.

1

I hope it remaines not vnkindely with your Lord
ship, 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 Banquet brought in.

2

My most Honorable Lord, I am e'ne sick of shame,
that when your Lordship this other day sent to me, I was
so vnfortunate a Beggar.

Tim.

Thinke not on't, sir.

2

If you had sent but two houres before.

Tim.

Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

Come bring in all together.

2

All couer'd Dishes.

1

Royall Cheare, I warrant you.

3

Doubt not that, if money and the season can yeild it

1

How do you? What's the newes?

3

Alcibiades is banish'd: heare you of it?

Both.

Alcibiades banish'd?

3

'Tis so, be sure of it.

1

How? How?

2

I pray you vpon what?

Tim.

My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?

3

Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward

2

This is the old man still.

3

Wilt hold? Wilt hold?

2

It do's: but time will, and so.

3

I do conceyue.

Tim.

Each man to his stoole, with that spurre as hee
would to the lip of his Mistris: your dyet shall bee in all

places alike. Make not a Citie Feast of it, to let the meat
coole, ere we can agree vpon the first place. Sit, sit.
The Gods require our Thankes.

*You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thanke
fulness. For your owne gifts, make your selues prais'd: But
reserue still to giue, least your Deities 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 beloued, more then the Man that giues it. Let
no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines. If there
sit twelue Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they
are. The rest of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens,
together with the common legge of People, what is amisse in
them, you Gods, make suteable for destruction. For these my
present Friends, as they are to mee nothing, so in nothing blesse
them, and to nothing are they welcome.*

Vncouer Dogges, and lap.

Some speake.

What do's his Lordship meane?

Some other.

I know not.

Timon.

May you a better Feast neuer behold
You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, & lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is *Timons* last,
Who stucke and spangled you with Flatteries,
Washes it off and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. Liue loath'd, and long
Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,
Curteous Destroyers, affable Wolues, meeke Beares:
You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,
Cap and knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute Iackes.
Of Man and Beast, the infinite Maladie
Crust you quite o're. What do'st thou go?
Soft, take thy Physicke first; thou too, and thou:
Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast,
Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Guest.
Burne house, sinke Athens, henceforth hated be
Of *Timon* Man, and all Humanity.

Exit

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1

How now, my Lords?

2

Know you the quality of Lord *Timons* fury?

3

Push, did you see my Cap?

4

I haue lost my Gowne.

1

He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors swaies
him. He gaue me a Iewell th'other day, and now hee has
beate it out of my hat.

Did you see my Iewell?

2

Did you see my Cap.

3

Heere 'tis.

4

Heere lyes my Gowne.

1

Let's make no stay.

2

Lord *Timons* mad.

3

I feel't vpon my bones.

4

One day he giues vs Diamonds, next day stones.

Exeunt the Senators.

[Act 4, Scene 1]

Enter Timon.

Tim.

Let me looke backe vpon thee. O thou Wall
That girdles in those Wolues, diue in the earth,
And fence not Athens. Matrons, turne incontinent,
Obedience fayle in Children: Slaues and Fooles
hhPlucke [\[Page 90\]](#) Timon of Athens.
Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their steeds, to generall Filthes.
Conuert o'th'Instant greene Virginitie,
Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast
Rather then render backe; out with your Kniues,
And cut your Trusters throates. Bound Seruants, steale,
Large-handed Robbers your graue Masters are,
And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Masters bed,
Thy Mistris is o'th'Brothell. Some of sixteen,
Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iustice, Truth,
Domesticke awe, Night-rest, and Neighbour-hood,
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Obseruances, Customes, and Lawes,
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet Confusion liue: Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious Feauors, heape
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Lust, and Libertie
Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,

That 'gainst the streame of Vertue they may striue,
And drowne themselues in Riot. Itches, Blaines,
Sowe all th'Athenian bosomes, and their crop
Be generall Leprosie: Breath, infect breath,
That their Society (as their Friendship) may
Be meerely poyson. Nothing Ile beare from thee
But nakednesse, thou detestable Towne,
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde
Th'vnkindest Beast, more kinder then Mankinde.
The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)
Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:
And graunt as *Timon* growes, his hate may grow
To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.
Amen.
Exit.

[Act 4, Scene 2]

Enter Steward with two or three Seruants.

1
Heare you (M.) Master Steward, where's our Master?
Are we vndone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Stew.
Alack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?
Let 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 go along with him.

2
As we do turne our backes
From our Companion, throwne into his graue,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slinke all away, leaue 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 pouerty,
Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Seruants.

Stew.
All broken Implements of a ruin'd house.

3
Yet do our hearts weare *Timons* Liuary,
That see I by our Faces: we are Fellowes still,
Seruing alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our Barke,
And we poore Mates, stand on the dying Decke,
Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
Into this Sea of Ayre.

Stew.

Good Fellowes all,
 The latest of my wealth Ile share among'st you.
 Where euer we shall meete, for *Timons* sake,
 Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's shake our heads, and say
 As 'twere a Knell vnto our Masters Fortunes,
 We haue 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 seuerall wayes.

Oh the fierce wretchednesse that Glory brings vs!
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,

^{Note:} An ink mark follows the end of this line.

Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
 Who would be so mock'd with Glory, or to lue
 But in a Dreame of Friendship,
 To haue his pompe, and all what state compounds,
 But onely painted like his varnisht Friends:
 Poore honest Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,
 Vndone by Goodnesse: strange vnusuall blood,
 When mans worst sinne is, He do's too much Good.
 Who then dares to be halfe so kinde agen?
 For Bounty that makes Gods, do still marre Men.
 My deerest Lord, blest to be most accurst,
 Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
 Are made thy cheefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)
 Hee's flung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate
 Of monstrous Friends:
 Nor ha's he with him to supply his life,
 Or that which can command it:
 Ile follow and enquire him out.
 Ile euer serue his minde, with my best will,
 Whilst I haue Gold, Ile be his Steward still.

Exit.

[Act 4, Scene 3]

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 diuidant; touch them with seuerall 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 Natiue Honor.
 It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,

The want that makes him leaue: who dares? who dares
In puritie of Manhood stand vpright
And say, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,
So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune
Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
Dukes to the Golden Foole. All's oblique:
There's nothing leuell in our cursed Natures
But direct villanie. Therefore be abhorr'd,
All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
His semblable, yea himselfe *Timon* disdaines,
Destruction phang mankinde; 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 Heauens. Thus much of this will make
Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;
Base, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
Ha you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why this
Will lugge your Priests and Seruants from your sides:
Plucke stout mens pillowes from below their heads.
This [\[Page 91\]](#) Timon of Athens.

This yellow Slaue,
Will knit and breake Religions, blesse th'accurst,
Make the hoare Leprosie ador'd, place Theeues,
And giue 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 vlcereous sores,
Would cast the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices
To'th'Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
Thou common whore of Mankinde, that puttes oddes
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature.

March afarre off.

Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,
But yet Ile bury thee: Thou't go (strong Theefe)
When Gowty keepers of thee cannot stand:
Nay stay thou out for earnest.

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

Alc.

What art thou there? Speake.

Tim.

A Beast as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart
For shewing me againe the eyes of Man.

Alc.

What is thy name? Is man so hatefull to thee,
That art thy selfe a Man?

Tim.

I am *Misanthropos*, and hate Mankinde.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dogge,
That I might loue thee something.

Alc.

I know thee well:
But in thy Fortunes am vnlearn'd, and strange.

Tim.

I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, ciuill 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.

Alc.

How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim.

As the Moone do's, by wanting light to giue:
But then renew I could not like the Moone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.

Alc.

Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim.

None, but to maintaine my opinion.

Alc.

What is it *Timon*?

Tim.

Promise me Friendship, but performe none.
If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou
art a man: if thou do'st performe, confound thee, for
thou art a man.

Alc.

I haue heard in some sort of thy Miseries.

Tim.

Thou saw'st them when I had prosperitie.

Alc.

I see them now, then was a blessed time.

Tim.

As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.

Timan.

Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim.

Art thou *Timandra*?

Timan.

Yes.

Tim.

Be a whore still, they loue thee not that vse thee,
giue them diseases, leauing with thee their Lust. Make
vse of thy salt houres, season the slaues for Tubbes and
Bathes, bring downe Rose-cheekt youth to the Fubfast,
and the Diet.

Timan.

Hang thee Monster.

Alc.

Pardon him sweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.
I haue but little Gold of late, braue *Timon*,
The want whereof, doth dayly make reuolt
In my penurious Band. I haue heard and greeu'd
How cursed Athens, mindelesse of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour states
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpon them.

Tim.

I prythee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.

Alc.

I am thy Friend, and p [...]tty thee deere *Timon*.

Tim.

How doest thou pittie him whom yu dost troble,
I had rather be alone.

Alc.

Why fare thee well:
Heere is some Gold for thee.

Tim.

Keepe it, I cannot eate it.

Alc.

When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape:

Tim.

Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens.

Alc.

I *Timon*, and haue cause.

Tim.

The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast Conquer'd.

Alc.

Why me, *Timon*?

Tim.

That by killing of Villaines
Thou was't borne to conquer my Country.
Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on;
Be as a Plannetary plague, when Ioue
Will o're some high-Vic'd City, hang his poyson
In the sicke ayre: let not thy sword skip one:
Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Vsurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,
It is her habite onely, that is honest,
Her selfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheeke
Make soft thy trenchant Sword: for those Milke pappes

That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the Leafe of pittie writ,
But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the B [...]be
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. Swear against Obiects,
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
Whose proffe, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,
Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a iot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,
Make large confusion: and thy fury spent,
Confounded be thy selfe. Speake not, be gone.

Alc.

Hast thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou gi
uest me, not all thy Counsell.

Tim.

Dost thou or dost thou not, Heauens curse vpon
thee.

Both.

Giue vs some Gold good *Timon*, hast yu more?

Tim.

Enough to make a Whore forswear her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts
Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,
Although I know you'l swear, terribly swear
Into strong shudders, and to heauenly 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 conuert you,
Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turne-coats: yet may your paines six months
Be quite contrary, And Thatch
Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
Weare them, betray with them; Whore still,
Paint till a horse may myre vpon your face:
A pox of wrinkles.

Both.

Well, more Gold, what then?

hh2Beleue't[Page 92]Timon of Athens.

Beleue't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.

Tim.

Consumptions sowe
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,
And marre mens spurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
That he may neuer more false Title pleade,
Nor sound his Quillets shrilly: Hoare the Flamen,
That scold'st against the quality of flesh,
And not beleues himselfe. Downe with the Nose,

Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee
Smels from the generall weale. Make curld'pate Ruffians
(bald
And let the vnscarr'd Braggerts of the Warre
Deriue some paine from you. Plague all,
That your Actiuity may defeate and quell
The source of all Ereccion. There's more Gold.
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches graue you all:

Both.

More counsell with more Money, bounteous

Timon.

Tim.

More whore, more Mischeefe first, I haue gi
uen you earnest.

Alc.

Strike vp the Drum towards Athens, farewell

Timon. if I thriue well, Ile visit thee againe.

Tim.

If I hope well, Ile neuer see thee more.

Alc.

I neuer did thee 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 vnkindnesse
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whose wombe vnmeasureable, and infinite brest
Teemes and feeds all: whose selfesame Mettle
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puft,
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and eyeslesse venom'd Worme,
With all th'abhorred Births below Crispe Heauen,
Whereon *Hyperions* quickning fire doth shine:
Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
From foorth thy plenteous bosome, one poore roote:
Enseare thy Fertile and Conceptious wombe,
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolues, and Beares,
Teeme with new Monsters, whom thy vpward face
Hath to the Marbled Mansion all about
Neuer presented. O, a Root, deare thanks:

Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingrategull man with Licourish draughts
And Morsels Vnctious, 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 vse 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 vnmanly Melancholly sprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slaue-like Habit, and these lookes of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye soft,
Hugge their diseas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot
That euer *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and seeke to thriue
By that which ha's vndone thee; hindge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obserue
Blow off thy Cap: praise his most vicious straine,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:
Thou gau'st thine eares (like Tapsters, that bad welcom)
To Knaues, and all approachers: 'Tis most iust
That thou turne Rascall, had'st thou wealth againe,
Rascals should haue't. Do not assume my likenesse.

Tim.

Were I like thee, I'de throw away my selfe.

Ape.

Thou hast cast away thy selfe, being like thy self
A Madman so long, now a Foole: what think'st
That the bleake ayre, thy boysterous Chamberlaine
Will put thy shirt on warme? Will these moyst Trees,
That haue out-liu'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 liue in all the spight
Of wrekefull Heauen, whose bare vnoused 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 loue thee better now, then ere I did.

Tim.

I hate thee worse.

Ape.

Why?

Tim.

Thou flatter'st misery.

Ape.

I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiffe.

Tim.

Why do'st thou seeke me out?

Ape.

To vex thee.

Tim.

Always a Villaines Office, or a Fooles.

Dost please thy selfe in't?

Ape.

I.

Tim.

What, a Knaue too?

Ape.

If thou did'st put this sowre cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly: Thou'dst Courtier be againe
Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery
Out-lies: incertaine pompe, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, neuer 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 Slaue, whom Fortunes tender arme
With fauour neuer claspt: but bred a Dogge.
Had'st thou like vs from our first swath proceeded,
The sweet degrees that this breefe world affords,
To such as may the passiue drugges of it
Freely command'st: thou would'st haue plung'd thy self
In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth
In different beds of Lust, and neuer learn'd
The Icie precepts of respect, but followed
The Sugred game before thee. But my selfe,
Who had the world as my Confectionarie,
The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employment;
That numberlesse vpon me stucke, as leaues
Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters brush
Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,
For euery storme that blowes. I to beare this,
That neuer knew but better, is some burthen:
Thy Nature, did commence in sufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st yu hate Men?

They neuer flatter'd thee. What hast thou giuen?
If [\[Page 93\]](#) Timon of Athens.

If thou wilt curse; thy Father (that poore ragge)
Must be thy subiect; who in spight put stuffe
To some shee-Begger, and compounded thee
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
If thou hadst not bene borne the worst of men,
Thou hadst bene a Knaue 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 haue shut vp in thee,
I'd giue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone:
That the whole life of Athens were in this,
Thus would I eate it.

Ape.

Heere, I will mend thy Feast.

Tim.

First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.

Ape.

So I shall mend mine owne, by'th'lacke of thine

Tim.

'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht;

If not, I would it were.

Ape.

What would'st thou haue to Athens?

Tim.

Thee thither in a whirlwind: if thou wilt,
Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, so I haue.

Ape.

Heere is no vse for Gold.

Tim.

The best, and truest:

For heere it sleepes, and do's no hyred harme.

Ape.

Where lye'st a nights *Timon*?

Tim.

Vnder that's aboue 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, & knew my mind

Ape.

Where would'st thou send it?

Tim.

To sawce thy dishes.

Ape.

The middle of Humanity thou neuer knewest,
but the extremitie of both ends. When thou wast in thy
Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much
Curiositie: in thy Ragges thou know'st none, but art de
spis'd for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eate it.

Tim.

On what I hate, I feed not.

Ape.

Do'st hate a Medler?

Tim.

I, though it looke like thee.

Ape.

And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, yu should'st
haue loued thy selfe better now. What man didd'st thou
euer know vnthrift, that was beloued after his meanes?

Tim.

Who without those meanes thou talk'st of, didst
thou euer know belou'd?

Ape.

My selfe.

Tim.

I vnderstand thee: thou had'st some meanes to
keepe a Dogge.

Apem.

What things in the world canst thou neerest
compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim.

Women neerest, but men: men are the things
themselues. What would'st thou do with the world *A-*
pemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Ape.

Giue it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim.

Would'st thou haue thy selfe fall in the confu
sion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.

Ape.

I *Timon*.

Tim.

A beastly Ambition, which the Goddes graunt
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 Asse:
If thou wert the Asse, thy dulnesse would torment thee;
and still thou liu'dst but as a Breakefast to the Wolfe. If
thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflict thee,
& oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert
thou the Vnicorne, 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 seiz'd by the Leo
pard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the
Lion, and the spotted of thy Kindred, were Iurors on thy
life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence ab
sence. What Beast could'st thou bee, that were not sub
iect 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
Haue hit vpon it heere.
The Commonwealth of Athens, is become
A Forrest of Beasts.

Tim.

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

Ape.

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

Tim.

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

Ape.

Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fooles aliue.

Tim.

Would thou wert cleane enough
To spit vpon.

Ape.

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

Tim.

All Villaines
That do stand by thee, are pure.

Ape.

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

Tim.

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

Ape.

I would my tongue
Could rot them off.

Tim.

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

Ape.

Would thou would'st burst.

Tim.

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

Ape.

Beast.

Tim.

Slaue.

Ape.

Toad.

Tim.

Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.

I am sicke of this false world, and will loue nought
But euen the meere necessities vpon't:

Then *Timon* presently prepare thy graue:

Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate

Thy graue stone dayly, make thine Epitaph,

That death in me, at others liues may laugh.

O thou sweete King-killer, and deare diuorce

Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler

Of *Himens* purest bed, thou valiant Mars,

Thou euer, yong, fresh, loued, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thawe the consecrated Snow

That lyes on Dians lap.

Thou visible God,

That souldrest close Impossibilities,

And mak'st them kisse; that speak'st with euerie Tongue

hh3To[Page 94]Timon of Athens.

To euerie purpose: O thou touch of hearts,

Thinke thy slaue-man rebels, and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding oddes, that Beasts

May haue the world in Empire.

Ape.

Would 'twere so,

But not till I am dead. Ile say th'hast Gold:

Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly.

Tim.

Throng'd too?

Ape.

I.

Tim.

Thy backe I prythee.

Ape.

Liue, and loue thy misery.

Tim.

Long liue so, and so dye. I am quit.

Ape.

Mo things like men,
Eate *Timon*, and abhorre then.
Exit Apeman.

Enter the Bandetti.

1

Where should he haue 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, droue
him into this Melancholly.

2

It is nois'd
He hath a masse of Treasure.

3

Let vs make the assay vpon him, if he care not for't,
he will supply vs easily: if he couetously reserue 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.

Saue thee *Timon*.

Tim.

Now Theeues.

All.

Soldiers, not Theeues.

Tim.

Both too, and womens Sonnes.

All.

We are not Theeues, 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 Briars Scarlet Heps,

The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each bush,

Layes her full Messe before you. Want? why Want?

1

We cannot liue on Grasse, on Berries, Water,

As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.

Ti.

Nor on the Beasts themselues, the Birds & Fishes,

You must eate men. Yet thanks I must you con,

That you are Theeues profest: that you worke not
 In holier shapes: For there is boundlesse Theft
 In limited Professions. Rascall Theeues
 Heere's Gold. Go, sucke the subtle blood o'th'Grape,
 Till the high Feauor seeth your blood to froth,
 And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physitian,
 His Ant [...]dotes are poyson, and he slayes
 Moe then you Rob: Take wealth, and liues together,
 Do Villaine do, since you protest to doo't.
 Like Workemen, Ile example you with Theeuery:
 The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction
 Robbes the vaste Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,
 And her pale fire, she snatches from the Sunne.
 The Seas a Theefe, whose liquid Surge, resolues
 The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stolne
 From gen'rall excrement: each thing's a Theefe.
 The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power
 Ha's vncheck'd Theft. Loue not your selues, away,
 Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
 All that you meete are Theeues: to Athens go,
 Breake open shoppes, nothing can you steale
 But Theeues do loose it: steale lesse, for this I giue you,
 And Gold confound you howsoere: Amen.

3

Has almost charm'd me from my Profession, by per
 swading me to it.

1

'Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus aduises
 vs not to haue vs thriue in our mystery.

2

Ile beleue him as an Enemy,
 And giue ouer my Trade.

1

Let vs first see peace in Athens, there is no time so
 miserable, but a man may be true.

Exit Theeues.

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew.

Oh you Gods!
 Is yon'd despise'd and ruinous man my Lord?
 Full of decay and fayling? Oh Monument
 And wonder of good deeds, euilly bestow'd!
 What an alteration of Honor has desp'rate want made?
 What vilder thing vpon 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 loue his Enemies:
 Grant I may euer loue, and rather woo
 Those that would mischeefe me, then those that doo.

Has caught me in his eye, I will present my honest grieffe
vnto him; and as my Lord, still serue him with my life.
My deerest Master.

Tim.

Away: what art thou?

Stew.

Haue you forgot me, Sir?

Tim.

Why dost aske that? I haue forgot all men.

Then, if thou grunt'st, th'art a man.

I haue forgot thee.

Stew.

An honest poore seruant of yours.

Tim.

Then I know thee not:

I neuer had honest man about me, I all

I kept were Knaues, to serue in meate to Villaines.

Stew.

The Gods are witsesse,

Neu'r did poore Steward weare a truer greeffe

For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you.

Tim.

What, dost thou weepe?

Come neerer, then I loue thee

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st

Flinty mankinde: whose eyes do neuer giue,

But thorow Lust and Laughter: pittie's sleeping:

Strange times yt weepe with laughing, not with weeping.

Stew.

I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,

T'accept my greeffe, and whil'st this poore wealth lasts,

To entertaine me as your Steward still.

Tim.

Had I a Steward

So true, so iust, and now so comfortable?

It almost turnes my dangerous Nature wilde.

Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man

Was borne of woman.

Forgiue my generall, and exceptlesse rashnesse

You perpetuall sober Gods. I do proclaime

One honest man: Mistake me not, but one:

No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.

How faine would I haue hated all mankinde,

And thou redeem'st thy selfe. But all saue thee,

I fell with Curses.

Me thinkes thou art more honest now, then wise:

For, by oppressing and betraying mee,

Thou [\[Page 95\]](#) Timon of Athens.

Thou might'st haue sooner got another Seruice:

For many so arriue at second Masters,

Vpon their first Lords necke. But tell me true,

(For I must euer doubt, though ne're so sure)
Is not thy kindnesse subtle, couetous,
If not a Vsuring 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 too late:
You should haue fear'd false times, when you did Feast.
Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.
That which I shew, Heauen knowes, is meerely Loue,
Dutie, and Zeale, to your vnmatched minde;
Care of your Food and Liuing, and belecue it,
My most Honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to mee,
Either in hope, or present, I'de exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich your selfe.

Tim.

Looke thee, 'tis so: thou singly honest man,
Heere take: the Gods out of my miserie
Ha's sent thee Treasure. Go, liue rich and happy,
But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men:
Hate all, curse all, shew Charity to none,
But let the famisht flesh slide from the Bone,
Ere thou relecue the Begger. Giue 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 vp their false bloods,
And so farewell, and thriue.

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

[Act 5, Scene 1]

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: Phrinica and Timandylo
Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd

Poore stragling Souldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis saide, he gaue vnto 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 flourish with the highest:
Therefore, 'tis not amisse, we tender our loues
To him, in this suppos'd distresse of his:
It will shew honestly in vs,
And is very likely, to loade our purposes
With what they trauaile for,
If it be a iust and true report, that goes
Of his hauing.

Poet.

What haue you now
To present vnto him?

Painter.

Nothing at this time
But my Visitation: onely I will promise him
An excellent Peece.

Poet.

I must serue him so too;
Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.

Painter.

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

Enter Timon from his Caue.

Timon.

Excellent Workeman,
Thou canst not paint a man so badde
As is thy selfe.

Po [...].t.

I am thinking
What I shall say I haue prouided for him:
It must be a personating of himselfe:
A Satyre against the softnesse of Prosperity,
With a Discoverie of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulencie.

Timon.

Must thou needes
Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
Do so, I haue 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 serues 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 rig'st the Barke, and plow'st the Fome,
Setlest admired reuerence in a Slaue,
To thee be worshipt, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obay.
Fit I meet them.

Poet.

Haile worthy *Timon*.

Pain.

Our late Noble Master.

Timon.

Haue I once liu'd
To see two honest men?

Poet.

Sir:
Hauing often of your open Bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends falne off,
Whose thankelesse Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the Whippes of Heauen, are large enough.
What, to you,
Whose Starre-like Noblenesse gaue life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot couer
The [...]monstrous bulke of this Ingratitude
With any size of words.

Timon.

Let it go,
Naked men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seene, and knowne.

Pain.

He, and my selfe
Haue traueil'd in the great showre of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Timon.

I, you are honest man.

Painter.

We are hither come
To offer you our seruice.

Timon.

Most honest men:
Why [\[Page 96\]](#) Timon of Athens.
Why how shall I requite you?
Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?

Both.

What we can do,
Wee'l do to do you seruice.

Tim.

Y'are honest men,
Y'haue heard that I haue Gold,
I am sure you haue, 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 men: Thou draw'st a counterfet
Best in all Athens, th'art indeed the best,
Thou counterfet'st most liuely.

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 euen Naturall in thine Art.
But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)
I must needs say you haue 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 vs.

Tim.

You'l take it ill.

Both.

Most thankfully, my Lord.

Timon.

Will you indeed?

Both.

Doubt it not worthy Lord.

Tim.

Theres's neuer a one of you but trusts a Knaue,
That mightily deceiues you.

Both.

Do we, my Lord?

Tim.

I, and you heare him cogge,
See him dissemble,

Know his grosse patchery, loue him, feede him,
Keepe in your bosome, yet remaine assur'd
That he's a made-vp-Villaine.

Pain.

I know none such, my Lord.

Poet.

Nor I.

Timon.

Looke you,
I loue you well, Ile giue you Gold
Rid me these Villaines from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drowne them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
Ile giue you Gold enough.

Both.

Name them my Lord, let's know them.

Tim.

You that way, 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, you came for Gold ye slaues:
You haue worke for me; there's payment, hence,
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 vs to his Caue.
It is our part and promise to th'Athenians
To speake with *Timon*.

2. Sen.

At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas Time and Greefes
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
The former man may make him: bring vs to him
And chanc'd it as it may.

Stew.

Heere is his Caue:
Peace and content be heere. Lord *Timon, Timon*,
Looke out, and speake to Friends: Th'Athenians
By two of their most reuerend Senate greet thee:

Speake to them Noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Caue.

Tim.

Thou Sunne that comforts burne,
Speake and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister, and each false
Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th'Tongue,
Consuming it with speaking.

1

Worthy *Timon*.

Tim.

Of none but such as you,
And you of *Timon*.

1

The Senators of Athens, greet thee *Timon*.

Tim.

I thanke them,
And would send them backe the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1

O forget
What we are sorry for our selues in thee:
The Senators, with one consent of loue,
Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought
On speciall Dignities, which vacant lye
For thy best vse and wearing.

2

They confesse
Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too generall grosse;
Which now the publike 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 vs, to make their sorrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,
I euen such heapes and summes of Loue and Wealth,
As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their loue,
Euer 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 vs,
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
Liue with Authoritie: so soone we shall driue backe

Of *Alcibiades* th'approaches wild,
Who like a Bore too sauage, doth root vp
His Countries peace.

2

And shakes his threatning Sword
Against the walles 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,
Giuing our holy Virgins to the staine
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd warre:
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* speakes it,
In [\[Page 97\]](#) *Timon* of Athens.

In pittie 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 Kniues care not,
While you haue throats to answer. For my selfe,
There's not a whittle, in th'vnruly Campe,
But I do prize it at my loue, before
The reuerends Throat in Athens. So I leaue you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Theeues 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 Liuing, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, liue still,
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his,
And last so long enough.

1

We speake in vaine.

Tim.

But yet I loue my Country, and am not
One that reioyces in the common wracke,
As common brute doth put it.

1

That's well spoke.

Tim.

Commend me to my louing Countrey men.

1

These words become your lippes as they passe tho
row 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 panges of Loue, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile Vessell doth sustaine
In lifes vncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them,
Ile teach them to preuent wilde *Alcibiades* wrath.

1

I like this well, he will returne againe.

Tim.

I haue a Tree which growes heere in my Close,
That mine owne vse inuites me to cut downe,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence 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 euerlasting Mansion
Vpon the Beached Verge of the salt Flood,
Who once a day with his embossed Froth
The turbulent Surge shall couer; thither come,
And let my graue-stone be your Oracle:
Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:
What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.
Graues onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine;
Sunne, hide thy Beames, *Timon* hath done his Raigne.

Exit Timon.

1

His discontents are vnremoueably coupled to Na
ture.

2

Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,
And straine what other meanes is left vnto vs
In our deere perill.

1

It requires swift foot.

Exeunt.

[Act 5, Scene 2]

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1

Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his Files

As full as thy report?

Mes.

I haue 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 loue made a particular force,
And made vs speake like Friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timons* Caue,
With Letters of intreaty, which imported
His Fellowship i'th'cause against your City,
In part for his sake mou'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

[Act 5, Scene 3]

Enter a Souldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.

Sol.

By all description this should be the place.
Whose heere? Speake hoa. No answer? What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,
Some Beast reade this; There do's not liue a Man.
Dead sure, and this his Graue, what's on this Tomb,
I cannot read: the Charracter Ile take with wax,
Our Captaine hath in euery 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.

[Act 5, Scene 4]

*Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers
before Athens.*

Alc.

Sound to this Coward, and lasciuious Towne,
Our terrible approach.

Sounds a Parly.

The Senators appeare vpon the wals.

Till now you haue gone on, and fill'd the time

With all Licentious measure, making your willes
The scope of Iustice. Till now, my selfe and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Haue wander'd with our trauerst Armes, and breath'd
Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.

Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong
Cries (of it selfe) no more: Now breathlesse wrong,
Shall sit and pant in your great Chaires of ease,
And pursie Insolence shall breake his winde
With feare and horrid flight.

1. Sen.

Noble, and young;
When thy first greefes were but a meere conceit,
Ere thou had'st power, or we had cause of feare,
We sent to thee, to giue thy rages Balme,
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loues
About their quantitie.

2

So did we wooe
Transformed *Timon*, to our Citties loue
By humble Message, and by promist meanes:
We were not all vnkinde, nor all deserue
The common stroke of warre.

1

These walles of ours,
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You haue receyu'd your greefe: Nor are they such,
That these great Towres, Trophees, & Schools shold fall
For priuate faults in them.

2

Nor are they liuing
Who [\[Page 98\]](#) Timon of Athens.
Who were the motiues that you first went out,
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in excesse)
Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners spred,
By decimation and a tythed death;
If thy Reuenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the destin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted dye,
Let dye the spotted.

1

All haue not offended:
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, Reuenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
Bring in thy rankes, but leaue without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that haue offended, like a Shepheard,

Approach the Fold, and cull th'infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

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 Gloue,
Or any Token of thine Honour else,
That thou wilt vse the warres as thy redresse,
And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
Haue seal'd thy full desire.

Alc.

Then there's my Gloue,
Defend and open your vncharged Ports,
Those Enemies of *Timons*, and mine owne
Whom you your selues 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 Iustice in your Citties bounds,
But shall be remedied to 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 vpon the very hemme o'th'Sea,
And on his Grauestone, this Insculpture which
With wax I brought away: whose soft Impression
Interprets for my poore ignorance.

Alcibiades reads the Epitaph.

*Heere lies a wretched Coarse, of wretched Soule bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague consume you, wicked Caitifs left:
Heere lye I Timon, who aliuie, all liuing men did hate,
Passe by, and curse thy fill, but passe and stay not here thy gate.*

These well expresse in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorrd'st in vs our humane griefes,
Scornd'st our Braines flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weepe for aye
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiuen. Dead

Is Noble *Timon*, of whose Memorie
Heereafter more. Bring me into your Citie,
And I will vse the Oliue, 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.

FINIS.

**THE
ACTORS
NAMES.**

[\[Page 99\]](#)

- *TYMON of Athens.*
- *Lucius, And
Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.*
- *Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.*
- *Sempronius another flattering Lord.*
- *Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.*
- *Poet.*
- *Painter.*
- *Jeweller.*
- *Merchant.*
- *Certaine Senatours.*
- *Certaine Maskers.*
- *Certaine Theeues.*
- *Flaminius, one of Tymons Seruants.*
- *Seruilius, another.*
 - - *Caphis.* }
 - *Varro.*
 - *Philo.*
 - *Titus.*
 - *Lucius.*
 - *Hortensis*

Seuerall Seruants to Vsurers.

- *Ventigius. one of Tymons false Friends.*
- *Cupid.*
- *Sempronius.*
- *With diuers other Seruants,*
- *And Attendants.*