



THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

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

Poet.



ood day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y'are well.

Poet. I have not seene you long, how goes
the World?

Pain. It weares fir, as it growes.

Poet. I that's well knowne:

But what particular Raritie? What strange,
Which manifold record not matches: see
Magicke of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hath conur'd to attend.

I know the Merchant.

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

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord.

Jew. Nay that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man. breath'd as it were,
To an vntyreable and continuare goodnesse:
He passes.

Jew. I have a Jewell heere.

Mer. O pray let's see's. For the Lord *Timon*, fir?

Jewel. If he will touch the estimate. But for that—

Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the wild,
It stains the glory in that happy Verse,
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good forme.

Jewel. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.

Pain. You are rapt fir, in some worke, some Dedicacion
to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.

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

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

Poet. Vpon the heeles of my presentment fir.
Let's see your peece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Peece.

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

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power
This eye shootes forth? How bigge imagination
Moues in this lip, to th' dumbnesse of the gesture,

One might interpret.

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

Poet. I will say of it,
It Tutors Nature, Artificiall firise
Lives in these touches, liuelier then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Looke mee.

Po. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,
I haue in this rough worke, shap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge
With amplest entertainment: My free ariste
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 flight, bold, and forth on,
Leauing no Tract behinde.

Pain. How shall I vnderstand you?

Poet. I will vnboult to you.

You see how all Conditions, how all Mindes,
As well of glib and slippy 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
A'l sorts of hearts; yea, from the glasse-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loues better
The to abhorre himselfe; euen hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in *Timons* nod.

Pain. I saw them speake together.

Poet. Sir, I haue vpon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd,
The Base o'th' Mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinde of Natures
That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,
To propagate their states; among't them all,
Whose eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,
One do I personate of Lord *Timons* frame,
Whom Fortune with her luory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace, to present slaues and seruants
Translates his Riuals.

Pain. 'Tis concey'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes

With

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.

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

Pais. I marry, what of these?
Poes. When Fortune in her luste and change of mood
Spurnes downe her Iare beloved; all his Dependents
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.

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

Trumpets sound.

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

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mes. I my good Lord, five Talents is his debt,
His meanes most short, his Creditors most strait:
Your Honourable Letter he desires
To those haue shut him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius well:
I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he must neede me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deserues a helpe,
Which he shall haue. He pay the debt, and free him.

Mes. Your Lordship euer bindes him.

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

Mes. All happinesse to your Honor.

Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord Timon, heare me speake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Oldm. Thou hast a Seruant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I haue so: What of him?

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

Tim. Attends he heere, or no? Lucilius.

Luc. Heere at your Lordships seruice.

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

Tim. Well: what further?

Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin else,
On whom I may conferre what I haue got:
The Maid is faire, a th'youngest for a Bride,
And I haue bred her at my deereft cost
In Qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)

Ioyne with me to forbid him her resort,
My selfe haue spoke in vaine.

Tim. The man is honest.

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

Tim. Does she loue him?

Oldm. She is young and apt:
Our owne precedent passions do instruct vs
What leuities in youth.

Tim. Loue you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord, and she attempts of it.
Oldm. If in her Marriage my content be missing,
I call the Gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heyre from forth the Beggars of the world,
And dispossesse her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equall Husband?

Oldm. Three Talents on the present; in future, all.

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

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

Tim. My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my promise.

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

Exit.

Poes. Vouch'ase my Labour,
And long liue your Lordship.

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

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

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almost the Naturall man:
For since Dishonor Traffikes with mans Nature,
He is but out-side: These Pensil'd Figures are
Euen such as they giue out. I like your worke,
And you shall finde I like it; Waste attendance
Till you heare further from me.

Pais. The Gods preferue ye.

Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: giue me your hand.
We must needs dine together: sit your Jewell
Hath suffered vnder praise.

Jewel. What my Lord, dispraise?

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

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

Tim. Well mock'd.

Enter Apemantus.

Mes. No my good Lord, he speaks y common toong
Which all men speake with him.

Tim. Looke who comes heere, will you be chid?

Jewel. Wee'l beare with your Lordship.

Mes. Hee'l spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,
Gentle Apemantus.

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

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

Ape. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Ape. Then I repent not.

Iew. You know me, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud *Apemantus*?

Ape. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*

Tim. Whether art going?

Ape. To knocke out an honest Athenians braines.

Tim. That's a deed thou'st dye for.

Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th' Law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture *Apemantus*?

Ape. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it.

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

Paiv. Y'are a Dogge.

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

Tim. Wilt dine with me *Apemantus*?

Ape. No: I eate not Lords.

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

Ape. O they eate Lords;

So they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lasciuious apprehension.

Ape. So, thou apprehend'st it,

Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this *Iewell*, *Apemantus*?

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

Tim. What dost thou thinke 'tis worth?

Ape. Not worth my thinking.

How now Poet?

poet. How now Philosopher?

Ape. Thou lyest.

poet. Art not one?

Ape. Yes.

poet. Then I lye not.

Ape. Art not a Poet?

poet. Yes.

Ape. Then thou lyest:

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

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

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

Tim. What wouldst do then *Apemantus*?

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

Tim. What thy selfe?

Ape. I.

Tim. Wherefore?

Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.]

Art not thou a Merchant?

Mer. I *Apemantus*.

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

Mer. If Trafficke do n, the Gods do it.

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

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What Trumpets that?

Mes. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty Horse

All of Companionship.

Tim. Pray entertaine them, giue them guide to vs.

You must needs dine with me: go not you hence

Till I haue thank you: when dinners done

Shew me this peece, I am ioyfull of your fights.

Enter *Alcibiades* with the rest.

Most welcome Sir.

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

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

Tim. Right welcome Sir:

Ere we depart, wee'll share a bounteous time

In different pleasures.

Pray you let vs in.

Exeunt.

Enter two Lords.

1. Lord What time a day is't *Apemantus*?

Ape. Time to be honest.

1 That time serues still.

Ape. The most accursed thou that still omit'st it.

2 Thou art going to Lord *Timons* Feast.

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

2 Farthee well, farthee well.

Ape. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.

2 Why *Apemantus*?

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

1 Hang thy selfe.

Ape. No I will do nothing at thy bidding:

Make thy requests to thy Friend.

2 Away vnpeaceable Dogge,

Or Ile spurne thee hence.

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

1 Hee's opposite to humanity.

Comes shall we in,

And taste Lord *Timons* bountie: he out-goes The verie heart of kindnesse.

2 He powres it out: *Plutus* the God of Gold

Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes

Seuen-fold about it selfe: No guift to him,

But breeds the giuer a returne: exceeding

All vse of quittance.

1 The Noblest minde he carries,

That euer gouern'd man.

2 Long may he liue in Fortunes. Shall we in?

Ile keepe you Company.

Exeunt.

Hoboyes Playing loud Musicke.

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

Ventig. Most honoured *Timon*, It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age, And call him to long peace:

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then, as in gratefull Vertue I am bound

To your free heart, I do returne those Talents

Doubled with thankes and seruice, from whose helpe I deriu'd libertie.

Tim. O by no meanes,

Honest *Ventigius*: You mistake my loue,

I gaue

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

Vint. A Noble spirit.

Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a glosse on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodnesse, sorry ere 'tis showne:
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray sit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes are to me.

1. Lord. My Lord, we alwaies have confest it.

Aper. Ho ho, confest it? Handg'd it? Have you not?

Tim. O *Apermantus*, you are welcome.

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

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

Aper. Let me stay at thine appetill *Timon*,
I come to observe, I give thee warning out.

Tim. I take no heede of thee: Th'art an *Athenian*,
therefore welcome: I my selfe would have no power,
prythee let my meate make thee silent.

Aper. I scorn thy meate, 'twould choke thee: for I
should nere flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number
of men eats *Timon*, and he sees 'em not? It grieues 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 themselves with men.
Me thinks they should enuie them without knowe,
Good for there meate, and safer for their lues.

There's much example for't, the fellow that sits next him,
now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in
a divided draught: is the readiest man to kill him. 'Tis
been proud, if I were a huge man I should feare to
drinke at meales, least they should spee my wind: pipes
dangerous noates, great men should drinke with harnessse
on their throates.

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

2. Lord. Let it flow this way my good Lord.

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

Heere's that which is too weake to be a sinner,
Honest water, which nere left man i'th' mire:
This and my food are equals, there's no ods,
Feasts are to proud to give thanks to the Gods.

Apermantus Grace.

Immortall Gods, I crave no pelfe,
I pray for no man but my selfe,
Graunt I may neuer proue so fond,
To trust a man on his Oath or Bond,
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dogge that seemes asleepeing,
Or a keeper with my freedome,
Or my friends of I should need 'em.

Amen. So fall too't:

Rich men sin, and I eat roote.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apermantus*
Tim. Captaine,

Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now.

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

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

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

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

1. Lord. Might we but have that happinesse my Lord,
that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might
expresse some part of our zeales, we should thinke our
lives for ever perfect.

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods
themselves have provided that I shall have much helpe
from you: how had you beene my Friends else. Why
have you that charitable title from thousands? Did not
you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of
you to my selfe, then you can with modestie speake in
your owne beliffe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh
you Gods (think I,) what need we have any Friends; if
we should nere have need of em? They were the most
needlesse Creatures living; should we nere have use for
em? And would most resemble sweete Instruments
hung vp in Cases, that keepe there sounds to them-
selves. Why I have often wish't my selfe poorer, that
I might come neerer to you: we are borne to do bene-
fits. And what better or properer can we call our owne,
then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a precious com-
fort tis, to have so many like Brothers commanding
one anothers Fortunes. Oh heyes, be made away or I
can be borne: mine eyes cannot hold out water, me thinks
to forget their Faults. I drinke to you.

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

2. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant, like a babe sprung vp.

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

3. Lord. I promise you my Lord you moud'ne much.

Aper. Much.

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

Tim. What meanes that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Servant.

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

Tim. Ladies? what are their wils?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord,
which beares that office, to signifie their pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Masks of Ladies.

Cup. Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of
his Bounties taste: hee sue best. Seneca acknowledge thee
their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentiful
bosome.

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

Tim. They're welcome all, let 'em have kind admit-
tance, Musick make their welcome.

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

Aper. Hoyday,
What a sweepe of vanitie comes this way,
They daunce? They are madwomen,

Like Madnesse is the glory of this life,
 As this pompe shewes to a little oyle and roote.
 We make our selues Fooles, to disport our selues,
 And spend our Flatteries, on drinke those men,
 Vpon whose Age we voyde it vp agen
 With poysonous Spight and Envy.
 Who lyes, that's not depraued, or deprues;
 Who dyes, that beares not one spurne to their graues
 Of their Friends guift:
 I should feare, those that dance before me now,
 Would one day stampe vpon me: 'Tas bene done,
 Men shut their doores against a setting Sunne.

*The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and
 to shew their loues, each single one an Amazon, and all
 Dance, men with women, a lustre straine or two to the
 Hoboyes, and cease.*

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

1 Lord. My Lord you take vs euen at the best.

Aper. Faith for the worst is filthily, and would not hold
 railing, I doubt me.

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

All La. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Exeunt.

Tim. *Flamini.*

Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Jewels yet?

There is no crossing him in's humor,
 Else I should tell him well, y'faith I should;
 When all is spent, hee'd be crost then, and he could:

'Tis pittie Bounsy had not eyes behinde,
 That man might ne're be wretched for his minde. *Exit.*

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Ser. Heere my Lord, in readinesse.

2 Lord. Our Horses.

Tim. O my Friends:

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

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

All. So are we all.

Enter a Seruant.

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

Tim. They are fairely welcome.

Enter Flamini.

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

Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee,
 I prythee let's be provided to shew them entertainment.

Fla. I scarce know how.

Enter another Seruant.

Ser. May it please your Honor, Lord Lucilli
 (Out of his free loue) hath presented to you
 Foure Milke-white Horses, trapt in Silver.

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

Enter a third Seruant.

How now? What newes?

3 Ser. Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentle-
 man Lord Lucillus, entreates your companie to morrow,
 to hunt with him, and ha's sent your Honour two brace
 of Grey-hounds.

Tim. Ile hunt with him,

And let them be receu'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,

To shew him what a Begger his heart is,

Being of no power to make his wishes good.

His promises flye so beyond his state,

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

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

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

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

Happier is he that has no friend to seele,

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 thanks

I will receyue it.

3 Lord. O he's the very soule of Bounsy.

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 severall visitations

So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to giue:

Me thinks, I could deale Kingdomes to my Friends,

And nere be wearie. *Alcibiades,*

Thou art a Soldiour, therefore sildome rich,

It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy liuing

Is mong st the dead: and all the Lands thou hast

Lye in a pitch field.

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

1 Lord. We are so vertuously bound.

Tim. And so am I to you

2 Lord. So infinitely eendeer'd.

Tim. All to you. Lightes, more Lights.

1 Lord. The best of Happiness, Honor, and Fortunes

Keepe with you Lord Timon.

Tim. Ready for his Friends.

Exeunt Lords

Aper. What a coiles heere, seruing of bekes, and nut-
 ting out of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be
 worth the summes that are giuen for 'em.

Friendships full of dregges,

Me thinks false hearts, should neuer haue found legges.

This honest Fooles lay out their wealth on Curties.

Tim. Now *Apermantus* (if thou wert not sullen)

I would be good to thee.

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

Tim.

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

Aper. So: Thou wilt not heare mee now, thou shalt not then. He! cke thy heauen from thee: On that mens eares should be To Counsell deafe, but not to Flatterie. *Exit*

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late five thousand: to *Varro* and to *Isidore* He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe, Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not. If I 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 Horles: No Porter at his gate, But rather one that smiles, and still inuites All that passe by. It cannot hold, no reason Can found his state in safety. *Caphis* ho, *Caphis* I say.

Enter Caphis.

Ca. Heere sir, what is your pleasure.

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

Ca. I go sir.

Sen. I go sir?

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

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Go. *Exeunt*

Enter Steward, with many billes in his hand.

Stew. No care, no stop, so senselesse of expence, That he will neither know how to maintaine it, Nor cease his flow of Rior. Takes no account How things go from him, nor resume no care Of what is to continue: neuer minde, Was to be so vnwise, to be so kinde. What shall be done, he will not heare, till feele: I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting. Fye, sic, sic, sic.

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

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

Var. Is't not your businesse too?

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

Isid. It is so.

Cap. Would we were all discharg'd.

Var. I feare it,

Cap. Heere comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine.

Tim. So soone as dinners done, wee'l forth againe My *Alexiades*. With me, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, heere is a note of certaine dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens heere, my Lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off To the succession of new dayes this moneth: My Master is awak'd by great Occasion, To call vpon his owne, and humbly prayes you, That with your other Noble parts, you'l suite, In giuing him his right.

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

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Containe thy selfe, good Friend.

Var. One *Varroes* seruant, my good Lord.

Isid. From *Isidore*, he humbly prayes your speedy payment.

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.

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

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

Tim. Giue me breath:

I do beseech you good my Lords keepe on, He waite vpon you instantly. Come nither: pray you How goes the world, that I am thus encountred With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds, And the detention of long since due debts Against my Honor?

Stew. Please you Gentlemen, The time is vnagreeable to this businesse: Your importunacie cease, till after dinner, That I may make his Lordship vnderstand; Wherefore you are not paid.

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

Stew. Pray draw neere. *Exit.*

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the Foole with *Apemantus*, let's ha some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, hee'l abuse vs.

Isid. A plague vpon him dogge.

Var. How dost Foole?

Ape. Dost Dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speake not to thee.

Ape. No 'tis to thy selfe. Come away.

Isid. There's the Foole hangs on your backe already.

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

Cap. Where's the Foole now?

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

Al. What are we *Apemantus*?

Ape. Asses.

Al. Why?

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

Foole. How do you Gentlemen?

Al. Gramercies good Foole:

How does your Mistris?

Foole.

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

Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Foole. Looke you, heere comes my Masters Page.

Page. Why how now Captaine? what do you in this wife Company.

How dost thou *Apermantus*?

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

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

Ape. Canst not read?

Page. No.

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

Page. Thou wast whelp't a Dogge, and thou shalt furnish a Dogges death.

Answer not, I am gone.

Exit

Ape. Ene so thou out-runst Grace,

Foole I will go with you to Lord *Timons*.

Foole. Will you leaue me there?

Ape. If *Timon* stay at home.

You three serue three Vsurers?

All. I would they seru'd vs.

Ape. So would I:

As good a tricke as euer Hangman seru'd These.

Foole. Are you three Vsurers men?

All. I *Foole*.

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

Var. I could render one.

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

Varro. What is a Whoremaster *Foole*?

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

Var. Thou art not altogether a *Foole*.

Foole. Nor thou altogether a Wife man, As much foolerie as I haue, so much with thou lack'st.

Ape. That answer might haue become *Apermantus*.

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

Enter Timon and Steward.

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

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

Stew. Pray you walken eere, He speake with you anon.

Exeunt.

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

Stew. You would not heare me:

At many leysures I propo:ur.

Tim. Go too:

Perchance for e single vantages you tooke, When my indisposition put you backe, And that vnaptnesse made your minister Thus to excuse your selte.

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 found them in mine honestie, When for some trifling present you haue bid me Returne so much, I haue shooke my head, and wept: Yea 'gainst th' Authority of manners, pray'd you To hold your hand more close: I did indure No 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, lacks a halfe, To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone, And what remains will hardly stop the mouth Of present dues; the future comes space: What shall defend the interim, and at length How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

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

Tim. You tell me true.

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

Tim. Prythee no more,

Stew. Heuens haue I said, the bounty of this Lord: How many prodigall bits haue Slaues and Pezants Thus might englettet: who is not *Timons*, What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but is *L. Timons*: Great *Timon*, Noble Worthy, Royall *Timon*: Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise, The breath is gone whereof this praise is made: Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of Winter showres, These flies are coucht.

Tim. Come set me on no further.

No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart; Vnwisely, not ignobly haue I giuen. Why dost thou weepe, carst thou the conscience lacke, To thinke I shall lacke friends: secure thy heart, If I would broach the vessels of my loue, And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing, Men, and mens fortunes could I frankly vse As I can bid thee speake.

Stew. Assurance blesse your thoughts.

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd, That I account them blessings. For by these Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceiue How you mistake my Fortunes: I am wealthie in my Friends. Within there, *Flanins, Sernisius*?

Enter

Enter three Servants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you severally.

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

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

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

Tim. Go you fir to the Senators;

Of whom, euen to the States best health; I have Deseru'd this Hearing: bid 'em send o'ch' instant A thousand Talents to me.

Stew. 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 to retorne.

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

Stew. They answer in a ioynt and corporate voice, That now they are at fail, want Treature cannot Do what they would, are fornic: 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 pittie, And so intending other serious matters, After distastefull lookes; and these hard Fractions With certaine halfe-caps, and cold mouing nods, They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them:

Prythee man looke cheerely. These old Fellowes Haue their ingratitude in them Hereditary: Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it sildome flowes, 'Tis lacke of kindly warmth, they are not kinde; And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth, Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and beauey.

Go to *Ventidius* (prythee be not sad,

Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake,

No blame belongs to thee:) *Ventidius* lately

Buried his Father, by whose death hee's stepp'd

Into a great estate: When he was poore,

Imprison'd, and in scarstie of Friends,

I cleer'd him with fise Talents: Greet him from me,

Bid him suppose, some good necessity

Touches his Friend, which craues to be remembred

With those fise Talents; that had, giue't these Fellowes

To whom 'tis instant due. Neu'r speake, or thinke,

That *Timons* fortunes 'mong his Friends can sinke.

Stew. I would I could not thinke it:

That thought is Bounties Foe;

Being free it selfe, it thinkes all others so.

Exeunt

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

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

Flam. I thanke you Sir.

Enter *Lucullus*.

Ser. Heere's my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord *Timons* men? A Guilt I warrant. Why this hits right: I dreamt of a Siluer Bason & Ewe to night. *Flaminus*, honest *Flaminus*, you are verie respectfully welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentle-

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

Flam. His health is well sir,

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

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

Luc. La, la, la, la: Noething doubting sayes hee? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come againe to supper to him of purpose, to haue him spend lesse, and yet he would embrace no counsell, take no warning by my comning, euey man has his fault, and honesty is his. I ha told him on't, but I could nere get him from't.

Enter Seruant with Wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, heere is the Wine.

Luc. *Flaminus*, I haue noted thee alwayes wise. Heere's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speakes your pleasure.

Luc. I haue obserued thee alwayes for a towardlie prompt spirit, giue thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reason; and canst vse the time wel, if the time vse thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone sirrah. Draw neerer honest *Flaminus*. Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou know'it 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'it mee not. Fare thee well.

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

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

Exit L.

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

Exit.

Enter *Lucius* with three strangers.

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

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

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

2 But beleue you this my Lord, that not long agoe, one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow so many Talents, nay vrg'd extremly for't, and shewed what

what

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

Luci. How?

1 I tell you, deny'de my Lord.

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

Enter Seruilius.

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

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

Seruil. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent —

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

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

Luci. 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 vrge it halfe so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speake seriously *Seruilius*?

Seruil. Vpon my soule 'tis true Sir.

Luci. What a wicked Beast was I to disfigure my self against such a good time, when I might ha shewn my selfe Honourable? How vnluckily it hapned, that I should 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 witness; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will conceiue the fairest of mee, becaute 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 *Seruilius*, will you befriend mee so farre, as to vse mine owne words to him?

Ser. Yes sir, I shall.

Exit Seruil.

Luci. He looke you out a good turne *Seruilius*.

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

1 Doyou obserue this *Hofilius*?

2 I, to well.

1 Why this is the worlds soule,

And iust of the same peece

Is eury 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 driukes,

But *Timons* Silver treads vpon his Lip,

And yet, oh see the monstroufnesse of man,

When he lookes out in an vngratefull shape;

He does deny him (in respect of his)

What charitable men affoord to Beggars.

3 Religion grones at it.

1 For mine owne part, I neuer tasted *Timon* in my life Nor came any of his bounties ouer me, To marke me for his Friend. Yet I protest, For his right Noble minde, illustrious Vertue, And Honourable Carriage, Had his necessity made vse of me, I would haue put my wealth into Donation, And the best halfe should haue return'd to him, So much I loue his heart: But I perceiue, Men must learne now with pittie to dispence, For Poiticy fits about Conscience. *Exit.*

Enter a bird seruant with Sempronius, another of Timons Friends.

Semp. Must hee needs trouble me in't? Hum! Boue all others?

He might haue tried Lord *Iulius*, or *Iulius*, And now *Ventidgius* is wealthy too, Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these Owe their estates vnto him.

Ser. My Lord,

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

Semp. How? Haue they deny'de him? Has *Ventidgius* and *Lucullus* deny'de him, And does he send to me? Three? Humh?

It shewes but little loue, or iudgement in him. Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends (like Physicians)

Thruue, giue him ouer: Must I take th' Cure vpon me? Has much disgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him,

That might haue knowne my place. I see no sense for't, But his Occasions might haue wooed me first: For in my conscience, I was the first man

That ere receiued gift from him. And does he thinke so backwardly of me now,

That he requite it last? No: So it may proue an Argument of Laughter

To th'rest, and 'mongst Lords be thought a Foole: I'de rather then the worth of thrice the summe,

Had sent to me first, but for my mindes sake: I'de such a courage to do him good. But now returne,

And with their faint reply, this answer ioyne: Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne. *Exit.*

Ser. Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the diuell knew not what he did, when hee made man Politicke; he crossed himselfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but in the end, the Villanies of man will set him cleere. How fairely this Lord striues to appeare soule? Takes Vertuous Copies to be wicked: like those, that vnder hotte ardent zeale, would set whole Realmes on fire, of such a nature is his politike loue.

This was my Lords best hope, now all are fled Saue onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,

Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards Many a bounteous yeere, must be unploy'd

Now to guard sure their Master:

And this is all a liberall course allowes,

Who cannot keepe his wealth, must keepe his house. *Exit.*

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

Var. man. Well met, goodmorrow *Titus* & *Hortensius*

Titus

Tim. The like to you kinde **Varro.**
Hort. *Lucius*, what do we meet together?
Luci. I, and I think one businesse do's command vs all.
 For mine is money.
Tit. So is theirs, and ours.
Enter Phileas.
Luci. And sir *Phileas* too.
Phil. Good day at once.
Luci. Welcome good Brother.
 What do you thinke the houre?
Phil. Labouring for Nine.
Luci. So much?
Phil. Is not my Lord seene yet?
Luci. Not yet.
Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to shew at seauen.
Luci. I, but the dayes are waxt shorter with him:
 You must consider that a Prodigall course
 Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recoverable, I feare:
 'Tis deepest Winter in Lord *Timons* purse, that is: One
 may reach deepe enough, and yet finde little.
Phil. I am of your feare, for that.
Tit. He shew you how t'observe a strange event:
 Your Lord sends now for Money?
Hort. Most true, he doe's.
Tit. And he weares Jewels now of *Timons* gift,
 For which I waite for money.
Hort. It is against my heart.
Luci. Marke how strange it shoves,
Timon in this, should pay more then he owes:
 And e'ne as if your Lord should weare rich Jewels,
 And send for money for 'em.
Hort. Fine weary of this Charge,
 The Gods can witness:
 I know my Lord hath spent of *Timons* wealth,
 And now Ingratitude, makes it worie then Wealth.
Varro. Yes, mine's three thousand Crownes:
 What's yours?
Luci. Five thousand mine.
Varro. 'Tis much deepe, and it should seem by th' sum
 Your Masters confidence was above mine,
 Else surely his had equall'd.
Enter Flaminius.
Tit. One of Lord *Timons* men.
Luci. *Flaminius*? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord readie
 to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed he is not.
Tit. We attend his Lordship: pray signifie so much.
Flam. I need not tell him that, he knowes you are roo
Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled (diligent).
Luci. Ha: is not that his Steward muffled so?
 He goes away in a Clowd: Call him, call him.
Tit. Do you heare, sir?
2 Varro. By your leave, sir.
Stew. What do ye aske of me, my Friend.
Tit. We waite for certaine Money heere, sir.
Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,
 'Twere sure enough.
 Why then prefer'd you not your summes and Billes
 When your false Masters ease of my Lords meat?
 Then they could smile, and sawne vpon his debts,
 And take downe th' interest into their glutinous Mawes.
 You do your selues but wrong, to stirre me vp,
 Let me passe quietly:
 Beleeue't, my Lord and I have made an end,
 I have no more to reckon, he to spend.
Luci. I, but this answer will not serue.

Stew. If't will not serue, 'tis not so base as you,
 For you serue Knaves.
1 Varro. How? What does his castler'd Worship
 mutter?
2 Varro. No matter what, hee's poore, and that's re-
 venge enough. Who can speake broader, then hee that
 has no house to put his head in? Such may rayle against
 great buildings.
Enter Servitus.
Tit. Oh heere's *Servitus*: now wee shall know some
 answer.
Serv. 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 keepe his Chamber.
Luci. Many do keepe their Chambers, are not sicke.
 And if it be so farr beyond his health,
 Me thinkes he should the sooner pay his debts,
 And make a cleere way to the Gods.
Serv. Good Gods.
Titus. We cannot take this for answer, sir.
Flaminius within. *Servitus* helpe, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.
Tim. What, are my dores oppos'd against my passage?
 Have I bin euer free, and must my house
 Be my retentive Enemy? My Gaole?
 The place which I haue Feasted, does it now
 (Like all Mankinde) shew me an Iron heart?
Luci. Put in now *Timon*.
Tit. My Lord, heere is my Bill.
Luci. Here's mine.
1 Var. And mine, my Lord.
2 Var. And ours, my Lord.
Phil. All our Billes.
Tim. Knocke me downe with 'em, cleare mee to the
 Gudge.
Luc. Alas, my Lord.
Tim. Cut my heart in summes.
Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Five thousand Crownes, my Lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops payes that.
 What yours? and yours?
1 Var. My Lord.
2 Var. My Lord.
Tim. Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall vpon you.
Exit Timon.

Hort. Faith I perceiue our Masters may throwe their
 caps at their money, these debts may well be call'd despe-
 rate ones, for a madman owes 'em.
Exit.
Enter Timon.
Timon. They haue e'ne put my breath from mee the
 slaves. Creditors? Diuels.
Stew. My deere Lord.
Tim. What if it should be so?
Stew. My Lord.
Tim. He haue it so. My Steward?
Stew. Heere my Lord.
Tim. So fely? Go, bid all my Friends againe,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sciprosius Plarxa: All,
 He once more feast the Rascals.
Stew. O my Lord, you onely speake from your distra-
 ct'd soule; there's not so much left to furnish out a mo-
 derate Table.

Timon

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

*Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades 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 bruite 'em.

Alc. Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate.

1. Now Captaine.

Alc. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;

For pittie is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants vse it cruelly.
It pleases time and Fortune to lye heauie
Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stept into the Law: which is past depth
To those that (without heede) do plunge intoo't.
He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he soyle the fact with Cowardice,
(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirit,
Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his Foe:
And with such sober and vnnoted passion
He did behouue his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prou'd an Argument.

1. Sen. You vndergo too strict a Paradox,
Striuing to make an vgly deed looke faire:
Your words haue tooke such paines, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling
Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede
Is Valour mis-begot, and came into the world,
When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.
Hee's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breath,
And make his Wrongs, his Out-sides,
To weare them like his Rayment, carelessly,
And ne're preferre his iniuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

If Wrongs be euilles, and inforce vs kill,
What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill.

Alc. My Lord.

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

Alc. My Lords, then vnder fauour, pardon me,
If I speake like a Captaine.

Why do fond men expose themselves to Battell,
And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That stey at home, if bearing carry it:
And the Ass, more Captaine then the Lyon?
The fellow laden with Irons, wiser then the Iudge?
If Wisedome be in suffering, Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pitifully Good,
Who cannot condemne rashnesse in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sinnes extreamest Gust,
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most iust.
To be in Anger, is impierie:
But who is Man, that is not Angrie.
Weigh but the Crime with this.

2. Sen. You breath in valour.

Alc. In vaine.

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

1. What's that?

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

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

1. He dyes.

Alc. 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 loyne 'em both.
And for I know, your reuerend Ages loue Security,
Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you
Vpon his good returnes.

If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the Warre receiue't in valiant gore,
For Law is strict, and Warre is nothing more.

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

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

2. How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3. What.

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

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

Alc. Banish me?

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

1. If after two dayes shine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our waigher Iudgement,
And not to iweil 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 sold their Money, and let out
Their Coine vpon large interest. I my selfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All those, for this?
Is this the Balsome, that the vsuring Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? Banishment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,
It is a cause worthy my Splicene and Furie,
That I may strike at Athens. Ile cheere vp
My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;
'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at ods,
Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods. *Exit.*
Enter

Enter diners Friends at severall doores.

- 1 The good time of day to you, sir.
 2 I allo with it to you : I thinke this Honorable Lord did but try vs this other day.
 1 Vpon that were my thoughts trying when wee encountered. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seeme in the triall of his severall Friends.
 2 It should not be, by the perswasion of his new Feasting.
 1 I should thinke so. He hath sent mee an earnest inuiting, which many my neere occasions did vrgeme to put off : but he hath comur'd mee beyond them, and I must needs appeare.
 2 In like manner was I in debt to my importunate businessse, but he would not heare my excuse. I am sorry, when he lent to borrow of mee, that my Prouision was out.
 1 I am sicke of that greefe too, as I vnderstand how all things go.
 2 Euerie man heares so : what would hee haue borrowed of you?
 1 A thousand Peeces.
 2 A thousand Peeces?
 1 What of you?
 2 He sent to me sir — Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

- Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both ; and how fare you?
 1 Euer at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.
 2 The Swallow followes not Summer more willing, then we your Lordship.
 Tim. Nor more willingly leaues Winter, such Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay : best your eares with the Musicke awhile : If they will fare so harshly o'th' Trumpets sound : we shall too't presently.
 1 I hope it remaines not vnkindely with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.
 Tim. O sir, let it not trouble you.
 2 My Noble Lord.
 Tim. Ah my good Friend, what cheere?
The Banquet brought in.
 2 My most Honorable Lord, I am e'ne sick of shame, that when your Lordship this other day sent to me, I was so vnfortunate a Beggar.
 Tim. Thinke not on't, sir.
 2 If you had sent but two houres before.
 Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come bring in all together.
 2 All couer'd Dishes.
 1 Royall Cheare, I warrant you.
 3 Doubt not that, if money and the season can yeild it
 1 How do you? What's the newes?
 3 Alcibiades is banish'd : heare you of it?
 Both. Alcibiades banish'd?
 3 'Tis so, be sure of it.
 1 How? How?
 2 I pray you vpon what?
 Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?
 3 He tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward
 2 This is the old man still.
 3 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?
 2 It do's : but time will, and so.

3 I do conceyue.

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

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thankfulnessse. For your owne guests, make your selues prais'd : But reserve still to giue, lest your Desties be despis'd. Lend to each man enough, that one neede not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make the Gods be beloued, more then the Man that giues it. Let no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines. If there sit twelue isomen at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they are. The rest of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legge of People, what is amisse in them, you Gods, make suteable for destruction. For these my present Friends, as they are to mee nothing, so in nothing blesse them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Vncover Dogges, and lap.

Some speake. What do's his Lordship meane?

Some other. I know not.

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

Exit

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

- 1 How now, my Lords?
 2 Know you the quality of Lord Timons fury?
 3 Push, did you see my Cap?
 4 I have lost my Gowne.
 1 He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors swaies him. He gaue me a Jewell th'other day, and now hee has beate it out of my hat.
 Did you see my Jewell?
 2 Did you see my Cap.
 3 Heere 'tis.
 4 Heere lyes my Gowne.
 1 Let's make no stay.
 2 Lord Timons mad.
 3 I feel't vpon my bones.
 4 One day he giues vs Diamonds, next day stones.

Exeunt the Senators.

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

h h

Plucke

Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
 And minister in their needs, to generall Filches.
 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 Mistis is o'th'Brothell, Some of sixteen,
 Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
 With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,
 Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iustice, Truth,
 Dometticke 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 Minde and Marrowes of our youth,
 That 'gainst the streame of Vertue they may strue,
 And drowne themselves in Riot. Itches, Blames,
 Sowe all th'Athenian bosomes, and their crop
 Be generall Leprosie: Breath, infect breath,
 That their Society (as their Friendship) may
 Be meeterly poyson. Nothing Ile beare from thee
 But nakednesse, thou detestable Towne;
 Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde
 Th'unkindest Beast, more kinder then Mankinde.
 The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)
 Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:
 And graunt as *Timon* growes, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.
 Amen.

Enter Steward with two or three Seruants.

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

Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?
 Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
 I am as poore as you.

1 Such a Houle broke?
 So Noble a Master false, all gone, and not
 One Friend to take his Fortune by the same,
 And go along with him.

2 As we do turne our backes
 From our Companion, throwne into his graue,
 So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
 Shrike all away leaue their false vowes with him
 Like empty purses pickt; and his poore selfe
 A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
 With his decaite, of all shunn'd pouerty,
 Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Seruants.

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

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

Stew. Good Fellowes all,

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

Embrace and part severall 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 varnish'd 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 decret'd Lord, blest to be most accurst,
 Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
 Are made thy cheefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)
 Hee's slung 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
 Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,
 Whole procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarfe 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 Natie Honor.
 It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,
 The want that makes him leaue: who dares? who dares?
 In puritie of Manhood stand vp right
 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 oblique:
 There's nothing leuell in our curst Natures
 But direct villanie. Therefore be abhor'd,
 All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
 His semblable, yea himselfe *Timon* disdaines,
 Destruction phang mankinde; Earth yeeld me Rootes,
 Who seekes for better of thee, sawce his pallate
 With thy most operant Poyson. What is heere?
 Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
 No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,
 Rootes 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

This yellow Slaue,
Will knit and breake Religions, blesse th'accurst,
Make the hoare Leprosie ailor'd, place Theeucs,
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 vlcrous 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 odde
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature. *March a farre off.*
Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,
But yet lie bury thee: Thou't go (strong Theesse)
When Gowty keepers of thee cannot stand:
Nay stay thou out for carnest.

*Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Life in warlike manner,
and Phryne and Timandra.*

Alc. What art thou there? speake.

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

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

Tim. I am *Disgrace*, and hate Mankinde,
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dogge,
That I might loue thee for a thing.

Alc. I know thee well:

But in thy Fortune am I pleas'd, and strange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, ciuill Lawes are cruell,
Then what should warre be? This fell whore of thine,
Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looke.

Phryne. Thy lips rot off.

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

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

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

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

Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.

Alc. What is it *Timon*?

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

Alc. I haue heard in some sort of thy Miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I hau prosperie.

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

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

Timon. Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the world
Voic'd to regard fully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra*?

Timon. Yes.

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

Timon. 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 reuple
In my penurious Band. I haue heard and greu'd
How curst Athens, mindelesse of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour states
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpon them.

Tim. I prythee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy Friend, and p'ty thee deere *Timon*.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom y dost trouble,
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why fare thee well:

Heere is some Gold for thee.

Tim. Keepe it, I cannot care it.

Alc. When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape.

Tim. War't thou gainst Athens.

Alc. I *Timon*, and haue cause.

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

Alc. Why me, *Timon*?

Tim. That by killing of Villaines

Thou wast borne to conquer my Country.

Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heere's Gold, giue;

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 once:

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

I hat through the window Baine bore at neus eyes,

Are not within the Lease of pity writ,

But set them down horrible Traitors, spare not the Babe

Whose dimpled smiles from Fooles exhaust their mercy:

Thinke it a Bastard, whom th' Oracle

Hath doubtfully pronouneed, the throat shall cut,

And inince it fans remorse. Swear against Obiects,

Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,

Whose proffe, nor yels of Mothers, Maides nor Babes,

Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a iot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,

Make large confusion: and thy fury 'peare,

Confounded be thy selfe. Speake not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou Gold yet, I'll take the Gold thou gi-
uest me, not all thy Counsell.

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

Both. Giue vs some Gold good *Timon*, hast y more?

Tim. Enough to make a Whore forswear her Trade,

And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts

Your Aprons mountant; you are not O'hable,

Although I know you'll swear, terribly swear

Into strong shudders, and to heauenly Agues

The immortal Gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:

Ile trust to your Conditions, be whores still.

And he whose pious breath seekes to conuert you,

Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,

Let your close fire predominate his smoke,

And be no turne-coats: yet may your paines six months

Be quite contrary, And Thatch

Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,

(Some that were hang'd) no matter:

Weare them, betray with them; Whore still,

Paint till a horse may myre vpon your face:

A pox of wrinkles.

Both. Well, more Gold, what then?

h h 2

Belceue't

Believe't that wee'l do any thing for Gold:

Tim. Consumptions fowe
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,
And marke mens spurring: Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
That he may neuer more false Title pleade,
Nor sound his Quilllets shrilly: Hoare the Flamen,
That scold'f't against the quality of flesh,
And not beieuees himselfe. Downe with the Nose,
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee (bald
Smels from the generall weale: Make curld'pate Ruffians
And let the vncarr'd Braggerts of the Warre
Deriue some paine from you. Plague all,
That your Actiuitie may defeat and quell
The source of all Erektion. There's more Gold.
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches graue you all.

Both. More counsell with more Money, bounteous
Timon.

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

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

Tim. If I hope well, Ile neuer see thee more.

Alc. I neuer did thee harme.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'f't well of me.

Alc. Call'f't thou that harme?

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

Alc. We but offend him, strike. *Exeunt.*

Tim. That Nature being sicke of mans vnkindnesse
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whose wombe vnmeasureable, and infinite brei't
Teemes and feeds all: whose selfesame Mettle
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puf't,
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 soorth thy plenteous bosome, one poore roote:
Enseare thy Fertile and Conception wombe,
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolues, and Beares,
Teeme with new Monsters, whom thy vpward face
Hath to the Marbled Mansion all about
Neuer presented. O, a Root, deare thanks:
Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingratefull man with Licourish draughts
And Morfels Vnctuous, grieues his pure minde,
That from it all Consideration slips —

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.

Alc. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost vie them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keepe a dogge
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee.

Alc. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore vnmanly Melancholly sprung
From change of fortune. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slaue like Habit, and these lookes of Care?
Thy Flatterers yett wearo 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; hinde thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obserue
Blow off thy Cap: praise his most vicious straine,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:
Thou gau'f't thine eares (like Tapsters, that bad welcom)
To Knaues, and all approachers: 'Tis most iust
That thou turne Rascall, had'f't thou wealth againe,
Rascals should haue't. Do not assume my likenesse.

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

Alc. Thou hast cast away thy selfe, being like thy self
A Madman so long, now a Foole: what think'f't
That the bleake ayre, thy boysterous Chamberlaine
Will put thy shirt on warme? Will these moyst Trees,
That haue out-liu'd the Eagle, page thy heeles
And skip when thou point'f't out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taste
To cure thy o're-nights surfet? Call the Creatures,
Whose naked Natures liue in all the spight
Of wrekefull Heauen, whose bare vnhouse'd Trunkes,
To the consisting Elements expos'd
Answer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou shalt finde.

Tim. A Foole of thee: depart.

Alc. I loue thee better now, then ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Alc. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'f't misery.

Alc. I flatter not; but say thou art a Caytiffe.

Tim. Why do'f't thou seeke me out?

Alc. To vex thee.

Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Foles.
Dost please thy selfe in't?

Alc. I.

Tim. What, a Knaue too?

Alc. It thou did'f't put this sowre cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly: Thou'd'f't Courtier be againe
Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery
Out-lives: incertaine pompe, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, neuer compleat:
The other, at high wish: best state Contentlesse,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse then the worst Content.

Thou should'f't desire to dye, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.

Thou art a Slaue, whom Fortunes tender arme
With fauour neuer claspt: but bred a Dogge.
Had'f't thou like vs from our first swain proceeded,
The sweet degrees that this breefe world affords,
To such as may the passine drugges of it
Freely command'f't: thou would'f't haue plung'd thy self
In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth
In different beds of Lust, and neuer learn'd
The Icie precepts of respect, but followed
The Sugred game before thee. But my selfe,
Who had the world as my Confectionarie,
The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employment;
That numberlesse vpon me stucke, as leaues
Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters brush
Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,
For euery storme that blowes. I to beare this,
That neuer knew but better, is some burthen:
Thy Nature, did commence in sufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'f't y hate Men?
They neuer flatter'd thee. What hast thou giuen?

If thou wilt curse; thy Father (that poore ragge)
Must be thy subiect; who in spight put stufte
To some shee-Begger, and compounded thee
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
If thou hadst not bene borne the worst of men,
Thou hadst bene a Knaue and Flatterer.

Ape. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am not thee.

Ape. I, that I was no Prodigall.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I haue shut vp in thee,
I'd giue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone:
That the whole life of Athens were in this,
Thus would I eate it.

Ape. Heere, I will mend thy Feast.

Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.

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

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

If not, I would it were.

Ape. What would'st thou haue to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlewind: 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 sleepe, and do's no hyred harme.

Ape. Where lyeest a nights *Timon*?

Tim. Vnder that's about me.

Where feed'st thou a dayes *Apemantus*?

Ape. Where my stomacke findes meate, or rather
where I eate it.

Tim. Would poyson were obedient, & knew my mind

Ape. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sawce thy dishes.

Ape. The middle of Humanity thou neuer knewest,
but the extremitie of both ends. When thou wast in thy
Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much
Curiositie: in thy Raggess thou know'st none, but art des-
pis'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 should'st
haue loued thy selfe better now. What man did'st thou
euer know vnthrift, that was beloued after his meanes?

Tim. Who without those meanes thou talk'st of, did'st
thou euer know belou'd?

Ape. My selfe.

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

Ape. What things in the world canst thou neereft
compare to thy Flatterers?

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

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

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

Ape. I *Timon*.

Tim. A beastly Ambition, which the Goddess graunt
thee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would
beguile thee: if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would
eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect
thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the Ass: if
thou wert the Ass, thy dulnesse would torment thee; and
still thou liu'd'st but as a Breakfast to the Wolfe. If
thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflict thee,

& oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert
thou the 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 Inrors on thy
life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence ab-
sence. What Beast could'st thou bee, that were not sub-
iect to a Beast: and what a Beast art thou already, that
seest not thy losse in transformation.

Ape. If thou could'st please me
With speaking to me, thou might'st
Haue hit vpon it heere.

The Commonwealth of Athens, is become
A Forrest of Beasts.

Tim. How ha's the Ass 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 seare to catch it, and giue way.

When I know not what else to do,
He 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 alieue.

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough
To spit vpon.

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

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

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

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

Ape. I would my tongue
Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou issue of a mangie dogge,
Choller does kill me,

That thou art alieue, I swoond to see thee.

Ape. Would thou would'st burst.

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

Ape. Beast.

Tim. Slaue.

Ape. Toad.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.

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

Then *Timon* presently prepare thy graue:
Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate
Thy graue stone dayly, make thine Epitaph,
That death in me, at others liues may laugh.

O thou sweete King-killer, and deare diuorce
Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler
of *Hymens* purest bed, thou valiant *Mars*,

Thou euer, yong, fresh, loued, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thawe the consecrated Snow
That lyes on *Dians* lap.

Thou visible God,
That souldrest close Impossibilities,

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

hh 3 To

To euerie purpose: O thou touch of hearts,
 Thinke thy slaue-man rebels, and by thy vertue
 Set them into confounding oddes, that Beasts
 May haue the world in Empire.

Ape. Would'twere so,
 But not till I am dead. He say th' hast Gold:
 Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly.

Tim. Throng'd too?

Ape. I.

Tim. Thy backe I prythee.

Ape. Liue, and loue thy misery.

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

Ape. Mo things like men,

Eate *Timon*, and abhorre then.

Exit Apeian.

Enter the Banditti.

1 Where should he haue this Gold? It is some poore
 Fragment, some slender Ort of his remainder: the meere
 want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, droue
 him into this Melancholly.

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

3 Let vs make the assay vpon him, if he care not for't,
 he will supply vs easily: if he couetously referue it, how
 shall's get it?

2 True: for he beares it not about him:

'Tis hid.

1 Is not this hee?

All. Where?

2 'Tis his description.

3 He? I know him.

All. Saue thee *Timon*.

Tim. Now Theeues.

All. Soldiers, not Theeues.

Tim. Both too, and womens Sonnes.

All. We are not Theeues, but men

That much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat:
 Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes:
 Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs:
 The Oakes beare Mast, the Briars Scarlet Heps,
 The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each bush,
 Layes her full Messe before you. Want? why Want?

1 We cannot liue on Grasse, on Berries, Water,
 As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.

Ti. Nor on the Beasts themselues, the Birds & Fishes,
 You must eate men. Yet thanks I must you con,
 That you are Theeues profest: that you worke not
 In holier shapes: For there is boundlesse Theft
 In limited Professions. Rascall Theeues

Heere's Gold Go, sucke the subtle blood o'th Grape,
 Till the high Feauor sceth your blood to froth,
 And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physitian,
 His Ant. dotes are poyson, and he slayes
 Moe then you Rob: Take wealth, and liues together,
 Do Villaine do, since you protest to doo't.

Like Workemen, He 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 Rolne
 From gen'rall excrement: each thing's a Theefe.
 The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power

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

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

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

2 He belceue him as an Enemy,
 And giue ouer my Trade.

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

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!
 Is you'd despis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
 Full of decay and fayling? Oh Monument
 And wonder of good deeds, euilly bestow'd!
 What an alteration of Honor has desp'rate want made?
 What vilder thing vpon the earth, then Friends,
 Who can bring Noblest mindes, to basest ends.
 How rarely does it meete with this times guise,
 When man was wisht to loue his Enemies:
 Grant I may euer loue, and rather woo
 Those that would mischeefe me, then those that doo.
 Has caught me in his eye, I will present my honest grieffe
 vnto him; and as my Lord, still serue him with my life.
 My deereft Master.

Tim. Away: what art thou?

Stew. Haue you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost aske that? I haue forgot all men.

Then, if thou grunt'st, th'art a man.
 I haue forgot thee.

Stew. An honest poore seruant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I neuer had honest man about me, I all
 I kept were Knaues, to serue in meare to Villaines.

Stew. The Gods are witnesse,
 Neer did poore Steward weare a truer greefe
 For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weepe?

Come neerer, then I loue thee
 Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
 Flinty mankinde: whose eyes do neuer giue,
 But thorow Lust and Laughter: pittie's sleeping:
 Strange times y weepe with laughing, not with weeping.
Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,
 T'accept my greefe, and whil'st this poore wealth lasts,
 To entertaine me as your Steward still.

Tim. Had I a Steward
 So true, so iust, and now so comfortable?
 It almost turnes my dangerous Nature wilde.
 Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man
 Was borne of woman.

Forgiue my generall, and exceptlesse rashnesse
 You perpetuall sober Gods. I do proclaime
 One honest man: Mistake me not, but one:
 No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.
 How faine would I haue hated all mankinde,
 And thou redeem'st thy selfe. But all saue thee,
 I fell with Curses.

Me thinkes thou art more honest now, then wise:
 For, by oppressing and betraying mee,

Thou

Thou might'st haue sooner got another Seruice :
For many so arriue at second Masters,
Vpon their first Lords necke. But tell me true,
(For I must euer doubt, though ne're so sure),
Is not thy kindnesse subtle, couetous,
If not a Vsuruing kindnesse, and as rich men deale Guifts,
Expecting in returne twenty for one ?

Stew. No my most worthy Master, in whose brest
Doubt, and suspect (alas) are plac'd too late :
You should haue fear'd false times, when you did Feast.
Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.

That which I shew, Heauen knowes, is meere Loue,
Dutie, and Zeale, to your vnmatch'd minde ;
Care of your Food and Liuing, and beleue it,
My most Honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to mee,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich your selfe.

Tim. Looke thee, 'tis so : thou singly honest man,
Heere take : the Gods out of my miserie
Ha's sent thee Treasure. Go, liue rich and happy.
But thus condition'd : Thou shalt build from men :
Hate all, curse all, shew Charity to none,
But let the farnight flesh slide from the Bone,
Ere thou releue the Begger. Giue to dogges
What thou denyest to men. Let Prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blasted woods
And may Diseases lick vp their false bloods,
And so farewell, and thriue.

Stew. O let me stay, and comfort you, my Master.

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

Enter Poet, and Painter.

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

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

Painter. Certaine.
Alcibiades reports it : *Phrinica* and *Timandyle*
Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd
Poore stragling Souldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis saide, he gaue vnto his Steward
A mighty summe.

Poet. Then this breaking of his,
Ha's beene but a Try for his Friends ?

Painter. Nothing else :
You shall see him a Palme in Athens againe,
And flourish with the highest :
Therefore, 'tis not amisse, we tender our loues
To him, in this suppos'd distresse of his :
It will shew honestly in vs,
And is very likely, to loade our purposes
With what they trauaile for,
If it be a iust and true report, that goes
Of his hauing.

Poet. What haue you now
To present vnto him ?

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

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

Painter. Good as the best.

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

Enter Timon from his Cave.

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

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

Timon. Must thou needes
Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke ?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men ?
Do so, I haue Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's seeke him.
Then do we sinne against our owne estate,
When we may profit meere, and come too late.

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

Tim. He meete you at the turne :
What a Gods Gold, that he is worshipt
In a baser Temple, then where Swine feede ?
'Tis thou that rigg'st the Barke, and plow'st the Fome,
Setlest admired reuerence in a Slaue,
To thee be worshipt, and thy Saints for aye :
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obey.
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Haile worthy *Timon*.

Pain. Our late Noble Master.

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

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

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

Pain. He, and my selfe
Haue trauail'd in the great showre of your guifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Timon. I, you are honest man.

Painter. We are hither come
To offer you our seruice.

Timon. Most honest men:

Why

Why how shall I requite you?

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

Both. What we can do,

Wee'l do to do you seruice.

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

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

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

Pain. So, so, my Lord.

Tim. E'ne so fir as I say. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verse swels with stufte so fine and smooth,
That thou art euen Naturall in thine Art.

But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)
I must needs say you haue a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much paines to mend.

Both. Beseech your Honour
To make it knowne go vs.

Tim. You'l take it ill.

Both. Most thankefully, my Lord.

Timon. Will you indeed?

Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.

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

Both. Do we, my Lord?

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

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

Pain. I know none such, my Lord.

Pain. Nor I.

Timon. Looke you,
I loue you well, He 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,
He giue you Gold enough.

Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this:
But two in Company:
Each man apart, all single, and alone,
Yet an arch Villaine keeps him company:
If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be,
Come not nere him. If thou would'st not recide
But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.
Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye slaues:
You haue worke for me; there's payment, hence,
You are an Alcumist, make Gold of that:
Out Rascall dogges.

Exeunt

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is vaine that you would speake with *Timon*:
For he is set so onely to himselfe,
That nothing but himselfe, which lookes like man,
Is friendly with him.

1. Sen. Bring vs to his Caue.

It is our part and promise to th'Athenians
To speake with *Timon*.

2. Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'twas Time and Greeces

That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
The former man may make him: bring vs to him
And chanc'd it as it may.

Stew. Heere is his Caue:

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

Enter Timon out of his Caue.

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

1 Worthy *Timon*.

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

1 The Senators of Athens, greet thee *Timon*.

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

1 O forget

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

2 They confesse

Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too generall grosse;
Which now the publike Body, which doth sildome
Play the re-canter, feeling in it selfe
A lacke of *Timons* ayde, hath since withall
Of it oune fall, restraining ayde to *Timon*,
And send forth vs, to make theirorrowed 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 place the figures of their loue,
Euer to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;

Surprize me to the very brink of teares;
Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,
And He beweepe these comforts, worthy Senators.

1 Therefore so please thee to returne with vs,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thankes,
Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name
Line with Authoritie: so soone we shall driue backe
Of *Alcibiades* th'approaches wild,
Who like a Bore too sauage, doth root vp
His Countries peace.

2 And shakes his threatning Sword
Against the walles of *Athens*.

1 Therefore *Timon*.

Tim. Well fir, I will: therefore I will fir thus:
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. But if he sacke faire Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by th'Beards,
Giuing our holy Virgins to the staine
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd warre:
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* speaks it,

In pittie of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worst: For their Knives care not,
While you haue throats to answer. For my selfe,
There's not a whitte, in th'vrruly Campe,
But I do prize it at my loue, be ore
The reuerends Throat in Athens. So I leaue you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Theeues to Keepers.

Stew. Stay not, all's in vaine.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be seene to morrow. My long sicknesse
Of Health, and Liuing, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, liue still,
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his,
And last so long enough.

1 We speake in vaine.

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

1 That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my louing Countrey men.

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

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

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefes,
Their feares of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,
Their panges of Loue, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile Vessell doth sustaine
In lifes vncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them,
Ile teach them to preuent wilde *Alcibiades* wrath.

1 I like this well, he will returne againe.

Tim. I haue a Tree which growes heere in my Close,
That mine owne vse inuities me to cut downe,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who so please
To stop Affliction, let him take his haste;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.

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

Tim. Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his euerlasting Mansion
Vpon the Beached Verge of the salt Flood,
Who once a day with his embossed Froth
The turbulent Surge shall couer; thither come,
And let my graue-stone be your Oracle:
Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:
What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.
Graues onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine;
Sunne, hide thy Beames, *Timon* hath done his Raigne.

Exit Timon.

1 His discontentes are vnremoueably coupled to Na-
ture.

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

1 It requires swift foot.

Exeunt.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

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

Mes. I haue spoke the least.

Besides his expedition promises present approach.

2 We stand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.

Mes. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,
Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old loue made a particular force,
And made vs speake like Friends. This man was tiding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timon's* Caue,
With Letters of intreaty, which imported
His Fellowship i'th'cause against your City,
In part for his sake moud.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Heere come our Brothers.

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

Enter a Soldier in th' Words seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Whose heere? Speake hoa. No answer? What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,
Some Beast reade this; There do's not liue a Man,
Dead here, and this his Graue, what's on this Tomb,
I cannot read: the Character 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
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
When crouching Marrow in the beater strong
Cries (of it selfe) no more: Now breathlesse wrong,
Shall sit and pant in your great Chaires of ease,
And purfie Insolence shall breake his winde
With feare and horrid flight.

1. *Sen.* Noble, and young;

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

2 So did we wooe

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

1 These walles of ours,

We're not erected by their hands, from whom
You haue receyu'd your greefe: Nor are they such,
That these great Towres, Trophies, & Schools shold fall
For private faults in them.

2 Nor are they liuing

Who

Who were the motiues that you first went out,
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in excesse)
Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners spred,
By decimation and a tythed death;
If thy Reuenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the destin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted dye,
Let dye the spotted.

1 All haue not offended:
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, Reuenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leaue without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that haue offended, like a Shepheard,
Approach the Fold, and cull th'infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

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

1 Set but thy foot
Against our rampyr'd gates, and they shall ope:
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'nt enter Friendly.

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

Alc. Then there's my Gloue,
Defend and open your vncharged Ports,

Those Enemies of *Timons*. and mine owne
Whom you your selues shall set out for reproofe,
Fall and no more; and to atone 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 heauicst answer.

Both. 'Tis most Nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keepe your words.

Enter a Messenger.

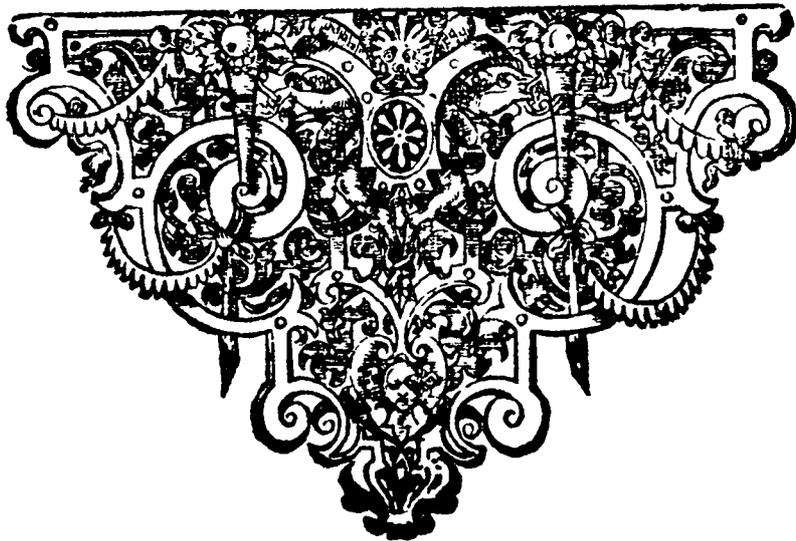
Mes. My Noble Generall, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd vpon the very hemme o'th'Sea,
And on his Grauestone, this Insculpture which
Wich wax I brought away: whose soft Impression
Interprets for my poore ignorance.

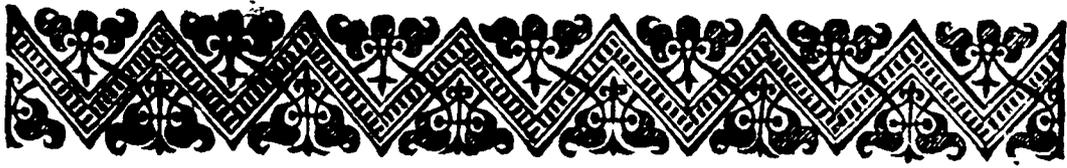
Alcibiades reads the Epitaph.

*Here lies a wretched Coarse, of wretched Soule bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague consume you, wicked Castifs left:
Here lye I Timon, who alstue, 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,
Scorna'tt our Brames flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weepe for aye
On thy low Graue, on faults forguien. Dead
Is Noble *Timon*, of whose Memorie
Hecreaster more. Bring me into your Citie,
And I will vse the Oliue, with my Sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes strike.*

Exeunt.

FINIS.





THE ACTORS NAMES.



TYMON of Athens.
Lucius, And
Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.

Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.

Sempronius another flattering Lord.

Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.

Poet.

Painter.

Jeweller.

Merchant.

Certaine Senatours.

Certaine Maskers.

Certaine Theeues.

Flaminius, one of *Tymons* Seruants.

Seruilius, another.

Caphis.

Varro.

Philo.

Titus.

Lucius.

Hortensius.

Ventigius, one of *Tymons* false Friends.

Cupid.

Sempronius.

With diuers other Seruants,

And Attendants.

} Seuerall Seruants to *Vsurers*.



