THE LIFE OF TYMON
OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Exit Post, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer,
at several doors.

Post.

Ood day Sr.

Pain. I am glad y'are well.

Post. I have not seen you long, how goes

The World?

Pain. It weares fir, as it growes.

Post. I that's well knowne:

But what particular Rarity? What Strange,

Which manifold record not matches; fee

Maggick of Bounty, all these spirits thy power

Hath comitnd to attend,

I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th'others a Jeweller.

Mer. O'tis a worthy Lord.

Jer. Nay, that's most faire.

Mer. A molt incomparable man, breath'd as it were,

To an entyreable and continuant goodness:

He pass'd.

Jer. I seen the Jewell here.

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

Jerm. If he will touch the elimate. But for that—

Post. When we for recompence have prais'd the wild,

It flames the glory in that happy Vere

Which aptly singer the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good forme.

Jerm. And rich: there is a Water looke ye.

Pain. You are rapit fir, in some works, some Dedication
to the great Lord.

Post. A thing fluxly like from me,

Our Pouffe is as a Gowne, whic h sits

From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire in th' Flint

Shewes not, till it be throoke our gentle flame

Prouokes it selfe, and like the currant flyes

Each bound it chases. What have you there?

Pain. A Picture fir: when comes your Book forth?

Post. Vpon the leveles of my pretention fir,

Let's fee your peace.

Pain. 'Tis a good Piece.

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

Pain. Insufficient.

Post. Admirable: Here this grace

Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power

This eyeuttores forth: How bigge imagination

Mones in this Lip, to th' tumblencle of the guerite,

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:

Here is a touch: Is't good?

Post. I will lay of it,

It Tutors Nature, Artificiall strife

Lies in these touches, liuely then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.

Post. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Looke mee.

Po. You see this confluence, this great blood of visitors,

I have in this rough works, shap'd out a man

Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge

With amplest entertainment: My free drift

Haits not particularly, but moves it selfe

In a wide Sea of waz, no lew'dd malice

Inheds one comit in the course I hold,

But flies so Eagle fli glit, bold, and forth on,

Leaving no Track behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Post. I will unbosk to you.

You see how all Conditiones, how all Minder,

As well of gibb and hipple Creatures, as

Of Groate and anfere qualitie, tender downe

Their furies to Lord Timon: this large Fortune,

Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,

Subduses and properties to his love and cendence

All sorts of hearts yea, from the glaffe-fac'd Flatterer

To Aprecuation, that fewe things loves better

Then to abhorre himselfe: even hee drops downe

The knee before him, and returns in peace

Most rich in Timons good.

Pain. I saw them speake togeth'r.

Post. Sir, I haste upon a high and pleasant hill

Reg'n'd Fortune to be thron'd.

The Baile o' th' Mount

Is rank'd with all defects, all kine of Natures

That labour on the boosome of this Sphere,

To propagate their flues: amongst them all,

Whose eves are on this Sovereigne Lady fixt;

One do I perfonst of Lord Timons frame,

Whom Fortune with her Iovoy hand waits to her,

Whose present grace, to present flues and feruants

Translates his Rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceyqu'd, to scope

This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes.

With,
Timon of Athens.

With one man becker'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy Mount.
To Climbe his hapfrisises, would be well express'd
In our Condition.

Post. Nay Sir, but heare me on : All those which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his valour; on the moment
Follow his strifes, his Lobbies fill with tendance.
Raine Sacrificiall whisperings in his ear,
Make Sacred even his tyrropp, and through him
Drink the free Ayre.

Post. I marry, what of these?

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

Pain. This common:
A thousand morall Paintings I can shewe,
That shall demonstrate these quicke blowes of Fortunes,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To shew Lord Timon, that meant eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound.

Enter Lord Timon, and seizing himselfe cartesoinfy
To every Sence.

Tim. Impription! Is he, say you?

Mef. I say good Lord, fine Talents is his debt,
His meanes most short, his Creditors most strait.
Your Honourable Letter he defere.
To thoes haue fust him vp, which falling,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Senckius 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 deferes a helpe,
Which he shall haue. Hee pay the debt, and free him.
Mef. Your Lordship ever bindes him.
Tim. Command me to him, I will send his randome,
And being enfranchis'd bid him come to me;
Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mef. All happinesse to your Honor.

Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord Timon, here I speake.

Tim. Freely good Father,

Oldm. Thou haft a Seruant nam'd Lucillia.
Tim. I have fo: What of him?

Oldm. Most Noble Timon, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he here, or no? Lucillia.

Luc. Here at your Lordships service.

Oldm. This Fellow here, L 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 defends an Heyre more rais'd,
Then which one holds a Trencher.

Tim. Wel! what is hee?

Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no kinselfe,
On whom I may confere what I haue got:
The Maid is faire, a th'dlyLeft for a Bride,
And haue bred her at my decreet cost
In Qualitites of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pray thee (Noble Lord)
Joyne with me to forbid him her respect,
My elle haue spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

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

Tim. Does she lone him?

Oldm. She is yong and ape:
Our owne precedent passions do instruct vs.

What lentics in youth.

Tim. How shall the 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 sent me long:
To build his Fortune, I will drain a little,
For it's a Bond in men. Give him thy Daughter,
What you belowe, in him lye counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Oldm. Most Noble Lord,
P reverence to this your Honour, she is his,
Tim. My hand so theer,
Mine Honour on your promise.

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

Post. Vouchsafe my Labour,
And long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you, you shall heare from me anon:
Go not away, What have you there, my Friend?

Pain. A piece of Painting, which I do beteach
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The Painting is almost the Natural man:
For since Diilhorow Traffickers with mans Nature,
He is but out-side: These Penful Figures are
End as they do give out. I like your worke,
And you shall finde I like it. Write attendance.

Tim. Till you heare further from me.


Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: give me your hand,
We must needs dine together: for your Jewell
Hath suffered vnder prais.

Jewel. What my Lord, displeasse?

Tim. A meeke society of Commendations,
If I shou'd pay you for's as his extoll'd,
It would vnclow me quic.

Jewel. My Lord, his rated
As those which fell would give: but you well know,
Things of yoke valw differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Maffers. Behold not deere Lord,
You mend the Jewell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mrs. No my good Lord, he speaks a common languag
Which all men speake with him.

Tim. Lookes hee who comes here, will you be chy?
Jewel. We'll haue with your Lordship.

Mrs. Hee'stpare none.

Tim. Good morrow to the.

Gentele Aperamatus.
All of Companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to vs.
You must needs dine with me: go nor you hence
Till I have thanked you: when dinner doth
Shew me this piece, I am joyful of your fights,
Enter Alcibiades with the ref.
Most welcome Sir:

Apo. So do: their Aches contract, and cease your
Suppie joyous; that there should be small love amongst
These sweet Knaues, and all this Courtse. The frame of
men bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Apo. Sir, you have gaid my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your fight.

Tim. Right welcome Sir: Erre we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures.
Pray let us in.

Exeunt.

Enter two Lords.

1. Lord. What time a day is 'A Bepamntus?
Apo. Time to be honett.
2. Lord. Time is fernes fill.
Apo. The most accused thou that still omitit it.

Apo. To see meete fill Knaues, and Wine heat foole.

2. Lord. Farthe well, farthe well.
Apo. Thou art a Foolie to bid me farewel twice.

1. Lord. Why Fapamntus?
Apo. Should I have kept one to thy felle, for I meant
to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thy felle.
Apo. No I will do nothing at thy bidding:
Make thy request to thy Friend.

2. Lord. Away unpeaceable Dogge,
Or ill purse thee hence.

Apo. I will flye like a dogge, the heeleis allh'Affe.
1. Lord. His opposit to humanity,
Comes shal we in,
And taste Lord Tim's bonnifie: he out-goes
The very heart of kindneffe.
2. Lord. He poweres it out: Ques, the God of Gold
Is but his Steward; no meede, but he repays
Seven-fold aboue it selfe: No guilt to him,
But breeds the guier a returne: exceeding
All cert of quittance.
1. Lord. The Nobleft minde he carries,
That ever gournd man.
2. Lord. Long may he live in Fortunse, Shall we in?
He keepe you Company.

Exeunt.

Holbyes Playing loud Mufick.

A great Banquet furnish'd: and then, Enter Lord Timson,
the States the Athenian Lords, Ventigins which Timson re-
derived from preston. Then comes dropping after all Apo-
manus dejectively like himself.

Ventig. Most honoure Timson,
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 gracefull Venus I am bound
To your free heart, I do returne those Talents
Doubled with thankes and feruice, from whose helpe
I deri'd libertie.

Tim. O by no meanes;
Honest Ventigins: You mistake my loves,
I gait
I grant it freely ever, and ther' sone
Can truly lay my gine, if he receiveth;
If our better's play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults are such rich fature.

Virt. A Noble spirit.

Tim. Nay my Lord, Ceremony was but deuils'd at first
To finge out, indeed deuils, hollow, welcome;
Recanting goodmingle, sorry ere 'tis nowone;
But where there is no friend, there needs no none.
Pray sir, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me.

1. Lord. My Lord, we always have confett it.

Aper. Ho ho, ho, hol y' sirs? Have you not?

Tim. O Aperemunt, you are welcome.

Aper. No, you shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust out of doores.

Tim. Fie, ch'tart a churl,y'have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much too blase.
They say my Lord, fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer fer 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Like Madonnis is the glory of this life,
As this pompous theatre to a little cyle and roose.
We make our felices Fools, to dispert our felices,
And spend our Fletteries, to drink thefe men,
Vpon whol Age we voyde it vp agen
With poysonous Spight and Envy.
Who liues, that’s not depaue’d, or depraue’d
Who dyes, that bears no one furnprue to their graves
Of their Fiends guilt:
I should feare, thefe that dance before me now,
Would one day flappe upon me: Tas bene done,
Men shut their doores against a setting Sunne.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and
to show their louses, each Single out an Amazon, and all
Dance, men with women, a leftie frame or two to the
Hobies, and seave.

Tim. You have done our pleasures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Set a faire fashion on our entertainement,
Which was not half so full, or kind, and kide
You have added worth vnnoy’d, and luffer,
And entertain’d me with mine owne device.
I am to thank you for’t.

1 Lord. My Lord you take vs cuen at the beft.

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

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
Please you to dispofe your feues.

All. Moft thankfully, my Lord.

Extant.

Tim. Flamina.

Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Jewels yet?

There is no crouching him in’s humor,
Eile I should tell him well, yfaith I should;
When all’s spent, hee’ld be croft then, and he could be:
’Tis pity: Bounty had not eyes behinde,
That man might ne’er be wretched for his minde.

Exit. 1 Lord. Where be our men?

Ser. Here my Lord, in readiness.

2 Lord. Our Harfes.

Tim. Omy Friends:
I have one word to say to you: Looke you, my good L.
I must intreat you honour me so much,
As to advance this Jewell, accept it, and weare it,
Kinde my Lord.

1 Lord. I am so farre already in your gius.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

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

Tim. They are fairely welcome.

Enter Flamina.

Fla. I beseech your Honor, voucharfe me a word, it
does concern you neere.

Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.
I prystheel let’s be prouided to shew them entertainment.
Fla. I learne how now.

Enter another Servant.

Ser. May it please your Honor, Lord Lucinius
(Out of his fire hole) hath preferred to you
Fourne Milke-white Harfes, trappd in Silk.

Tim. I shall accept them fairely: let the Prefente
Be worthily entertain’d.

Enter a third Servant.

How now? What news?

3 Ser. Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentle-
man Lord Lucinius, entre at your company to morrow,
to hunt with him, and ha’s sent your Honour two brace
of Grey-hounds.

Tim. He hunt with him,
And let them be receiued, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?
He commands vs to prouide, and giue great giulfs, and
all out of an empty Cofer:
Nor will he know his Purse, or yeeld me this,
To shew him what a Beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good,
His promises fly to beyond his farte,
That what he speaks is all in debts, he owes for every 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 for’d out:
Happer is the that has no friend to feed,
Then such that do e’n Enemies exceed.

I bloud inwardly for my Lord.

Tim. You do your felues much wrong,
You bate too much of your owne merits,
Here my Lord, a ring of our Ioue.

2 Lord. With more then common thankses
I will reccyse it.

3 Lord. Ohe’s the very soule of Bonny.

Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gaued good
words the other day of a Bay Courser I rod on, Tis yours
because you lik’d it.

1 L. Oh, I beteath you pardon mee, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no man
can sately prate, but what he does offer, I weigh
my Friends affection with mine owne: Ile tell you true,
Ile call to you.

All L. O none to welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your severall visitations
So kinde to heart, its not enough to give:
Me thinkes, I could dole Kindenes to my Friends,
And make mee wearie: A deblinon.

Thou art a Soldiour, therefore fildome entich
It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy lusting
Is more then the dead and all the Lands thou hast
Lye in a pitchfield,

Alc. 1. defil 3 Land, my Lord.

1 Lord. We are so veritously bound.

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endeed’d.

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights.

1 Lord. The best of Hapines, Honor, and Fortune.
Keep with you Lord Timon.

Tim. Ready for his Friends.

Exeunt Lords.

After. What a coiles heere, siming of becketis, and jutting
oung of bunnies. I doubt whether their Legges be
worth the fummes that are gien for’t,
Friends full of dragges.

Me thinkes false hearts, should never have found legges. Thus
honest Fools lay out their wealth on Curtise.

Tim. Now Apersanunt (if thou were not fallen)
I would be good to thee.

After. No, Ile nothing; for if I should be brib’d too,
there would be none left to raile vpon thee, and then
then wouldst seeme the faster.
Thou gull’d so long Timon (I lie me) thou wilt giue away thy selfe in paper shortly.
What needs their Feasts, pomps, and Vaunt-glories?

Tim.
Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late five thousand: so Vardo and to Sidare
He owes nine thousand, besides his former summe,
Which makes it five and twenty, still in motion.
Of raging wasshe: it cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, stale or a beggers Dogge,
And give it Timon, why the Dogge comes Gold.
If I would sell my Horse, and buy twenty more
Better then beg: why give my Horse to Timon.
Ask nothing, give it him, it Foles me straight
And able Hories: No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that paske by. It cannot hold, no reaion
Can found his state in saltery. Capitio hosi,
Capito i say.

Enter Capito.

Ca. Here lie what is your pleasure.

Sen. Get on your cloake, & haft you to Lord Timon,
Importune him for my Moneyes, be not caest
With flight denial, not then silence, when
Commend me to your Master, and the Cap
Players in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My Vese cry to me; I mutt serue my turne
Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are paist,
And my reliances on his trasted dates
Have imit my credit. I love, and honour him,
But mutt not breake my backe, to heale his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my releafe
Mutt not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
But finde suppley immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a most importance aspect,
A village of demand, for I do feare
When every Feather flickes in his owne wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a Phoenix, get you gone.

Ca. I go fr.
Sen. I go fr?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And hauc the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Go.

Enter Steward, with many bills in his hand.

Stew. No care, no stop, so fenealle of expence,
That he will neither know to maintain it,
Nor ceaze his flow of riot. Takes no accompte
How things go from him, nor refuse to care
Of what is to continue: neuer minde,
Was to be to rouse, to be to kind.
What shall be done, he will not heare, till feele:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Eye, eye, eye.

Enter Capito, Sidare, and Vardo.

Cap. Good even Vardo: what, you come for money?
Vard. 1st not your businesse too?
Cap. It is, and yours too, Sidare?
Sid. It is so.

Enter Timon, and his Train.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth againe
My Almshouses. With me, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, heare, is a noc of certaine dace.
Tim. Does't whence are you?
Cap. Of Athens heare, my Lord.
Tim. Go to my Steward.
Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new dajes this moneth:
My Master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his owne, and humbly prays you,
That with your other Noble parts, you'll finde,
In gising him his right.

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

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Contrain thy selfe, good Friend,
Vard. One Farres servante, my good Lord.
Jfd. From sidare, he humbly prays your speedy payement.

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.
Vard. Was due on fortysure my Lord sixt weekes, and paist.
Jfd. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your Lordship.

Tim. Give me bread,
I do beleeve you good my Lords keeps on,
He wriate upon you instantly. Come hither: pray you
How goes the world, that I am thus encountered
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detenion of long since due debts
Against my Honor?

Stew. Please you Gentlemen,
The time is so unpleasant to this businesse:
Your unportunately caeles, till after dinner,
That I may make his Lordship understand.
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do to my Friends, see them well entertain'd.
Stew. Pray draw neere.

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Cap. Stay, stay, here comes the Foole with Apemantus,
let's ha some sport with'em,
Vard. Hang him, he'll abuse vs.
Jfd. A plague upon him dogge.
Vard. How doth Foole?

Apel. Doth Dialogue with thy shadow?
Vard. I speake not to thee.
Apel. No 'tis to thy selfe. Come away.
Vard. There's the Foole hangs on your backe already.
Apel. No thou standst single, that's not on him yet.
Cap. Where's the Foole now?
Apel. He left as he'd the question. Poor Rogues, and
Vurers men, Banda betweene Gold and want.

Al. What are we Apemantus?

Apel. Affles.

Al. Why?

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

Foole. How do you Gentlemen?

Al. Gramercies good Foole:
How does your Miftris?
Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my Master's Page.

Page. Why how now Captains? what do you in this
court Company?

How doth thou Apemantus?

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

Bys. Prythee Apemantus read me the superscription
of these Letters, I know not which is which.

Ap. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Ap. There will little Learning dye then that day thou
art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibiades, Go
thou was borne a Baward, and thou'lt dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou wilt whelp a Dogge, and thou shalt
families, Dogges death.

Answer not, I am gone.

Ap. Enfe to thou out-runnd Grace,
Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timons.
Fool. Will you leave me there?

Ap. If Timons stay at home.

Page there three such Vipers
All. I would they were'd vs.

Ap. So would I

As good a tricke as ever Hangman fere'd Thee.
Fool. Are you three Vipers men?
All. I Fools.

Page. I think no Viper, but ha's a Fool to his Ser-
vant. My Militia is one, and I am her Fool: when men
come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sally,
and go away merry: but they enter my Masters house
merely, and go away sally. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ap. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whore-
master, and a Knave, which notwithstanding thou shalt
be no lees esteemed.

Varro. What is a Whoremaster Fool?
Fool. A Fool in good clothes, and something like
thee. His spirit, sometime it appears like a Lord, som-
time like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with
two stones mire than's an irrefrag'ble one. He is very often
like a Knight, and generally, in all shapes that man goes
up and down in, from footsore to thirtee, this spirit
walkes in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Fool.
Fools. Nor thou altogether a Wife man.

As much foolerie as I have, so much with thou lack'ld.

Ap. That answer might have become Apemantus.
All. A indifferent, here comes Lord Timon.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Ap. Come with me (Fool) come.

Fool. I do not always follow Louer, elder Brother,
and Woman; sometime the Philosopher.

Stew. Pray you walk even ere,

He speaks with you anon.

Exeunt.

Tim. You make me a little wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully lade my ear before me,
That I might have rated my expence
As I had leave of mees.

Stew. You would not hear me.

As many letters I propose.

Tim. Go too:

Perchance some single vantages you tooke,
When my indisposition put you backe,
And that vnaptisfe made your minifter
Thus to excuse your selfe,

Stew. O my good Lord,

As many times I thought in my accomplis,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And say you found them in mine bonnetes,
When for some trifling pretence you had bid me
Returne to much, I have (ooke) my head, and yet:
Yes, 'gainst th' Authorisite of manners,pray'd you
To hold your hand more close clefe: I did indure
Not (told) me, nor no flightie checkes,when I have
Prompted you in the ebbie of your estate,
And your great flow of debts; my lord'd Lord,
Though you heare now (too late) yet owes a time,
The greatst of your hauing, lackes a balle,
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, some forseyed and gone,
And what remaines will hardly flop the mouth
Of present dues; the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interior, and at length
How goes our reck'nign?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. Omy good Lord, the world is but a word,
Were it all yours, to glue it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone.

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you impell my Husbandry or Falshood,
Call me before the exac'ts and Anuntors,
And(fer) me on the proofe, so the Gods blesse me,
When all our Offices have bene opprest
With woreous Feeders, when our Vauls have wept
With drunken spirit of Wine; when every noome
Hath (bus'd) with Lights, and (buat) with Minfrelie,
I have very me to a wallfellow cooke,
And his mine eyes at fow.

Tim. Prythee no more.

Stew. Heavens have I said the bounty of this Lord;
How many prodigious bits have Slaves and Peasants
This night englurted: who is not Timons,
What head, head, sword, force, means, but is L. Timons.

Great Timons, Noble, Worthy, Royal Timons
Ah, when the means are gone, that buy this prafie,
The breath is gone; whereof this prafie is made:
(Feast won, fell left) one cloud of Winter snowes,
These ifles are coucht.

Tim. Come from me no further.

No villainous bounty yet hath paft my heart;

Wife, wise, not ignobly have I given,
Thy dowt thou weep, easst thou the conference lackes,
To thine shall lacke friends artt at thy heart,
If I would breach the vealls of my louse,
And thy argumentes of heares, by borrowing,
Men, and men in fortune could I frankly vie
As I can bid thee speake.

Stew. Allance blesse thy thoughts.

Tim. And in some forte these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings. For by theel
Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceive
How you mistake my Fortunes.

Enter within, Flamini, Servant.
Timon of Athens.

Enter three Servants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you severally.

You to Lord Lucius, to Lord Lucullus you, I hunted with his Honour to day, you to Sempronius; commend me to their lives; and I am proud say, that my occasions have found time to vie onward a supply of money: let the request be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Serv. Lord Lucius and Lucullus? Humph.

Tim. Go you yea to the Senators;

Of whom, even to the States best health; I have defended this Hearing: bid them send o'th infant

A thousand Talents to me.

Ser. I have beene bold

(For that I knew not the most general way)

To them, to vise your Signer, and your Name, but they do flake their heads, and I am here no richer in returne.

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

Serv. They answer in a gross, and corporate voice, that now they are at fall, want Treasure cannot

Do what they would, are forry: you are Honourable, but yet they cannot have it, they know not,

Something hath bene amisse: a Noble Nature

May catch a wrench; would all were well; its pitty, and

So intending other tedious matters.

After dispersal leaves; and the hard Fractions

With certaine half-caps, and cold mowing nodes; They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them:

Prythee man looke cheerly. These old Fellowes have their ingratitude in them Hereditary:

Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it Sidney flowers,

That lacke of kindly warmth, they are not kindle;

And Nature, as it grows agayne to toward earth, is fashioned for the journey, dull and beauty.

Go to Ventidius (prythee but not sad), thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake,

No blame belongs to thee:) Ventidius lately

Buried his Father, by whose death he's steep'd

Into a great estate: When he was poor, imprison'd, and in scarth of Friends,

Let him be with the Talents: Greet him from me,

Bid him suppose, some good necessity

Touches his Friend, which creates to be remembr'd

With those few Talents; that had, give these Fellowes

To whom 's instant due. Ne'er speake, or think,

That Timon fortunes mong his Friends can finke.

Serv. I would I could not think it:

That thought is Bounties foe; Being free it selfe, it thinkes all others so.

Flam. is waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master, enters a servant to him.

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

Flam. I thank you Sir.

Serv. Here's my Lord.


Why this looks right: I dreamt of a Sibill Bason & Ewe to night.

Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very sepcially well welcome Sir. Fill me some Wine. And how doth that Honourable, Compleat, Free-hearted Gentle-

man of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and May-

flner?

Flam. His health is well fir.

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

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalfe, I come to intereat your Honour to sup-

ply: who having great and instant occasion to vise fitty Talents, hath ent to your Lordship to furnish him: no-
thing doubting your present affiance therein.

Luc. Lass, lass! Nothing doubting fayes her? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman tis, if he would not keep to good a houer. Many a time and often I ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come againe to supper to him of purpose, to have him spend lefle, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my comings, every

man has his fault, and honestly is his, ha told him on't, but I could nere get him from't.

Enter Servant with Wine.

Ser. Plesse your Lordship, here is the Wine.

Luc. Flaminius, I have noted thee alaways wife.

Here's to thec.

Flam. Your Lordship speakes your pleasure.

Luc. I have obserued thee alaways for a towardlie prompte spirit, giue thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reasone; and canst with the time well, if the time vise thee well. Good parts in thee; get thou gone sirrah. Draw nearer honest Flaminius. Thy Lords is bountiful Gentleman, but thou art wife, and thou know'st well enough (although thou com'dst to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship without security. Here's three Soldiars for thee, good Boy winke at me, and say thou sawst me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. It's possible the world shoul'd so much differ,

And we allise that liased? Fiy damned balnestee

To him that worshipes thee.

Luc. Ha! Now I see thou art a Fool, and fit for thy Master.

Exit Flam.

Flam May these add to the number may lead thee.

Let modest Comine be thy damnation,

Thou diest of a friend, and not himselfe:

Has friendship such a fiant and milkie heart,

It turns in lefle then two nights? O you Gods!

I feel my Masters passion. This Slave into his Honor,

Has my Lords mate in him;

Who should it thrive, and tune to Nutriment,

When he is turn'd to poyson?

O may Difeases only work ye upon't:

And when he's fickle to death, let not that part of Nature

Which my Lord payd for, be of any power

To expel sicknesse, but prolong his hower.

Exit.

Enter Lucius with three strangers.

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

1. We know him for no 1 1, though we are but strangers to him.

But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and which I hear from common rumours, how Lord Timon's happy bowres are done and paft, and his efface allures from him.

Lucius. Fye no, do not beleue it: he cannot want for money.

2. But beleue you this my Lord, that not long agoe,

one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow to many Talents, may verg'd extremely for't, and
Enter Servius.
Serv. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I have sweet to fee his Honor. My Honor’s Lord.
Luc. Servius! You are kindely met sir. Fartherwell, commend me to thy Honorable vercutious Lord, my ve-
ery exquisite Friend.
Serv. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent—
Luc. Had what’s he sent? I am so much one ered to that Lord; he’s our pending; how shall I thank him think’t thou? And what has he sent now?
Serv. Has only lent his present Occasion now my Lord; requisitioning your Lordship to supply his infant vie
with so many Talents.
Luc. I know your Lordship is but merry with me, he cannot want fifty fife hundred Talents.
Serv. But in the mean time he wants leffe my Lord.
The occasion were not vercutious, I should not urge it hale so faithfully.
Inc. Doft thou speake seriously Servius?
Serv. Upon your fool’s tis true Sir.
Luc. What wicked Beass was I to disfurnish my self against such a good time, when I might have shown my self Honorable? How unluckily it happened, that I shoul
Purchase the day before for a little part, and unto a great deale of Honour? Servius, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more bast I say) I was sending to vie
Lord Timon my selfe, thele Gentlemen can witness; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had don’t now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will concur the fairest of mine, because I have no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greaetest afflictions say, that I cannot pleasure euch an Honorable Gentleman. Good Servius,
will you befriend mee so faire, as to vie mine owne
words to him?
Serv. Yet fir, I shall. Exit Servius.
Luc. Ie bough you out a good turne Servius.
True as you said, Timon is shrinke indeede, And he that’s once denyde, will hardly speedee. Exit.
1. Do you oberser this Hufius?
2. I, to well.
3. Why this is the worlds foule,
And lust of the same piece
Is every Flatterers spore: who can call him his Friend
That dips in the same dish? For in my knowing
Timon has bin this his Lords Father,
And kept his credit with his p waits;
Supported his estate, nay Timon money
Hast paid his men their wages. He ne’e drinks, but Timon Silver steeped upon his Lip,
And yet, oh thee the most adventures of man,
When he looks out in an ungratefull shape;
He does deny him (in respect of his)

What charitable men afford to Beggers.
3. Religion groans at it.
For mine owne part, I never taft in my life
Nor came any of his Bounties over me,
To make me for his Friend. Yet I profess,
For his right Noble mind, illustrious Virtue,
And Honourable Carriage,
Had his neccessity made vie of me,
I would have put my wealth into Donation,
And the best hate should have return’d to him.
So much I love his heart: But I perceive,
Men must learene now with pitty to dispence,
For Policy fits about Conference.
Exit.}

Enter aloud servants with Sepulchres; another of Timon’s Friends.
Semp. Muft he needs trouble me in’t? Ham.
Bowe all others?
He might have cried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Festus is wealthy too.
Whom he redeem’d from prison. All these
Ows their effaces unto.
Ser. My Lord,
They have all bin touch’d, and found Bafe-Nettle,
For they have all denied him.
Semp. How? Have they denyd him?
Has Festus, and Lucullus denyd him,
And does he tend to me? Three? Humph?
It flowers but little love, or judgement in him.
Muft I be his last Refuge? His Friends (like Physicinists)
Throt, gue him over: Muft I take the Cure upon me?
Has much dispraved me in’t, I am angry at him,
That might have knowne my place. I see no fence for,
But his Occasions might have weened me first:
For in my conference, I was the fift man
That ere receiv’d guilt from him.
And does he think he is kindly of me now,
That Ie requit it left? No:
So it may prove an Argument of Laughter.
To th’eff, and mong’re Lordls be thought a Fool.
I de rather then the worth of thrice the fumme,
Had fent to me first, but for my mindes sake:
I de such a wrong to do him good.
But now return’d,
And with their faint reply, this answer yoyes;
Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Cynet.
Exit. Ser. Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the
duell knew not what he did, when hee made man Polit-
tickes; he crost him selfe by it: and I cannot think, but in the end, the Villanies of man will set him clere. Herefairely this Lord strives to appeare foule: Takes Veru-
ous Capes to be wicked: like those, that under horri-
dent zealze, would set forth Realmes on fire, of such a
nature is his politike love,
This was my Lords best hope, now all are fled
Sate only the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,
Doores that were me acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous yeare, must be impoy’d
Now to guard fure their Matter:
And this is an aliberate coule allows,
Who cannot keepes his wealth, must keep his house,Exit.

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

Var. man. Well met, good morrow. Timon & Hertenius.

Timon of Athens.
Timon of Athens. 87

The like to you kinds Harro.

Har. Lucius, what do we meet together?

Luc. 1, and I think one businesse do's command vs all.

For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philausus.

Luc. And for Philausus too.

Pil. Good day at once.

Luc. We come good Brother.

What do you think the hour?

Phil. Labouring for Nine.

Luc. So much?

Phil. Is not my Lord scene yet?

Luc. Not yet.

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

Luc. 1, but the dayes are waxt shorter with him:

You must consider, that a Prodigall course
Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recoverable, I seare:
'Tis deepely Winter in Lord Timon's partie, that is: One
May reach deepe enough, and yet finde little.

Tit. I am of your feare for that.

Tit. He show you how to obferve a strange cunct:

Your Lord send's now for Money?

Har. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he weares Jewels now of Timon's guilt.

For which I wait for money.

Har. It is against my heart.

Luc. Mark how strange it showes,

Timon in this, should pay more then he owes:

And one as if your Lord should wear rich Jewels,

And send for money for 'em.

Har. 'Tis weary of this Charge,

The Gods can witness:

I know my Lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,

And now Ingratitude, makes it worse then health.

Varro. Yes, mine's three thousand Crownes:

What's yours?

Luc. Fine thousand mine,

Varro. 'Tis much deeper, and it should be seen by them.

Your Masters confidence was about mine,

Effe surely his had equall'd,

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Flaminius! Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord ready

to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordship: pray signifie so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too

Enter Steward as a Clowne, muffled. (diligent.

Luc. Ha! is not that his Steward muffled so?

He goes away in a Clowne: Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

2 Varro. By your leave, sir.

Stew. What do you aske of me, my Friend.

Tit. We wait for certaine Money here, sir.

Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,

'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer you not your funnyes and Billes

When your false Masters eate of my Lords meat?

There you could foule, and favore upon his debes,

And take downe th'impart into their glutinous Mawes,

You do your felues but wrong, to fright me vp,

Let me pacifie quickly.

Beleues, my Lord and I have made an end,

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. 1, but this answer will not ferne.
Timon of Athens.

Tem. Be it not in thy care:—
Go I charge thee, invite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaps's once more: my Cooke and Ie provide. Exeunt

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

1 Sen. My Lord, you haue my voice, too't;—
The faults Bloody:
Tis necessary he should dye:—
Nothing indiscreet done to much, as Mercy. —
2 Moth true, the Law shall bruise'em. —
Alc. Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate.
3 Now Captain.
Alc. I am a humble Sutor to your Vertues;
For pity is the vertue of the Law, —
And none but Tyrants vse it cruelly. —
It pleases time and Fortune to lye Maurice.
Upon a Friend of mine, whose in hot blood
Fash fges into the Law: which is paid depth
To those that (without remedie) do plandige into't.
He is a Man (letting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues, —
Nor did he foyle the fact with Candorice. —
(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 fierce and raughted passion
He did besoule his anger ere twas spent,
As if he had but proud an Argument.

1 Sen. You undertake too frost: a Paradoxe,
Striving to make an ugly deed loose fare:
Your words have tooke such pigns, as it they labour'd
To bring Man-slaughters into forme, and set Quarrelling
Upon the head of Valour; which indeed is
Valour ofCheere, and came into the world,
When Sucks, and factiones were newly born.
He's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breath, —
And make his Wongs, his Out-fide,
To weare them like his Rayment, carelessly;
And ne're preffe his tributes to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If Wongs be cull'd, and inforce vs kill,
What folly is, to hazard life for Jll. —

Alc. My Lord.

1 Sen. You cannot make groffe fines looke clearer,
To revenge is no Valour, but to beare.
Alc. My Lords, then vnder favour pardon me,
If I speake like a Captaine.
Why do good men expose themselves to Battell,
And eniose all threttas? Sleepe vpon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throates
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee
Abroad? Why then, Women be more valiant
That stay at home, it Easing carry it:
And the Asse, more Captaine then the Lyon?
The fellow laden with Irons, easier then the Judge?
If Wiltelone be in suffering, Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pitifully Good.
Who cannot condemne rafinesse in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is finnes extremefit Guft,
But in defence, by Merci, 'tis moft suff.
To be in Anger, is impieties: —
But who is Man, that is not Angrie.
Wield but the Crime with this.

2 Sen. You breath in vaine.
Alc. In vaine?
His servise done at Lacedemon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briue for his life. —
1 What's that?
Alc. Why my my Lords ha's done faire servise,
And shaine in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himselfe
In the last Conflit, and made plentiful wounds?
2 He has made too much plenty with him:
He's a sworne Riotor, he has a flame
That often drownes him, and takes his valour prizes.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To overcome him. In that Beaily fute,
He has bin known to commit outrages,
And cherish Faction. 'Tis fendr'd to vs,
His daues are foule, and his drinke dangerous,
1 He dyes.
Alc. Hard fate: he might have dyed in warre.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arme might purchase his owne time,
And be in debt to none; yet more to move you,
Take my defers to his, and lynn'e em both.
And for I know, your reverend Ages have Security,
I have wonne my Victories, all my Honour to you
Upon his good returns.
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the Warre receiv't in valiant gare,
For Law is trieth, and Warre is nothing more.
1 We are for Law, he dyes, wrge it no more
On heighth of our displeasure: Friend or Brother,
He toreth his owne blood, that spilles another.
Alc. Mult it be for? It mutt not bee:
My Lords, I do beleech you know mee.
2 How?
Alc. Call me to your remembrances.
3 What.
Alc. I cannot think but your Age has forgot me,
It could not else be, I should prone to base,
To sue and be deny'd such common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.
1 Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
Well that this be forgotten.
Alc. Banish me.
Banish your dotage, banish visiere,
That makes the Senate ugly.
1 If after two daies shine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our weightiere Judgement.
And not to forell our Spirits,
He shall be executed prettily.
Exeunt
Alc. Now the Gods keeps you old enough,
That you may live.
Only in bone, that none may looke on you,
I'm worfe then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes
While they haue told their Money, and let out
Their Coine vpon large interes: I my selfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All chos'd for this?
Is this the Balleose, that the vising Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? Banishment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banished,
It is a caufe worthy my Spleene and Furie,
That I may flrike at Athens. Ie cheere vp
My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;
'Tis Honour with moft Lords to be at ods,
Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods. Exit.
Enter divers Friends at several doors.

1. The good time of day to you, sir.
2. I also wish it to you. I think this Honorable Lord did try vs this other day.
3. Upon that were my thoughts turning when wee encountered. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several Friends.
4. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new Feathing.
5. I should think so. He hath sent mee an earnest intimation, which many of all occasions did urge mee to put off, but he hath conud mee beyond them, and I must needs appear.
6. In like manner was I in debt to my important business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of mee, that my Prouision was out.
7. I am sick of that greece too, as I understand how all things go.
8. Every man heares for what would hee have borrowed of you?
10. A thousand Peces?
11. What of you?
12. He sent to mee for —— Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?
1. Enter at the bed, hearing well of your Lordship.
2. The Swallow follows not Summer more willing, when we your Lordship.
3. Nor more willingly leaves Winter, such Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recommence this long stay: Feast your ears with the Musick awhile: If they will live so hardly o'th Trumpeters found, we shall too presently.
4. I hope it remains not inkindly with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty Messengers.
5. O sir, is't not troublesome you.
7. Ah my good Friend, what cheere?
8. The Banker brought in.
9. My most Honorable Lord, I am the sick of shame, that when your Lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a Beggar.
10. Think not on't, sir.
11. If you had sent but two hours before.
12. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

Come bring in all together.
13. All enter'd Dishes.
15. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.
16. How do you? What's the newest?
17. Alcibiades is banish'd! here you of it.
18. Both. Alcibiades banish'd? Why?
19. 'Tis so, be sure of it.
20. How? How?
21. I pray you upon what?
22. My worthy Friends, will you draw nearer?
23. He tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward
24. This is the old man still.
25. Will hold! Will hold?
26. It do's: but time will, and so.

3. I do conceyce.
Tim. Each man to his foorle, with that spurreas he would to the lip of his Mithris: your dyet shall bee in all places alike. Make not a Cutte Feast of it, so let the meat coole, ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit.

The Gods require our Thanks.

You great Benefactors, frunkle our Society with Thankfulnesse. For your owne gifts, make your felion prais'd: But refuse still to goe, lest your Duties be desird. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forlack the Gods. Make the Meate be beloved, more then the Meat that giveth it. Let no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaine. If there fit twelve Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they are. The vail of your Feet, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legge of ye people, what is amisse in them, you Gods, make suitable for defenction. For thes my present Friends, as they are to mee making, so in nothing blest thee, and to nothing are they welcome.

Voner Dogges, and lap.

Sombe, whose. What do's his Lordship meanes?
Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better Feast never behold.
You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, & lukewarm water is your perpectio. This is Timens bait.
Who fuke and splanged you with Flatteries, Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces.
Your recking villanye. Liue loath'd, and long.
Moff smiling, smooth, detached Parasites.
Concious Delbrocket, &c. Ask Woloes, merke Beares:
You Fooldes of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,
Cap and knee-Slaues, vapous, and Minute Jakes.
Of Man and Beast, the infinite Malacie.
Cruft you quite o're. What do'it thou go?
Soft, take thy Psychick fist, thou too, and thou:
Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast;
Whereas a Villaine's not a welcome Gueld.
Burne house, linke Athens, henceforth hated be
Of Timons Man, and all Humanity.

Enter the Senators with other Lords.

1. How now, my Lords?
2. Know you the quality of Lord Timons fury?
3. Puff, did you see my Cap?
4. I have lost my Gowne.
5. He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors sways him. He gave me a Jewell th'other day, and now hee has beaft it out of my hand.
Did you see my Jewell?
2. Did you see my Cap?
3. Here't is.
4. Here'ye my Gowne.
5. Let's make no stay.
7. I feel it upon my bones.
8. One day he gives vs Diamonds, next day流程.

Exeunt the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe upon thee. O thou Wall
That gardes in thofie Woloes,duce in the earth,
And fenced not Athens. Matrons, turne incontinent,
Obedience fayle in Children: Slaues and Fooles

Plucke
Plucke the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench, And minifie in their steads, to general Filthes. Comme with the infant greene Virginity, Don't in your Parens eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast Rather then render backe; but out with your Knives, And cut your Trusters throates. Bound Senators, stale, Large-handed Robbers your grave Masters are, And pill by Law. Maidie, to thy Masters bed, Thy Mithra is of 8th Brochell. Some of sixteen, Pluck the lyrd Crucif from thy old Impiring bed, With it, bore out his Brains. Pity, and Peace, Religion to the Gods, Peace, Justice, Truth, Demosthick was, Night-reel, and Neighbour-hood, Initiation, Manners, Mythologies, and Trades, Degrees, Observances, Culfomes, and Lawes, Decline to your confounding contraries, And yet Confusion hae: Plagues incident to men, Your potent and insidious Favourers, heape On Athens ripe for broke. Thou cold Scarcity, Cripple our Senators, that their limbs may hale As lamely as their Manners. Lut, and Libertie Greepe in the Minides and Mawrows of our youth, That gaine the fireame of Vertue they may stive, And drowne themselves in Riot, Iitches, Blaines, Sow all the Athenian bonomes, and their crop Be general Leptose: Beast infect breath, That their Society (as their Friendship) may Be merrily payson. Nothing ile bare from thee But askedenelle, thou detestable Townes, Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes: Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde Th' vinkindell Beast, more kinder then Mankinde, The Gods confound (huray mee you gods all) Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall: And grant at Timons groves, his hate may grow To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low. Amen. Exit.

Enter Steward with two or three Senators.

1. Hear ye the Stewarde, where's our Master? Are we vndone, call off, nothing remaining? 2. Alas my fellows, what should I say to you? Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods, I am as poore as you. 3. Such a House broke? So Nobile a Master fallen, all gone, and not One Friend to take his Fortune by the arm, And go along with him. 2. As we doe turne our backs From our Companion, throwne into his grave, So his Familiar to the buried Fortunes Slink all away, leave their false vows with him Like empty purses pick'd, and their poor fellas. A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre, With his distaste, of all thun'd rauetree. Walkes like contempne alone. More of our Fellows, Enter other Senators.

Stewe. All broken Implement of a ruin'd house, That see by our Faces: we are Fellows still, Seating alake in sorrow: Leah'd is our Bark, And we poore Mates, stand on the dying Decke, Hearing the Stagings threat: we must all part Into this Sea of Ayre. Stew. Good Fellows all, The last of my wealth I do share amongst you. Where ever we shall meete, for Timons sake, Let's yet be Fellows. Let's make our heads, and say As twere a Knell unto our Masters Fortunes, We have beene better days. 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 four fold wages. Oh the fierce wretchednesse that Glory brings vs! Who would not with be to be wealth exempt, Since Riches point to Misery and Contempes? Who would be so mock'd with Glorie, or to live But in a Dreame of Friendship? To have his pompe, and all what state compounds, But only painted like his varnish'd Friends: Poor honell Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart, Vindone by Goodomen: Strange vnful blood, When mans worst faine is, He do's too much Good. Who then dares to be halfe to kinde agen? For Bountie that makes Gods, do still make Men. My deare Lord, bleft to be most acceptable, Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes Are made thy cheefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord) He's slung in Rage from this ingratefull State Of monstorous Friends: Nor has he with him to supply his life, Or that which can command it: I Elle follow and enquire him out. He euer feue his minde, with my belf will, Whilth I haue Gold, Ibe he Steward still. Exit.

Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. O blested breeding Sun, draw from the earth Rosers humidiest: below thy Sisters Orbe Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe, Whole procration, refidence, and birth, Scarde is disdaint; touch them with feuerall fortunes, The greater fornmes the leffer, Not Nature (To whom all foreys lay finge) can beare great Fortune But by contempt of Nature. Haife me this Bigger, and deny't that Lord, The Senators shall have contempt hereditary, The Bigger Nature Honor. It is the Palfour Lards, the Brothers fides, The want that makes him leue: who dares? who dares In pittance of Manhood stand upright, And say, this mans a Flatterer. If one be, So are they all; for euery grace of Fortune Is fam'd by that below. The Learned pare Duke's to the Golden Poole. All's oblique: There nothing leuell in our cursed Nations But direct villanie. Therefore be ashamed, All Feasts, Societies, and Thronges of men. His censamble, ye himstife Timon didisains, Deffraction phang mankinde; Earth yeeld me Rootes, Who seekes for better of three, lawce his paliate With they most carent Payson. What is here? Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold? No Gods, I am no idle Votarius, Roots you cleere Hesuants, Thus much of this will make Blacke, white; sawle, faire; wrong, right, Bafe, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant. Ha you Gods? I why that is what this. you Gods? why this Will urge your Priests and Servants from your fides: Plucke floure ment pillows from below their heads.
This yellow Stove,
Will knit and breake Religions, blest th'accur'd,
Make the house Leprosie ador'd, place Theues,
And give them Title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench: This is it
That makes the wappen'd Widow wed again;
She, whom the Spittle-house, and viceros fores,
Would cast the gorge at. This Enhalmes and Spices
To'th April day again. Come damned Earth,
Thou common whore of Mankind, that punes oddes
Among the routs of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature.

March starrs off.

Hat? A Drumme? Th' that quicke,
But yet Ile bury thee: Thou go'st (ftong Theefus)
When Gowty keepers of thee cannot stand;
Nay thy feet out for carnell.

Enter Albicans with Drumme and pipe in warlike manner, and Pernius and Tandemus.

Alc. What art thou there? speake.

Tim. A Beatt as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart
For shewing me against the eyes of Man.

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

Tim. I am Maffen proud, and hate Mankind,
For thy part, I do with thou wert a dogge,
That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well;
But in thy Fortunes am unbeard, and strange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
I defire not to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, civil Lawes are cruel,
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 kiffe thee, then the rot returns
To thine owne lippes again.

Alc. How came the Noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the Moone doth, by wanting light to guie:
But then renew I could not like the Moone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.

Alc. Noble Timon, what friendhip may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it Timon?

Tim. Promise me Friendhip, but performe none.
If thou wilt not promife, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou do performe, confound thee, for thou art a man.

Alc. I have heard in some sort of thy Miferies.

Tim. Thou failest them when I had prosperitie.

Alc. I fee them now, then was a blessed time.

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

Timon. Is this th' Athenian Minion, whom the world
Voide so regardedly?

Tim. Art thou Timon?

Timon. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore full, they love thee not that make thee,
give them diseases, leauing with thee their Luft.

Tim. Thee of thy fallis heats, seafon the flares for Tubbes and Bathers, bring downe Rofe-checkes youth to the Fublaff, and the Diet.

Timan. Hang thee Monster.

Alc. Pardon him sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and loft in his Calaminet.
Believe't that we'll do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Contumacies fowre
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp stings,
And mark men's purging. Crack the Lawyers' voyces,
That he may never more falle Title please.
Nor found his Quillers thrilly: Hoare the Flamen,
That cold it against the quality of fleas,
And not becaus himselfe. Downe with the Nose,
Downe with it flat, take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to fotelce
(bald
Smells from the general weale. Make could passe Russians
And let the wench't Braggarts of the Ware
Derue some paine toon you. Plague all,
That your Activity may defecte and quell
The lourle of all Erection. There's more Gold,
Do you daume others, and let this daume you,
And ditches grave you all.

Bob. More counsell with more Money, bounteous
Timens.

Tim. More whore, more Mischeefe first, I have giuen
you extremit.

Ate. Strike vp the Drum towards Athens, farewell
Timens: if I thrive well, I'll visit thee againe.

Tim. If I hope well, He never fee thee more.

Ate. I never did thee harme.

Tim. Yes, thou spott'well of me.

Ate. Call it thou a chararme? 

Tim. Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,
And take thy Begles with thee.

Ate. We but offend him, stanke. Extenu.

Tim. That Nature being fickle of mans vyndictive
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whose wambe ymaymeasurable, and infinite brief
Teemers and feede all: whose feltearme Merrie
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puffed,
Engenders the blakke Toad, and Adder bleed,
The gilded Newt, and eyelesse venom'd Worme,
With all unblam'd Births below Criste Heauen,
Whereon Hypocrites quickning fire doth shine :
Yield him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
From fourth thy plenteous bosome, one poore ROOT:
Enfarse thy Fertile and Concepretious wambe,
Lest is no more bring out ingraine full man.
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolves, and Beares,
Teeme with new Monstors, whome thy upward face
Hath to the Marbled Manfon all aboue
Neverpreferred. O a Root, dearer thanks:
Dry vp thy Marrows, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingrateful man with Licensous draughts
And Morfolks Vnchaste, gresfes his pure face,
That from it all Conflation dipps:

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.

Ate. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou dost affe't my Manners, and doft vie them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou doft not keepes a dogge
Whom I would imitate. Contumacy catch thee.

Ate. This is the Nature but infected,
A poore vnmanly Malachellou spring
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Shave-like Habit, and these looks of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet were Silke, drinke Wine, jye soft,
Hugge their diead's Perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Tiron was: Shame not these Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be then a Flatterer now, and seeke to thine

By that which he's vndone thee, shynge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe
Blow off thy Cap: praise his most vicius straine,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:
Thou gau't thine cares (like Tapasters, that bad welcom)
To Knauzes, and all approaches; 'This moost loft
That thou turne Raffcall, hadst't thou wealth againe,
Raffcall Should have't. Do not asume my likenesse,

Tim. Were I like thee, I'de throw away my felle.

Ate. Thou hast call away thy felle, being like thy self
A Madman fo long, now a Fools: what think'lt
That thee bleake ayre, thy boyferous Chamberlaine
Will put thy shirt on warme? Will thee movyl Trees,
That have out-lid the Eagle, page thy heele
And skip when thou point't out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Cavole thy Morning tale
To cure thy ore-nights furies? Call the Creatures,
Who take Naked Nature lie in all the fright
Of wreckful Heauen, whole bare vivifioung Trunks.
To the condicting Elements expos'd
Answer meere Nature: bide then flatter thee.
O thou shalt finde.

Tim. A Foolie of thee: depart.

Ate. I love thee better now, then ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Ate. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Ate. I flatter not, but say thou art a Caiyriff.

Tim. Why do'th thou seek me out?

Ate. To vex thee.

Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fools,
Doft please thy felle in't?

Ate. 1.

Tim. What, a Knave too?

Ate. If thou did'lt put this fowre cold habit on
To calligate thy pate, were well; but thou
Doft it enforcedly: Thou didst Courtier be againe
Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery
Out-lues: inestinate pompe, is crown'd before:
He one is filling still, never compleat:
The other, at hight with beft state Contentedle,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse then the worst, Content.
Thou should'lt defire to dye, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a Slave, whom Fortunes tender arme
With favour neuer ciapt: but bred a Dogge.
Had't thou like vs from our first swath proceeded,
The sweet degrees that this breedz world affords,
To such as may the pallifie drugges of it
Freely command't: thou would'lt have plung'd thy self
In generall Riot, meltet downe thy youth
In different beds of Lust, and never learn'd
The Ice precepts of respect, but followd
The Sugared game before thee. But my selfe,
Who had the world as my Confectionarie,
The mouthe, the tongue, the eyes, and hearts of men,
As dath more then I could frame employment;
That murtherer sponn me flacke, as leaves
Do on the Oakes, hue with one Winters breath
Fell from their boughes, and let me open, bare,
For every storme that blows: I to bear this,
That neuer knew but better, is some burchen
Thy Nature, did commenc in suffurance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. 'Why should'lt I hate Men?
They neuer flatter'd thee. What haft thou guien?
Timon of Athens.

If'thine will carrie: thy Father (that poor ragge) Must be thy subject, who in sight put studie To some fine Beggar, and compounded thee Poor, Rogue, hereafter. Hence, be gone, If thou hadst not borne the worth of men, Then hadst thee a knave and Flatterer.

Tim. Art thou proud yet?

I, that I am not thee.

I, that I was no Prodigall.

I, that I am one now.

Weare all the wealth I have shew ye in thee, I'd give thee loose to hang it. Get thee gone:

That whole life of Athens were in this,
Thou wouldst take it.

Here, I will mend thy Feast.

First mend thy company, take away thy felo.

So I shall mend mine own, by thy lack of time.

This well understood so, it is both true.

I should, I would it.

What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Thee sticher in a white wind: if thou wilt, Tell them there I have Gold, looke, so I hate.

Here is no use for Gold, the best, and truest:

For here it flies, and doth no hyred serve.

Where layst a nights Timon?

Ver, that's above me.

Where fedst thou a days Agamemnon?

Where my flonacie lindes meate, or rather where I seek it.

Wouldst paymen be obedient, & knew my mind.

Wouldst thou send it?

To fawce thy dyes.

The middle of Humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mock thee too much Curiositer in thy Raggis thou knowest it, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medel for thee, eat it.

On what hast, I feed not.

Do'st, and I'll eat a Medler?

I, though it looks like thee.

And'th'st as good as Medlers sooner, shouldst thou have loved thy felo better now. What man didst thou ever know worthless, that was beloued after his manner.

Who without chafe meanes thou talk of, didst thou ever know befoul'd?

My felo.

I understand thee; thou hast 'st some meanes to kepe a Dogge.

Upon! What things in the world canst thou necerft compare to thy Flatterers?

Women necerft, but men: men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world Aegimenes, if it lay in thy power?

Give is the Beasts, to be rid of the men.

Wouldst thou have thy felo fall in the confusion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.

Tim. A beastly Ambition, which the Gods grant thee t'attaine to. If thou were the Lyon, the Fox would beguile thee. If thou were the Lamb, the Fox would beguile thee. If thou were the Fox, the Lion would suspect thee, when he had seen thee. If thou were the Wolf, the Lion would suspect thee. If thou were the Afe, the dumbfes would torment thee: and yet thou hadst but as a Brestake to the Wolfe. If thou were the Wolfe, thy gredinelle would afflict thee, & oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the Unicorne, pride and wrath would consume thee, and make thine owne fette the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a Bear, thou wouldst be feed by the Horse: Wert thou a Horse, thou wouldst be feed by the Leopard: Wert thou a Leopard, thou wouldst wear Germane to the Lion, and the spoites of thy Kindred, were losers on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What Beast couldst thou bee, that were not subject to a Beast: and what a Beast art thou already, that feelest not thy lofte in transformation.

It thou couldst please me With speaking to me, thou mightst Have his vpon thee.

The Commonwealth of Athens is become A Forrest of Beasts.

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

Ander comes a Poet and a Painter:

The plague of Company light vpon thee:

I will feare to catch it, and give way.

When I know not what else to do, He see the ape.

When there is nothing living but thee,

Thou shalt be welcome.

I had rather be a Beggars Dogge,

Then Aegimenes.

Thou art the Cap

Of all the Foolers aboe.

Would thou were cleanse enough

To spit vpon.

A plague on thee,

Thou art too bad to curse.

All Villains

That do hand by thee, are pure.

There is no Leprotis,

But what thou speakest.

If I name thee, He beate thee;

But I should infect my hands.

I would my tongue

Could rot them off.

Away thou issue of a waggis dogge,

Choller doth kill me,

That thou art alive, I wondred to see thee,

Would thou wouldst be lost.

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

Beast,

Staun.

Toad.

Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.

I am sick of this fallse world, and will love nothig But even the meanes necessitites vpon t:

Then Timon presently prepare thy grace:

Thee where the light Fence of the Sea may beats.

This grace alone dayly, make thine Epitaph.

That death in me, as others lies may laugh.

O thou sweete King-killer, and desire duerose,

Twiit naturall Sunne and fire; thou bright desier of Humane purest bed, thou valiant Mars,

Thou euer, young, clothed, loud and delicate wooer,

Whose bluffs doth thave the coefficated Snow

That lies on Diana's lap.

Thou visible God,

Thou couldst not most impossibilities.

And makst them kisse; that speakes't with eusebe Tongue.
To utter purpose: O thou touch of hearts,
Think'st thy base-man rebels, and by thy vext
Set them into confounding oddes, that Beasts
May have the world in Empire.

Aps, Would 'twere so,
But not till I am dead. He lay his hand.

Thou wilt be through'd too shortly.

Tim. Throng'd too?

Aps. I.

Tim. Thy back I prythee,

Aps. Line, and loose thy misfry,

Tim. Long line so, and so dye. I am quit.

Aps. Mo things like men,

Exit Timon, and abhorre then, 

Enter the Banditti.

Where should he base this Gold? It is some poore
Fragment, some slender Oat of his remainder: the mere
want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, drove
him into this Melancholy.

It is noised
He hath a maffe of Treasure.

Let vs make the affay upon him, if he care not for't,
He will supply vs easily: if he courteously refuse it, how
shall's get it?

2 True: for he beares it not about him:

'Tis hid.

1 Is not this here?

All. Where?

2 Tis his description.

3 Hey! I know him.

All. Save thee Timon.

Tim. Now Theeues.

All. Soldiers, not Theeues.

Tim. Both too, and women Sonnet.

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 Roots:
Within this Mile break forth a hundred Springs;
The Oaks bear Malt, the Briar Scarlet Hepe,
The bounteous Husband, Nature, on each bush,
Lays her full Melfe before you. Want? why Want?

1 We cannot live on Gristle, Berries, Water,
At Beasts', and Trees', and Fruits.

Ti. Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds & Fruits,
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are Theeeus profett: that you work'd not
In hoister shapes: for there is boundless Thead
In limited Professors. Rascal Theeeus
Here's Gold. Go, sucke the subtle blood o'th' Grape,
Till the high Faeuer feeth your blood to frost,
And to freeze hanging. Truth not the Physitian,
His Ants are poyson, and he fayres
More then you Rob. Take wealth, and lines together,
Do Villainie do, since you protest to doo.'

Like Workemen, I example you with Theeuey:
The Sunnes a Theeue, and with his great attraction
Robb'd the waft seas. The Moone an aumant Theeue,
And her pale fire, the flakes from the Sunne.
The Sea a Theaue, whose liquid Surge, refolus
The Moone into Salt centres. The Earth's a Theeue,
That feeds and broadens by a composite stone
From gen'real ecrement, 1 each thing's a Theeue.

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

Ha's vexed thee of Theeue. Lone not your felues, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates.
All that you meere are Theeues: to Athenes go,
Break open floppes, nothing can you fleale
But Theeues do loose it: fleale leffe, for this I give you,
And Gold confound you how force: Aman.

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
vnot to hate vs thrive in our mystery.

2 He beleue me as an Enemy,
And gue over my Trade.

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

2 Exit Theeues.

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!

Is your despot and ruinous man my Lord?

Full of decay and saying? Oh Monument,
And wonder of good deeds, easily debout'd

What an alteration of Honor has depr't your want made?

What wilder thing upon the earth, then Friendes,
Who can bring Noblest minds, to bascet ends.

How rarely does it meete with this times guife,
When man was wifh to loue his Enemies:

Grant I may ever loue, and rather woo
That which would mischeefe me, then thato that doth.

Has caught me in his eye, I will prenine my horne griefe
vuto him, and as my Lord, full ferue him with my life.

My dearst Master,

Tim. Away: what art thou?

Stew. Have you forgotten me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men.

Then, if thou grun't, th'art a man.

I have forgot thee.

Stew. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I never had honest man about me, I all
I kept were Knaves, to ferue in meate to Villaines.

Stew. The Gods are witness,

Ne'er did poor Steward weare a rutter griefe
For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, doth thou wepe?

Come seeret, then I love thee

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim't

Plenty mankinde: whole eyes do never guie,
But thorow Lust and Laughter: pitiie's sleeping;

Strange times ye wepe with laughing, not with weeping.

Stew. I begge of you to knowme, good my Lord,

I accept my griefe, and whilst this poore wealth lasts,
To entertaine me as your Steward still.

Tim. Had I a Steward

So true, so inll, and now ia comfortable?

It almost turns me dangerous Nature wide,
Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man

Was borne of woman,

Forgive my general, and excepte none raffinthe
You perpetuall sober Gods. I do proclame

One honest man: Mislike me not, but one:

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

How faine would I have hared all mankinde,
And thou redeme't th'flecke. But all faileth thee,

I fell with Curies.

I me thinkes thou art more honest now, then wife

For, by oppressing and betraying mee,

Thou
Timon of Athens.

Painter. Good as the best.
Promising, is the verie Ayre o'th Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, isuer the duller for his agile,
And but in the plainer and simper kind of people,
The deede of Saying is quire out of vie.

To Promote, is molt Courty and fashionable;
Performance, is a kinde of Will or Tiftament
Which argues a great sicknede in his judgement
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Case.

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

Poet. I am thinking
What I shall say I have prouided for him:
It must be a perfonning of himselfe:
A Satyre against the sotness of Prosperity,
With a Discoverie of the infinite Fatacies
That follow youth and opulence.

Timon. Must thou needs
Stood for a Villain in throne owne Worke?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
Do so, I have Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's fecke him.
Then do we finne against our owne efface,
When we may profit mee, and come too late.

Painter. True:
When the day furies before blacke-corner'd night;
Finds what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.

Come.

Timon. Ile meete you at the turne:
What a Gods Gold, that he is worhippe
In a baser Temple, then where Swine feede?
'Tis thou that rigg I'the Barke, and plow I'the Fomme,
Seesth admiration in a Slave,
To thee be worshippe, and thy Saints for ay;
Be crown'd with Pugises, that thee alone obey.
Fst I meet them.

Poet. Haile worthy Timon.

Paint. Our lase Noble Matter.

Timon. Haue I once liued
To see two honett men?

Poet. Sir:
Having often of your open Bounty tasted,
Hearing you were setty d, your Friends face off,
Whole thanklesse Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the Whipples of Huene, are large enough,
What, to you,
Whole Starsie-like Noblesse gaue life and influence
To their whole being? I am rape, and cannot couer
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With an yse of words.

Timon. Let's go,
Naked men may see the better:
You that are honett, by being what you are,
Make them bell scene, and known.

Poet. Haue, and my felle
Have travaill'd in the great shoure of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Timon. I, you are honett man.

Poet. We are hithe come
To offer you our service.

Timon. Most honett men

Why
Why how shall I require you?
Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?
Both. What we can do,
You shall do to you service.
Tim. 'Ye honest men,
I have heard that I have Gold,
I am sure you have, speak truth, 'a're honest men,
Paul. So it is said by my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.
Tim. Good honest men; Thou drawst a counterfeit
Belt in all Athens, that's indeed the belt,
Thou counterfeit it most liuely.
Paul. So, so, my Lord.
Tim. Eat so farr as I say. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Voice swells with blustering so fine and smooth,
That thou art even naturall in thine arie.
But for all this (my honest Naturl'd friends)
I must needs say you have a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monstrously in you, neither with I
You take much pains to mend,
Both. Refract your Honour
To make it knowne to vs.
Tim. You'll take it ill.
Both. Most thankfully, my Lord.
Tim. Will you indeed?
Both. Doubt it not, worthy Lord,
Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my Lord?
Tim. I, and you hear me cogge,
See him differable,
Know his grosser patchery, love him, feade him,
Keep in your bosome, yet remain affur'd
That he's a made vp Villain,
Paul. I know none such, my Lord.
Paul. Nor I.
Tim. Look to you,
I lose you well, I give you Gold
Ride me these Villains from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I give 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 Villain keeps him company:
If where thou art, two Villains shall not be,
Come not thereto him. If thou wouldst not be
But where one Villain is, then himself abandon.
Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye flauze:
You have workes for me; there's payment, hence,
You are an Alcmain, make Gold of that:
Our Raincall dogges.

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is vain that you would speak with Timon:
For he is too only to himselfe,
That nothing but himselfe, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.
1 Sen. Bring vs to his House.
It is our part and promis to th' Athenians
To speake with Timon.
2 Sen. At all times alike
Men are not fitt the fame: 'twas Time and Grefles

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. Here is his Case:
Peace and content be heere. Lord Timon, Timon,
Looke out, and speake to Friends: Th' Athenians
By two of their most reverend Senate greet thee:
Speake to them Noble Timon.

Enter Timon out of his Case.

Tim. Thou Sune that comforts burned,
Speakst and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blinder, and each false
Be as a Cantharizint to the root o' th' Tongue,
Confounding it with speaking.

1 Worthy Timon.
Tim. Of none but such as you,
And you of Timon.
2 The Senators of Athens, greet thee Timon.
Tim. I thank thee,
And would send them backe the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 Of forget
What we are sorry for our selues in thee:
The Senators with one content of love,
Intresse thee backe to Athens, who have thought
On speciall Dignities, which vancant lye
For thy best vigne and wearing,

2 They conffe
Toward thee, forgetfullesse too generall grosse;
Which now the publike Body, which doth fildome
Play the re-canoer, feeling in it selfe
A lacke of Timon's syde, inthat since withall
Of it owne fall, refraining syde to Timon,
And fend forth vs, to make their forrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Damme
I even such kepes and sumnes of Loue and Wealth,
As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Euer to read them thine.

Tim. You watch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brink of tears;
Lend me a Footes heart, and a womans eyes,
And Ile bewepe these comforts, worthy Senators.

1 Therefore so pleasse thee to returne with vs,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allowed with absoluate power, and thy good name
Lieu with Authoritie: so fone we shall drive backe
Of Alcibades th'approaches wild.
Who like a Bore too guage, doth root vp
His Countries peace.

2 And shakst his threatening Sword
Against the wailes of Athens.

1 Therefore Timon.
Tim. Well fir, I will; therefore I will fir thus:
If Alcibades kill my Countrysmen,
Let Alcibades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he lacke faire Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by'th' Beards,
Guing our holy Virgins to the flame
Of consumelions, beasly, mad-brain'd warre
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speakes it,
Timon of Athens.

In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him take it as worst: For their Knives care not,
While you have throttles to answer. For my selfe,
There's not a whistle, in'truly Campe,
But I do prize it at my lowe, be'ere
The reuercends Throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Theues to Keepers.

Sew. Stay not, all's in vaine.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be feene to morrow. My long, thick knife
Of Health, and Luing, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live full,
Be Alcibiades your plague; you his,
And laft to long enough.

1. We speake in vaine.

Tim. But yet I lose my Country, and am not
One that relieves in the common wrackes,
As common brute doth put it.

2. That's well spoke.

Tim. Command me to my loving Countrymen.

3. These words become your lippes as they passe thro'
them.

2. And enter in our ears, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Command me to them,
And tell them, that to safe them of their greeves,
Their fears of Hotlfe strokes, their Aches lofies,
Their pangs of Lour, with other incident throvew
That Natures fragile Veffell doth sustaine
In liffes uncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them,
He teach them to preservt wise Alcibiades wrath.

3. I like this well, he will returne againe.

Tim. I have a Tree which grows here in my Clofe,
That mine owne vfe inuiues one to cut downe,
And shortly muft I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to lowe throughout, that who so pleafe
to stop Affliction, let him take his halfe;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang him selfe. I pray you do my greeting,
Sew. Trouble him no further, thus you shall finde
him.

Tim. Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting Manfion
Pon the Beached Verge of the fall Flood,
Who once a day with his embossed Froths
The turbulent Surge shall couer; thither come,
And let my Graue-throne be your Oracle:
Lippes, let forte words go by, and Language end:
What is amiss, Plague and Infiction meend.
Graues only be meits workees, and Death their gaine;
Sunne, hide thy Beames, Timon hath done his Raigene.

Exit Timon.

1. His discourses are unremouably coupled to Nature,
Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,
And straine what other meanes is left vnto vs
In our deed perd

1. It requieres swift foot.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his Files
As full as thy report?
Who were the motions that you first went out,
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in excelle)
Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners fired,
By decimation and a tyed death;
If thy Reuenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the defil'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 decree Countryman,
   Bring in thy rankes, but leave without thy rage,
   Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and thofe Kin
   Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
   With thofe that have offended, like a Shepheard,
   Approach the Fold, and call th Infected forth,
   But kill not altogether.

2. What thou wilt,
   Thou rather shalt enforce 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 Glowe,
   Or any Token of thine Honour else;
   That thou wilt vise the warres as thy redresse,
   And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
   Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
   Haue feel'd thy full desire.

Alt. Then there's my Glowe,
Defend and open your uncharged Ports,

Thofe Enemies of Timon, and mine owne
Whom you your felues shall set out for reproost,
Fall and no more; and to atone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall passe his quarter, or offend the Fireame
Of regular Justice in your Citie borders,
But shall be remedied to your publique Laws
As heauie an answer.

Both. 'Tis most Nobly spoken.
Alt. Defend, and keep your words.

Enter a Messinger.

Mrs. My Noble General, Timon is dead,
Entomb'd vpon the very hewn wood's Sea,
And on his Graufone, this Inscription which
With wax I brought away: whose lost Imprcssion
Interprets for my poore ignorance.

Alcibiades reads the Epitaph,
Here lies a wretched Conde, of wretched soule bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague confounds you, wicked Caris's left!
Here lies I Timon, who alone, all losing men did love,
Past by, and curse thy fit, but passe and say not here thy gate.
These well expresse in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorrist us vs our humane griefes,
Scorn'd it our Brains flow, and thofe our droppes, which
From digg'd Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for eye
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiven. Deed
Is Noble Timon, of whose Memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your Cittie,
And I will vise the Olive, with my Sword;
Make war breed peace; make peace fliet war, make each
Prcenbire to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes strike.

FINIS.

Exeunt.
TYMON of Athens.
Lucius, And
Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.
Appemantus, a Chearlish Philosopher.
Sempronius another flattering Lord.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.
Poet.
Painter.
Jeweller.
Merchant.
Ceraine Senators.
Ceraine Maskers.
Ceraine Theeuses.

Flaminins, one of Tyrmons Servants.
Servilius, another.
Caphis.
Darv.
Philos.
Titus.
Lucius.
Hortensias.
Ventigius, one of Tyrmons false Friends.
Cupid.
Sempronius.
With divers other Servants,
And Attendants.