

# *The Life of Timon of Athens by William Shakespeare*

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Scanner's Notes: What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can come in ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual

differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

If you find any scanning errors, out and out typos, punctuation errors, or if you disagree with my spelling choices please feel free to email me those errors. I wish to make this the best etext possible. My email address for right now are haradda@aol.com and davidr@inconnect.com. I hope that you enjoy this.

David Reed

The Life of Timon of Athens

Enter Poet, Painter, Ieweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at seuerall doores.

Poet. Good day Sir

Pain. I am glad y'are well

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

Pain. It weares sir, as it growes

Poet. I that's well knowne:

But what particular Rarity? What strange,

Which manifold record not matches: see

Magicke of Bounty, all these spirits thy power

Hath coniu'd to attend.

I know the Merchant

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

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord

Iew. Nay that's most fixt

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

To an vntyreable and continuate goodnesse:

He passes

Iew. I haue a lewell heere

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

leuel. If he will touch the estimate. But for that-

Poet. When we for recompence haue prais'd the vild,

It staines the glory in that happy Verse,

Which aptly sings the good

Mer. 'Tis a good forme

leuel. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye

Pain. You are rapt sir, in some worke, some Dedication

to the great Lord

Poet. A thing slipt idlely from me.

Our Poesie is as a Gowne, which vses

From whence 'tis nourisht: the fire i'th' Flint

Shewes not, till it be strooke: our gentle flame

Prouokes it selfe, and like the currant flies

Each bound it chases. What haue you there?

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

Poet. Vpon the heeles of my presentment sir.

Let's see your peece

Pain. 'Tis a good Peece

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

Pain. Indifferent

Poet. Admirable: How this grace

Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power

This eye shootes forth? How bigge imagination

Moues in this Lip, to th' dumbnesse of the gesture,

One might interpret

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:

Heere is a touch: Is't good?

Poet. I will say of it,

It Tutors Nature, Artificiall strife

Liues in these touches, liuelier then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men

Pain. Looke moe

Po. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,  
I haue in this rough worke, shap'd out a man  
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge  
With amplest entertainment: My free drift  
Halts not particularly, but moues it selfe  
In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice  
Infects one comma in the course I hold,  
But flies an Eagle 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 slipp'ry Creatures, as  
Of Graue and austere qualitie, tender downe  
Their seruices to Lord Timon: his large Fortune,  
Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,  
Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance  
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glasse-fac'd Flatterer  
To Apemantus, that few things loues better  
Then to abhorre himselfe; euen hee drops downe  
The knee before him, and returnes in peace  
Most rich in Timons nod

Pain. I saw them speake together

Poet. Sir, I haue vpon a high and pleasant hill  
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.  
The Base o'th' Mount  
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinde of Natures  
That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,  
To propagate their states; among'st them all,  
Whose eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,  
One do I personate of Lord Timons frame,  
Whom Fortune with her luory hand wafts to her,  
Whose present grace, to present slaues and seruants  
Translates his Riuals

Pain. 'Tis conceyu'd, to scope  
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes  
With one man becken'd from the rest below,  
Bowing his head against the sleepy Mount  
To climbe his happinesse, would be well exprest  
In our Condition

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

Pain. I marry, what of these?

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

Pain. Tis common:

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

Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe curteously to euery Sutor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mes. I my good Lord, fiue 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,  
Perids his comfort

Tim. Noble Ventidius, well:

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

Mes. Your Lordship euer bindes him

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

Mes. All happinesse to your Honor.

Enter.

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord Timon, heare me speake

Tim. Freely good Father

Oldm. Thou hast a Seruant nam'd Lucilius

Tim. I haue so: What of him?

Oldm. Most Noble Timon, call the man before thee

Tim. Attends he heere, or no? Lucillius

Luc. Heere at your Lordships seruice

Oldm. This Fellow heere, L[ord]. Timon, this thy Creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man

That from my first haue beene inclin'd to thrift,

And my estate deserues an Heyre more rais'd,

Then one which holds a Trencher

Tim. Well: what further?

Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin else,

On whom I may conferre what I haue got:

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

And I haue bred her at my deerest cost

In Qualities of the best. This man of thine

Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)

loyne with me to forbid him her resort,

My selfe haue spoke in vaine

Tim. The man is honest

Oldm. Therefore he will be Timon,

His honesty rewards him in it selfe,

It must not beare my Daughter

Tim. Does she loue him?

Oldm. She is yong and apt:

Our owne precedent passions do instruct vs

What leuities in youth

Tim. Loue you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord, and she accepts of it

Oldm. If in her Marriage my consent be missing,

I call the Gods to witnesse, I will choose

Mine heyre from forth the Beggars of the world,

And dispossesse her all

Tim. How shall she be endowed,

If she be mated with an equall Husband?

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

Tim. This Gentleman of mine

Hath seru'd me long:

To build his Fortune, I will straine a little,

For 'tis a Bond in men. Giue him thy Daughter,

What you bestow, in him Ile counterpoize,

And make him weigh with her

Oldm. Most Noble Lord,

Pawne me to this your Honour, she is his

Tim. My hand to thee,

Mine Honour on my promise

Luc. Humbly I thanke your Lordship, neuer may

That state or Fortune fall into my keeping,

Which is not owed to you.

Exit

Poet. Vouchsafe my Labour,

And long liue your Lordship

Tim. I thanke you, you shall heare from me anon:

Go not away. What haue you there, my Friend?

Pain. A peece of Painting, which I do beseech

Your Lordship to accept

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The Painting is almost the Naturall man:

For since Dishonor Traffickes with mans Nature,  
He is but out-side: These Pensil'd Figures are  
Euen such as they giue out. I like your worke,  
And you shall finde I like it; Waite attendance  
Till you heare further from me

Pain. The Gods preserue ye

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

Iewel. What my Lord, dispraise?

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

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

Tim. Well mock'd.  
Enter Apermantus.

Mer. No my good Lord, he speakes y common toong

Which all men speake with him

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

Iewel. Wee'l beare with your Lordship

Mer. Hee'l spare none

Tim. Good morrow to thee,

Gentle Apermantus

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

Iewel. You know me, Apemantus?

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

Tim. Thou art proud Apemantus?

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

Tim. Whether art going?

Ape. To knocke out an honest Athenians braines

Tim. That's a deed thou't dye for

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

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture Apemantus?

Ape. The best, for the innocence

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it

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

Pain. Y'are a Dogge

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

Tim. Wilt dine with me Apemantus?

Ape. No: I eate not Lords

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

Ape. O they eate Lords;

So they come by great bellies

Tim. That's a lasciuious apprehension

Ape. So, thou apprehend'st it,

Take it for thy labour

Tim. How dost thou like this lewell, Apemantus?

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

Tim. What dost thou thinke 'tis worth?

Ape. Not worth my thinking.

How now Poet?

Poet. How now Philosopher?

Ape. Thou lyeest

Poet. Art not one?

Ape. Yes

Poet. Then I lye not

Ape. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes

Ape. Then thou lyeest:

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

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

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

Heauens, that I were a Lord

Tim. What wouldst do then Apemantus?

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

Tim. What thy selfe?

Ape. I

Tim. Wherefore?

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

Art not thou a Merchant?

Mer. I Apemantus

Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not

Mer. If Trafficke do it, the Gods do it

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

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What Trumpets that?

Mes. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty Horse

All of Companionship

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

You must needs dine with me: go not you hence

Till I haue thank you: when dinners done

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

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome Sir

Ape. So, so; their Aches contract, and sterue your

supple ioynts: that there should bee small loue amongst  
these sweet Knaues, and all this Curtesie. The straine of  
mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter two Lords.

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

Ape. Time to be honest

1 That time serues still

Ape. The most accursed thou that still omitst it

2 Thou art going to Lord Timons Feast

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

2 Farthee well, farthee well

Ape. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice

2 Why Apemantus?

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

1 Hang thy selfe

Ape. No I will do nothing at thy bidding:

Make thy requests to thy Friend

2 Away vnpeaceable Dogge,

Or Ile spurne thee hence

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

1 Hee's opposite to humanity.

Come shall we in,

And taste Lord Timons bountie: he out-goes

The verie heart of kindnesse

2 He powres it out: Plutus the God of Gold

Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes

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

But breeds the giuer a returne: exceeding

All vse of quittance

1 The Noblest minde he carries,

That euer gouern'd man

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

Ile keepe you Company.

Exeunt.

Hoboyes Playing lowd Musicke. A great Banquet seru'd in: and

then, Enter

Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which

Timon redeem'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 it freely euer, and ther's none  
Can truely say he giues, if he receiues:  
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare  
To imitate them: faults that are rich are faire

Vint. A Noble spirit

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

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

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

Timo. O Apermantus, you are welcome

Aper. No: You shall not make me welcome:

I come to haue thee thrust me out of doores

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

Does not become a man, 'tis much too blame:

They say my Lords, Ira furor breuis est,

But yond man is verie angrie.

Go, let him haue a Table by himselfe:

For he does neither affect companie,

Nor is he fit for't indeed

Aper. Let me stay at thine apperill Timon,

I come to obserue, I giue thee warning on't

Tim. I take no heede of thee: Th'art an Athenian,

therefore welcome: I my selfe would haue no power,

prythee let my meate make thee silent

Aper. I scorne thy meate, 'twould choake me: for I

should nere flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number

of men eats Timon, and he sees 'em not? It 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 themselues with men.  
Me thinks they should enuite them without kniues,  
Good for there meate, and safer for their liues.  
There's much example for't, the fellow that sits next him,  
now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in  
a diuided draught: is the readiest man to kill him. 'Tas  
beene proued, if I were a huge man I should feare to  
drinke at meales, least they should spie my wind-pipes  
dangerous noates, great men should drinke with harnesse  
on their throates

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

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

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

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

Apermantus Grace.

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

Amen. So fall too't:

Richmen sin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, Apermantus

Tim. Captaine,

Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now

Alci. My heart is euer at your seruice, my Lord

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

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

Aper. Would all those Flatterers were thine Enemies

then, that then thou might'st kill 'em: & bid me to 'em

1.Lord. Might we but haue that happinesse my Lord,  
that you would once vse our hearts, whereby we might  
expresse some part of our zealess, we should thinke our  
selues for euer perfect

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods  
themselues haue prouided that I shall haue much helpe  
from you: how had you beene my Friends else. Why  
haue you that charitable title from thousands? Did not  
you chiefly belong to my heart? I haue told more of  
you to my selfe, then you can with modestie speake in  
your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh  
you Gods (thinke I,) what need we haue any Friends; if  
we should nere haue need of 'em? They were the most  
needlesse Creatures liuing; should we nere haue vse for  
'em? And would most resemble sweete Instruments  
hung vp in Cases, that keepe there sounds to themselues.  
Why I haue often wisht my selfe poorer, that  
I might come neerer to you: we are borne to do benefits.  
And what better or properer can we call our owne,  
then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a pretious comfort  
'tis, to haue so many like Brothers commanding  
one anothers Fortunes. Oh ioyes, e'ne made away er't  
can be borne: mine eies cannot hold out water me thinks  
to forget their Faults. I drinke to you

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

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

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

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

Aper. Much.

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

Tim. What meanes that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Seruant.

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

Tim. Ladies? what are their wils?

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

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies.

Cup. Haile to thee worthy Timon and to all that of  
his Bounties taste: the fiue best Sences acknowledge thee  
their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentious  
bosome.

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

They onely now come but to Feast thine eies

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

Musicke make their welcome

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

Aper. Hoyday,

What a sweepe of vanitie comes this way.

They daunce? They are madwomen,

Like Madnesse is the glory of this life,

As this pompe shewes to a little oyle and roote.

We make our selues Fooles, to disport our selues,

And spend our Flatteries, to drinke those men,

Vpon whose Age we voyde it vp agen  
With poysonous Spight and Enuy.  
Who liues, that's not depraued, or depraues;  
Who dyes, that beares not one spurne to their graues  
Of their Friends guift:  
I should feare, those that dance before me now,  
Would one day stampe vpon me: 'Tas bene done,  
Men shut their doores against a setting Sunne.

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

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

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

Aper. Faith for the worst is filthy, and would not hold

taking, I doubt me

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

All La. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Exeunt.

Tim. Flaius

Fla. My Lord

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Iewels yet?

There is no crossing him in's humor,

Else I should tell him well, yfaith I should;

When all's spent, hee'ld be crost then, and he could:

'Tis pittty Bounty had not eyes behinde,

That man might ne're be wretched for his minde.

Enter.

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[ord].

I must intreat you honour me so much,

As to aduance this lewell, 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 Flaius.

Fla. I beseech your Honor, vouchsafe me a word, it

does concerne you neere

Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.

I prythee let's be prouided to shew them entertainment

Fla. I scarce know how.

Enter another Seruant.

Ser. May it please your Honor, Lord Lucius

(Out of his free loue) hath presented to you

Foure Milke-white Horses, trapt in Siluer

Tim. I shall accept them fairely: let the Presents

Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Seruant.

How now? What newes?

3.Ser. Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentleman

Lord Lucullus, entreats your companie to morrow,

to hunt with him, and ha's sent your Honour two brace

of Grey-hounds

Tim. Ile hunt with him,

And let them be receiu'd, not without faire Reward

Fla. What will this come to?

He commands vs to prouide, and giue great guifts, and  
all out of an empty Coffe:  
Nor will he know his Purse, or yeeld me this,  
To shew him what a Begger his heart is,  
Being of no power to make his wishes good.  
His promises flye so beyond his state,  
That what he speaks is all in debt, he ows for eu'ry word:  
He is so kinde, that he now payes interest for't;  
His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were  
Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out:  
Happier is he that has no friend to feede,  
Then such that do e'ne Enemies exceede.  
I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

Exit

Tim. You do your selues much wrong,  
You bate too much of your owne merits.  
Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Loue

2.Lord. With more then common thanks  
I will receyue it

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

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

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

Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no  
man can iustly praise, but what he does affect. I weighe  
my Friends affection with mine owne: Ile tell you true,  
Ile call to you

All Lor. O none so welcome

Tim. I take all, and your seuerall visitations  
So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to giue:  
Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdomes to my Friends,  
And nere be wearie. Alcibiades,  
Thou art a Soldiour, therefore sildome rich,  
It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy liuing  
Is mong'st the dead: and all the Lands thou hast  
Lye in a pitch field

Alc. I, defil'd Land, my Lord

1.Lord. We are so vertuously bound

Tim. And so am I to you

2.Lord. So infinitely ender'd

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights

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

Keepe with you Lord Timon

Tim. Ready for his Friends.

Exeunt. Lords

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

Friendships full of dregges,

Me thinkes false hearts, should neuer haue sound legges.

Thus honest Fooles lay out their wealth on Curtsies

Tim. Now Apermantus (if thou wert not sullen)

I would be good to thee

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

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

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

Exit

Aper. So: Thou wilt not heare mee now, thou shalt  
not then. Ile locke thy heauen from thee:

Oh that mens eares should be

To Counsell deafe, but not to Flatterie.

Exit

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late fiue thousand: to Varro and to Isidore

He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,

Which makes it fiue and twenty. Still in motion

Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.

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

Ca. Heere sir, what is your pleasure

Sen. Get on your cloake, & hast you to Lord Timon,  
Importune him for my Moneyes, be not ceast  
With slight deniall; nor then silenc'd, when  
Commend me to your Master, and the Cap  
Playes in the right hand, thus: but tell him,  
My Vses cry to me; I must serue my turne  
Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are past,  
And my reliances on his fracted dates  
Haue smit my credit. I loue, and honour him,  
But must not breake my backe, to heale his finger.  
Immediate are my needs, and my releefe  
Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,  
But finde supply immediate. Get you gone,

Put on a most importunate aspect,  
A visage of demand: for I do feare  
When euery Feather stickes in his owne wing,  
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,  
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 Riot. Takes no accompt  
How things go from him, nor resume no care

Of what is to continue: neuer minde,  
Was to be so vnwise, to be so kinde.  
What shall be done, he will not heare, till feele:  
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.  
Fye, fie, fie, fie.  
Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

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

Var. Is't not your businesse too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, Isidore?

Isid. It is so

Cap. Would we were all discharg'd

Var. I feare it,

Cap. Heere comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine

Tim. So soone as dinners done, wee'l forth againe

My Alcibiades. With me, what is your will?

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

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens heere, my Lord

Tim. Go to my Steward

Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new dayes this moneth:

My Master is awak'd by great Occasion,

To call vpon his owne, and humbly prayes you,

That with your other Noble parts, you'l suite,

In giuing him his right

Tim. Mine honest Friend,

I prythee but repaire to me next morning

Cap. Nay, good my Lord

Tim. Containe thy selfe, good Friend

Var. One Varroes seruant, my good Lord

Isid. From Isidore, he humbly prayes your speedy payment

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

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

and past

Isi. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I

Am sent expressely to your Lordship

Tim. Giue me breath:

I do beseech you good my Lords keepe on,

Ile waite vpon you instantly. Come hither: pray you

How goes the world, that I am thus encountred

With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,

And the detention of long since due debts

Against my Honor?

Stew. Please you Gentlemen,

The time is vnagreeable to this businesse:

Your importunacie cease, till after dinner,

That I may make his Lordship vnderstand

Wherefore you are not paid

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

Stew. Pray draw neere.

Enter.

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

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

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

Cap. Where's the Foole now?

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

Al. What are we Apemantus?

Ape. Asses

All. Why?

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

Foole. How do you Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies good Foole:

How does your Mistris?

Foole. 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  
wise Company.

How dost thou Apermantus?

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

Boy. Prythee Apemantus reade me the 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 was't borne a Bastard, and thou't dye a Bawd

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

Answer not, I am gone.

Exit

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

Foole. Will you leaue me there?

Ape. If Timon stay at home.

You three serue three Vsurers?

All. I would they seru'd vs

Ape. So would I:

As good a tricke as euer Hangman seru'd Theefe

Foole. Are you three Vsurers men?

All. I Foole

Foole. I thinke no Vsurer, but ha's a Foole to his Seruant.

My Mistris is one, and I am her Foole: when men  
come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly,  
and go away merry: but they enter my Masters house  
merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one

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

Varro. What is a Whoremaster Foole?

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

Var. Thou art not altogether a Foole

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

Ape. That answer might haue become Apemantus

All. Aside, aside, heere comes Lord Timon.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Ape. Come with me (Foole) come

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

Stew. Pray you walke neere,  
Ile speake with you anon.

Exeunt.

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

Stew. You would not heare me:

At many leysures I propose

Tim. Go too:

Perchance some single vantages you tooke,

When my indisposition put you backe,

And that vnaptnesse made your minister

Thus to excuse your selfe

Stew. O my good Lord,

At many times I brought in my accompts,

Laid them before you, you would throw them off,

And say you sound them in mine honestie,

When for some trifling present you haue bid me

Returne so much, I haue shooke my head, and wept:

Yea 'gainst th' Authoritie of manners, pray'd you

To hold your hand more close: I did indure

Not sildome, nor no slight checkes, when I haue

Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,

And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,

Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,

The greatest of your hauing, lackes a halfe,

To pay your present debts

Tim. Let all my Land be sold

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

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

Tim. You tell me true

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

Tim. Prythee no more

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

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

Ste. 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, Flaius, Seruilius?

Enter three Seruants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord

Tim. I will dispatch you seuerally.

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

Flam. As you haue said, my Lord

Stew. Lord Lucius and Lucullus? Humh

Tim. Go you sir to the Senators;

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

Ste. I haue beene bold

(For that I knew it the most generall way)

To them, to vse your Signet, and your Name,  
But they do shake their heads, and I am heere  
No richer in returne

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

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

Tim. You Gods reward them:

Prythee man looke cheerely. These old Fellowes  
Haue their ingratitude in them Hereditary:  
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it sildome flowes,  
'Tis lacke of kindely warmth, they are not kinde;  
And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,  
Is fashion'd for the iourney, dull and heauy.  
Go to Ventiddius (prythee be not sad,  
Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake,  
No blame belongs to thee:) Ventiddius lately  
Buried his Father, by whose death hee's stepp'd

Into a great estate: When he was poore,  
Imprison'd, and in scarcitie of Friends,  
I cleer'd him with fiue Talents: Greet him from me,  
Bid him suppose, some good necessity  
Touches his Friend, which craues to be remembred  
With those fiue Talents; that had, giue't these Fellowes  
To whom 'tis instant due. Neu'r speake, or thinke,  
That Timons fortunes 'mong his Friends can sinke

Stew. I would I could not thinke it:

That thought is Bounties Foe;

Being free it selfe, it thinkes all others so.

Exeunt.

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

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

Flam. I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heere's my Lord

Luc. One of Lord Timons men? A Guift I warrant.

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

Flam. His health is well sir

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

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

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

Enter Seruant with Wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, heere is the Wine

Luc. Flaminius, I haue noted thee alwayes wise.

Heere's to thee

Flam. Your Lordship speakes your pleasure

Luc. I haue obserued thee alwayes for a towardlie  
prompt spirit, giue thee thy due, and one that knowes  
what belongs to reason; and canst vse the time wel, if the  
time vse thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone sirrah.

Draw neerer honest Flaminius. Thy Lords a bountifull  
Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou know'st  
well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no  
time to lend money, especially vpon bare friendshippe  
without securitie. Here's three Solidares for thee, good  
Boy winke at me, and say thou saw'st mee not. Fare thee  
well

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,

And we aliue that liued? Fly damned basenesse

To him that worships thee

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

Exit L[ucullus].

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 thriue, and turne to Nutriment,

When he is turn'd to poyson?

O may Diseases onely worke vpon't:

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

Which my Lord payd for, be of any power

To expell sicknesse, but prolong his hower.

Enter.

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 beleeeue it: hee cannot want  
for money

2 But beleeeue you this my Lord, that not long agoe,  
one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow so  
many Talents, nay vrg'd extreemly for't, and shewed  
what necessity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'de

Luci. How?

2 I tell you, deny'de my Lord

Luci. What a strange case was that? Now before the  
Gods I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man?  
There was verie little Honour shew'd in't. For my owne  
part, I must needes confesse, I haue receyued some small  
kindnesses from him, as Money, Plate, lewels, 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

Lucil. 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

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

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

Luc. Dost thou speake seriously Seruilius?

Seruil. Vpon my soule 'tis true Sir

Luci. What a wicked Beast was I to disfurnish my  
self against such a good time, when I might ha shewn my  
selfe Honourable? How vnluckily it hapned, that I shold  
Purchase the day before for a little part, and vndo a great  
deale of Honour? 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, because  
I haue no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me,  
I count it one of my greatest afflictions say, that I cannot  
pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman. Good Seruilius,  
will you befriend mee so farre, as to vse mine owne  
words to him?

Ser. Yes sir, I shall.

Exit Seruil[ius].

Lucil. Ile looke you out a good turne Seruilius.

True as you said, Timon is shrunke indeede,

And he that's once deny'de, will hardly speede.

Enter.

1 Do you obserue this Hostilius?

2 I, to well

1 Why this is the worlds soule,  
And iust of the same peece  
Is euery Flatterers sport: who can call him his Friend  
That dips in the same dish? For in my knowing  
Timon has bin this Lords Father,  
And kept his credit with his purse:  
Supported his estate, nay Timons money  
Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinkes,  
But Timons Siluer treads vpon his Lip,  
And yet, oh see the monstrosnesse 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 Policy sits aboue Conscience.

Exeunt.

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

Semp. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum.

'Boue all others?

He might haue tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus,

And now Ventidgius is wealthy too,

Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these

Owes their estates vnto him

Ser. My Lord,

They haue all bin touch'd, and found Base-Mettle,

For they haue all denied him

Semp. How? Haue they deny'de him?

Has Ventidgius and Lucullus deny'de him,

And does he send to me? Three? Humh?

It shewes but little loue, or iudgement in him.

Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends (like Physitians)  
Thriue, giue him ouer: Must I take th' Cure vpon me?  
Has much 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 guift from him.  
And does he thinke so backwardly of me now,  
That Ile requite it last? No:  
So it may proue an Argument of Laughter  
To th' rest, and 'mong'st Lords be thought a Foole:  
I'de rather then the worth of thrice the summe,  
Had sent to me first, but for my mindes sake:  
I'de such a courage to do him good. But now returne,  
And with their faint reply, this answer ioyne;  
Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne.

Exit

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

This was my Lords best hope, now all are fled  
Saue onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,  
Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards  
Many a bounteous yeere, must be imploy'd  
Now to guard sure their Master:  
And this is all a liberall course allowes,  
Who cannot keepe his wealth, must keep his house.  
Enter.

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

Var.man. Well met, goodmorrow Titus & Hortensius

Tit. The like to you kinde Varro

Hort. Lucius, what do we meet together?

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

For mine is money

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci. And sir Philotus too

Phil. Good day at once

Luci. Welcome good Brother.

What do you thinke the houre?

Phil. Labouring for Nine

Luci. So much?

Phil. Is not my Lord seene yet?

Luci. Not yet

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

Luci. I, but the dayes are waxt shorter with him:

You must consider, that a Prodigall course

Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recouerable, I feare:

'Tis deepest Winter in Lord Timons purse, that is: One

may reach deepe enough, and yet finde little

Phil. I am of your feare, for that

Tit. Ile shew you how t' obserue a strange euent:

Your Lord sends now for Money?

Hort. Most true, he doe's

Tit. And he weares lewels now of Timons guift,  
For which I waite for money

Hort. It is against my heart

Luci. Marke how strange it showes,  
Timon in this, should pay more then he owes:  
And e'ne as if your Lord should weare rich lewels,  
And send for money for 'em

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

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

Luci. Fiue thousand mine

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

Tit. One of Lord Timons men

Luc. Flaminius? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord readie  
to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not

Tit. We attend his Lordship: pray signifie so much

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

Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled.

Luci. Ha: is not that his Steward muffled so?

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

Tit. Do you heare, sir?

2.Varro. By your leaue, sir

Stew. What do ye aske of me, my Friend

Tit. We waite for certaine Money heere, sir

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

'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your summes and Billes

When your false Masters eate of my Lords meat?  
Then they could smile, and fawne vpon his debts.  
And take downe th' Intrest into their glutt'nous Mawes.  
You do your selues but wrong, to stirre me vp,  
Let me passe quietly:  
Beleeue't, my Lord and I haue made an end,  
I haue no more to reckon, he to spend

Luci. I, but this answer will not serue

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

1.Varro. How? What does his casheer'd Worship  
mutter?

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

Enter Seruilius.

Tit. Oh heere's Seruilius: now wee shall know some  
answere

Seru. If I might beseech you Gentlemen, to repayre

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

Luci. Many do keepe their Chambers, are not sicke:

And if it be so farre beyond his health,  
Me thinkes he should the sooner pay his debts,  
And make a cleere way to the Gods

Seruil. Good Gods

Titus. We cannot take this for answer, sir

Flaminius within. Seruilius helpe, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

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

Haue I bin euer free, and must my house

Be my retentiue Enemy? My Gaole?

The place which I haue Feasted, does it now

(Like all Mankinde) shew me an Iron heart?

Luci. Put in now Titus

Tit. My Lord, heere is my Bill

Luci. Here's mine

1.Var. And mine, my Lord

2.Var. And ours, my Lord

Philo. All our Billes

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

Luc. Alas, my Lord

Tim. Cut my heart in summes

Tit. Mine, fifty Talents

Tim. Tell out my blood

Luc. Fiue thousand Crownes, my Lord

Tim. Fiue thousand drops payes that.

What yours? and yours?

1.Var. My Lord

2.Var. My Lord

Tim. Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall vpon you.

Exit Timon.

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

Exeunt.

Enter Timon.

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

Stew. My deere Lord

Tim. What if it should be so?

Stew. My Lord

Tim. Ile haue it so. My Steward?

Stew. Heere my Lord

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

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

Tim. Be it not in thy care:  
Go I charge thee, inuite them all, let in the tide  
Of Knaues once more: my Cooke and Ile prouide.

Exeunt.

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

1.Sen. My Lord, you haue my voyce, too't,

The faults Bloody:

'Tis necessary he should dye:

Nothing imboldens sinne so much, as Mercy

2 Most true; the Law shall bruise 'em

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 heaue

Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood

Hath stept into the Law: which is past depth

To those that (without heede) do plundge intoo't.

He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,

Nor did he soyle the fact with Cowardice.

(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)

But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirit,

Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his Foe:

And with such sober and vnnoted passion

He did behooe his anger ere 'twas spent,

As if he had but prou'd an Argument

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

Alci. My Lord

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

Alci. My Lords, then vnder fauour, pardon me,  
If I speake like a Captaine.  
Why do fond men expose themselues to Battell,  
And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,

And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats  
Without repugnancy? If there be  
Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee  
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant  
That stay at home, if Bearing carry it:  
And the Asse, more Captaine then the Lyon?  
The fellow loaden with Irons, wiser then the Iudge?  
If Wisedome be in suffering. Oh my Lords,  
As you are great, be pittifully Good,  
Who cannot condemne rashnesse in cold blood?  
To kill, I grant, is sinnes extreamest Gust,  
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most iust.  
To be in Anger, is impietie:  
But who is Man, that is not Angrie.  
Weigh but the Crime with this

2.Sen. You breath in vaine

Alci. In vaine?

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

1 What's that?

Alc. Why say my Lords ha's done faire seruice,  
And slaine in fight many of your enemies:  
How full of valour did he beare himselfe

In the last Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 He has made too much plenty with him:

He's a sworne Riotor, he has a sinne

That often drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner.

If there were no Foes, that were enough

To ouercome him. In that Beastly furie,

He has bin knowne to commit outrages,

And cherrish Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to vs,

His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous

1 He dyes

Alci. Hard fate: he might haue dyed in warre.

My Lords, if not for any parts in him,

Though his right arme might purchase his owne time,

And be in debt to none: yet more to moue you,

Take my deserts to his, and ioyne 'em both.

And for I know, your reuerend Ages loue Security,

Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you

Vpon his good returnes.

If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,

Why let the Warre receiue't in valiant gore,

For Law is strict, and Warre is nothing more

1 We are for Law, he dyes, vrge it no more

On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,

He forfeits his owne blood, that spilles another

Alc. Must it be so? It must not bee:

My Lords, I do beseech you know mee

2 How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances

3 What

Alc. I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,

It could not else be, I should proue so bace,

To sue and be deny'de such common Grace.

My wounds ake at you

1 Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:

We banish thee for euer

Alc. Banish me?

Banish your dotage, banish vsurie,

That makes the Senate vgly

1 If after two dayes shine, Athens containe thee,

Attend our waightier Iudgement.

And not to swell our Spirit,

He shall be executed presently.

Exeunt.

Alc. Now the Gods keepe you old enough,

That you may liue

Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.

I'm worse then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes

While they haue told their Money, and let out

Their Coine vpon large interest. I my selfe,

Rich onely in large hurts. All those, for this?

Is this the Balsome, that the vsuring Senat

Powres into Captaines wounds? Banishment.

It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,

It is a cause worthy my Spleene and Furie,

That I may strike at Athens. Ile cheere vp

My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;

'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at ods,

Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods.

Enter.

Enter diuers Friends at seuerall doores.

1 The good time of day to you, sir

2 I also wish it to you: I thinke this Honorable Lord

did but try vs this other day

1 Vpon that were my thoughts tyring when wee encountred.

I hope it is not so low with him as he made it

seeme in the triall of his seuerall Friends

2 It should not be, by the perswasion of his new Feasting

1 I should thinke so. He hath sent mee an earnest inuiting,

which many my neere occasions did vrge mee to

put off: but he hath coniu'r'd mee beyond them, and I

must needs appeare

2 In like manner was I in debt to my importunat businesse,

but he would not heare my excuse. I am sorrie,

when he sent to borrow of mee, that my Prouision was

out

1 I am sicke of that greefe too, as I vnderstand how all

things go

2 Euery man heares so: what would hee haue 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: Feast 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 remains 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 Banket brought in.

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

Tim. Thinke not on't, sir

2 If you had sent but two houres before

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

Come bring in all together

2 All couer'd Dishes

1 Royall Cheare, I warrant you

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

1 How do you? What's the newes?

3 Alcibiades is banish'd: heare you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd?

3 'Tis so, be sure of it

1 How? How?

2 I pray you vpon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?

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

2 This is the old man still

3 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?

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

3 I do conceyue

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

The Gods require our Thankes.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thankefulnesse.

For your owne guifts, make your selues prais'd: But  
reserue still to giue, least your Deities be despised. Lend to each  
man enough, that one neede not lend to another. For were your  
Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make

the Meate be beloued, more then the Man that giues it. Let  
no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines. If there  
sit twelue Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they  
are. The rest of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens,  
together with the common legge of People, what is amisse in  
them, you Gods, make suteable for destruction. For these my  
present Friends, as they are to mee nothing, so in nothing blesse  
them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Vncouer Dogges, and lap

Some speake. What do's his Lordship meane?

Some other. I know not

Timon. May you a better Feast neuer behold

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

Is your perfection. This is Timons last,

Who stucke and spangled you with Flatteries,

Washes it off and sprinkles in your faces

Your reeking villany. Liue loath'd, and long

Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,

Curteous Destroyers, affable Wolues, meeke Beares:

You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,

Cap and knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute lackes.

Of Man and Beast, the infinite Maladie

Crust you quite o're. What do'st thou go?

Soft, take thy Physicke first; thou too, and thou:

Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.

What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast,  
Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Guest.  
Burne house, sinke Athens, henceforth hated be  
Of Timon Man, and all Humanity.

Exit

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1 How now, my Lords?

2 Know you the quality of Lord Timons fury?

3 Push, did you see my Cap?

4 I haue lost my Gowne

1 He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors swaies

him. He gaue me a lewell th' other day, and now hee has  
beate it out of my hat.

Did you see my lewell?

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  
Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench,  
And minister in their steeds, to generall Filthes.  
Conuert o'th' Instant greene Virginitie,  
Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast  
Rather then render backe; out with your Kniues,  
And cut your Trusters throates. Bound Seruants, steale,  
Large-handed Robbers your graue Masters are,  
And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Masters bed,  
Thy Mistris is o'th' Brothell. Some of sixteen,

Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,  
With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,  
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iustice, Truth,  
Domesticke awe, Night-rest, and Neighbourhood,  
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,  
Degrees, Obseruances, Customes, and Lawes,  
Decline to your confounding contraries.  
And yet Confusion liue: Plagues incident to men,  
Your potent and infectious Feauors, heape  
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica,  
Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt  
As lamely as their Manners. Lust, and Libertie  
Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,  
That 'gainst the streame of Vertue they may striue,  
And drowne themselues in Riot. Itches, Blaines,  
So we all th' Athenian bosomes, and their crop  
Be generall Leprosie: Breath, infect breath,  
That their Society (as their Friendship) may  
Be meere poyson. Nothing Ile beare from thee  
But nakednesse, thou detestable Towe,  
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:  
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde  
Th' vnkindest Beast, more kinder then Mankinde.  
The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)  
Th' Athenians both within and out that Wall:  
And graunt as Timon growes, his hate may grow  
To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.  
Amen.

Enter.

Enter Steward with two or three Seruants.

1 Heare you M[aster]. Steward, where's our Master?

Are we vndone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,

I am as poore as you

1 Such a House broke?

So Noble a Master falne, all gone, and not

One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,

And go along with him

2 As we do turne our backes

From our Companion, throwne into his graue,

So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes

Slinke all away, leaue their false vowes with him

Like empty purses pickt; and his poore selfe

A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,

With his disease, of all shunn'd pouerty,

Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Seruants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd house

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

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

Embrace and part seuerall wayes.

Oh the fierce wretchednesse that Glory brings vs!  
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?  
Who would be so mock'd with Glory, or to liue  
But in a Dreame of Friendship,  
To haue his pompe, and all what state compounds,

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

Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth  
Rotten humidity: below thy Sisters Orbe  
Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,  
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,  
Scarse is diuidant; touch them with seuerall fortunes,  
The greater scornes the lesser. Not Nature  
(To whom all sores lay siege) can beare great Fortune

But by contempt of Nature.  
Raise me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,  
The Senators shall beare contempt Hereditary,  
The Begger Natiue Honor.  
It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,  
The want that makes him leaue: who dares? who dares  
In puritie of Manhood stand vpright  
And say, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,  
So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune  
Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate  
Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's oblique:  
There's nothing leuell in our cursed Natures  
But direct villanie. Therefore be abhorr'd,  
All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.  
His semblable, yea himselfe Timon disdaines,  
Destruction phang mankinde; Earth yeeld me Rootes,  
Who seekes for better of thee, sawce his pallate  
With thy most operant Poyson. What is heere?  
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?  
No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,  
Roots you cleere Heauens. Thus much of this will make  
Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;  
Base, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.  
Ha you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why this  
Will lugge your Priests and Seruants from your sides:  
Plucke stout mens pillowes from below their heads.  
This yellow Slaue,  
Will knit and breake Religions, blesse th' accurst,

Make the hoare Leprosie ador'd, place Theeues,  
And giue them Title, knee, and approbation  
With Senators on the Bench: This is it  
That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;  
Shee, whom the Spittle-house, and vlcerosus sores,  
Would cast the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices  
To'th' Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,  
Thou common whore of Mankinde, that puttes oddes  
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee  
Do thy right Nature.

March afarre off.

Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,  
But yet Ile bury thee: Thou't go (strong Theefe)  
When Gowty keepers of thee cannot stand:  
Nay stay thou out for earnest.  
Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner, and  
Phrynia and  
Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? speake

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

Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hatefull to thee,

That art thy selfe a Man?

Tim. I am Misanthropos, and hate Mankinde.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dogge,

That I might loue thee something

Alc. I know thee well:

But in thy Fortunes am vnlearn'd, and strange

Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee

I not desire to know. Follow thy Drumme,

With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:

Religious Cannons, ciuill Lawes are cruell,

Then what should warre be? This fell whore of thine,

Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword,

For all her Cherubin looke

Phrin. Thy lips rot off

Tim. I will not kisse thee, then the rot returnes

To thine owne lippes againe

Alc. How came the Noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the Moone do's, by wanting light to giue:

But then renew I could not like the Moone,

There were no Sunnes to borrow of

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

Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion

Alc. What is it Timon?

Tim. Promise me Friendship, but performe none.

If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou  
art a man: if thou do'st performe, confound thee, for  
thou art a man

Alc. I haue heard in some sort of thy Miseries

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperitie

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

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

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

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes

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

Timan. Hang thee Monster

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

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

Alc. I am thy Friend, and pittie thee deere Timon

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

Alc. Why fare thee well:

Heere is some Gold for thee

Tim. Keepe it, I cannot eate it

Alc. When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens

Alc. I Timon, and haue cause

Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,

And thee after, when thou hast Conquer'd

Alc. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That by killing of Villaines

Thou was't borne to conquer my Country.

Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on;

Be as a Plannetary plague, when loue

Will o're some high-Vic'd City, hang his poyson

In the sicke ayre: let not thy sword skip one:

Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,

He is an Vsurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,

It is her habite onely, that is honest,

Her selfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheekes  
Make soft thy trenchant Sword: for those Milke pappes  
That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,  
Are not within the Leafe of pittie writ,  
But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe  
Whose dimpled smiles from Fooles exhaust their mercy;  
Thinke it a Bastard, whom the Oracle  
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,  
And mince it sans remorse. Sweare against Obiects,  
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,  
Whose prooffe, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,  
Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,  
Shall pierce a iot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,  
Make large confusion: and thy fury spent,  
Confounded be thy selfe. Speake not, be gone

Alc. Hast thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou giuest  
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 Othable,

Although I know you'l sweare, terribly sweare  
Into strong shudders, and to heauenly Agues  
Th' immortall Gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:  
Ile trust to your Conditions, be whores still.  
And he whose pious breath 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?  
Beleeue't that wee'l do any thing for Gold

Tim. Consumptions sowe  
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,  
And marre mens spurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,  
That he may neuer more false Title pleade,  
Nor sound his Quillets shrilly: Hoare the Flamen,  
That scold'st against the quality of flesh,  
And not beleeues himselfe. Downe with the Nose,  
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away  
Of him, that his particular to foresee

Smels from the generall weale. Make curl'd pate Ruffians bald

And let the vnscarr'd Braggerts of the Warre

Deriue some paine from you. Plague all,

That your Actiuity may defeate and quell

The sourse of all Ereccion. There's more Gold.

Do you damne others, and let this damne you,

And ditches graue you all

Both. More counsell with more Money, bounteous

Timon

Tim. More whore, more Mischeefe first, I haue giuen

you earnest

Alc. Strike vp the Drum towardes Athens, farewell

Timon: if I thriue well, Ile visit thee againe

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

Alc. I neuer did thee harme

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me

Alc. Call'st thou that harme?

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

Alc. We but offend him, strike.

Exeunt.

Tim. That Nature being sicke of mans vnkindnesse  
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou  
Whose wombe vnmeasureable, and infinite brest  
Teemes and feeds all: whose selfesame Mettle  
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puft,  
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,  
The gilded Newt, and 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 fourth 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 Morsels Vnctious, greases his pure minde,  
That from it all Consideration slippes-  
Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague

Ape. I was directed hither. Men report,  
Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost vse them

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

Ape. This is in thee a Nature but infected,  
A poore vnmanly Melancholly sprung  
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?  
This Slaue-like Habit, and these lookes of Care?  
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye soft,  
Hugge their diseas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot  
That euer Timon was. Shame not these Woods,  
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.  
Be thou a Flatterer now, and seeke to thriue  
By that which ha's vndone thee; hindge thy knee,  
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obserue  
Blow off thy Cap: praise his most vicious straine,  
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:  
Thou gau'st thine eares (like Tapsters, that bad welcom)

To Knaues, and all approachers: 'Tis most iust  
That thou turne Rascall, had'st thou wealth againe,  
Rascals should haue't. Do not assume my likenesse

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

Ape. Thou hast cast away thy selfe, being like thy self  
A Madman so long, now a Foole: what think'st  
That the bleake ayre, thy boysterous Chamberlaine  
Will put thy shirt on warme? Will these moyst Trees,  
That haue out-liu'd the Eagle, page thy heeles  
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brooke  
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taste  
To cure thy o're-nights surfet? Call the Creatures,  
Whose naked Natures liue in all the spight  
Of wrekefull Heauen, whose bare vnoused Trunkes,  
To the conflicting Elements expos'd  
Answer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.  
O thou shalt finde

Tim. A Foole of thee: depart

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

Tim. I hate thee worse

Ape. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery

Ape. I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiffe

Tim. Why do'st thou seeke me out?

Ape. To vex thee

Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fooles.

Dost please thy selfe in't?

Ape. I

Tim. What, a Knaue too?

Ape. If thou did'st put this sowre cold habit on

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou

Dost it enforcedly: Thou'dst Courtier be againe

Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery

Out-liues: incertaine pompe, is crown'd before:

The one is filling still, neuer compleat:

The other, at high wish: best state Contentlesse,

Hath a distracted and most wretched being,

Worse then the worst, Content.

Thou should'st desire to dye, being miserable

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.  
Thou art a Slaue, whom Fortunes tender arme  
With fauour neuer claspt: but bred a Dogge.  
Had'st thou like vs from our first swath proceeded,  
The sweet degrees that this breefe world affords,  
To such as may the passiuie drugges of it  
Freely command'st: thou would'st haue plung'd thy self  
In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth  
In different beds of Lust, and neuer learn'd  
The Icie precepts of respect, but followed  
The Sugred game before thee. But my selfe,  
Who had the world as my Confectionarie,  
The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,  
At duty more then I could frame employment;  
That numberlesse vpon me stucke, as leaues  
Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters brush  
Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,  
For euery storme that blowes. I to beare this,  
That neuer knew but better, is some burthen:  
Thy Nature, did commence in sufferance, Time  
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st 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 stuffe  
To some shee-Begger, and compounded thee  
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,  
If thou hadst not bene borne the worst of men,

Thou hadst bene a Knaue and Flatterer

Ape. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am not thee

Ape. I, that I was no Prodigall

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I haue shut vp in thee,

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

That the whole life of Athens were in this,

Thus would I eate it

Ape. Heere, I will mend thy Feast

Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy selfe

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

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

If not, I would it were

Ape. What would'st thou haue to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind: if thou wilt,

Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, so I haue

Ape. Heere is no vse for Gold

Tim. The best, and truest:

For heere it sleepest, and do's no hyred harme

Ape. Where lyeest a nights Timon?

Tim. Vnder that's aboue me.

Where feed'st thou a-dayes Apemantus?

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

Tim. Would poyson were obedient, & knew my mind

Ape. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sawce thy dishes

Ape. The middle of Humanity thou neuer knewest,  
but the extremitie of both ends. When thou wast in thy  
Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much  
Curiositie: in thy Ragges thou know'st none, but art despis'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 didd'st thou  
euer know vnthrift, that was beloued after his meanes!

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

Ape. My selfe

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

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

Tim. Women neerest, but men: men are the things  
themselues. What would'st thou do with the world Apemantus,  
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 confusion  
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 Asse:  
If thou wert the Asse, thy dulnesse would torment thee;  
and still thou liu'dst but as a Breakefast to the Wolfe. If  
thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflict thee,  
& oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert  
thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound  
thee, and make thine owne selfe the conquest of thy fury.  
Wert thou a Beare, thou would'st be kill'd by the Horse:  
wert thou a Horse, thou would'st be seiz'd by the Leopard:  
wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the  
Lion, and the spotted of thy Kindred, were lurors on thy  
life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence.  
What Beast could'st thou bee, that were not subiect  
to a Beast: and what a Beast art thou already, that  
seest not thy losse in transformation

Ape. If thou could'st please me  
With speaking to me, thou might'st  
Haue hit vpon it heere.  
The Commonwealth of Athens, is become  
A Forrest of Beasts

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

Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:

The plague of Company light vpon thee:

I will feare to catch it, and giue way.

When I know not what else to do,

Ile see thee againe

Tim. When there is nothing liuing but thee,

Thou shalt be welcome.

I had rather be a Beggers Dogge,

Then Apemantus

Ape. Thou art the Cap

Of all the Fooles aliue

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough

To spit vpon

Ape. A plague on thee,

Thou art too bad to curse

Tim. All Villaines

That do stand by thee, are pure

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

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

Ape. I would my tongue  
Could rot them off

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

Ape. Would thou would'st burst

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

Ape. Beast

Tim. Slaue

Ape. Toad

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.

I am sicke of this false world, and will loue nought

But euen the meere necessities vpon't:

Then Timon presently prepare thy graue:

Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate

Thy graue stone dayly, make thine Epitaph,

That death in me, at others liues may laugh.

O thou sweete King-killer, and deare diuorce

Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler

Of Himens purest bed, thou valiant Mars,

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

Whose blush doth thawe the consecrated Snow

That lyes on Dians lap.

Thou visible God,

That souldrest close Impossibilities,

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

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. Ile say th'hast Gold:

Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly

Tim. Throng'd too?

Ape. I

Tim. Thy backe I prythee

Ape. Liue, and loue thy misery

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

Ape. Mo things like men,

Eate Timon, and abhorre then.

Exit Apeman[tus].

Enter the Bandetti.

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

2 It is nois'd

He hath a masse of Treasure

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

2 True: for he beares it not about him:

'Tis hid

1 Is not this hee?

All. Where?

2 'Tis his description

3 He? I know him

All. Saue thee Timon

Tim. Now Theeues

All. Soldiers, not Theeues

Tim. Both too, and womens Sonnes

All. We are not Theeues, but men

That much do want

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat:  
Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes:  
Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs:  
The Oakes beare Mast, the Briars Scarlet Heps,  
The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each bush,  
Layes her full Messe before you. Want? why Want?  
1 We cannot liue on Grasse, on Berries, Water,  
As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes

Ti. Nor on the Beasts themselues, the Birds & Fishes,  
You must eate men. Yet thanks I must you con,  
That you are Theeues profest: that you worke not  
In holier shapes: For there is boundlesse Theft  
In limited Professions. Rascall Theeues  
Heere's Gold. Go, sucke the subtle blood o'th' Grape,  
Till the high Feauor seeth your blood to froth,  
And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physitian,  
His Antidotes are poyson, and he slayes  
Moe then you Rob: Take wealth, and liues together,  
Do Villaine do, since you protest to doo't.  
Like Workemen, Ile example you with Theeuery:  
The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction  
Robbes the vaste Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,  
And her pale fire, she snatches from the Sunne.  
The Seas a Theefe, whose liquid Surge, resolues  
The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,

That feeds and breeds by a composture stolne  
From gen'rall excrement: each thing's a Theefe.  
The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power  
Ha's vncheck'd Theft. Loue not your selues, away,  
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,  
All that you meete are Theeues: to Athens go,  
Breake open shoppes, nothing can you steale  
But Theeues do loose it: steale lesse, for this I giue you,  
And Gold confound you howsoere: Amen

3 Has almost charm'd me from my Profession, by perswading  
me to it

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

2 Ile beleeue him as an Enemy,  
And giue ouer my Trade

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

Exit Theeues.

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!

Is yon'd 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 deerest Master

Tim. Away: what art thou?

Stew. Haue you forgot me, Sir?

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

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

I haue forgot thee

Stew. An honest poore seruant of yours

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I neuer had honest man about me, I all

I kept were Knaues, to serue in meate to Villaines

Stew. The Gods are witnesse,  
Neu'r 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 might'st haue sooner got another Seruice:  
For many so arriue at second Masters,  
Vpon their first Lords necke. But tell me true,  
(For I must euer doubt, though ne're so sure)  
Is not thy kindnesse subtle, couetous,  
If not a Vsuring kindnesse, and as rich men deale Guifts,  
Expecting in returne twenty for one?  
Stew. No my most worthy Master, in whose brest  
Doubt, and suspect (alas) are plac'd too late:  
You should haue fear'd false times, when you did Feast.  
Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.  
That which I shew, Heauen knowes, is meerey Loue,  
Dutie, and Zeale, to your vnmatched minde;  
Care of your Food and Liuing, and beleeue it,  
My most Honour'd Lord,  
For any benefit that points to mee,  
Either in hope, or present, I'de exchange  
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth  
To requite me, by making rich your selfe

Tim. Looke thee, 'tis so: thou singly honest man,  
Heere take: the Gods out of my miserie

Ha's sent thee Treasure. Go, liue rich and happy,  
But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men:  
Hate all, curse all, shew Charity to none,  
But let the famisht flesh slide from the Bone,  
Ere thou releuee the Begger. Giue to dogges  
What thou denyest to men. Let Prisons swallow 'em,  
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blasted woods  
And may Diseases licke vp their false bloods,  
And so farewell, and thriue

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

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

Exit

Enter Poet, and Painter.

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

Poet. What's to be thought of him?

Does the Rumor hold for true,

That hee's so full of Gold?

Painter. Certaine.

Alcibiades reports it: Phrinica and Timandylo

Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd

Poore stragling Souldiers, with great quantity.

'Tis saide, he gaue vnto his Steward

A mighty summe

Poet. Then this breaking of his,

Ha's beene but a Try for his Friends?

Painter. Nothing else:

You shall see him a Palme in Athens againe,

And flourish with the highest:

Therefore, 'tis not amisse, we tender our loues

To him, in this suppos'd distresse of his:

It will shew honestly in vs,

And is very likely, to loade our purposes

With what they trauaile for,

If it be a iust and true report, that goes

Of his hauing

Poet. What haue you now

To present vnto him?

Painter. Nothing at this time

But my Visitation: onely I will promise him

An excellent Peece

Poet. I must serue him so too;

Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him

Painter. Good as the best.

Promising, is the verie Ayre o'th' Time;

It opens the eyes of Expectation.

Performance, is euer the duller for his acte,

And but in the plainer and simpler kinde of people,

The deede of Saying is quite out of vse.

To Promise, is most Courtly and fashionable;

Performance, is a kinde of Will or Testament

Which argues a great sicknesse in his iudgement

That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Caue.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,

Thou canst not paint a man so badde

As is thy selfe

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 Discouerie of the infinite Flatteries

That follow youth and opulencie

Timon. Must thou needes

Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?

Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?

Do so, I haue Gold for thee

Poet. Nay let's seeke him.

Then do we sinne against our owne estate,

When we may profit meete, and come too late

Painter. True:

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

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

Come

Tim. Ile meete you at the turne:

What a Gods Gold, that he is worshipt

In a baser Temple, then where Swine feede?

'Tis thou that 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 obay.

Fit I meet them

Poet. Haile worthy Timon

Pain. Our late Noble Master

Timon. Haue I once liu'd

To see two honest men?

Poet. Sir:

Hauing often of your open Bounty tasted,

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

Whose thankelesse Natures (O abhorred Spirits)

Not all the Whippes of Heauen, are large enough.

What, to you,

Whose Starre-like Noblenesse gaue life and influence

To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot couet

The monstrous bulke of this Ingratitude

With any size of words

Timon. Let it go,

Naked men may see't the better:

You that are honest, by being what you are,

Make them best seene, and knowne

Pain. He, and my selfe

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

And sweetly felt it

Timon. I, you are honest man

Painter. We are hither come

To offer you our service

Timon. Most honest men:

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 service

Tim. Y'are honest men,

Y'haue heard that I haue Gold,

I am sure you haue, speake truth, y'are honest men

Pain. So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore

Came not my Friend, nor I

Timon. Good honest men: Thou draw'st a counterfet

Best in all Athens, th'art indeed the best,

Thou counterfet'st most liuely

Pain. So, so, my Lord

Tim. E'ne so sir as I say. And for thy fiction,  
Why thy Verse swels with 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 to vs

Tim. You'l take it ill

Both. Most thankfully, 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

Poet. Nor I

Timon. Looke you,

I loue you well, Ile giue you Gold

Rid me these Villaines from your companies;

Hang them, or stab them, drowne them in a draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to me,

Ile giue you Gold enough

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

Tim. You that way, and you this:

But two in Company:

Each man a part, all single, and alone,

Yet an arch Villaine keepes him company:

If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be,

Come not neere him. If thou would'st not recide

But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.

Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye slaues:

You haue worke for me; there's payment, hence,

You are an Alcumist, make Gold of that:

Out Rascall dogges.

Exeunt.

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is vaine that you would speake with Timon:

For he is set so onely to himselfe,

That nothing but himselfe, which lookes like man,

Is friendly with him

1.Sen. Bring vs to his Caue.

It is our part and promise to th' Athenians

To speake with Timon

2.Sen. At all times alike

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

That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,

Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,

The former man may make him: bring vs to him

And chanc'd it as it may

Stew. Heere is his Caue:

Peace and content be heere. Lord Timon, Timon,

Looke out, and speake to Friends: Th' Athenians

By two of their most reuerend Senate greet thee:

Speake to them Noble Timon.

Enter Timon out of his Caue.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comforts burne,

Speake and be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister, and each false

Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th' Tongue,

Consuming it with speaking

1 Worthy Timon

Tim. Of none but such as you,

And you of Timon

1 The Senators of Athens, greet thee Timon

Tim. I thanke them,

And would send them backe the plague,

Could I but catch it for them

1 O forget

What we are sorry for our selues in thee:

The Senators, with one consent of loue,

Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought  
On speciall Dignities, which vacant lye  
For thy best vse and wearing

2 They confesse

Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too generall grosse;  
Which now the publike Body, which doth sildome  
Play the recanter, feeling in it selfe  
A lacke of Timons ayde, hath since withall  
Of it owne fall, restraining ayde to Timon,  
And send forth vs, to make their sorrowed render,  
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull  
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,  
I euen such heapes and summes of Loue and Wealth,  
As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,  
And write in thee the figures of their loue,  
Euer to read them thine

Tim. You witch me in it;  
Surprize me to the very brinke of teares;  
Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,  
And Ile beweepe these comforts, worthy Senators

1 Therefore so please thee to returne with vs,  
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take  
The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,

Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name  
Lieve 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 threatenng Sword  
Against the walles of Athens

1 Therefore Timon

Tim. Well sir, I will: therefore I will sir thus:  
If Alcibiades kill my Countrymen,  
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,  
That Timon cares not. But if he sacke faire Athens,  
And take our goodly aged men by'th' Beards,  
Giuing our holy Virgins to the staine  
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd warre:  
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speakes it,  
In pittie of our aged, and our youth,  
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,  
And let him tak't at worst: For their Kniues care not,  
While you haue throats to answer. For my selfe,  
There's not a whittle, in th' vnruely Campe,  
But I do prize it at my loue, before  
The reuerends Throat in Athens. So I leaue you

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

Stew. Stay not, all's in vaine

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

1 We speake in vaine

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

1 That's well spoke

Tim. Commend me to my louing Countreymen

1 These words become your lippes as they passe thorow  
them

2 And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers

In their applauding gates

Tim. Commend me to them,

And tell them, that to ease them of their greefes,

Their feares of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,

Their pangs of Loue, with other incident throwes

That Natures fragile Vessell doth sustaine

In lifes vncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them,

Ile teach them to preuent wilde Alcibiades wrath

1 I like this well, he will returne againe

Tim. I haue a Tree which growes heere in my Close,

That mine owne vse inuites me to cut downe,

And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,

Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,

From high to low throughout, that who so please

To stop Affliction, let him take his haste;

Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,

And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting

Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall

Finde him

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

Exit Timon.

1 His discontentes are vnremouebly coupled to Nature

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

1 It requires swift foot.

Exeunt.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his Files

As full as thy report?

Mes. I haue spoke the least.

Besides his expedition promises present approach

2 We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon

Mes. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,

Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,

Yet our old loue made a particular force,

And made vs speake like Friends. This man was riding

From Alcibiades to Timons Caue,

With Letters of intreaty, which imported

His Fellowship i'th' cause against your City,

In part for his sake mou'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Heere come our Brothers

3 No talke of Timon, nothing of him expect,

The Enemies Drumme is heard, and fearefull scouring

Doth choake the ayre with dust: In, and prepare,

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

Exeunt.

Enter a Souldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.

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

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

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

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

I cannot read: the Charracter Ile take with wax,

Our Captaine hath in euey 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.

Enter.

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 bearer strong  
Cries (of it selfe) no more: Now breathlesse wrong,  
Shall sit and pant in your great Chaires of ease,  
And pursie Insolence shall breake his winde  
With feare and horrid flight

1.Sen. Noble, and young;  
When thy first greefes were but a meere conceit,  
Ere thou had'st power, or we had cause of feare,  
We sent to thee, to giue thy rages Balme,  
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loues  
Aboue 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 walled of ours,  
Were not erected by their hands, from whom  
You have received your grief: Nor are they such,  
That these great Towers, Trophies, & Schools should fall  
For private faults in them

2 Nor are they living  
Who were the motives that you first went out,  
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in excess)  
Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,  
Into our City with thy Banners spread,  
By decimation and a tything death;  
If thy Revenges 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 have not offended:  
For those that were, it is not square to take  
On those that are, Revenge: Crimes, like Lands  
Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,  
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage,  
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin  
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall  
With those that have offended, like a Shepherd,

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

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

1 Set but thy foot  
Against our rampyr'd gates, and they shall ope:  
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
To say thou't enter Friendly

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

Alc. Then there's my Gloue,  
Defend and open your vncharged Ports,  
Those Enemies of Timons, and mine owne  
Whom you your selues shall set out for reproofe,  
Fall and no more; and to attone your feares  
With my more Noble meaning, not a man  
Shall passe his quarter, or offend the streame

Of Regular Iustice in your Citties bounds,  
But shall be remedied to your publique Lawes  
At heauiest answer

Both. 'Tis most Nobly spoken

Alc. Descend, and keepe your words.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Alcibiades reades the Epitaph.

Heere lies a wretched Coarse, of wretched Soule bereft,  
Seek not my name: A Plague consume you, wicked Caitifs left:  
Heere lye I Timon, who aliue, all liuing men did hate,  
Passe by, and curse thy fill, but passe and stay not here thy gate.  
These well expresse in thee thy latter spirits:  
Though thou abhorrd'st in vs our humane griefes,  
Scornd'st our Braines flow, and those our droplets, which  
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit

Taught thee to make vast Neptune weepe for aye  
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiuen. Dead  
Is Noble Timon, of whose Memorie  
Heereafter more. Bring me into your Citie,  
And I will vse the Oliue, with my Sword:  
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war, make each  
Prescribe to other, as each others Leach.  
Let our Drummes strike.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

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 Theeues.

Flaminius, one of Tymons Seruants.

Seruius, another.

Caphis.

Varro.

Philo.

Titus.

Lucius.

Hortensis Seuerall Seruants to Vsurers.

Ventigius. one of Tymons false Friends.

Cupid.

Sempronius. With diuers other Seruants, And Attendants.

THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.