The Life of Tymon of Athens from Mr. William Shakesspeares comedies, histories, & tragedies. Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. William Shakesspeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.

Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630

Condell, Henry, -1627

Droeshout, Martin, 1601

Jaggard, Isaac, -1627

Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632

Jaggard, William, 1569-1623

Smethwicke, John, -1641

Aspley, William, -1640

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Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616. Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.

First Folio


William Jaggard, Edward Blount, John Smethwicke.

1623

8 November 1623

Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7
<note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; West, A.J. "The Shakespeare First Folios a descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>
<note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>

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The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA⁶ (πA1+1)

[πB³], ²A-2B⁶

2C² a-g⁶ χg⁶ h-v⁶ x₄ χ1.2 [para.-]2[para.]₆ 3[para]¹ aa-ff⁶

hh⁶ kk-bbb⁶; 2. West: πA⁶ (πA1+1, πA5+1.2)²A-2B⁶ 2C² a-g⁶ g² h-v⁶ x₄

'gg3.4' (±'gg3') [para.-]2[para.]₆ 3[para]¹ 2a-2f⁶ 2g² 2G⁶ 2h⁶

2k-2v⁶

x⁶ 2y-3b⁶.</p>

Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2

mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>

"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto. 

Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.

Predominantly printed in double columns.

Text within simple lined frame.


Editors’ dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.

Head- and tail- pieces; initials.

With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin- Droeshout: sculpit · London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor
annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.


For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.

Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer Third Folio (1664). There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.<p>
</p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (Oxford, 1905).<p>
</p>For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see: http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.<p>
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Both, Caphis, servant to Timon's creditors

Cupid, Flavius, steward to Timon

Cupid, Flaminius

Cupid, Fool

Fourth Lord
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THE LIFE OF TYMON
OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer,

at seuerall doores.

Poet.

Good day Sir.

I am glad y'are well.

Pain.

I am glad y'are well.

Ventidius, one of Timon's false friends.
<speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>

I haue not seene you long, how goes the World?

It weares sir, as it growes.

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 conjur'd to attend. I know the Merchant.

I know them both: th'others a Jeweller.

O 'tis a worthy Lord.

I haue a Jewell heere.

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

I haue not seene you long, how goes the World?

I haue not seene you long, how goes the World?

I haue not seene you long, how goes the World?

I haue not seene you long, how goes the World?

I haue not seene you long, how goes the World?

I haue not seene you long, how goes the World?

I haue not seene you long, how goes the World?

I haue not seene you long, how goes the World?

I haue not seene you long, how goes the World?

I haue not seene you long, how goes the World?

I haue not seene you long, how goes the World?

I haue not seene you long, how goes the World?

I haue not seene you long, how goes the World?

I haue not seene you long, how goes the World?

I haue not seene you long, how goes the World?
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 Dedica-

Poet. A thing slipt idlely 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 flyes
Each bound it chases. What haue you there?
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.

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

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

Enter certaine Senators.

How this Lord is followed.
The Senators of Athens, happy men.
Looke moe.
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 ampltest 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 flght, bold, and forth on,
Leauing no Tract behinde.

Pain.
Po.

Pain.
How shall I vnderstand you?

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; 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 returns in peace
Most rich in Timons nod.

I saw them speake together.

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.

'Tis conceyu'd, to scope This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes With
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes 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.
Nay Sir, but heare me on:
All those which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his valew; on the moment
Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Raine Sacrificiall whisperings in his eare,
Make Sacred euen his styrop, and through him
Drinke the free Ayre.

I marry, what of these?

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.

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 aboue the head.

Trumpets sound.

Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe curteously
to euery Sutor.

Imprison'd is he, say you?
I my good Lord, fiue Talents is his debt,
His meanes most short, his Creditors most straite:
Your Honourable Letter he desires
To those haue shut him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort.
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>

  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.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>

  Your Lordship euere bindes him.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>

  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.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>

  All happinesse to your Honor.
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter an old Athenian.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tim-oat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oldm.</speaker>

  Lord <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>, heare me speake.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>

  Freely good Father.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-oat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oldm.</speaker>

  Thou hast a Seruant nam'd <hi rend="italic">Lucilius</hi>.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>

  I haue so: What of him?
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-oat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oldm.</speaker>

  Most Noble <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>, call the man before thee.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
</sp>
Attends he here, or no? Lucillius.

Heere at your Lordships service.

This Fellow here, Lord.

Timon, this thy Creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man

That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,

And my estate deserves a Heyre more rais'd,

Then one which holds a Trencher.

Well: what further?

One onely Daughter have I, no Kin else,

On whom I may conferre what I have got:

The Maid is faire, a'th'youngest for a Bride,

And I have bred her at my dearest cost

In Qualities of the best. This man of thine

Attempts her loue: I praythee (Noble Lord)

Ioyne with me to forbid him her resort,

My selfe have spoke in vaine.

The man is honest.

Therefore he will be Timon,

His honesty rewards him in selfe,

It must not beare my Daughter.

Does she loue him?

The Maid is faire, a'th'youngest for a Bride,
She is young and apt:

Our owne precedent passions do instruct us

What leuities in youth.

who

who

who

who

who

who

who

who

who

who

who

who

who

who

who

who
That state or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

Exit

Poet.

Vouchsafe my Labour, and long liue your Lordship.

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

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

The Gods preserue ye.

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

What my Lord, dispraise? It would vnclew me quite.

A meere saciety of Commendations, if I should pay you for't as 'tis extold, it would vnclew 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.
No my good Lord, he speakes ſy common toong
Which all men speake with him.

Hee'l spare none.

Good morro\ w to thee, Gentle <hi rend="italic">Apermantus</hi>.

Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow.
When thou art <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi> dogge, and these Knaues honest.

Why dost thou call them Knaues, thou know'st them not?
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>Are they not Athenians?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Yes.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>Then I repent not.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-jwl">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
    <l>You know me, <hi rend="italic">Apemantus</hi>?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Thou art proud <hi rend="italic">Apemantus</hi>?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>Of nothing so much, as that I am not like <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Whether art going?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>To knocke out an honest Athenians braines.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>That's a deed thou't dye for.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>Right, if doing nothing be death by th'Law.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>How lik'st thou this picture <hi rend="italic">Iew</hi>?</l>
</sp>
Apemantus?

The best, for the innocence.

Wrought he not well that painted it.

He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy piece of worke.

Y'are a Dogge.

Thy Mothers of my generation: what's she, if I be a Dogge?

Wilt dine with me Apemantus?

No: I eate not Lords.

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

O they eate Lords;

So they come by great bellies.

That's a lasciuious apprehension.

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

How dost thou like this Jewell, Apemantus?

Ape.

Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cast a man a Doit.

Tim.

What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Ape.

Not worth my thinking.

How now Poet?

Poet.

Art not one?

Ape.

Yes.

Poet.

Then I lie not.

Ape.

Art not a Poet?
<l>Then thou lyest:</l>
<p>Looke in thy last worke, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy Fellow.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-poe">
<speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
<l>That's not feign'd, he is so.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
<speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
<p>Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loues to be flattered, is worthy o'th flatterer. Heauens, that I were a Lord.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
<speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
<l>What wouldst do then Apemantus?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
<speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
<p>E'ne as Apemantus does now, hate a Lord with my heart.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
<speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
<l>What thy selfe?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
<speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
<l>That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.</l>
</sp>

<note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>

<l>Art not thou a Merchant?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-mer"/>
Mer. I Apemantus.

Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer. If Traffick do it, the Gods do it.

Ape. Traffickes thy God, & thy God confound thee.

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What Trumpets that All of Companionship.

Mes. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty Horse.

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.

So, so; their Aches contract, and sterue your supple ioynts: that there should bee small loue amongest these sweet Knaues, and all this Curtesie. The straine of mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.
Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed most hungerly on your sight.

Right welcome Sir:

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time in different pleasures.

Pray you let us in.

Exeunt.

Enter two Lords.

What time a day is't Apemantus?

Time to be honest.

That time serves still.

Thou art going to Lord Timons Feast.

I, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

Farthee well, farthee well.

Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.
<sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>Why <hi rend="italic">Ape</hi>?
  </l></sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ape</speaker>
  <p>Should'st haue kept one to thy selfe, for I meane to giue thee none.
  </p></sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>Hang thy selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ape</speaker>
  <l>No I will do nothing at thy bidding.</l>
  <l>Make thy requests to thy Friend.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>Away vnpeaceable Dogge,</l>
  <l>Or Ile spurne thee hence.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ape</speaker>
  <l>I will flye like a dogge, the heeles a'th'Asse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>Hee's opposite to humanity.</l>
  <l>Comes shall we in,</l>
  <l>And taste Lord <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi> bountie: he out-goes</l>
  <l>The verie heart of kindnesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>He powres it out: <hi rend="italic">Plutus</hi> the God of Gold</l>
  <l>Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes</l>
  <l>Seuen-fold aboue it selfe: No guift to him,</l>
  <l>But breeds the giuer a returne: exceeding</l>
  <l>All vse of quittance.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>The Noblest minde he carries,</l>
  <l>That euer gouern'd man.</l>
</sp>
Long may he live in Fortunes. Shall we in?
I'll keep you Company.

Exeunt.

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-
man discontentedly like himselfe.

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 service, from whose helpe
I deriv'd libertie.

O by no meanes,
Honest Ventigius: You mistake my loue,
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.

A Noble spirit.

Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but deuis'd at first
To set a glosse on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodnesse, sorry '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.

My Lord, we alwaies haue confest it.

Ho ho, confest it? Haue you not?

O Apermantus, you are welcome.

Fie, th'art a churle, ye'haue got a humour there

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.

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.

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 beeene proued, if I were a huge man I should feare to drink at meales, least they sprise my wind-pipes dangerous noates, great men should drinke with harness on their throates.

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

Let it flow this way my good Lord.

Flow this way? A braue fellow. He keepes 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.

Immortall Gods, I craue no pelfe,
I pray for no man but my selfe,
To trust man on his Oath or Bond.
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dogge that seems asleping,
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

Grace.

Apermantus
Captaine, Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now.

My heart is euer at your seruice, my Lord.

You had rather be at a breakefast of Enemies, then a dinner of Friends.

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

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

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.

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 needlese Creatures liuing; should we nere haue vse for 'em? And would most resemble sweete Instruments hung vp in Cases, that keepes there sounds to themselfes. 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,
than the riches of our Friends? Oh what a pretious com-
fort 'tis, to haue so many like Brothers commanding
one another 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.

Thou weep'st to make them drinke,
Ioy had the like conception in our eies,
And at that instant, like a babe sprung vp.

Ho, ho: I laugh to thinke that babe a bastard.
I promise you my Lord you mou'd me much.

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

What meanes that Trumpe? How now?
Please you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies
Most desirous of admittance.
Ladies? what are their wils?

There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord,
I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies.

There tast, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise:

They onely now come but to Feast thine eies.

They'r welcome all, let 'em haue kind admittance.

Musicke make their welcome.

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

Hoyday,

What a sweepe of vanitie comes this way.

They daunce? They are madwomen.

They daunce? They are madwomen.

Like Madnesse is the glory of this life,

As this pompe shewes to a little oyle and roote.

We make our 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 liues, 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 loves, each single out an Amazon, and all
Dance, men with women, a loftie straine or two to the
Hoboyes, and cease.</stage>
<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 unto't, and luster,
And entertain'd me with mine owne deuice.
I am to thanke you for't.
</Tim>
<1 Lord>
My Lord you take vs euen at the best.
</1 Lord>
<Aper>
Faith for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.<p>
</Aper>
<Tim>
Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
Please you to dispose your selues.
</Tim>
<All La.>
Most thankfully, my Lord.
</All La.>
</Exeunt.<stage>
There is no crossing him in's humor,
Else I should tell him well, yfaith I should;
When all's spent, hee'd be crost then, and he could:
'Tis pitty Bounty had not eyes behinde,
That man might ne're be wretche'd for his minde.

Exit.

Where be our men?

Heere my Lord, in readinesse.

Our Horses.

O my Friends:
I haue one word to say to you: Looke you, my good
I must intreat you honour me so much,
As to aduance this Iewell, accept it, and weare it,
Kinde my Lord.

I am so farre already in your guifts.

So are we all.

Enter a Seruant.

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

Fla.<br>
I beseech your Honor, vouchsafe me a word, it does concern you neere.

Tim.<br>Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.<br>I prythee let's be prouided to shew them entertainment.

Fla.<br>I scarse know how.

Enter another Seruant.<br>
Ser.<br>(Out of his free loue) hath presented to you Foure Milke-white Horses, trapt in Siluer.

Tim.<br>I shall accept them fairely: let the Presents Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Seruant.<br>
Ser.<br>How now? What newes?

3. Ser.<br>Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentleman Lord Lucullus, entreats your companie to morrow, to hunt with him, and ha's sent your Honour two brace of Grey-hounds.

Tim.<br>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 Coffer: Nor will he know his Purse, or yeeld me this, His promises flye so beyond his state, That what he speaks is all in debt, he ows 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 i is he that has no friend to feede, Then such that do e'ne Enemies exceede. 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 thankes 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,

Alcibiades, Thou art a Soldiour, therefore sildome rich,

Alc. I, defil'd Land, my Lord.

1. Lord. We are so vertuously bound.

2. Lord. So infinitely endeer'd.


2. Lord. Ready for his Friends.

Exeunt Lords

Aper. What a coiles heere, seruing of beckes, and iut-ting out of bumes. 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.

I would be good to thee.

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
Tim

What needs these Feasts, pompes, and Vaine-glories?

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

with better Musicke.

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.

Enter a Senator.

And late fiue thousand: to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,
Which makes it fiue 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.
Ca.
Heere sir, what is your pleasure.
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: for I do feare
When euery Feather stickes in his owne wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull.

An ink mark follows the end of this line.
Ca. I go sir.

Sen. I go sir?

Take the Bonds along with you, and have the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Go.

Exeunt

Enter Steward, with many billes in his hand.

Stew. No care, no stop, so senseless of expence, that he will neither know how to maintain it, nor cease his flow of riot. Takes no account how things go from him, nor resume no care of what is to continue: never mind, fue, 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?
It is so.

Would we were all discharg'd.

I feare it,

Heere comes the Lord.

So soone as dinners done, wee'l forth againe

My Alcibiades. With me, what is your will?

Go to my Steward.

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'll suite,

In giuing him his right.
Mine honest Friend, I prythee but repaire to me next morning.

Nay, go od my Lord.

Containe thy selfe, good Friend.

One Varroes seruant, my good Lord.

If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.

'Twas due on forfeyture my Lord, sice wekees, and past.

Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I

Give 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?
Please you Gentlemen,
The time is vnagreeable to this businesse:
Your importunacie cease, till after dinner,
Wherefore you are not paid.
Do so my Friends, see them well entertain'd.
Pray draw neere.
Exit.
Enter Apemantus and Foole.
stay, stay, here comes the Foo
tus, let's ha some sport with 'em.
Hang him, hee'l abuse vs.
I speake not to thee.
No 'tis to thy selfe. Come away.
<sp who="#F-tim-isi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Isi.</speaker>
    <l>There's the Foole hangs on your backe already.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <p>No thou stand'st single, th'art not on him yet.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-cap">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
    <l>Where's the Foole now?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <p>He last ask'd the question. Poore Rogues, and Vsurers men, Bauds betwenee Gold and want.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Al.</speaker>
    <l>What are we Apemantus?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>Asses.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-all">
    <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
    <l>Why?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <p>That you ask me what you are, do not know your selues. Speake to 'em Foole.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-foo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
    <l>How do you Gentlemen?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-all">
    <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
    <l>Gramercies good Foole:</l>
    <l>How does your Mistris?</l>
</sp>

<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Foole.</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0702-0.jpg" n="84"/>

<fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>

<sp who="#F-tim-foo"/>
<speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
<p>She's e'ne setting on water to scal'd such Chic-kens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <p>Good, Gramercy.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Page.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-foo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
    <p>Looke you, heere comes my Masters Page.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-pag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
    <p>Why how now Captaine? what do you in this wise Company.</p>
    <p>How dost thou <hi rend="italic">Apermantus</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <p>Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-pag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
    <p>Prythee <hi rend="italic">Apemantus</hi> reade me the superscripti-
    <lb/>on of these Letters, I know not which is which.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <p>Canst not read?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-pag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
    <p>No.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <p>There will litle Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>, this to <hi rend="italic">Alcibiades</hi>. Go <lb/>thou was't borne a Bastard, and thou't dye a Bawd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-pag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
    <p>Thou was't whelpt a Dogge, and thou shalt <lb/>famish a Dogges death.</p>
    <p>Answer not, I am gone.</p>
</sp>
Exit

Ape.

E'ne so thou out-runst Grace,

Foole I will go with you to Lord Timon.

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?

I could render one.

Do it then, that we may account thee a Whore-

master, and a Knaue, which notwithstanding thou shalt
be no lesse esteemed.

What is a Whoremaster Foole?

A Foole in good cloathes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometime t'appeares like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two stones 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.

Thou art not altogether a Foole.

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

That answer might haue become Apemans.

Aside, aside, heere comes Lord Timon.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Come with me (Foole) come.

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

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

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 'gains 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.

Let all my Land be sold.

'Tis all engag'd, some forfeyted and gone,
Of present dues; the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

O my good Lord, the world is but a word,
Were it all yours, to giue it in a breath,
How quickely were it gone.

You tell me true.

If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood,
Call me before th'exactest Auditors,
And set me on the proofe. 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 room
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrelsie,
I haue retyr'd me to a wastefull cocke,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Prythee no more.

Heauens, haue I said, the bounty of this Lord:
How many prodigall bits haue Slaues and Pezants
This night englutted: who is not

What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but is

L. Lord

Great, Noble, Worthy, Royall

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.

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,

If I would broach the vessels of my loue,

And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,

Men, and mens fortunes could I frankly use

As I can bid thee speake.

A extent unit reason agent resp /rancelle your thoughts.

Enter three Servants.

My Lord, my Lord.

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, Flauius, Seruilius?

Enter Timon of Athens.

My Lord, my Lord.

I will dispatch you seuerally.

You to Lord Lucius, to Lord Lucullus;

You to Lord Lucius, to Lord Sempronius; commend me

with his Honor to day; you to

haue found time to vse 'em toward a supply of mony: let
the request be fifty Talents.

As you haue said, my Lord.

As you haue said, my Lord.

Lord Lucius and Lucullus? Humh.

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.

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.

Is't true? Can't be?

They answer in a ioynt and corporate voice, That now they are at fall, want Treature 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 wrench; would all were well; tis pitty, 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.

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 kindely warmth, they are not kinde;
And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the iourney, dull and heauy.
Go to Ventiddius (prythee be not sad.)
Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake,
No blame belongs to thee:
Ventiddius lately Buried his Father, by whose death hee's stepp'd Into a great estate: When he was poore, 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 fiue 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.

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

Exeunt

Flaminius waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master, enters a seruant to him.
I haue told my Lord of you, he is comming down to you.

Heere's my Lord.
I thanke you Sir.
I heare to you.
I haue told my Lord of you, he is comming down to you.
I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.
Heere's my Lord.
I thanke you Sir.
One of Lord Timons men? A Guift I warrant.

Why this hits right: I dreampt of a Siluer Bason & Ewre to night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are verie respectiuely welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted man of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and May-

His health is well sir.

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

La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting says 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, cue ry man has his fault, and honesty is his. I ha told him on't, but I could ner e get him from't.

Enter Seruant with Wine.

Please your Lordship, heere is the Wine.
Flaminius, I haue noted thee alwayes wise.

Heere's to thee.

Your Lordship speakes your pleasure.

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.

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

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

May these adde to the number y

Let moultene 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 sick to death, let not that part of Nature
Which my Lord pay'd for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour.

Exit.

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

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

We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinkes from him.

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

But believe you this my Lord, that not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow so many Talents, nay 'rg'd extremally for't, and what necessity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'd.

How?
I tell you, deny'de my Lord.

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 confess, I haue receyued some small kindnesses from him, as Money, Plate, Jewels, 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 Seruilius.

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

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

May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent

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

endereed to that Lord; hee's euer sending: how shall I thank him think'st thou what ha's he sent? I am so much now?
Lucil.

I know his Lordship is but merry with me,

He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents.

Seruil.

But in the mean time he wants lesse my Lord.

If his occasion were not vertuous,

I should not urge it halfe so faithfully.

Luci.

Dost thou speake seriously Seruilius?

Vpon my soule 'tis true Sir.

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 hapn

ed, that I shold Purchase the day before for a little part, and vndo a great deale of Honour? Seruilius, 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 witnesse; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now.

Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will conceive the fairest of mee, because I 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 Seruili-

us, will you befriend mee so farre, as to vse mine owne words to him?

Yes sir, I shall.

Exit Seruil.

Ile looke you out a good turne Seruilius.
True as you said, Timon is shrunke indeed;

And he that's once deny'd, will hardly speed.

Exit. 

Do you obserue this Hostilius?

I, to well.

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 drinkes,

But But Timons Siluer treads vpon his Lip,

And yet, oh see the monstrousnesse of man,

When he lookes out in an vngratefull shape;

He does deny him (in respect of his)

What charitable men affoord to Beggers.

Religion grones at it.

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 pitty to dispence,
For Policy sits aboue Conscience.<br/>

Exeunt.</div>

Enter a third servuant, another<br/>
of Timons Friends.<br/>

Semp. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum.<br/>
'Boue all others?<br/>
He might haue tried Lord Lucius, or<br/>
Lucullus, or<br/>
And now Ventidgius is wealthy too.<br/>

Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these<br/>
Ows their estates vnto him.<br/>

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

Semp. How? Haue they deny'de him?<br/>Has Ventidgius and Lucullus deny'de him,<br/>And does he think so backwardly of me now,<br/>That Ile requite it last? No:<br/>So it may proue an Argument of Laughter<br/>To th'rest, and 'mong'st Lords be thought a Foole:<br/>I'de rather then the worth of thrice the summe,<br/>Had sent to me first, but for my mindes sake:<br/>I'de such a courage to do him good. But now returne,<br/>And with their faint reply, this answer ioyne;<br/>Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne.
Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the diuell knew not what he did, when hee made man Politie; he crossed himselfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but in the end, the Villanies of man will set him cleere. How fairly this Lord striues to appeare foule? Takes Vertueous 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.

Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait for his comming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius. The like to you kinde Varro. Well met, goodmorrow Titus Lucius, what do we meet together? I, and I think one businesse do's command vs all. For mine is money.
So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

And sir Philotus too.

Good day at once.

Welcome good Brother.

What do you thinke the houre?

Labouring for Nine.

So much?

Is not my Lord seene yet?

Not yet.

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

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.

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.
I am of your feare, for that.

Ile shew you how t'obserue a strange euent:

Your Lord sends now for Money?

Most true, he doe's.

And he weares Iewels now of Timon's gift,

For which I waite for money.

It is against my heart.

Marke how strange it showes,

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.

I'me weary of this Charge,

The Gods can witnesse:

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

And now Ingratitude, makes it worse then stealth.

Yes, mine's three thousand Crownes:

What's yours?

Yes, mine's three thousand Crowne:?

Fiue thousand mine.

What's yours?
"Tis much deepe, and it should seem by th'sum

Your Masters confidence was aboue mine,

Else surely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

One of Lord Timons men.

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

Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled.

Ha: is not that his Steward muffled so?

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

Do you heare, sir?

By your leaue, sir.

What do ye aske of me, my Friend.

What do ye aske of me, my Friend.

Do you heare, sir?
We waite for certaine Money heere, sir.

I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,
'twere sure enough.
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'rous Mawes.
You do your selues but wrong, to stirre me vp,
Let me passe quietly:
Beleeue't, my Lord and I haue made an end,
I haue no more to reckon, he to spend.

I, but this answer will not serue.
If't 'twill not serue, 'tis not so base as you,
For you serue Knaues.

How? What does his casheer'd Worship mutter?
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 Seruilius.
Oh here's Seruilius: now wee shall know some
answere.

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.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-luc">  
<p>Luci.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-svl">  
<p>Seruil.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-tit">  
<p>Titus.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-flm">  
<p>Flaminius</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic inline" type="buisiness">within.</stage>

<hi rend="italic">Seruilius</hi> helpe, my Lord, my Lord.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Timon in a rage.</stage>

<sp who="#F-tim-tim">  
<p>Tim.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-luc">  
<p>Luci.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-tit">  
<p>Titus.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-luc">  
<p>Luci.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-vsr.1">  
<p>1. Var.</p>
</sp>
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.

Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall vp on you.
Exit Timon.

Hort.

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

Exeunt.

Enter Timon.

My deere Lord.

My Lord.

So fitly? Go, bid all my Friends againe, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius Vllorxa: All, Ile once more feast the Rascals.

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

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 prouide.

Exeunt

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.

1. Now Captaine.

Alc. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues; For pitty 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 into'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 behooue his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prou'd an Argument.

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, carelessely,
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.

My Lord.

You cannot make grosse sinnes looke cleare,
To reuenge is no Valour, but to beare.
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 vpnon'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 pittifullly Good,
Who cannot condemne rashnesse in cold blood

Who = "#F-tim-sen.1"
Speaker rend="italic">1 Sen.</Speaker>
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
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If Wrongs be euilles, and inforce vs kill,
What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill.

Speaker rend="italic">1. Sen.</Speaker>
You cannot make grosse sinnes looke cleare,
To reuenge is no Valour, but to beare.

Speaker rend="italic">"Il. Sen.</Speaker>
If I speake like a Captaine.
Why do fond men expose themselues to Battell,
And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpnon't.
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
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If Wisedome be in suffering. Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pittifullly Good,
Who cannot condemne rashnesse in cold blood
Who = "#F-tim-alc"
Speaker rend="italic">Alci.</Speaker>
My Lord.

Who = "#F-tim-alc"
Speaker rend="italic">Alci.</Speaker>
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 vpnon't.
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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 pittifullly Good,
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.

You breath in vaine.
His seruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.
What's that?
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 infer'd to vs,
His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.

He dyes.
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 reverend Ages love Security,
I'll pawn 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 receive it in valiant gore,
For Law is strict, and Warre is nothing more.

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

Must it be so? It must not bee:
My Lords, I do beseech you know mee.

I cannot think but your Age has forgot me,
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue and be deny'd such common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.

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

Banish me?
Banish your dotage, banish usurie,
That makes the Senate vglly.
If after two dayes shine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our waightier Judgement.
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?

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.

Enter diuers Friends at seuerall doores.

The good time of day to you, sir.
I also wish it to you: I thinke this Honorable Lord
did but try vs this other day.

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.
It should not be, by the persuasion of his new Feasting.

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

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

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

Every man heares so: what would hee haue borrowed of you?

A thousand Peeces.

A thousand Peeces? What of you?

He sent to me sir. Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.
With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how
fare you?

Euer at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

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

I hope it remaines not vnkindely with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.

My Noble Lord.

Ah my good Friend, what cheere?

The Banket brought in.

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.

Think not on't, sir.
If you had sent but two hours before.

Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

Come bring in all together.

All couer'd Dishes.

Royall Cheare, I warrant you.

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

How do you? What's the newes?

Alcibiades is banish'd: heare you of it?

Alcibiades banish'd?

'Tis so, be sure of it.

How? How?

I pray you vpon what?

My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
 <speaker>3</speaker>
 <l>I'll tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
 <speaker>2</speaker>
 <l>This is the old man still.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
 <speaker>3</speaker>
 <l>Wilt hold? Wilt hold? Wilt hold?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
 <speaker>2</speaker>
 <l>It do's: but time will, and so.</l>
<cb n="2"/>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
 <speaker>3</speaker>
 <l>I do conceyue.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
 <p>Each man to his stoole, with that spurre as hee
 <lb/>would to the lip of his Mistris: your dyet shall bee in all
 <lb/>places alike. Make not a Citie Feast of it, to let the meat
 <lb/>coole, ere we can agree vpon the first place. Sit, sit.</p>
 <p>The Gods require our Thankes.</p>
 <p rend="italic">You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thanke-
 But to each your Gods. Make Let If there they Athens, in
 <lb/>fulnesse. For your owne guifts, make your selues prais'd:
 <lb/>reserve still to giue, least your Deities be despised. Lend
 <lb/>man enough, that one neede not lend to another. For were
 <lb/>Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the
 <lb/>the Meate be beloued, more then the Man that giues it.
 <lb/>no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines.
 <lb/>sit twelue Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as
 <lb/>are. The rest of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of
 <lb/>together with the common legge of People, what is amisse
them, you Gods, make suitable for destruction. For these present Friends, as they are to mee nothing, so in nothing blesse them, and to nothing are they welcome.</p>
<p>Vncouer Dogges, and lap.</p>

Some speake.

What do's his Lordship mean?e</p>

Some other.</p>

I know not.</p>

Timon.

May you a better Feast never behold.

You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, &amp; lukewarm water.

Is your perfection. This is Timons</p>

last.</p>

Who stucke and spangled you with Flatteries,<p></p>

Washes it off and sprinkles in your faces</p>

Your reeking villany. Liue loath'd, and long</p>

Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,</p>

Curteous Destroyers, affable Wolues, meeke Beares:</p>

You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,</p>

Cap and knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute Iackes.</p>

Of Man and Beast, the infinite Maladie</p>

Crust you quite o're. What do'st thou go?</p>

Soft, take thy Physicke first; thou too, and thou:</p>

Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.</p>

What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast,</p>

Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Guest.</p>

Burne house, sinke Athens, henceforth hated be</p>

Of Timon Man, and all Humanity.</p>

Exit</p>

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.</p>

I</p>

How now, my Lords?</p>

Know you the quality of Lord Timons</p>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
	<speaker>3</speaker>
	<l>Push, did you see my Cap?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-lor.4">
	<speaker>4</speaker>
	<l>I haue lost my Gowne.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
	<speaker>1</speaker>
	<p>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.</p>
	<l>Did you see my Iewell?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
	<speaker>2</speaker>
	<l>Did you see my Cap.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
	<speaker>3</speaker>
	<l>Heere 'tis.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-lor.4">
	<speaker>4</speaker>
	<l>Heere lyes my Gowne.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
	<speaker>1</speaker>
	<l>Let's make no stay.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
	<speaker>2</speaker>
	<l>Lord Timons mad.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
	<speaker>3</speaker>
	<l>I feel't vpon my bones.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-lor.4">
	<speaker>4</speaker>
	<l>One day he giues vs Diamonds, next day stones.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt the Senators.</stage>
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.

Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench,

And minister in their steeds, to generall Filthes.

Conuert o'th'Instant greene Virginity,

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, Justice, 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.

Creep 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.

Enter Steward with two or three Seruants.

Heare you Master Steward, where's our Master?
Are we undone, 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.

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

Seruants.

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.
Yet do our hearts wear Timons

Liuery,

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.

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:

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,

Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?

Who would be so mock'd with Glory, or to liue

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.
Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim.

O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy Sisters Orbe
Infec the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce 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 Natuie 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
Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's obliquie:
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

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 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 vilcerous 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

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.

What art thou there? Speake.

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

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

I am Misantropos, and hate Mankinde.

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

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

I am Misanthropos, and hate Mankinde.

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

I will not kisse thee, then the rot returnes To thine owne lippes againe.

How came the Noble to this change?

None, but to maintaine my opinion.

What is it Timon?, what friendship may I do thee?

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.

I haue heard in some sort of thy Miseries.

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 revolt

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.

I prythee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.
Alc. I am thy Friend, and p
I had rather be alone.

How doest thou pitty him whom y

Why fare thee well:

Heere is some Gold for thee.

Keepe it, I cannot eate it.

When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape:

Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens.

Why me, Timon, and haue cause.

The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,

Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on!
Be as a Planetary 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 pitty writ,
But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the B
Whose dimpled smiles from Fooles exhaust their mercy;
Thinke it a Bastard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Sweare against Obiects,
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
Whose proofe, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,
Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a 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.

Dost thou or dost thou not, Heauens curse vpon
thee.
Both.
Giue vs some Gold good Timon, hast
y<sup>u</sup> more?

Enough to make a Whore forsweare her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts
Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,
Although I know you'll sweare, terribly sweare
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 seeks to convert you,
Be strong in Whore, allure him, burn 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 poor thin Roofes with burlhens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter,
Weare them, betray with them; Whore still,
A pox of wrinkles.

Well, more Gold, what then?
Beleeue't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.
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 beleuees 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 curl'd pate Ruffians

And let the vsncarr'd Braggerts of the Warre
Deriue some paine from you. Plague all,
That your Activity may defeate and quell
The sourse of all Erection. 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 giuen you earnest.

Alc.

Strike vp the Drum towards Athens, farewell Timon: if I thriue well, Ile visit thee againe.

If I hope well, Ile neuer see thee more.

I neuer did thee harme.

Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Call'st thou that harme?

Men dayly finde it. Get thee away, and take thy Beagles with thee.

We but offend him, strike.

Exeunt.

That Nature being sicke of mans vnkindnesse Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou Whose wombe vnmeasureable, and infinite brest Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puft, Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew, The gilded Newt, and eyelesse venom'd Worme, With all th'abhorred Births below Crispe 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 Concepiuous 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 aboue
Neuer presented. O, a Root, deare thankes:
Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingratefull man with Licourish draughts
And Morsels Vntious, greases his pure minde,
That from it all Consideration slippes

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.

I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost vse them.
'Tis then, because thou dost not keepe a dogge
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee.

This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore vnmanly Melancholly sprung
From change of future. Why this Spade?
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 thrive
By that which ha's vndone thee; hindge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'l 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 Rascal, had'st thou wealth againe,
Rascals should haue't. Do not assume my likenesse.

Were I like thee, I'de throw away my selfe.
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 heele
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taste
To cure o're-nights surfet? Call the Creatures,
Whose naked Natures liue in all the spight
Of wrekefull Heauen, whose bare vnhouse'd Trunkes
To the conflicting Elements expos'd
Answer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou shalt finde.

A Foole of thee: depart.
Thou flatter'st misery.
Why?
Why do'st thou seeke me out?

To vex thee.
"<speaker rend="italic">Tim."</speaker>

"Always a Villaines Office, or a Fooles."</p>

"Dost please thy selfe in't?"</q>

"Ape."</p>

"I."</p>

"Not by his breath, that is more miserable."</q>

"Thou art a Slave, whom Fortunes tender arme."</q>

"The sweet degrees that this briefe world affords."</q>

"To such as may the passiue drugges of it."</q>

"Freely command'st: thou would'st haue plung'd thy self."</q>

"In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth."</q>

"In different beds of Lust, and neuer learn'd."</q>

"The Icie precepts of respect, but followed."</q>

"The Sugred game before thee. But my selfe."</q>

"Who had the world as my Confectionarie."</q>

"The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men."</q>

"At duty more then I could frame employment."</q>

"That numberlesse vpon me stucke, as leaues."</q>

"Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters brush."</q>

"Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare."</q>

"For euery storme that blowes. I to beare this."</q>

"That neuer knew but better, is some burthen."</q>

"Thy Nature, did commence in sufferance, Time."</q>

"Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st ye hate Men?"
They neuer flatter'd thee. What hast thou giuen?

Timon of Athens.

If thou wilt curse; thy Father (that poore ragge)

If thou hadst not bene borne the worst of men,

Thou hadst bene a Knaue and Flatterer.

Ape.

Art thou proud yet?

I, that I am not thee.

I, that I was no Prodigall.

I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I haue shut vp in thee,

I'ld giue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone:

That the whole life of Athens were in this,

Thus would I eate it.

Heere, I will mend thy Feast.

First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.

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

'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 lyest a nights Timon?

Tim. Vnder that's aboue me. Where feed'st thou a days 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, y'would'st have loused 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.

Apeantus, if it lay in thy power?
Ape.

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

Tim.

Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.

Ape.

I Timon.

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 peraduenture thou wert accus'd by the Asse: If thou wert the Asse, thy dulnesse would torment thee; and still thou liuest but as a Breakefast to the Wolfe. If thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflicthee, & 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 spottes 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 subject to a Beast: and what a Beast art thou already, that seest not thy losse in transformation.

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.

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.

Ape.

A plague on thee,

Thou art too bad to curse.

All Villaines

That do stand by thee, are pure.

There is no Leprosie,

But what thou speak'est.

If I name thee, Ile beate thee;

But I should infect my hands.

I would my tongue

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

Would thou would'st burst.

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

Beast.

Toad.

Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.

I am sicke of this false world, and will loue nought But euen the meere necessities vpon't: Then 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 lies on Dians lap.

Thou visible God.

That souldest close Impossibilities, And mak'st them kisse; that speak'st with euerie Tongue.
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.

I. Ape. Liue, and loue thy misery.

Long liue so, and so dye. I am quit.
Mo things like men, Eate Timon, and abhorre then.

Exit Apeman.

Enter the Bandetti.

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

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?

True: for he beares it not about him: 'Tis hid.

Is not this hee? Where?

That much do want.

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 Heaps,

The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each bush,

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

We cannot liue on Grasse, on Berries, Water,

As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.

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<gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
agent="uninkedType"
resp="#ES"/>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.
Has almost charm'd me from my Profession, by persuading me to it.

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

I'll believe him as an Enemy, and give over my Trade.

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

Oh you Gods! Is yon'd despised and ruinous man my Lord? Full of decay and falling? Oh Monument! And wonder of good deeds, evilly bestow'd! What an alteration of Honor has desperate want made? What wilder thing upon the earth, then Friends? Who can bring Noblest minds, to basest ends? How rarely does it meete with this times guise? When man was wish to love his Enemies? Grant I may ever love, and rather woo! Has caught me in his eye, I will present my honest griefe unto him; and as my Lord, still serve him with my life.

My dearest Master.
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>Why dost aske that? I haue forgot all men.</l>
  <l>Then, if thou grunts't, th'art a man.</l>
  <l>I haue forgot thee.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
  <l>An honest poore servant of yours.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>Then I know thee not:</l>
  <l>I neuer had honest man about me, I all</l>
  <l>I kept were Knaues, to serue in meate to Villaines.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
  <l>The Gods are witnesse,</l>
  <l>Neu'r did poore Steward weare a truer greefe</l>
  <l>For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>What, dost thou weepe?</l>
  <l>Come neerer, then I loue thee</l>
  <l>Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st</l>
  <l>Flinty mankinde: whose eyes do neuer giue,</l>
  <l>But thorow Lust and Laughter: pittie's sleeping:</l>
  <l>Strange times y<sup rend="superscript">t</sup></l>
  <l>weep with laughing, not with weeping.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
  <l>I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,</l>
  <l>T'accept my greefe, and whil'st this poore wealth lasts,</l>
  <l>To entertaine me as your Steward still.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>Had I a Steward</l>
  <l>So true, so iust, and now so comfortable?</l>
  <l>It almost turnes my dangerous Nature wilde.</l>
  <l>Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man</l>
  <l>Was borne of woman.</l>
  <l>Forgiue my generall, and exceptlesse rashnesse</l>
  <l>You perpetuall sober Gods. I do proclaime</l>
  <l>One honest man: Mistake me not, but one:</l>
  <l>No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.</l>
  <l>How faine would I haue hated all mankinde,</l>
</sp>
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 might'st haue sooner got another Service:
For many so arruie 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?

Thou might'st haue sooner got another Service:
For many so arruie 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,
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For many so arruie 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?
<speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>

If thou hat'st Curses
stay not: flye, whil'st thou art blest and free:
Ne're see thou man, and let me ne're see thee.

Exit

Enter Poet, and Painter.

As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre where he abides.

What's to be thought of him?
Does the Rumor hold for true,
That hee's so full of Gold?

Certaine.
Alcibiades reports it: Phrinica and Timandylo.

Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd Poore stragling Souliders, with great quantity.
'Tis saide, he gaue vnto his Steward.
A mighty summe.

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?

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.

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.

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

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 Discouerie of the infinite Flatteries

That follow youth and opulencie.

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.

Nay let's seeke him.

Then do we sinne against ou

When we may profit meete, and come too late.

True:

When the day serues before blacke-corner'd night;

Finde what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.

Come.

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.

Haile wort

Our late Noble Master.

Haue I once liu'd

To see two honest men?

To thee be worship, and thy Saints for aye:

Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obay.

Fit I meet them.
Poet.

Sir:

Having often of your open Bounty tasted,

Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends falne off,

Whose thankeless 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.

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.

He, and my selfe

Haue trauail'd in the great showre of your guifts,

And sweetly felt it.

I, you are honest man.

I, we are hither come

To offer you our seruice.

Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?

Why how shall I requite you?

Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?

Both.
What we can do,
We'll do to do you service.

Y'are honest men,
Y'haue heard that I haue Gold,
I am sure you haue, speake truth, y'are honest men.

So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.

Good honest men: Thou draw'st a counterfet
Best in all Athens, th'art indeed the best,
Thou counterfet'st most liuely.

So, so, my Lord.

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.

Beseech your Honour
To make it knowne to vs.

You'll take it ill.

Most thankefully, my Lord.

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.

I know none such, my Lord.

Nor I.

Tim. 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.

Name them my Lord, let's know them.

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.

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.

Bring vs to his Caue.
It is our part and promise to th'Athenians
To speake with Timon.

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.

Heere is his Caue:
Peace and content be heere. Lord 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.
Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th'Tongue,
Consuming it with speaking.

Worthy <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>.

Of none but such as you,
And you of <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>.

The Senators of Athens, greet thee <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>.

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

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.

They confesse
Toward thee, forgetfulness too generall grosse;
Which now the publike Body, which doth sildome
Play the re-canter, feeling in it selfe
A lacke of <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi> ayde, hath since withall
Of it owne fall, restraining ayde to <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>.

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.
You witch me in it; Surprize me to the very brinke of tears; Lend me a Fool's heart, and a woman's eyes, And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy Senators.

Therefore so please thee to returne with us, And of our Athens, thine and ours to take The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thankes, Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name Live with Authority: so soon we shall drive back Of Alcibiades th'approaches wild, Who like a Bore too saugue, doth root up His Country's peace.

Well sir, I will: therefore I will sir thus: If Alcibiades kill my Countrymen, Let know this of Timon, That cares not. But if he sack faire Athens, And take our goodly aged men by'th'Beards, Grieving our holy Virgins to the stain Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd warre: Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it, In pitty of our aged, and our youth, I cannot choose but tell him that I care not, And let him tak't at worst: For their Knives care not, While you have throats to answer. For my selfe, There's not a whittle, in th'vntruly Campe, But I do prize it at my loue, before

Timon of Athens.
The reverends Throat in Athens. So I leaue you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Theeues to Keepers.

To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Theeues to Keepers.

Stay not, all's in vaine.

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.

We speake in vaine.

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

That's well spoke.

Commend me to my louing Countreymen.

These words become your lippes as they passe tho-
row them.

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

Commend me to them,

And tell them, that to ease them of their greefes,
Their feares of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,
Their pangs of 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 wrath.

I like this well, he will returne againe.

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.

Trouble him no further, thus you still shall Finde him.

Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting 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.

His discontents are vnremoueably coupled to Nature.
Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,
And straine what other meanes is left vnto vs
In our deere perill.

It requires swift foot.

Exeunt.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

Thou hast painfully discouer'd: are his Files as full as thy report?
As full as thy report?

I haue spoke the least.

Besides his expedition promises present approach.

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
In part for his sake mou'd.

We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon

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
In part for his sake mou'd.

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.
No talke of Timon, nothing of him expect,#F-tim-sol

Doth choake the ayre with dust: In, and prepare,#F-tim-sol

Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare.

Exeunt.

Enter a Souldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.

Sol.

By all description this should be the place.

Whose heere? Speake hoa. No answer? What is this?

Tymon is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,

Some Beast reade this; There do's not liue a Man.

Dead sure, and this his Graue, what's on this Tomb,

I cannot read: the Charrracter 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.

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

An ink mark follows the end of this line.
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.

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

Aboue their quantitie.

So did we wooe

Transformed Timon, to our Citties

By humble Message, and by promist meanes:

We were not all vnkinde, nor all deserue

The common stroke of warre.

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

For priuate faults in them.

Nor are they liuing

Who

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.
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,
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.

What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt inforce it with thy smile,
Then hew too't, with thy Sword.

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.

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.

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 heauiest answer.
Both. <l>'Tis most Nobly spoken.</l>

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 aliue, 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 weep for aye

On thy low Graue, on faults forgiuen. Dead

Is Noble <hi>Timon</hi>, 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.
THE ACTORS NAMES.

<TYMON of Athens.>

Lucius, And Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.

Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.

Sempronius another flattering Lord.

Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.

Poet.

Painter.

Ieweller.

Merchant.

Certaine Senatours.

Certaine Maskers.

Certaine Theeues.

Flaminius, one of Tymons Servants.

Seruilius, another.


Hortensis

Seuerall Servants to Vsurers.

Ventigius. one of Tymons false Friends.

Cupid.

Sempronius.

With diuers other Servants.

And Attendants.