

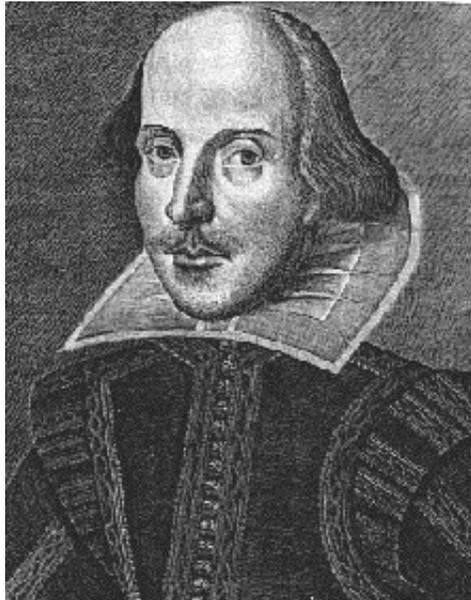
THE LIFE OF TYMON

OF ATHENS.

by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Based on the Folio Text of 1623



DjVu Editions E-books



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Shakespeare: First Folio

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The Life of Timon of Athens

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Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

2 *Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer,*
 3 *at seuerall doores.*
 4 *Poet.*
 5 Good day Sir.
 6 *Pain.* I am glad y'are well.
 7 *Poet.* I haue not seene you long, how goes
 8 the World?
 9 *Pain.* It weares sir, as it growes.
 10 *Poet.* I that's well knowne:
 11 But what particular Rarity? What strange,
 12 Which manifold record not matches: see
 13 Magicke of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
 14 Hath coniu'r'd to attend.
 15 I know the Merchant.
 16 *Pain.* I know them both: th' others a Jeweller.
 17 *Mer.* O 'tis a worthy Lord.
 18 *Jew.* Nay that's most fixt.
 19 *Mer.* A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
 20 To an vntyreable and continuate goodnesse:
 21 He passes.
 22 *Jew.* I haue a Jewell heere.
 23 *Mer.* O pray let's see't. For the Lord *Timon*, sir?
 24 *Jewel.* If he will touch the estimate. But for that—
 25 *Poet.* When we for recompence haue prais'd the vild,
 26 It staines the glory in that happy Verse,
 27 Which aptly sings the good.
 28 *Mer.* 'Tis a good forme.
 29 *Jewel.* And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.
 30 *Pain.* You are rapt sir, in some worke, some Dedicacion
 31 to the great Lord.
 32 *Poet.* A thing slipt idly from me.
 33 Our Poesie is as a Gowne, which vses
 34 From whence 'tis nourisht: the fire i'th' Flint
 35 Shewes not, till it be strooke: our gentle flame
 36 Prouokes it selfe, and like the currant flyes
 37 Each bound it chases. What haue you there?
 38 *Pain.* A Picture sir: when comes your Booke forth?
 39 *Poet.* Vpon the heeles of my presentment sir.
 40 Let's see your peece.

41 *Pain.* 'Tis a good Peece.
 42 *Poet.* So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.
 43 *Pain.* Indifferent.
 44 *Poet.* Admirable: How this grace
 45 Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power
 46 This eye shootes forth? How bigge imagination
 47 Moues in this Lip, to th' dumbnesse of the gesture,
 48 One might interpret.
 49 *Pain.* It is a pretty mocking of the life:
 50 Heere is a touch: Is't good?
 51 *Poet.* I will say of it,
 52 It Tutors Nature, Artificiall strife
 53 Liues in these touches, liuelier then life.
 54 *Enter certaine Senators.*
 55 *Pain.* How this Lord is followed.
 56 *Poet.* The Senators of Athens, happy men.
 57 *Pain.* Looke moe.
 58 *Po.* You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,
 59 I haue in this rough worke, shap'd out a man
 60 Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge
 61 With amplest entertainment: My free drift
 62 Halts not particularly, but moues it selfe
 63 In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice
 64 Infects one comma in the course I hold,
 65 But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
 66 Leauing no Tract behinde.
 67 *Pain.* How shall I vnderstand you?
 68 *Poet.* I will vnboult to you.
 69 You see how all Conditions, how all Mindes,
 70 As well of glib and slipp'ry Creatures, as
 71 Of Graue and austere qualitie, tender downe
 72 Their seruices to Lord *Timon*: his large Fortune,
 73 Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
 74 Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance
 75 All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glasse- fac'd Flatterer
 76 To *Apemantus*, that few things loues better
 77 Then to abhorre himselfe; euen hee drops downe
 78 The knee before him, and returns in peace
 79 Most rich in *Timons* nod.
 80 *Pain.* I saw them speake together.
 81 *Poet.* Sir, I haue vpon a high and pleasant hill
 82 Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.
 83 The Base o'th' Mount
 84 Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinde of Natures
 85 That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,
 86 To propagate their states; among'st them all,

87 Whose eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,
 88 One do I personate of Lord *Timons* frame,
 89 Whom Fortune with her Iuory hand wafts to her,
 90 Whose present grace, to present slaues and seruants
 91 Translates his Riuals.
 92 *Pain.* 'Tis conceyu'd, to scope
 93 This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes [Gg2
 94 With one man becken'd from the rest below,
 95 Bowing his head against the sleepy Mount
 96 To climbe his happinesse, would be well exprest
 97 In our Condition.
 98 *Poet.* Nay Sir, but heare me on:
 99 All those which were his Fellowes but of late,
 100 Some better then his vawew; on the moment
 101 Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
 102 Raine Sacrificiall whisperings in his eare,
 103 Make Sacred euen his styropp, and through him
 104 Drinke the free Ayre.
 105 *Pain.* I marry, what of these?
 106 *Poet.* When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
 107 Spurnes downe her late beloued; all his Dependants
 108 Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
 109 Euen on their knees and hand, let him sit downe,
 110 Not one accompanying his declining foot.
 111 *Pain.* Tis common:
 112 A thousand morall Paintings I can shew,
 113 That shall demonstrate these quicke blowes of Fortunes,
 114 More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
 115 To shew Lord *Timon*, that meane eyes haue seene
 116 The foot about the head.
 117 *Trumpets sound.*
 118 *Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe curteously*
 119 *to euery Sutor.*
 120 *Tim.* Imprison'd is he, say you?
 121 *Mes.* I my good Lord, fiue Talents is his debt,
 122 His meanes most short, his Creditors most strait:
 123 Your Honourable Letter he desires
 124 To those haue shut him vp, which failing,
 125 Periods his comfort.
 126 *Tim.* Noble *Ventidius*, well:
 127 I am not of that Feather, to shake off
 128 My Friend when he must neede me. I do know him
 129 A Gentleman, that well deserues a helpe,
 130 Which he shall haue. Ile pay the debt, and free him.
 131 *Mes.* Your Lordship euer bindes him.
 132 *Tim.* Commend me to him, I will send his ransome,

133 And being enfranchized bid him come to me;
 134 'Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,
 135 But to support him after. Fare you well.
 136 *Mes.* All happinesse to your Honor. *Exit.*
 137 *Enter an old Athenian.*
 138 *Oldm.* Lord *Timon*, heare me speake.
 139 *Tim.* Freely good Father.
 140 *Oldm.* Thou hast a Seruant nam'd *Lucilius*.
 141 *Tim.* I haue so: What of him?
 142 *Oldm.* Most Noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.
 143 *Tim.* Attends he heere, or no? *Lucillius*.
 144 *Luc.* Heere at your Lordships seruice.
 145 *Oldm.* This Fellow heere, L[ord]. *Timon*, this thy Creature,
 146 By night frequents my house. I am a man
 147 That from my first haue beene inclin'd to thrift,
 148 And my estate deserues an Heyre more rais'd,
 149 Then one which holds a Trencher.
 150 *Tim.* Well: what further?
 151 *Old.* One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin else,
 152 On whom I may conferre what I haue got:
 153 The Maid is faire, a'th' youngest for a Bride,
 154 And I haue bred her at my deerest cost
 155 In Qualities of the best. This man of thine
 156 Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)
 157 Ioyne with me to forbid him her resort,
 158 My selfe haue spoke in vaine.
 159 *Tim.* The man is honest.
 160 *Oldm.* Therefore he will be *Timon*,
 161 His honesty rewards him in it selfe,
 162 It must not beare my Daughter.
 163 *Tim.* Does she loue him?
 164 *Oldm.* She is yong and apt:
 165 Our owne precedent passions do instruct vs
 166 What leuities in youth.
 167 *Tim.* Loue you the Maid?
 168 *Luc.* I my good Lord, and she accepts of it.
 169 *Oldm.* If in her Marriage my consent be missing,
 170 I call the Gods to witnesse, I will choose
 171 Mine heyre from forth the Beggars of the world,
 172 And dispossesse her all.
 173 *Tim.* How shall she be endowed,
 174 If she be mated with an equall Husband?
 175 *Oldm.* Three Talents on the present; in future, all.
 176 *Tim.* This Gentleman of mine
 177 Hath seru'd me long:
 178 To build his Fortune, I will straine a little,

179 For 'tis a Bond in men. Giue him thy Daughter,
 180 What you bestow, in him Ile counterpoize,
 181 And make him weigh with her.
 182 *Oldm.* Most Noble Lord,
 183 Pawne me to this your Honour, she is his.
 184 *Tim.* My hand to thee,
 185 Mine Honour on my promise.
 186 *Luc.* Humbly I thanke your Lordship, neuer may
 187 That state or Fortune fall into my keeping,
 188 Which is not owed to you. *Exit*
 189 *Poet.* Vouchsafe my Labour,
 190 And long liue your Lordship.
 191 *Tim.* I thanke you, you shall heare from me anon:
 192 Go not away. What haue you there, my Friend?
 193 *Pain.* A peece of Painting, which I do beseech
 194 Your Lordship to accept.
 195 *Tim.* Painting is welcome.
 196 The Painting is almost the Naturall man:
 197 For since Dishonor Traffickes with mans Nature,
 198 He is but out- side: These Pensil'd Figures are
 199 Euen such as they giue out. I like your worke,
 200 And you shall finde I like it; Waite attendance
 201 Till you heare further from me.
 202 *Pain.* The Gods preserue ye.
 203 *Tim.* Well fare you Gentleman: giue me your hand.
 204 We must needs dine together: sir your Iewell
 205 Hath suffered vnder praise.
 206 *Iewel.* What my Lord, dispraise?
 207 *Tim.* A meere saciety of Commendations,
 208 If I should pay you for't as 'tis extold,
 209 It would vnclaw me quite.
 210 *Iewel.* My Lord, 'tis rated
 211 As those which sell would giue: but you well know,
 212 Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
 213 Are prized by their Masters. Beleeu't deere Lord,
 214 You mend the Iewell by the wearing it.
 215 *Tim.* Well mock'd. *Enter Apermantus.*
 216 *Mer.* No my good Lord, he speakes y common toong
 217 Which all men speake with him.
 218 *Tim.* Looke who comes heere, will you be chid?
 219 *Iewel.* Wee'l beare with your Lordship.
 220 *Mer.* Hee'l spare none.
 221 *Tim.* Good morrow to thee,
 222 Gentle *Apermantus.* [Gg2v
 223 *Ape.* Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow.
 224 When thou art *Timons* dogge, and these Knaues honest.

225 *Tim.* Why dost thou call them Knaues, thou know'st
 226 them not?
 227 *Ape.* Are they not Athenians?
 228 *Tim.* Yes.
 229 *Ape.* Then I repent not.
 230 *Iew.* You know me, *Apemantus*?
 231 *Ape.* Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.
 232 *Tim.* Thou art proud *Apemantus*?
 233 *Ape.* Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*
 234 *Tim.* Whether art going?
 235 *Ape.* To knocke out an honest Athenians braines.
 236 *Tim.* That's a deed thou't dye for.
 237 *Ape.* Right, if doing nothing be death by th' Law.
 238 *Tim.* How lik'st thou this picture *Apemantus*?
 239 *Ape.* The best, for the innocence.
 240 *Tim.* Wrought he not well that painted it.
 241 *Ape.* He wrought better that made the Painter, and
 242 yet he's but a filthy peece of worke.
 243 *Pain.* Y'are a Dogge.
 244 *Ape.* Thy Mothers of my generation: what's she, if I
 245 be a Dogge?
 246 *Tim.* Wilt dine with me *Apemantus*?
 247 *Ape.* No: I eate not Lords.
 248 *Tim.* And thou should'st, thoud'st anger Ladies.
 249 *Ape.* O they eate Lords;
 250 So they come by great bellies.
 251 *Tim.* That's a lasciuious apprehension.
 252 *Ape.* So, thou apprehend'st it,
 253 Take it for thy labour.
 254 *Tim.* How dost thou like this Iewell, *Apemantus*?
 255 *Ape.* Not so well as plain- dealing, which wil not cast
 256 a man a Doit.
 257 *Tim.* What dost thou thinke 'tis worth?
 258 *Ape.* Not worth my thinking.
 259 How now Poet?
 260 *Poet.* How now Philosopher?
 261 *Ape.* Thou lyeest.
 262 *Poet.* Art not one?
 263 *Ape.* Yes.
 264 *Poet.* Then I lye not.
 265 *Ape.* Art not a Poet?
 266 *Poet.* Yes.
 267 *Ape.* Then thou lyeest:
 268 Looke in thy last worke, where thou hast feign'd him a
 269 worthy Fellow.
 270 *Poet.* That's not feign'd, he is so.

271 *Ape.* Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy
 272 labour. He that loues to be flattered, is worthy o'th flat-terer.
 273 Heauens, that I were a Lord.
 274 *Tim.* What wouldst do then *Apemantus*?
 275 *Ape.* E'ne as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with
 276 my heart.
 277 *Tim.* What thy selfe?
 278 *Ape.* I.
 279 *Tim.* Wherefore?
 280 *Ape.* That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.
 281 Art not thou a Merchant?
 282 *Mer.* I *Apemantus*.
 283 *Ape.* Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.
 284 *Mer.* If Trafficke do it, the Gods do it.
 285 *Ape.* Traffickes thy God, & thy God confound thee.
 286 *Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.*
 287 *Tim.* What Trumpets that?
 288 *Mes.* 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty Horse
 289 All of Companionship.
 290 *Tim.* Pray entertaine them, giue them guide to vs.
 291 You must needs dine with me: go not you hence
 292 Till I haue thankt you: when dinners done
 293 Shew me this peece, I am ioyfull of your sights.
 294 *Enter Alcibiades with the rest.*
 295 Most welcome Sir.
 296 *Ape.* So, so; their Aches contract, and sterue your
 297 supple ioynts: that there should bee small loue amongst
 298 these sweet Knaues, and all this Curtesie. The straine of
 299 mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.
 300 *Alc.* Sir, you haue sau'd my longing, and I feed
 301 Most hungerly on your sight.
 302 *Tim.* Right welcome Sir:
 303 Ere we depart, wee'l share a bounteous time
 304 In different pleasures.
 305 Pray you let vs in. *Exeunt.*
 306 *Enter two Lords.*
 307 1.*Lord* What time a day is't *Apemantus*?
 308 *Ape.* Time to be honest.
 309 1 That time serues still.
 310 *Ape.* The most accursed thou that still omitst it.
 311 2 Thou art going to Lord *Timons* Feast.
 312 *Ape.* I, to see meate fill Knaues, and Wine heat fooles.
 313 2 Farthee well, farthee well.
 314 *Ape.* Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.
 315 2 Why *Apemantus*?
 316 *Ape.* Should'st haue kept one to thy selfe, for I meane

317 to giue thee none.
 318 1 Hang thy selfe.
 319 *Ape.* No I will do nothing at thy bidding:
 320 Make thy requests to thy Friend.
 321 2 Away vnpeaceable Dogge,
 322 Or Ile spurne thee hence.
 323 *Ape.* I will flye like a dogge, the heeles a'th' Asse.
 324 1 Hee's opposite to humanity.
 325 Come shall we in,
 326 And taste Lord *Timons* bountie: he out- goes
 327 The verie heart of kindnesse.
 328 2 He powres it out: *Plutus* the God of Gold
 329 Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes
 330 Seuen- fold aboue it selfe: No guift to him,
 331 But breeds the giuer a returne: exceeding
 332 All vse of quittance.
 333 1 The Noblest minde he carries,
 334 That euer gouern'd man.
 335 2 Long may he liue in Fortunes. Shall we in?
 336 Ile keepe you Company. *Exeunt.* [337 *Hoboyes Playing lowd Musicke.*
 338 *A great Banquet seru'd in: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the*
 339 *States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon re-deem'd*
 340 *from prison. Then comes dropping after all Ape-mantus*
 341 *discontentedly like himselfe.*
 342 *Ventig.* Most honoured *Timon*,
 343 It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,
 344 And call him to long peace:
 345 He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
 346 Then, as in gratefull Vertue I am bound
 347 To your free heart, I do returne those Talents
 348 Doubled with thankes and seruice, from whose helpe
 349 I deriu'd libertie.
 350 *Tim.* O by no meanes,
 351 Honest *Ventigius*: You mistake my loue, [Gg3
 352 I gaue it freely euer, and ther's none
 353 Can truely say he giues, if he receiues:
 354 If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
 355 To imitate them: faults that are rich are faire.
 356 *Vint.* A Noble spirit.
 357 *Tim.* Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but deuis'd at first
 358 To set a glosse on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
 359 Recanting goodnesse, sorry ere 'tis showne:
 360 But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
 361 Pray sit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
 362 Then my Fortunes to me.
 363 1.*Lord.* My Lord, we alwaies haue confest it.

364 *Aper.* Ho ho, confest it? Handg'd it? Haue you not?
 365 *Timo.* O *Apermantus*, you are welcome.
 366 *Aper.* No: You shall not make me welcome:
 367 I come to haue thee thrust me out of doores.
 368 *Tim.* Fie, th'art a churle, ye'haue got a humour there
 369 Does not become a man, 'tis much too blame:
 370 They say my Lords, *Ira furor breuis est*,
 371 But yond man is verie angrie.
 372 Go, let him haue a Table by himselfe:
 373 For he does neither affect companie,
 374 Nor is he fit for't indeed.
 375 *Aper.* Let me stay at thine apperill *Timon*,
 376 I come to obserue, I giue thee warning on't.
 377 *Tim.* I take no heede of thee: Th'art an *Athenian*,
 378 therefore welcome: I my selfe would haue no power,
 379 prythee let my meate make thee silent.
 380 *Aper.* I scorne thy meate, 'twould choake me: for I
 381 should nere flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number
 382 of men eats *Timon*, and he sees 'em not? It greeues me
 383 to see so many dip there meate in one mans blood, and
 384 all the madnesse is, he cheeres them vp too.
 385 I wonder men dare trust themselues with men.
 386 Me thinks they should enuite them without kniues,
 387 Good for there meate, and safer for their liues.
 388 There's much example for't, the fellow that sits next him,
 389 now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in
 390 a diuided draught: is the readiest man to kill him. 'Tas
 391 beene proued, if I were a huge man I should feare to
 392 drinke at meales, least they should spie my wind- pipes
 393 dangerous noates, great men should drinke with harnesse
 394 on their throates.
 395 *Tim.* My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.
 396 *2.Lord.* Let it flow this way my good Lord.
 397 *Aper.* Flow this way? A braue fellow. He keepes his
 398 tides well, those healths will make thee and thy state
 399 looke ill, *Timon*.
 400 Heere's that which is too weake to be a sinner,
 401 Honest water, which nere left man i'th' mire:
 402 This and my food are equals, there's no ods,
 403 Feasts are to proud to giue thanks to the Gods.
 404 *Apermantus* Grace.
 405 *Immortall Gods, I craue no pelfe,*
 406 *I pray for no man but my selfe,*
 407 *Graunt I may neuer proue so fond,*
 408 *To trust man on his Oath or Bond.*
 409 *Or a Harlot for her weeping,*

410 *Or a Dogge that seemes asleeping,*
 411 *Or a keeper with my freedome,*
 412 *Or my friends if I should need 'em.*
 413 *Amen. So fall too't:*
 414 *Richmen sin, and I eat root.*
 415 Much good dich thy good heart, *Apermantus*
 416 *Tim. Captaine,*
 417 *Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now.*
 418 *Alci. My heart is euer at your seruice, my Lord.*
 419 *Tim. You had rather be at a breakefast of Enemies,*
 420 *then a dinner of Friends.*
 421 *Alc. So they were bleeding new my Lord, there's no*
 422 *meat like 'em, I could wish my best friend at such a Feast.*
 423 *Aper. Would all those Flatterers were thine Enemies*
 424 *then, that then thou might'st kill 'em: & bid me to 'em.*
 425 *1.Lord. Might we but haue that happinesse my Lord,*
 426 *that you would once vse our hearts, whereby we might*
 427 *expresse some part of our zeales, we should thinke our*
 428 *selues for euer perfect.*
 429 *Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods*
 430 *themselues haue prouided that I shall haue much helpe*
 431 *from you: how had you beene my Friends else. Why*
 432 *haue you that charitable title from thousands? Did not*
 433 *you chiefly belong to my heart? I haue told more of*
 434 *you to my selfe, then you can with modestie speake in*
 435 *your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh*
 436 *you Gods (thinke I,) what need we haue any Friends; if*
 437 *we should nere haue need of 'em? They were the most*
 438 *needlesse Creatures liuing; should we nere haue vse for*
 439 *'em? And would most resemble sweete Instruments*
 440 *hung vp in Cases, that keepes there sounds to them-selues.*
 441 *Why I haue often wisht my selfe poorer, that*
 442 *I might come neerer to you: we are borne to do bene-fits.*
 443 *And what better or properer can we call our owne,*
 444 *then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a pretious com-fort*
 445 *'tis, to haue so many like Brothers commanding*
 446 *one anothers Fortunes. Oh ioyes, e'ne made away er't*
 447 *can be borne: mine eies cannot hold out water me thinks*
 448 *to forget their Faults. I drinke to you.*
 449 *Aper. Thou weep'st to make them drinke, Timon.*
 450 *2.Lord. Ioy had the like conception in our eies,*
 451 *And at that instant, like a babe sprung vp.*
 452 *Aper. Ho, ho: I laugh to thinke that babe a bastard.*
 453 *3.Lord. I promise you my Lord you mou'd me much.*
 454 *Aper. Much.*
 455 *Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with*

456 *Lutes in their hands, dauncing and playing.*
 457 *Tim.* What means that Trumpe? How now?
 458 *Enter Seruant.*
 459 *Ser.* Please you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies
 460 Most desirous of admittance.
 461 *Tim.* Ladies? what are their wils?
 462 *Ser.* There comes with them a fore- runner my Lord,
 463 which beares that office, to signifie their pleasures.
 464 *Tim.* I pray let them be admitted.
 465 *Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies.*
 466 *Cup.* Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of
 467 his Bounties taste: the fiue best Sences acknowledge thee
 468 their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentious
 469 bosome.
 470 There tast, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise:
 471 They onely now come but to Feast thine eies.
 472 *Timo.* They'r welcome all, let 'em haue kind admit-tance.
 473 Musicke make their welcome.
 474 *Luc.* You see my Lord, how ample y'are belou'd.
 475 *Aper.* Hoyday,
 476 What a sweepe of vanitie comes this way.
 477 They daunce? They are madwomen, [Gg3v
 478 Like Madnesse is the glory of this life,
 479 As this pompe shewes to a little oyle and roote.
 480 We make our selues Fooles, to disport our selues,
 481 And spend our Flatteries, to drinke those men,
 482 Vpon whose Age we voyde it vp agen
 483 With poysonous Spight and Enuy.
 484 Who liues, that's not depraued, or depraues;
 485 Who dyes, that beares not one spurne to their graues
 486 Of their Friends guift:
 487 I should feare, those that dance before me now,
 488 Would one day stampe vpon me: 'Tas bene done,
 489 Men shut their doores against a setting Sunne.
 490 *The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and*
 491 *to shew their loues, each single out an Amazon, and all*
 492 *Dance, men with women, a loftie straine or two to the*
 493 *Hoboyes, and cease.*
 494 *Tim.* You haue done our pleasures
 495 Much grace (faire Ladies)
 496 Set a faire fashion on our entertainment,
 497 Which was not halfe so beautifull, and kinde:
 498 You haue added worth vntoo't, and luster,
 499 And entertain'd me with mine owne deuce.
 500 I am to thanke you for't.
 501 1 *Lord.* My Lord you take vs euen at the best.

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

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

506 *All La.* Most thankfully, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

507 *Tim. Flavius.*

508 *Fla.* My Lord.

509 *Tim.* The little Casket bring me hither.

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

516 *1 Lord.* Where be our men?

517 *Ser.* Heere my Lord, in readinesse.

518 *2 Lord.* Our Horses.

519 *Tim.* O my Friends:
520 I haue one word to say to you: Looke you, my good L[ord].
521 I must intreat you honour me so much,
522 As to aduance this Iewell, accept it, and weare it,
523 Kinde my Lord.

524 *1 Lord.* I am so farre already in your guifts.

525 *All.* So are we all.

526 *Enter a Seruant.*

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

529 *Tim.* They are fairely welcome.

530 *Enter Flavius.*

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

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

535 *Fla.* I scarce know how.

536 *Enter another Seruant.*

537 *Ser.* May it please your Honor, Lord *Lucius*
538 (Out of his free loue) hath presented to you
539 Foure Milke- white Horses, trapt in Siluer.

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

542 *Enter a third Seruant.*

543 How now? What newes?

544 *3.Ser.* Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentle-man
545 Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your companie to morrow,
546 to hunt with him, and ha's sent your Honour two brace
547 of Grey- hounds.

548 *Tim.* Ile hunt with him,
 549 And let them be receiu'd, not without faire Reward.
 550 *Fla.* What will this come to?
 551 He commands vs to prouide, and giue great guifts, and
 552 all out of an empty Coffe:
 553 Nor will he know his Purse, or yeeld me this,
 554 To shew him what a Begger his heart is,
 555 Being of no power to make his wishes good.
 556 His promises flye so beyond his state,
 557 That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes for eu'ry word:
 558 He is so kinde, that he now payes interest for't;
 559 His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were
 560 Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out:
 561 Happier is he that has no friend to feede,
 562 Then such that do e'ne Enemies exceede.
 563 I bleed inwardly for my Lord. *Exit*
 564 *Tim.* You do your selues much wrong,
 565 You bate too much of your owne merits.
 566 Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Loue.
 567 *2.Lord.* With more then common thankes
 568 I will receyue it.
 569 *3.Lord.* O he's the very soule of Bounty.
 570 *Tim.* And now I remember my Lord, you gaue good
 571 words the other day of a Bay Courser I rod on. Tis yours
 572 because you lik'd it.
 573 *1.L.* Oh, I beseech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that.
 574 *Tim.* You may take my word my Lord: I know no
 575 man can iustly praise, but what he does affect. I weighe
 576 my Friends affection with mine owne: Ile tell you true,
 577 Ile call to you.
 578 *All Lor.* O none so welcome.
 579 *Tim.* I take all, and your seuerall visitations
 580 So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to giue:
 581 Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdomes to my Friends,
 582 And nere be wearie. *Alcibiades,*
 583 Thou art a Soldiour, therefore sildome rich,
 584 It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy liuing
 585 Is mong'st the dead: and all the Lands thou hast
 586 Lye in a pitch field.
 587 *Alc.* I, defil'd Land, my Lord.
 588 *1.Lord.* We are so vertuously bound.
 589 *Tim.* And so am I to you.
 590 *2.Lord.* So infinitely endeer'd.
 591 *Tim.* All to you. Lights, more Lights.
 592 *1.Lord.* The best of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes
 593 Keepe with you Lord *Timon.*

594 *Tim.* Ready for his Friends. *Exeunt Lords*
 595 *Aper.* What a coiles heere, seruing of beckes, and iut-ting
 596 out of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be
 597 worth the summes that are giuen for 'em.
 598 Friendships full of dregges,
 599 Me thinkes false hearts, should neuer haue sound legges.
 600 Thus honest Fooles lay out their wealth on Curtsies.
 601 *Tim.* Now *Apermantus* (if thou wert not sullen)
 602 I would be good to thee.
 603 *Aper.* No, Ile nothing; for if I should be brib'd too,
 604 there would be none left to raile vpon thee, and then thou
 605 wouldst sinne the faster. Thou giu'st so long *Timon* (I
 606 feare me) thou wilt giue away thy selfe in paper shortly.
 607 What needs these Feasts, pompes, and Vaine- glories? [Gg4
 608 *Tim.* Nay, and you begin to raile on Societie once, I
 609 am sworne not to giue regard to you. Farewell, & come
 610 with better Musicke. *Exit*
 611 *Aper.* So: Thou wilt not heare mee now, thou shalt
 612 not then. Ile locke thy heauen from thee:
 613 Oh that mens eares should be
 614 To Counsell deafe, but not to Flatterie. *Exit* [615 *Enter a Senator.*
 616 *Sen.* And late fiue thousand: to *Varro* and to *Isidore*
 617 He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,
 618 Which makes it fiue and twenty. Still in motion
 619 Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
 620 If I want Gold, steale but a beggers Dogge,
 621 And giue it *Timon*, why the Dogge coines Gold.
 622 If I would sell my Horse, and buy twenty moe
 623 Better then he; why giue my Horse to *Timon*.
 624 Aske nothing, giue it him, it Foles me straight
 625 And able Horses: No Porter at his gate,
 626 But rather one that smiles, and still inuites
 627 All that passe by. It cannot hold, no reason
 628 Can sound his state in safety. *Caphis* hoa,
 629 *Caphis* I say.
 630 *Enter Caphis.*
 631 *Ca.* Heere sir, what is your pleasure.
 632 *Sen.* Get on your cloake, & hast you to Lord *Timon*,
 633 Importune him for my Moneyes, be not ceast
 634 With slight deniall; nor then silenc'd, when
 635 Commend me to your Master, and the Cap
 636 Playes in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
 637 My Vses cry to me; I must serue my turne
 638 Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are past,
 639 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 640 Haue smit my credit. I loue, and honour him,

641 But must not breake my backe, to heale his finger.
 642 Immediate are my needs, and my releefe
 643 Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
 644 But finde supply immediate. Get you gone,
 645 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 646 A visage of demand: for I do feare
 647 When euery Feather stickes in his owne wing,
 648 Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
 649 Which flashes now a Phoenix, get you gone.
 650 *Ca.* I go sir.
 651 *Sen.* I go sir?
 652 Take the Bonds along with you,
 653 And haue the dates in. Come.
 654 *Ca.* I will Sir.
 655 *Sen.* Go. *Exeunt*
 656 *Enter Steward, with many billes in his hand.*
 657 *Stew.* No care, no stop, so senselesse of expence,
 658 That he will neither know how to maintaine it,
 659 Nor cease his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt
 660 How things go from him, nor resume no care
 661 Of what is to continue: neuer minde,
 662 Was to be so vnwise, to be so kinde.
 663 What shall be done, he will not heare, till feele:
 664 I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
 665 Fye, fie, fie, fie.
 666 *Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.*
 667 *Cap.* Good euen *Varro*: what, you come for money?
 668 *Var.* Is't not your businesse too?
 669 *Cap.* It is, and yours too, *Isidore*?
 670 *Isid.* It is so.
 671 *Cap.* Would we were all discharg'd.
 672 *Var.* I feare it,
 673 *Cap.* Heere comes the Lord.
 674 *Enter Timon, and his Traine.*
 675 *Tim.* So soone as dinners done, wee'l forth againe
 676 My *Alcibiades*. With me, what is your will?
 677 *Cap.* My Lord, heere is a note of certaine dues.
 678 *Tim.* Dues? whence are you?
 679 *Cap.* Of Athens heere, my Lord.
 680 *Tim.* Go to my Steward.
 681 *Cap.* Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off
 682 To the succession of new dayes this moneth:
 683 My Master is awak'd by great Occasion,
 684 To call vpon his owne, and humbly prayes you,
 685 That with your other Noble parts, you'l suite,
 686 In giuing him his right.

687 *Tim.* Mine honest Friend,
 688 I prythee but repaire to me next morning.
 689 *Cap.* Nay, good my Lord.
 690 *Tim.* Containe thy selfe, good Friend.
 691 *Var.* One *Varroes* seruant, my good Lord.
 692 *Isid.* From *Isidore*, he humbly prayes your speedy pay-ment.
 694 *Cap.* If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.
 695 *Var.* 'Twas due on forfeiture my Lord, sixe weekes,
 696 and past.
 697 *Isi.* Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
 698 Am sent expressely to your Lordship.
 699 *Tim.* Giue me breath:
 700 I do beseech you good my Lords keepe on,
 701 Ile waite vpon you instantly. Come hither: pray you
 702 How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
 703 With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
 704 And the detention of long since due debts
 705 Against my Honor?
 706 *Stew.* Please you Gentlemen,
 707 The time is vnagreeable to this businesse:
 708 Your importunacie cease, till after dinner,
 709 That I may make his Lordship vnderstand
 710 Wherefore you are not paid.
 711 *Tim.* Do so my Friends, see them well entertain'd.
 712 *Stew.* Pray draw neere. *Exit.*
 713 *Enter Apemantus and Foole.*
 714 *Caph.* Stay, stay, here comes the Foole with *Apeman-tus*,
 715 let's ha some sport with 'em.
 716 *Var.* Hang him, hee'l abuse vs.
 717 *Isid.* A plague vpon him dogge.
 718 *Var.* How dost Foole?
 719 *Ape.* Dost Dialogue with thy shadow?
 720 *Var.* I speake not to thee.
 721 *Ape.* No 'tis to thy selfe. Come away.
 722 *Isi.* There's the Foole hangs on your backe already.
 723 *Ape.* No thou stand'st single, th'art not on him yet.
 724 *Cap.* Where's the Foole now?
 725 *Ape.* He last ask'd the question. Poore Rogues, and
 726 Vsurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.
 727 *Al.* What are we *Apemantus*?
 728 *Ape.* Asses.
 729 *All.* Why?
 730 *Ape.* That you ask me what you are, & do not know
 731 your selues. Speake to 'em Foole.
 732 *Foole.* How do you Gentlemen?
 733 *All.* Gramercies good Foole:

734 How does your Mistris? [Gg4v
 735 *Foole.* She's e'ne setting on water to scal'd such Chic-kens
 736 as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.
 737 *Ape.* Good, Gramercy.
 738 *Enter Page.*
 739 *Foole.* Looke you, heere comes my Masters Page.
 740 *Page.* Why how now Captaine? what do you in this
 741 wise Company.
 742 How dost thou *Apermantus*?
 743 *Ape.* Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might
 744 answer thee profitably.
 745 *Boy.* Prythee *Apemantus* reade me the superscripti-on
 746 of these Letters, I know not which is which.
 747 *Ape.* Canst not read?
 748 *Page.* No.
 749 *Ape.* There will litle Learning dye then that day thou
 750 art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go
 751 thou was't borne a Bastard, and thou't dye a Bawd.
 752 *Page.* Thou was't whelpt a Dogge, and thou shalt
 753 famish a Dogges death.
 754 Answer not, I am gone. *Exit*
 755 *Ape.* E'ne so thou out- runst Grace,
 756 Foole I will go with you to Lord *Timons*.
 757 *Foole.* Will you leaue me there?
 758 *Ape.* If *Timon* stay at home.
 759 You three serue three Vsurers?
 760 *All.* I would they seru'd vs.
 761 *Ape.* So would I:
 762 As good a tricke as euer Hangman seru'd Theefe.
 763 *Foole.* Are you three Vsurers men?
 764 *All.* I Foole.
 765 *Foole.* I thinke no Vsurer, but ha's a Foole to his Ser-uant.
 766 My Mistris is one, and I am her Foole: when men
 767 come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly,
 768 and go away merry: but they enter my Masters house
 769 merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?
 770 *Var.* I could render one.
 771 *Ap.* Do it then, that we may account thee a Whore-master,
 772 and a Knaue, which notwithstanding thou shalt
 773 be no lesse esteemed.
 774 *Varro.* What is a Whoremaster Foole?
 775 *Foole.* A Foole in good cloathes, and something like
 776 thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometime t' appeares like a Lord, som-time
 777 like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with
 778 two stones moe then's artificiall one. Hee is verie often
 779 like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes

780 vp and downe in, from fourescore to thirteen, this spirit
781 walkes in.
782 *Var.* Thou art not altogether a Foole.
783 *Foole.* Nor thou altogether a Wise man,
784 As much foolerie as I haue, so much wit thou lack'st.
785 *Ape.* That answer might haue become *Apemantus*.
786 *All.* Aside, aside, heere comes Lord *Timon*.
787 *Enter Timon and Steward.*
788 *Ape.* Come with me (Foole) come.
789 *Foole.* I do not alwayes follow Louer, elder Brother,
790 and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.
791 *Stew.* Pray you walke neere,
792 Ile speake with you anon. *Exeunt.*
793 *Tim.* You make me meruell wherefore ere this time
794 Had you not fully laide my state before me,
795 That I might so haue rated my expence
796 As I had leaue of meanes.
797 *Stew.* You would not heare me:
798 At many leysures I propose.
799 *Tim.* Go too:
800 Perchance some single vantages you tooke,
801 When my indisposition put you backe,
802 And that vnaptnesse made your minister
803 Thus to excuse your selfe.
804 *Stew.* O my good Lord,
805 At many times I brought in my accompts,
806 Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
807 And say you sound them in mine honestie,
808 When for some trifling present you haue bid me
809 Returne so much, I haue shooke my head, and wept:
810 Yea 'gainst th' Authoritie of manners, pray'd you
811 To hold your hand more close: I did indure
812 Not sildome, nor no slight checkes, when I haue
813 Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,
814 And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,
815 Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,
816 The greatest of your hauing, lackes a halfe,
817 To pay your present debts.
818 *Tim.* Let all my Land be sold.
819 *Stew.* 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeyled and gone,
820 And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
821 Of present dues; the future comes apace:
822 What shall defend the interim, and at length
823 How goes our reck'ning?
824 *Tim.* To Lacedemon did my Land extend.
825 *Stew.* O my good Lord, the world is but a word,

826 Were it all yours, to giue it in a breath,
 827 How quickly were it gone.
 828 *Tim.* You tell me true.
 829 *Stew.* If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood,
 830 Call me before th' exactest Auditors,
 831 And set me on the prooffe. So the Gods blesse me,
 832 When all our Offices haue beene opprest
 833 With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults haue wept
 834 With drunken spilth of Wine; when euery roome
 835 Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrelsie,
 836 I haue retyr'd me to a wastefull cocke,
 837 And set mine eyes at flow.
 838 *Tim.* Prythee no more.
 839 *Stew.* Heauens, haue I said, the bounty of this Lord:
 840 How many prodigall bits haue Slaues and Pezants
 841 This night engluttet: who is not *Timons*,
 842 What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but is L[ord]. *Timons*:
 843 Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royall *Timon*:
 844 Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise,
 845 The breath is gone, whereof this praise is made:
 846 Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of Winter showres,
 847 These flyes are coucht.
 848 *Tim.* Come sermon me no further.
 849 No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart;
 850 Vnwisely, not ignobly haue I giuen.
 851 Why dost thou weepe, canst thou the conscience lacke,
 852 To thinke I shall lacke friends: secure thy heart,
 853 If I would broach the vessels of my loue,
 854 And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,
 855 Men, and mens fortunes could I frankly vse
 856 As I can bid thee speake. [857 *Ste.* Assurance blesse your thoughts.
 858 *Tim.* And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
 859 That I account them blessings. For by these
 860 Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceiue
 861 How you mistake my Fortunes:
 862 I am wealthie in my Friends.
 863 Within there, *Flauius*, *Seruilius*? [Gg5
 864 *Enter three Seruants.*
 865 *Ser.* My Lord, my Lord.
 866 *Tim.* I will dispatch you seuerally.
 867 You to Lord *Lucius*, to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted
 868 with his Honor to day; you to *Sempronius*; commend me
 869 to their loues; and I am proud say, that my occasions
 870 haue found time to vse 'em toward a supply of mony: let
 871 the request be fifty Talents.
 872 *Flam.* As you haue said, my Lord.

873 *Stew.* Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? Humh.
 874 *Tim.* Go you sir to the Senators;
 875 Of whom, euen to the States best health; I haue
 876 Deseru'd this Hearing: bid 'em send o'th' instant
 877 A thousand Talents to me.
 878 *Ste.* I haue beene bold
 879 (For that I knew it the most generall way)
 880 To them, to vse your Signet, and your Name,
 881 But they do shake their heads, and I am heere
 882 No richer in returne.
 883 *Tim.* Is't true? Can't be?
 884 *Stew.* They answer in a ioynt and corporate voice,
 885 That now they are at fall, want Treasure cannot
 886 Do what they would, are sorrie: you are Honourable,
 887 But yet they could haue wisht, they know not,
 888 Something hath beene amisse; a Noble Nature
 889 May catch a wretch; would all were well; tis pittie,
 890 And so intending other serious matters,
 891 After distastefull lookes; and these hard Fractious
 892 With certaine halfe- caps, and cold mouing nods,
 893 They froze me into Silence.
 894 *Tim.* You Gods reward them:
 895 Prythee man looke cheerely. These old Fellowes
 896 Haue their ingratitude in them Hereditary:
 897 Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it sildome flowes,
 898 ' Tis lacke of kindly warmth, they are not kinde;
 899 And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,
 900 Is fashion'd for the iourney, dull and heauy.
 901 Go to *Ventidius* (prythee be not sad,
 902 Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake,
 903 No blame belongs to thee:) *Ventidius* lately
 904 Buried his Father, by whose death hee's stepp'd
 905 Into a great estate: When he was poore,
 906 Imprison'd, and in scarsitie of Friends,
 907 I cleer'd him with fiue Talents: Greet him from me,
 908 Bid him suppose, some good necessity
 909 Touches his Friend, which craues to be remembred
 910 With those fiue Talents; that had, giue't these Fellowes
 911 To whom 'tis instant due. Neu'r speake, or thinke,
 912 That *Timons* fortunes 'mong his Friends can sinke.
 913 *Stew.* I would I could not thinke it:
 914 That thought is Bounties Foe;
 915 Being free it selfe, it thinkes all others so. *Exeunt* [916 *Flaminius* waiting to speake with a Lord
 916 *from his Master,*
 917 *enters a seruant to him.*
 918 *Ser.* I haue told my Lord of you, he is comming down

919 to you.

920 *Flam.* I thanke you Sir.

921 *Enter Lucullus.*

922 *Ser.* Heere's my Lord.

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

924 Why this hits right: I dreampt of a Siluer Bason & Ewre

925 to night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are verie re-spectiue-ly

926 welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And how

927 does that Honourable, Compleate, Free- hearted Gentle-man

928 of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and May-ster?

930 *Flam.* His health is well sir.

931 *Luc.* I am right glad that his health is well sir: and

932 what hast thou there vnder thy Cloake, pretty *Flaminius*?

933 *Flam.* Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in

934 my Lords behalfe, I come to intreat your Honor to sup-ply:

935 who hauing great and instant occasion to vse fiftie

936 Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him: no-thing

937 doubting your present assistance therein.

938 *Luc.* La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting sayes hee? Alas

939 good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep

940 so good a house. Many a time and often I ha din'd with

941 him, and told him on't, and come againe to supper to him

942 of purpose, to haue him spend lesse, and yet he wold em-brace

943 no counsell, take no warning by my comming, eue-ry

944 man has his fault, and honesty is his. I ha told him on't,

945 but I could nere get him from't.

946 *Enter Seruant with Wine.*

947 *Ser.* Please your Lordship, heere is the Wine.

948 *Luc.* *Flaminius*, I haue noted thee alwayes wise.

949 Heere's to thee.

950 *Flam.* Your Lordship speakes your pleasure.

951 *Luc.* I haue obserued thee alwayes for a towardlie

952 prompt spirit, giue thee thy due, and one that knowes

953 what belongs to reason; and canst vse the time wel, if the

954 time vse thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone sir-rah.

955 Draw neerer honest *Flaminius*. Thy Lords a boun-tifull

956 Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou know'st

957 well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no

958 time to lend money, especially vpon bare friendshippe

959 without securitie. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, good

960 Boy winke at me, and say thou saw'st mee not. Fare thee

961 well.

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

963 And we alieue that liued? Fly damned basenesse

964 To him that worships thee.

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

966 Master. *Exit L[ucullus].*
 967 *Flam.* May these adde to the number y may scald thee:
 968 Let moulten Coine be thy damnation,
 969 Thou disease of a friend, and not himselfe:
 970 Has friendship such a faint and milkie heart,
 971 It turnes in lesse then two nights? O you Gods!
 972 I feele my Masters passion. This Slaue vnto his Honor,
 973 Has my Lords meate in him:
 974 Why should it thriue, and turne to Nutriment,
 975 When he is turn'd to poyson?
 976 O may Diseases onely worke vpon't:
 977 And when he's sicke to death, let not that part of Nature
 978 Which my Lord payd for, be of any power
 979 To expell sicknesse, but prolong his hower. *Exit.*
 980 *Enter Lucius, with three strangers.*
 981 *Luc.* Who the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good friend
 982 and an Honourable Gentleman.
 983 1 We know him for no lesse, thogh we are but stran-gers
 984 to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and
 985 which I heare from common rumours, now Lord *Timons*
 986 happie howres are done and past, and his estate shrinkes
 987 from him.
 988 *Lucius.* Fye no, doe not beleuee it: hee cannot want
 989 for money.
 990 2 But beleuee you this my Lord, that not long agoe,
 991 one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow so
 992 many Talents, nay vrg'd extreamly for't, and shewed [Gg5v
 993 what necessity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'de.
 994 *Luci.* How?
 995 2 I tell you, deny'de my Lord.
 996 *Luci.* What a strange case was that? Now before the
 997 Gods I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man?
 998 There was verie little Honour shew'd in't. For my owne
 999 part, I must needes confesse, I haue receyued some small
 1000 kindnesses from him, as Money, Plate, Iewels, and such
 1001 like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had hee mi-stooke
 1002 him, and sent to me, I should ne're haue denied his
 1003 Occasion so many Talents.
 1004 *Enter Seruilius.*
 1005 *Seruil.* See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I haue
 1006 swet to see his Honor. My Honor'd Lord.
 1007 *Lucil.* *Seruilius*? You are kindly met sir. Farthewell,
 1008 commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my ve-ry
 1009 exquisite Friend.
 1010 *Seruil.* May it please your Honour, my Lord hath
 1011 sent—

1012 *Luci.* Ha? what ha's he sent? I am so much endeered
 1013 to that Lord; hee's euer sending: how shall I thank him
 1014 think'st thou? And what has he sent now?
 1015 *Seruil.* Has onely sent his present Occasion now my
 1016 Lord: requesting your Lordship to supply his instant vse
 1017 with so many Talents.
 1018 *Lucil.* I know his Lordship is but merry with me,
 1019 He cannot want fifty fiue hundred Talents.
 1020 *Seruil.* But in the mean time he wants lesse my Lord.
 1021 If his occasion were not vertuous,
 1022 I should not vrge it halfe so faithfully.
 1023 *Luc.* Dost thou speake seriously *Seruilius*?
 1024 *Seruil.* Vpon my soule 'tis true Sir.
 1025 *Luci.* What a wicked Beast was I to disfurnish my
 1026 self against such a good time, when I might ha shewn my
 1027 selfe Honourable? How vnluckily it hapned, that I shold
 1028 Purchase the day before for a little part, and vndo a great
 1029 deale of Honour? *Seruilius*, now before the Gods I am
 1030 not able to do (the more beast I say) I was sending to vse
 1031 Lord *Timon* my selfe, these Gentlemen can witness; but
 1032 I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now.
 1033 Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I
 1034 hope his Honor will conceiue the fairest of mee, because
 1035 I haue no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me,
 1036 I count it one of my greatest afflictions say, that I cannot
 1037 pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman. Good *Seruili-us*,
 1038 will you befriend mee so farre, as to vse mine owne
 1039 words to him?
 1040 *Ser.* Yes sir, I shall. *Exit Seruil[ius].*
 1041 *Lucil.* He looke you out a good turne *Seruilius*.
 1042 True as you said, *Timon* is shrunke indeede,
 1043 And he that's once deny'de, will hardly speede. *Exit.*
 1044 1 Do you obserue this *Hostilius*?
 1045 2 I, to well.
 1046 1 Why this is the worlds soule,
 1047 And iust of the same peece
 1048 Is euery Flatterers sport: who can call him his Friend
 1049 That dips in the same dish? For in my knowing
 1050 *Timon* has bin this Lords Father,
 1051 And kept his credit with his purse:
 1052 Supported his estate, nay *Timons* money
 1053 Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinkes,
 1054 But *Timons* Siluer treads vpon his Lip,
 1055 And yet, oh see the monstrosnesse of man,
 1056 When he lookes out in an vngratefull shape;
 1057 He does deny him (in respect of his)

1058 What charitable men affoord to Beggers.
 1059 3 Religion grones at it.
 1060 1 For mine owne part, I neuer tasted *Timon* in my life
 1061 Nor came any of his bounties ouer me,
 1062 To marke me for his Friend. Yet I protest,
 1063 For his right Noble minde, illustrious Vertue,
 1064 And Honourable Carriage,
 1065 Had his necessity made vse of me,
 1066 I would haue put my wealth into Donation,
 1067 And the best halfe should haue return'd to him,
 1068 So much I loue his heart: But I perceiue,
 1069 Men must learne now with pittie to dispence,
 1070 For Policy sits aboue Conscience. *Exeunt.*
 1071 *Enter a third seruant with Sempronius, another*
 1072 *of Timons Friends.*
 1073 *Semp.* Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum.
 1074 'Boue all others?
 1075 He might haue tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
 1076 And now *Ventidgius* is wealthy too,
 1077 Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these
 1078 Owes their estates vnto him.
 1079 *Ser.* My Lord,
 1080 They haue all bin touch'd, and found Base- Mettle,
 1081 For they haue all denied him.
 1082 *Semp.* How? Haue they deny'de him?
 1083 Has *Ventidgius* and *Lucullus* deny'de him,
 1084 And does he send to me? Three? Humh?
 1085 It shewes but little loue, or iudgement in him.
 1086 Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends (like Physitians)
 1087 Thriue, giue him ouer: Must I take th' Cure vpon me?
 1088 Has much disgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him,
 1089 That might haue knowne my place. I see no sense for't,
 1090 But his Occasions might haue wooed me first:
 1091 For in my conscience, I was the first man
 1092 That ere receiued guift from him.
 1093 And does he thinke so backwardly of me now,
 1094 That Ile requite it last? No:
 1095 So it may proue an Argument of Laughter
 1096 To th' rest, and 'mong'st Lords be thought a Foole:
 1097 I'de rather then the worth of thrice the summe,
 1098 Had sent to me first, but for my mindes sake:
 1099 I'de such a courage to do him good. But now returne,
 1100 And with their faint reply, this answer ioyne;
 1101 Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne. *Exit*
 1102 *Ser.* Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the
 1103 diuell knew not what he did, when hee made man Poli-ticke;

1104 he crossed himselfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but
 1105 in the end, the Villanies of man will set him cleere. How
 1106 fairely this Lord striues to appeare foule? Takes Vertu-ous
 1107 Copies to be wicked: like those, that vnder hotte ar-dent
 1108 zeale, would set whole Realmes on fire, of such a na-ture
 1109 is his politike loue.
 1110 This was my Lords best hope, now all are fled
 1111 Saue onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,
 1112 Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards
 1113 Many a bounteous yeere, must be imploy'd
 1114 Now to guard sure their Master:
 1115 And this is all a liberall course allowes,
 1116 Who cannot keepe his wealth, must keep his house. *Exit.*
 1117 *Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to*
 1118 *wait for his comming out. Then enter Lucius*
 1119 *and Hortensius.*
 1120 *Var.man.* Well met, goodmorrow *Titus & Hortensius* [Gg6
 1121 *Tit.* The like to you kinde *Varro.*
 1122 *Hort.* *Lucius*, what do we meet together?
 1123 *Luci.* I, and I think one businesse do's command vs all.
 1124 For mine is money.
 1125 *Tit.* So is theirs, and ours.
 1126 *Enter Philotus.*
 1127 *Luci.* And sir *Philotus* too.
 1128 *Phil.* Good day at once.
 1129 *Luci.* Welcome good Brother.
 1130 What do you thinke the houre?
 1131 *Phil.* Labouring for Nine.
 1132 *Luci.* So much?
 1133 *Phil.* Is not my Lord seene yet?
 1134 *Luci.* Not yet.
 1135 *Phil.* I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at seauen.
 1136 *Luci.* I, but the dayes are waxt shorter with him:
 1137 You must consider, that a Prodigall course
 1138 Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recouerable, I feare:
 1139 'Tis deepest Winter in Lord *Timons* purse, that is: One
 1140 may reach deepe enough, and yet finde little.
 1141 *Phil.* I am of your feare, for that.
 1142 *Tit.* Ile shew you how t' obserue a strange euent:
 1143 Your Lord sends now for Money?
 1144 *Hort.* Most true, he doe's.
 1145 *Tit.* And he weares Jewels now of *Timons* guift,
 1146 For which I waite for money.
 1147 *Hort.* It is against my heart.
 1148 *Luci.* Marke how strange it showes,
 1149 *Timon* in this, should pay more then he owes:

1150 And e'ne as if your Lord should weare rich Iewels,
 1151 And send for money for 'em.
 1152 *Hort.* I'me weary of this Charge,
 1153 The Gods can witsse:
 1154 I know my Lord hath spent of *Timons* wealth,
 1155 And now Ingratitude, makes it worse then stealth.
 1156 *Varro.* Yes, mine's three thousand Crownes:
 1157 What's yours?
 1158 *Luci.* Fiue thousand mine.
 1159 *Varro.* 'Tis much deepe, and it should seem by th' sum
 1160 Your Masters confidence was about mine,
 1161 Else surely his had equall'd.
 1162 *Enter Flaminius.*
 1163 *Tit.* One of Lord *Timons* men.
 1164 *Luc.* *Flaminius?* Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord readie
 1165 to come forth?
 1166 *Flam.* No, indeed he is not.
 1167 *Tit.* We attend his Lordship: pray signifie so much.
 1168 *Flam.* I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too diligent.
 1169 *Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled.*
 1170 *Luci.* Ha: is not that his Steward muffled so?
 1171 He goes away in a Clowd: Call him, call him.
 1172 *Tit.* Do you heare, sir?
 1173 *2.Varro.* By your leaue, sir.
 1174 *Stew.* What do ye aske of me, my Friend.
 1175 *Tit.* We waite for certaine Money heere, sir.
 1176 *Stew.* I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,
 1177 'Twere sure enough.
 1178 Why then preferr'd you not your summes and Billes
 1179 When your false Masters eate of my Lords meat?
 1180 Then they could smile, and fawne vpon his debts.
 1181 And take downe th' Intrest into their glutt'nous Mawes.
 1182 You do your selues but wrong, to stirre me vp,
 1183 Let me passe quietly:
 1184 Beleeue't, my Lord and I haue made an end,
 1185 I haue no more to reckon, he to spend.
 1186 *Luci.* I, but this answer will not serue.
 1187 *Stew.* If't 'twill not serue, 'tis not so base as you,
 1188 For you serue Knaues.
 1189 *1.Varro.* How? What does his casheer'd Worship
 1190 mutter?
 1191 *2.Varro.* No matter what, hee's poore, and that's re-uenge
 1192 enough. Who can speake broader, then hee that
 1193 has no house to put his head in? Such may rayle against
 1194 great buildings.
 1195 *Enter Seruilius.*

1196 *Tit.* Oh heere's *Seruilius*: now wee shall know some
 1197 answer.
 1198 *Seru.* If I might beseech you Gentlemen, to repayre
 1199 some other houre, I should deriue much from't. For tak't
 1200 of my soule, my Lord leanes wondrously to discontent:
 1201 His comfortable temper has forsooke him, he's much out
 1202 of health, and keepes his Chamber.
 1203 *Luci.* Many do keepe their Chambers, are not sicke:
 1204 And if it be so farre beyond his health,
 1205 Me thinkes he should the sooner pay his debts,
 1206 And make a cleere way to the Gods.
 1207 *Seruil.* Good Gods.
 1208 *Titus.* We cannot take this for answer, sir.
 1209 *Flaminius within.* *Seruilius* helpe, my Lord, my Lord.
 1210 *Enter Timon in a rage.*
 1211 *Tim.* What, are my dores oppos'd against my passage?
 1212 Haue I bin euer free, and must my house
 1213 Be my retentiue Enemy? My Gaole?
 1214 The place which I haue Feasted, does it now
 1215 (Like all Mankinde) shew me an Iron heart?
 1216 *Luci.* Put in now *Titus*.
 1217 *Tit.* My Lord, heere is my Bill.
 1218 *Luci.* Here's mine.
 1219 1.*Var.* And mine, my Lord.
 1220 2.*Var.* And ours, my Lord.
 1221 *Philo.* All our Billes.
 1222 *Tim.* Knocke me downe with 'em, cleaue mee to the
 1223 Girdle.
 1224 *Luc.* Alas, my Lord.
 1225 *Tim.* Cut my heart in summes.
 1226 *Tit.* Mine, fifty Talents.
 1227 *Tim.* Tell out my blood.
 1228 *Luc.* Fiue thousand Crownes, my Lord.
 1229 *Tim.* Fiue thousand drops payes that.
 1230 What yours? and yours?
 1231 1.*Var.* My Lord.
 1232 2.*Var.* My Lord.
 1233 *Tim.* Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall vpon you.
 1234 *Exit Timon.*
 1235 *Hort.* Faith I perceiue our Masters may throwe their
 1236 caps at their money, these debts may well be call'd despe-rate
 1237 ones, for a madman owes 'em. *Exeunt.*
 1238 *Enter Timon.*
 1239 *Timon.* They haue e'ene put my breath from mee the
 1240 slaues. Creditors? Diuels.
 1241 *Stew.* My deere Lord.

1242 *Tim.* What if it should be so?
 1243 *Stew.* My Lord.
 1244 *Tim.* Ile haue it so. My Steward?
 1245 *Stew.* Heere my Lord.
 1246 *Tim.* So fitly? Go, bid all my Friends againe,
 1247 *Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Vllorxa:* All,
 1248 Ile once more feast the Rascals.
 1249 *Stew.* O my Lord, you onely speake from your distra-cted
 1250 soule; there's not so much left to furnish out a mo-derate
 1251 Table. [Gg6v
 1252 *Tim.* Be it not in thy care:
 1253 Go I charge thee, inuite them all, let in the tide
 1254 Of Knaues once more: my Cooke and Ile prouide. *Exeunt*
 1255 *Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them,*
 1256 *with Attendants.*
 1257 1.*Sen.* My Lord, you haue my voyce, too't,
 1258 The faults Bloody:
 1259 'Tis necessary he should dye:
 1260 Nothing imboldens sinne so much, as Mercy.
 1261 2 Most true; the Law shall bruise 'em.
 1262 *Alc.* Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate.
 1263 1 Now Captaine.
 1264 *Alc.* I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;
 1265 For pitty is the vertue of the Law,
 1266 And none but Tyrants vse it cruelly.
 1267 It pleases time and Fortune to lye heauie
 1268 Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
 1269 Hath stept into the Law: which is past depth
 1270 To those that (without heede) do plundge intoo't.
 1271 He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,
 1272 Nor did he soyle the fact with Cowardice.
 1273 (And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
 1274 But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirit,
 1275 Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,
 1276 He did oppose his Foe:
 1277 And with such sober and vnnoted passion
 1278 He did behoooue his anger ere 'twas spent,
 1279 As if he had but prou'd an Argument.
 1280 1.*Sen.* You vndergo too strict a Paradox,
 1281 Striuing to make an vgly deed looke faire:
 1282 Your words haue tooke such paines, as if they labour'd
 1283 To bring Man- slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling
 1284 Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede
 1285 Is Valour mis- begot, and came into the world,
 1286 When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.
 1287 Hee's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer

1288 The worst that man can breath,
 1289 And make his Wrongs, his Out- sides,
 1290 To weare them like his Rayment, carelessly,
 1291 And ne're preferre his iniuries to his heart,
 1292 To bring it into danger.
 1293 If Wrongs be euilles, and inforce vs kill,
 1294 What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill.
 1295 *Alci.* My Lord.
 1296 *1.Sen.* You cannot make grosse sinnes looke cleare,
 1297 To reuenge is no Valour, but to beare.
 1298 *Alci.* My Lords, then vnder fauour, pardon me,
 1299 If I speake like a Captaine.
 1300 Why do fond men expose themselues to Battell,
 1301 And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,
 1302 And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
 1303 Without repugnancy? If there be
 1304 Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee
 1305 Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
 1306 That stay at home, if Bearing carry it:
 1307 And the Asse, more Captaine then the Lyon?
 1308 The fellow loaden with Irons, wiser then the Iudge?
 1309 If Wisedome be in suffering. Oh my Lords,
 1310 As you are great, be pittifully Good,
 1311 Who cannot condemne rashnesse in cold blood?
 1312 To kill, I grant, is sinnes extreamest Gust,
 1313 But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most iust.
 1314 To be in Anger, is impietie:
 1315 But who is Man, that is not Angrie.
 1316 Weigh but the Crime with this.
 1317 *2.Sen.* You breath in vaine.
 1318 *Alci.* In vaine?
 1319 His seruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
 1320 Were a sufficient briber for his life.
 1321 *1* What's that?
 1322 *Alc.* Why say my Lords ha's done faire seruice,
 1323 And slaine in fight many of your enemies:
 1324 How full of valour did he beare himselfe
 1325 In the last Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?
 1326 *2* He has made too much plenty with him:
 1327 He's a sworne Riotor, he has a sinne
 1328 That often drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner.
 1329 If there were no Foes, that were enough
 1330 To ouercome him. In that Beastly furie,
 1331 He has bin knowne to commit outrages,
 1332 And cherrish Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to vs,
 1333 His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.

1334 1 He dyes.
 1335 *Alc.* Hard fate: he might haue dyed in warre.
 1336 My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
 1337 Though his right arme might purchase his owne time,
 1338 And be in debt to none: yet more to moue you,
 1339 Take my deserts to his, and ioyne 'em both.
 1340 And for I know, your reuerend Ages loue Security,
 1341 Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you
 1342 Vpon his good returnes.
 1343 If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
 1344 Why let the Warre receiue't in valiant gore,
 1345 For Law is strict, and Warre is nothing more.
 1346 1 We are for Law, he dyes, vrge it no more
 1347 On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,
 1348 He forfeits his owne blood, that spilles another.
 1349 *Alc.* Must it be so? It must not bee:
 1350 My Lords, I do beseech you know mee.
 1351 2 How?
 1352 *Alc.* Call me to your remembrances.
 1353 3 What.
 1354 *Alc.* I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,
 1355 It could not else be, I should proue so bace,
 1356 To sue and be deny'de such common Grace.
 1357 My wounds ake at you.
 1358 1 Do you dare our anger?
 1359 'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
 1360 We banish thee for euer.
 1361 *Alc.* Banish me?
 1362 Banish your dotage, banish vsurie,
 1363 That makes the Senate vgly.
 1364 1 If after two dayes shine, Athens containe thee,
 1365 Attend our waightier Iudgement.
 1366 And not to swell our Spirit,
 1367 He shall be executed presently. *Exeunt.*
 1368 *Alc.* Now the Gods keepe you old enough,
 1369 That you may liue
 1370 Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.
 1371 I'm worse then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes
 1372 While they haue told their Money, and let out
 1373 Their Coine vpon large interest. I my selfe,
 1374 Rich onely in large hurts. All those, for this?
 1375 Is this the Balsome, that the vsuring Senat
 1376 Powres into Captaines wounds? Banishment.
 1377 It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,
 1378 It is a cause worthy my Spleene and Furie,
 1379 That I may strike at Athens. Ile cheere vp

1380 My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;
 1381 'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at ods,
 1382 Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods. *Exit.* [hh1
 1383 *Enter diuers Friends at seuerall doores.*
 1384 1 The good time of day to you, sir.
 1385 2 I also wish it to you: I thinke this Honorable Lord
 1386 did but try vs this other day.
 1387 1 Vpon that were my thoughts tyring when wee en-countred.
 1388 I hope it is not so low with him as he made it
 1389 seeme in the triall of his seuerall Friends.
 1390 2 It should not be, by the perswasion of his new Fea-sting.
 1392 1 I should thinke so. He hath sent mee an earnest in-uiting,
 1393 which many my neere occasions did vrge mee to
 1394 put off: but he hath coniu'r'd mee beyond them, and I
 1395 must needs appeare.
 1396 2 In like manner was I in debt to my importunat bu-sinesse,
 1397 but he would not heare my excuse. I am sorrie,
 1398 when he sent to borrow of mee, that my Prouision was
 1399 out.
 1400 1 I am sicke of that greefe too, as I vnderstand how all
 1401 things go.
 1402 2 Euery man heares so: what would hee haue borro-wed
 1403 of you?
 1404 1 A thousand Peeces.
 1405 2 A thousand Peeces?
 1406 1 What of you?
 1407 2 He sent to me sir— Heere he comes.
 1408 *Enter Timon and Attendants.*
 1409 *Tim.* With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how
 1410 fare you?
 1411 1 Euer at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.
 1412 2 The Swallow followes not Summer more willing,
 1413 then we your Lordship.
 1414 *Tim.* Nor more willingly leaues Winter, such Sum-mer
 1415 Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not re-compence
 1416 this long stay: Feast your eares with the Mu-sicke
 1417 awhile: If they will fare so harshly o'th' Trumpets
 1418 sound: we shall too't presently.
 1419 1 I hope it remaines not vnkindely with your Lord-ship,
 1420 that I return'd you an empty Messenger.
 1421 *Tim.* O sir, let it not trouble you.
 1422 2 My Noble Lord.
 1423 *Tim.* Ah my good Friend, what cheere?
 1424 *The Banket brought in.*
 1425 2 My most Honorable Lord, I am e'ne sick of shame,
 1426 that when your Lordship this other day sent to me, I was

1427 so vnfortunate a Beggar.
 1428 *Tim.* Thinke not on't, sir.
 1429 2 If you had sent but two houres before.
 1430 *Tim.* Let it not cumber your better remembrance.
 1431 Come bring in all together.
 1432 2 All couer'd Dishes.
 1433 1 Royall Cheare, I warrant you.
 1434 3 Doubt not that, if money and the season can yeild it
 1435 1 How do you? What's the newes?
 1436 3 *Alcibiades* is banish'd: heare you of it?
 1437 *Both.* *Alcibiades* banish'd?
 1438 3 'Tis so, be sure of it.
 1439 1 How? How?
 1440 2 I pray you vpon what?
 1441 *Tim.* My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?
 1442 3 Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward
 1443 2 This is the old man still.
 1444 3 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?
 1445 2 It do's: but time will, and so.
 1446 3 I do conceyue.
 1447 *Tim.* Each man to his stoole, with that spurre as hee
 1448 would to the lip of his Mistris: your dyet shall bee in all
 1449 places alike. Make not a Citie Feast of it, to let the meat
 1450 coole, ere we can agree vpon the first place. Sit, sit.
 1451 The Gods require our Thankes.
 1452 *You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thanke-fulnesse.*
 1453 *For your owne guifts, make your selues prais'd: But*
 1454 *reserue still to giue, least your Deities be despised. Lend to each*
 1455 *man enough, that one neede not lend to another. For were your*
 1456 *Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make*
 1457 *the Meate be beloued, more then the Man that giues it. Let*
 1458 *no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines. If there*
 1459 *sit twelue Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they*
 1460 *are. The rest of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens,*
 1461 *together with the common legge of People, what is amisse in*
 1462 *them, you Gods, make suteable for destruction. For these my*
 1463 *present Friends, as they are to mee nothing, so in nothing blesse*
 1464 *them, and to nothing are they welcome.*
 1465 Vncouer Dogges, and lap.
 1466 *Some speake.* What do's his Lordship meane?
 1467 *Some other.* I know not.
 1468 *Timon.* May you a better Feast neuer behold
 1469 You knot of Mouth- Friends: Smoke, & lukewarm water
 1470 Is your perfection. This is *Timons* last,
 1471 Who stucke and spangled you with Flatteries,
 1472 Washes it off and sprinkles in your faces

1473 Your reeking villany. Liue loath'd, and long
 1474 Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,
 1475 Curteous Destroyers, affable Wolues, meeke Beares:
 1476 You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher- friends, Times Flyes,
 1477 Cap and knee- Slaues, vapours, and Minute Iackes.
 1478 Of Man and Beast, the infinite Maladie
 1479 Crust you quite o're. What do'st thou go?
 1480 Soft, take thy Physicke first; thou too, and thou:
 1481 Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.
 1482 What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast,
 1483 Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Guest.
 1484 Burne house, sinke Athens, henceforth hated be
 1485 Of *Timon* Man, and all Humanity. *Exit*
 1486 *Enter the Senators, with other Lords.*
 1487 1 How now, my Lords?
 1488 2 Know you the quality of Lord *Timons* fury?
 1489 3 Push, did you see my Cap?
 1490 4 I haue lost my Gowne.
 1491 1 He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors swaies
 1492 him. He gaue me a Jewell th' other day, and now hee has
 1493 beate it out of my hat.
 1494 Did you see my Jewell?
 1495 2 Did you see my Cap.
 1496 3 Heere 'tis.
 1497 4 Heere lyes my Gowne.
 1498 1 Let's make no stay.
 1499 2 Lord *Timons* mad.
 1500 3 I feel't vpon my bones.
 1501 4 One day he giues vs Diamonds, next day stones.
 1502 *Exeunt the Senators.* [1503 *Enter Timon.*
 1504 *Tim.* Let me looke backe vpon thee. O thou Wall
 1505 That girdles in those Wolues, diue in the earth,
 1506 And fence not Athens. Matrons, turne incontinent,
 1507 Obedience fayle in Children: Slaues and Fooles [hh1v
 1508 Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
 1509 And minister in their steeds, to generall Filthes.
 1510 Conuert o'th' Instant greene Virginity,
 1511 Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast
 1512 Rather then render backe; out with your Kniues,
 1513 And cut your Trusters throates. Bound Seruants, steale,
 1514 Large- handed Robbers your graue Masters are,
 1515 And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Masters bed,
 1516 Thy Mistris is o'th' Brothell. Some of sixteen,
 1517 Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
 1518 With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,
 1519 Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iustice, Truth,

1520 Domesticke awe, Night- rest, and Neighbour-hood,
 1521 Instruction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
 1522 Degrees, Obseruances, Customes, and Lawes,
 1523 Decline to your confounding contraries.
 1524 And yet Confusion liue: Plagues incident to men,
 1525 Your potent and infectious Feauors, heape
 1526 On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
 1527 Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt
 1528 As lamely as their Manners. Lust, and Libertie
 1529 Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,
 1530 That 'gainst the streame of Vertue they may striue,
 1531 And drowne themselues in Riot. Itches, Blaines,
 1532 So we all th' Athenian bosomes, and their crop
 1533 Be generall Leprosie: Breath, infect breath,
 1534 That their Society (as their Friendship) may
 1535 Be meerely poyson. Nothing Ile beare from thee
 1536 But nakednesse, thou detestable Towne,
 1537 Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
 1538 *Timon* will to the Woods, where he shall finde
 1539 Th' vnkindest Beast, more kinder then Mankinde.
 1540 The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)
 1541 Th' Athenians both within and out that Wall:
 1542 And graunt as *Timon* growes, his hate may grow
 1543 To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.
 1544 Amen. *Exit.*
 1545 *Enter Steward with two or three Seruants.*
 1546 1 Heare you M[aster]. Steward, where's our Master?
 1547 Are we vndone, cast off, nothing remaining?
 1548 *Stew.* Alack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?
 1549 Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
 1550 I am as poore as you.
 1551 1 Such a House broke?
 1552 So Noble a Master falne, all gone, and not
 1553 One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,
 1554 And go along with him.
 1555 2 As we do turne our backes
 1556 From our Companion, throwne into his graue,
 1557 So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
 1558 Slinke all away, leaue their false voves with him
 1559 Like empty purses pickt; and his poore selfe
 1560 A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
 1561 With his disease, of all shunn'd pouerty,
 1562 Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.
 1563 *Enter other Seruants.*
 1564 *Stew.* All broken Implements of a ruin'd house.
 1565 3 Yet do our hearts weare *Timons* Liuary,

1566 That see I by our Faces: we are Fellowes still,
 1567 Seruing alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our Barke,
 1568 And we poore Mates, stand on the dying Decke,
 1569 Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
 1570 Into this Sea of Ayre.
 1571 *Stew.* Good Fellowes all,
 1572 The latest of my wealth Ile share among'st you.
 1573 Where euer we shall meete, for *Timons* sake,
 1574 Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's shake our heads, and say
 1575 As 'twere a Knell vnto our Masters Fortunes,
 1576 We haue seene better dayes. Let each take some:
 1577 Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
 1578 Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poore.
 1579 *Embrace and part seuerall wayes.* [1580 Oh the fierce wretchednesse that Glory brings vs!
 1581 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
 1582 Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
 1583 Who would be so mock'd with Glory, or to liue
 1584 But in a Dreame of Friendship,
 1585 To haue his pompe, and all what state compounds,
 1586 But onely painted like his varnisht Friends:
 1587 Poore honest Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,
 1588 Vndone by Goodnesse: Strange vnvsuall blood,
 1589 When mans worst sinne is, He do's too much Good.
 1590 Who then dares to be halfe so kinde agen?
 1591 For Bounty that makes Gods, do still marre Men.
 1592 My deerest Lord, blest to be most accurst,
 1593 Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
 1594 Are made thy cheefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)
 1595 Hee's flung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate
 1596 Of monstrous Friends:
 1597 Nor ha's he with him to supply his life,
 1598 Or that which can command it:
 1599 Ile follow and enquire him out.
 1600 Ile euer serue his minde, with my best will,
 1601 Whilst I haue Gold, Ile be his Steward still. *Exit.* [1602 *Enter Timon in the woods.*
 1603 *Tim.* O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
 1604 Rotten humidity: below thy Sisters Orbe
 1605 Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,
 1606 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 1607 Scarse is diuidant; touch them with seuerall fortunes,
 1608 The greater scornes the lesser. Not Nature
 1609 (To whom all sores lay siege) can beare great Fortune
 1610 But by contempt of Nature.
 1611 Raise me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,
 1612 The Senators shall beare contempt Hereditary,
 1613 The Begger Natiue Honor.

1614 It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,
 1615 The want that makes him leaue: who dares? who dares
 1616 In puritie of Manhood stand vp right
 1617 And say, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,
 1618 So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune
 1619 Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
 1620 Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's oblique:
 1621 There's nothing leuell in our cursed Natures
 1622 But direct villanie. Therefore be abhorr'd,
 1623 All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
 1624 His semblable, yea himselfe *Timon* disdaines,
 1625 Destruction phang mankinde; Earth yeeld me Rootes,
 1626 Who seekes for better of thee, sawce his pallate
 1627 With thy most operant Poyson. What is heere?
 1628 Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
 1629 No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,
 1630 Roots you cleere Heauens. Thus much of this will make
 1631 Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;
 1632 Base, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
 1633 Ha you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why this
 1634 Will lugge your Priests and Seruants from your sides:
 1635 Plucke stout mens pillowes from below their heads. [hh2
 1636 This yellow Slaue,
 1637 Will knit and breake Religions, blesse th' accurst,
 1638 Make the hoare Leprosie ador'd, place Theeues,
 1639 And giue them Title, knee, and approbation
 1640 With Senators on the Bench: This is it
 1641 That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;
 1642 Shee, whom the Spittle- house, and vlcerosous sores,
 1643 Would cast the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices
 1644 To'th' Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
 1645 Thou common whore of Mankinde, that puttes oddes
 1646 Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
 1647 Do thy right Nature. *March afarre off.*
 1648 Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,
 1649 But yet Ile bury thee: Thou't go (strong Theefe)
 1650 When Gowty keepers of thee cannot stand:
 1651 Nay stay thou out for earnest.
 1652 *Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner,*
 1653 *and Phrynia and Timandra.*
 1654 *Alc.* What art thou there? speake.
 1655 *Tim.* A Beast as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart
 1656 For shewing me againe the eyes of Man.
 1657 *Alc.* What is thy name? Is man so hatefull to thee,
 1658 That art thy selfe a Man?
 1659 *Tim.* I am *Misanthropos*, and hate Mankinde.

1660 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dogge,
 1661 That I might loue thee something.
 1662 *Alc.* I know thee well:
 1663 But in thy Fortunes am vnlearn'd, and strange.
 1664 *Tim.* I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
 1665 I not desire to know. Follow thy Drumme,
 1666 With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
 1667 Religious Cannons, ciuill Lawes are cruell,
 1668 Then what should warre be? This fell whore of thine,
 1669 Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword,
 1670 For all her Cherubin looke.
 1671 *Phrin.* Thy lips rot off.
 1672 *Tim.* I will not kisse thee, then the rot returnes
 1673 To thine owne lippes againe.
 1674 *Alc.* How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?
 1675 *Tim.* As the Moone do's, by wanting light to giue:
 1676 But then renew I could not like the Moone,
 1677 There were no Sunnes to borrow of.
 1678 *Alc.* Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee?
 1679 *Tim.* None, but to maintaine my opinion.
 1680 *Alc.* What is it *Timon*?
 1681 *Tim.* Promise me Friendship, but performe none.
 1682 If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou
 1683 art a man: if thou do'st performe, confound thee, for
 1684 thou art a man.
 1685 *Alc.* I haue heard in some sort of thy Miseries.
 1686 *Tim.* Thou saw'st them when I had prosperitie.
 1687 *Alc.* I see them now, then was a blessed time.
 1688 *Tim.* As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.
 1689 *Timan.* Is this th' Athenian Minion, whom the world
 1690 Voic'd so regardfully?
 1691 *Tim.* Art thou *Timandra*? *Timan.* Yes.
 1692 *Tim.* Be a whore still, they loue thee not that vse thee,
 1693 giue them diseases, leauing with thee their Lust. Make
 1694 vse of thy salt houres, season the slaues for Tubbes and
 1695 Bathes, bring downe Rose- cheekt youth to the Fubfast,
 1696 and the Diet.
 1697 *Timan.* Hang thee Monster.
 1698 *Alc.* Pardon him sweet *Timandra*, for his wits
 1699 Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.
 1700 I haue but little Gold of late, braue *Timon*,
 1701 The want whereof, doth dayly make reuolt
 1702 In my penurious Band. I haue heard and greu'd
 1703 How cursed Athens, mindelesse of thy worth,
 1704 Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour states
 1705 But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpon them.

1706 *Tim.* I prythee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.
 1707 *Alc.* I am thy Friend, and pittie thee deere *Timon*.
 1708 *Tim.* How doest thou pittie him whom y dost trouble,
 1709 I had rather be alone.
 1710 *Alc.* Why fare thee well:
 1711 Heere is some Gold for thee.
 1712 *Tim.* Keepe it, I cannot eate it.
 1713 *Alc.* When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape.
 1714 *Tim.* Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens.
 1715 *Alc.* I *Timon*, and haue cause.
 1716 *Tim.* The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
 1717 And thee after, when thou hast Conquer'd.
 1718 *Alc.* Why me, *Timon*?
 1719 *Tim.* That by killing of Villaines
 1720 Thou was't borne to conquer my Country.
 1721 Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on;
 1722 Be as a Plannetary plague, when Ioue
 1723 Will o're some high- Vic'd City, hang his poyson
 1724 In the sicke ayre: let not thy sword skip one:
 1725 Pittie not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
 1726 He is an Vsurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,
 1727 It is her habite onely, that is honest,
 1728 Her selfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheeke
 1729 Make soft thy trenchant Sword: for those Milke pappes
 1730 That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
 1731 Are not within the Leafe of pittie writ,
 1732 But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
 1733 Whose dimpled smiles from Fooles exhaust their mercy;
 1734 Thinke it a Bastard, whom the Oracle
 1735 Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,
 1736 And mince it sans remorse. Sweare against Obiects,
 1737 Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
 1738 Whose prooffe, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,
 1739 Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,
 1740 Shall pierce a iot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,
 1741 Make large confusion: and thy fury spent,
 1742 Confounded be thy selfe. Speake not, be gone.
 1743 *Alc.* Hast thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou gi-uest
 1744 me, not all thy Counsell.
 1745 *Tim.* Dost thou or dost thou not, Heauens curse vpon
 1746 thee.
 1747 *Both.* Giue vs some Gold good *Timon*, hast y more?
 1748 *Tim.* Enough to make a Whore forswear her Trade,
 1749 And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts
 1750 Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,
 1751 Although I know you'l sweare, terribly sweare

1752 Into strong shudders, and to heauenly Agues
 1753 Th' immortall Gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:
 1754 Ile trust to your Conditions, be whores still.
 1755 And he whose pious breath seekes to conuert you,
 1756 Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,
 1757 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 1758 And be no turne- coats: yet may your paines six months
 1759 Be quite contrary, And Thatch
 1760 Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,
 1761 (Some that were hang'd) no matter:
 1762 Weare them, betray with them; Whore still,
 1763 Paint till a horse may myre vpon your face:
 1764 A pox of wrinkles.
 1765 *Both.* Well, more Gold, what then? [hh2v
 1766 Beleeue't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.
 1767 *Tim.* Consumptions sowe
 1768 In hollow bones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,
 1769 And marre mens spurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
 1770 That he may neuer more false Title pleade,
 1771 Nor sound his Quillets shrilly: Hoare the Flamen,
 1772 That scold'st against the quality of flesh,
 1773 And not beleeues himselfe. Downe with the Nose,
 1774 Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
 1775 Of him, that his particular to foresee
 1776 Smels from the generall weale. Make curl'd pate Ruffians |(bald
 1777 And let the vnscarr'd Braggerts of the Warre
 1778 Deriue some paine from you. Plague all,
 1779 That your Actiuity may defeate and quell
 1780 The source of all Ereccion. There's more Gold.
 1781 Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
 1782 And ditches graue you all.
 1783 *Both.* More counsell with more Money, bounteous
 1784 *Timon.*
 1785 *Tim.* More whore, more Mischeefe first, I haue gi-uen
 1786 you earnest.
 1787 *Alc.* Strike vp the Drum towards Athens, farewell
 1788 *Timon:* if I thriue well, Ile visit thee againe.
 1789 *Tim.* If I hope well, Ile neuer see thee more.
 1790 *Alc.* I neuer did thee harme.
 1791 *Tim.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.
 1792 *Alc.* Call'st thou that harme?
 1793 *Tim.* Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,
 1794 And take thy Beagles with thee.
 1795 *Alc.* We but offend him, strike. *Exeunt.*
 1796 *Tim.* That Nature being sicke of mans vnkindnesse
 1797 Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou

1798 Whose wombe vnmeasureable, and infinite brest
 1799 Teemes and feeds all: whose selfesame Mettle
 1800 Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puft,
 1801 Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,
 1802 The gilded Newt, and eyelesse venom'd Worme,
 1803 With all th' abhorred Births below Crispe Heauen,
 1804 Whereon *Hyperions* quickning fire doth shine:
 1805 Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
 1806 From forth thy plenteous bosome, one poore roote:
 1807 Enseare thy Fertile and Conception wombe,
 1808 Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
 1809 Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolues, and Beares,
 1810 Teeme with new Monsters, whom thy vpward face
 1811 Hath to the Marbled Mansion all about
 1812 Neuer presented. O, a Root, deare thanks:
 1813 Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough- torne Leas,
 1814 Whereof ingratefull man with Licourish draughts
 1815 And Morsels Vnctious, greases his pure minde,
 1816 That from it all Consideration slippes—
 1817 *Enter Apemantus.*
 1818 More man? Plague, plague.
 1819 *Ape.* I was directed hither. Men report,
 1820 Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost vse them.
 1821 *Tim.* 'Tis then, because thou dost not keepe a dogge
 1822 Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee.
 1823 *Ape.* This is in thee a Nature but infected,
 1824 A poore vnmanly Melancholly sprung
 1825 From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
 1826 This Slaue- like Habit, and these lookes of Care?
 1827 Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye soft,
 1828 Hugge their diseas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot
 1829 That euer *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,
 1830 By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
 1831 Be thou a Flatterer now, and seeke to thriue
 1832 By that which ha's vndone thee; hindge thy knee,
 1833 And let his very breath whom thou'lt obserue
 1834 Blow off thy Cap: praise his most vicious straine,
 1835 And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:
 1836 Thou gau'st thine eares (like Tapsters, that bad welcom)
 1837 To Knaues, and all approachers: 'Tis most iust
 1838 That thou turne Rascall, had'st thou wealth againe,
 1839 Rascals should haue't. Do not assume my likenesse.
 1840 *Tim.* Were I like thee, I'de throw away my selfe.
 1841 *Ape.* Thou hast cast away thy selfe, being like thy self
 1842 A Madman so long, now a Foole: what think'st
 1843 That the bleake ayre, thy boysterous Chamberlaine

1844 Will put thy shirt on warme? Will these moyst Trees,
 1845 That haue out- liu'd the Eagle, page thy heeles
 1846 And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brooke
 1847 Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taste
 1848 To cure thy o're- nights surfet? Call the Creatures,
 1849 Whose naked Natures liue in all the spight
 1850 Of wrekefull Heauen, whose bare vnoused Trunkes,
 1851 To the conflicting Elements expos'd
 1852 Answer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.
 1853 O thou shalt finde.
 1854 *Tim.* A Foole of thee: depart.
 1855 *Ape.* I loue thee better now, then ere I did.
 1856 *Tim.* I hate thee worse.
 1857 *Ape.* Why?
 1858 *Tim.* Thou flatter'st misery.
 1859 *Ape.* I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiffe.
 1860 *Tim.* Why do'st thou seeke me out?
 1861 *Ape.* To vex thee.
 1862 *Tim.* Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fooles.
 1863 Dost please thy selfe in't?
 1864 *Ape.* I.
 1865 *Tim.* What, a Knaue too?
 1866 *Ape.* If thou did'st put this sowre cold habit on
 1867 To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
 1868 Dost it enforcedly: Thou'dst Courtier be againe
 1869 Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery
 1870 Out- liues: incertaine pompe, is crown'd before:
 1871 The one is filling still, neuer compleat:
 1872 The other, at high wish: best state Contentlesse,
 1873 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
 1874 Worse then the worst, Content.
 1875 Thou should'st desire to dye, being miserable.
 1876 *Tim.* Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
 1877 Thou art a Slaue, whom Fortunes tender arme
 1878 With fauour neuer claspt: but bred a Dogge.
 1879 Had'st thou like vs from our first swath proceeded,
 1880 The sweet degrees that this breefe world affords,
 1881 To such as may the passiue drugges of it
 1882 Freely command'st: thou would'st haue plung'd thy self
 1883 In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth
 1884 In different beds of Lust, and neuer learn'd
 1885 The Icie precepts of respect, but followed
 1886 The Sugred game before thee. But my selfe,
 1887 Who had the world as my Confectionarie,
 1888 The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
 1889 At duty more then I could frame employment;

1890 That numberlesse vpon me stucke, as leaues
 1891 Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters brush
 1892 Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,
 1893 For euery storme that blowes. I to beare this,
 1894 That neuer knew but better, is some burthen:
 1895 Thy Nature, did commence in sufferance, Time
 1896 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st y hate Men?
 1897 They neuer flatter'd thee. What hast thou giuen? [hh3
 1898 If thou wilt curse; thy Father (that poore ragge)
 1899 Must be thy subiect; who in spight put stuffe
 1900 To some shee- Begger, and compounded thee
 1901 Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
 1902 If thou hadst not bene borne the worst of men,
 1903 Thou hadst bene a Knaue and Flatterer.
 1904 *Ape.* Art thou proud yet?
 1905 *Tim.* I, that I am not thee.
 1906 *Ape.* I, that I was no Prodigall.
 1907 *Tim.* I, that I am one now.
 1908 Were all the wealth I haue shut vp in thee,
 1909 I'd giue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone:
 1910 That the whole life of Athens were in this,
 1911 Thus would I eate it.
 1912 *Ape.* Heere, I will mend thy Feast.
 1913 *Tim.* First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.
 1914 *Ape.* So I shall mend mine owne, by'th' lacke of thine
 1915 *Tim.* 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht;
 1916 If not, I would it were.
 1917 *Ape.* What would'st thou haue to Athens?
 1918 *Tim.* Thee thither in a whirlwind: if thou wilt,
 1919 Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, so I haue.
 1920 *Ape.* Heere is no vse for Gold.
 1921 *Tim.* The best, and truest:
 1922 For heere it sleepes, and do's no hyred harme.
 1923 *Ape.* Where lyst a nights *Timon*?
 1924 *Tim.* Vnder that's aboue me.
 1925 Where feed'st thou a- dayes *Apemantus*?
 1926 *Ape.* Where my stomacke findes meate, or rather
 1927 where I eate it.
 1928 *Tim.* Would poyson were obedient, & knew my mind
 1929 *Ape.* Where would'st thou send it?
 1930 *Tim.* To sawce thy dishes.
 1931 *Ape.* The middle of Humanity thou neuer knewest,
 1932 but the extremitie of both ends. When thou wast in thy
 1933 Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much
 1934 Curiositie: in thy Ragges thou know'st none, but art de-spis'd
 1935 for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eate it.

1936 *Tim.* On what I hate, I feed not.
 1937 *Ape.* Do'st hate a Medler?
 1938 *Tim.* I, though it looke like thee.
 1939 *Ape.* And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, y should'st
 1940 haue loued thy selfe better now. What man didd'st thou
 1941 euer know vnthrift, that was beloued after his meanes!
 1942 *Tim.* Who without those meanes thou talk'st of, didst
 1943 thou euer know belou'd?
 1944 *Ape.* My selfe.
 1945 *Tim.* I vnderstand thee: thou had'st some meanes to
 1946 keepe a Dogge.
 1947 *Apem.* What things in the world canst thou neerest
 1948 compare to thy Flatterers?
 1949 *Tim.* Women neerest, but men: men are the things
 1950 themselues. What would'st thou do with the world *A-pemantus*,
 1951 if it lay in thy power?
 1952 *Ape.* Giue it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.
 1953 *Tim.* Would'st thou haue thy selfe fall in the confu-sion
 1954 of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.
 1955 *Ape.* I *Timon*.
 1956 *Tim.* A bestly Ambition, which the Goddes graunt
 1957 thee t' attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would
 1958 beguile thee. if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would
 1959 eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect
 1960 thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the Asse:
 1961 If thou wert the Asse, thy dulnesse would torment thee;
 1962 and still thou liu'dst but as a Breakefast to the Wolfe. If
 1963 thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflict thee,
 1964 & oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert
 1965 thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound
 1966 thee, and make thine owne selfe the conquest of thy fury.
 1967 Wert thou a Beare, thou would'st be kill'd by the Horse:
 1968 wert thou a Horse, thou would'st be seiz'd by the Leo-pard:
 1969 wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the
 1970 Lion, and the spottes of thy Kindred, were Iurors on thy
 1971 life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence ab-sence.
 1972 What Beast could'st thou bee, that were not sub-iect
 1973 to a Beast: and what a Beast art thou already, that
 1974 seest not thy losse in transformation.
 1975 *Ape.* If thou could'st please me
 1976 With speaking to me, thou might'st
 1977 Haue hit vpon it heere.
 1978 The Commonwealth of Athens, is become
 1979 A Forrest of Beasts.
 1980 *Tim.* How ha's the Asse broke the wall, that thou art
 1981 out of the Citie.

1982 *Ape.* Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:
 1983 The plague of Company light vpon thee:
 1984 I will feare to catch it, and giue way.
 1985 When I know not what else to do,
 1986 Ile see thee againe.
 1987 *Tim.* When there is nothing liuing but thee,
 1988 Thou shalt be welcome.
 1989 I had rather be a Beggers Dogge,
 1990 Then *Apemantus*.
 1991 *Ape.* Thou art the Cap
 1992 Of all the Fooles aliue.
 1993 *Tim.* Would thou wert cleane enough
 1994 To spit vpon.
 1995 *Ape.* A plague on thee,
 1996 Thou art too bad to curse.
 1997 *Tim.* All Villaines
 1998 That do stand by thee, are pure.
 1999 *Ape.* There is no Leprosie,
 2000 But what thou speak'st.
 2001 *Tim.* If I name thee, Ile beate thee;
 2002 But I should infect my hands.
 2003 *Ape.* I would my tongue
 2004 Could rot them off.
 2005 *Tim.* Away thou issue of a mangie dogge,
 2006 Choller does kill me,
 2007 That thou art aliue, I swoond to see thee.
 2008 *Ape.* Would thou would'st burst.
 2009 *Tim.* Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall
 2010 lose a stone by thee.
 2011 *Ape.* Beast.
 2012 *Tim.* Slaue.
 2013 *Ape.* Toad.
 2014 *Tim.* Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.
 2015 I am sicke of this false world, and will loue nought
 2016 But euen the meere necessities vpon't:
 2017 Then *Timon* presently prepare thy graue:
 2018 Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate
 2019 Thy graue stone dayly, make thine Epitaph,
 2020 That death in me, at others liues may laugh.
 2021 O thou sweete King- killer, and deare diuorce
 2022 Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler
 2023 Of *Himens* purest bed, thou valiant Mars,
 2024 Thou euer, yong, fresh, loued, and delicate wooer,
 2025 Whose blush doth thawe the consecrated Snow
 2026 That lyes on Dians lap.
 2027 Thou visible God,

2028 That souldrest close Impossibilities,
 2029 And mak'st them kisse; that speak'st with euerie Tongue [hh3v
 2030 To euerie purpose: O thou touch of hearts,
 2031 Thinke thy slaue- man rebels, and by thy vertue
 2032 Set them into confounding oddes, that Beasts
 2033 May haue the world in Empire.
 2034 *Ape.* Would 'twere so,
 2035 But not till I am dead. Ile say th'hast Gold:
 2036 Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly.
 2037 *Tim.* Throng'd too?
 2038 *Ape.* I.
 2039 *Tim.* Thy backe I prythee.
 2040 *Ape.* Liue, and loue thy misery.
 2041 *Tim.* Long liue so, and so dye. I am quit.
 2042 *Ape.* Mo things like men,
 2043 Eate *Timon*, and abhorre then. *Exit Apeman[tus].*
 2044 *Enter the Bandetti.*
 2045 1 Where should he haue this Gold? It is some poore
 2046 Fragment, some slender Ort of his remainder: the meere
 2047 want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, droue
 2048 him into this Melancholly.
 2049 2 It is nois'd
 2050 He hath a masse of Treasure.
 2051 3 Let vs make the assay vpon him, if he care not for't,
 2052 he will supply vs easily: if he couetously reserue it, how
 2053 shall's get it?
 2054 2 True: for he beares it not about him:
 2055 'Tis hid.
 2056 1 Is not this hee?
 2057 *All.* Where?
 2058 2 'Tis his description.
 2059 3 He? I know him.
 2060 *All.* Saue thee *Timon*.
 2061 *Tim.* Now Theeues.
 2062 *All.* Soldiers, not Theeues.
 2063 *Tim.* Both too, and womens Sonnes.
 2064 *All.* We are not Theeues, but men
 2065 That much do want.
 2066 *Tim.* Your greatest want is, you want much of meat:
 2067 Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes:
 2068 Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs:
 2069 The Oakes beare Mast, the Briars Scarlet Heps,
 2070 The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each bush,
 2071 Layes her full Messe before you. Want? why Want?
 2072 1 We cannot liue on Grasse, on Berries, Water,
 2073 As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.

2074 *Ti.* Nor on the Beasts themselues, the Birds & Fishes,
 2075 You must eate men. Yet thanks I must you con,
 2076 That you are Theeues profest: that you worke not
 2077 In holier shapes: For there is boundlesse Theft
 2078 In limited Professions. Rascall Theeues
 2079 Heere's Gold. Go, sucke the subtle blood o'th' Grape,
 2080 Till the high Feauor seeth your blood to froth,
 2081 And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physitian,
 2082 His Antidotes are poyson, and he slayes
 2083 Moe then you Rob: Take wealth, and liues together,
 2084 Do Villaine do, since you protest to doo't.
 2085 Like Workemen, Ile example you with Theeuery:
 2086 The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction
 2087 Robbes the vaste Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,
 2088 And her pale fire, she snatches from the Sunne.
 2089 The Seas a Theefe, whose liquid Surge, resolues
 2090 The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,
 2091 That feeds and breeds by a composture stolne
 2092 From gen'rall excrement: each thing's a Theefe.
 2093 The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power
 2094 Ha's vncheck'd Theft. Loue not your selues, away,
 2095 Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
 2096 All that you meete are Theeues: to Athens go,
 2097 Breake open shoppes, nothing can you steale
 2098 But Theeues do loose it: steale lesse, for this I giue you,
 2099 And Gold confound you howsoere: Amen. [2100 3 Has almost charm'd me from my
 Profession, by per-swading
 2101 me to it.
 2102 1 'Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus aduises
 2103 vs not to haue vs thriue in our mystery.
 2104 2 Ile beleeeue him as an Enemy,
 2105 And giue ouer my Trade.
 2106 1 Let vs first see peace in Athens, there is no time so
 2107 miserable, but a man may be true. *Exit Theeues.*
 2108 *Enter the Steward to Timon.*
 2109 *Stew.* Oh you Gods!
 2110 Is yon'd despis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
 2111 Full of decay and fayling? Oh Monument
 2112 And wonder of good deeds, euilly bestow'd!
 2113 What an alteration of Honor has desp'rate want made?
 2114 What vilder thing vpon the earth, then Friends,
 2115 Who can bring Noblest mindes, to basest ends.
 2116 How rarely does it meete with this times guise,
 2117 When man was wisht to loue his Enemies:
 2118 Grant I may euer loue, and rather woo
 2119 Those that would mischeefe me, then those that doo.

2120 Has caught me in his eye, I will present my honest grieffe
 2121 vnto him; and as my Lord, still serue him with my life.
 2122 My deerest Master.
 2123 *Tim.* Away: what art thou?
 2124 *Stew.* Haue you forgot me, Sir?
 2125 *Tim.* Why dost aske that? I haue forgot all men.
 2126 Then, if thou grunt'st, th'art a man.
 2127 I haue forgot thee.
 2128 *Stew.* An honest poore seruant of yours.
 2129 *Tim.* Then I know thee not:
 2130 I neuer had honest man about me, I all
 2131 I kept were Knaues, to serue in meate to Villaines.
 2132 *Stew.* The Gods are witnessse,
 2133 Neu'r did poore Steward weare a truer greefe
 2134 For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you.
 2135 *Tim.* What, dost thou weepe?
 2136 Come neerer, then I loue thee
 2137 Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
 2138 Flinty mankinde: whose eyes do neuer giue,
 2139 But thorow Lust and Laughter: pittie's sleeping:
 2140 Strange times y weepe with laughing, not with weeping.
 2141 *Stew.* I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,
 2142 T' accept my greefe, and whil'st this poore wealth lasts,
 2143 To entertaine me as your Steward still.
 2144 *Tim.* Had I a Steward
 2145 So true, so iust, and now so comfortable?
 2146 It almost turnes my dangerous Nature wilde.
 2147 Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man
 2148 Was borne of woman.
 2149 Forgiue my generall, and exceptlesse rashnesse
 2150 You perpetuall sober Gods. I do proclaime
 2151 One honest man: Mistake me not, but one:
 2152 No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.
 2153 How faine would I haue hated all mankinde,
 2154 And thou redeem'st thy selfe. But all saue thee,
 2155 I fell with Curses.
 2156 Me thinkes thou art more honest now, then wise:
 2157 For, by oppressing and betraying mee, [hh4
 2158 Thou might'st haue sooner got another Service:
 2159 For many so arriue at second Masters,
 2160 Vpon their first Lords necke. But tell me true,
 2161 (For I must euer doubt, though ne're so sure)
 2162 Is not thy kindnesse subtle, couetous,
 2163 If not a Vsuring kindnesse, and as rich men deale Guifts,
 2164 Expecting in returne twenty for one?
 2165 *Stew.* No my most worthy Master, in whose brest

2166 Doubt, and suspect (alas) are plac'd too late:
 2167 You should haue fear'd false times, when you did Feast.
 2168 Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.
 2169 That which I shew, Heauen knowes, is meerely Loue,
 2170 Dutie, and Zeale, to your vnmatched minde;
 2171 Care of your Food and Liuing, and beleeeue it,
 2172 My most Honour'd Lord,
 2173 For any benefit that points to mee,
 2174 Either in hope, or present, I'de exchange
 2175 For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
 2176 To requite me, by making rich your selfe.
 2177 *Tim.* Looke thee, 'tis so: thou singly honest man,
 2178 Heere take: the Gods out of my miserie
 2179 Ha's sent thee Treasure. Go, liue rich and happy,
 2180 But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men:
 2181 Hate all, curse all, shew Charity to none,
 2182 But let the famisht flesh slide from the Bone,
 2183 Ere thou releeeue the Begger. Giue to dogges
 2184 What thou denyest to men. Let Prisons swallow 'em,
 2185 Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blasted woods
 2186 And may Diseases licke vp their false bloods,
 2187 And so farewell, and thriue.
 2188 *Stew.* O let me stay, and comfort you, my Master.
 2189 *Tim.* If thou hat'st Curses
 2190 Stay not: flye, whil'st thou art blest and free:
 2191 Ne're see thou man, and let me ne're see thee. *Exit* [2192 *Enter Poet, and Painter.*
 2193 *Pain.* As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre
 2194 where he abides.
 2195 *Poet.* What's to be thought of him?
 2196 Does the Rumor hold for true,
 2197 That hee's so full of Gold?
 2198 *Painter.* Certaine.
 2199 *Alcibiades* reports it: *Phrinica* and *Timandylo*
 2200 Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd
 2201 Poore stragling Souldiers, with great quantity.
 2202 'Tis saide, he gaue vnto his Steward
 2203 A mighty summe.
 2204 *Poet.* Then this breaking of his,
 2205 Ha's beene but a Try for his Friends?
 2206 *Painter.* Nothing else:
 2207 You shall see him a Palme in Athens againe,
 2208 And flourish with the highest:
 2209 Therefore, 'tis not amisse, we tender our loues
 2210 To him, in this suppos'd distresse of his:
 2211 It will shew honestly in vs,
 2212 And is very likely, to loade our purposes

2213 With what they trauaile for,
 2214 If it be a iust and true report, that goes
 2215 Of his hauing.
 2216 *Poet.* What haue you now
 2217 To present vnto him?
 2218 *Painter.* Nothing at this time
 2219 But my Visitation: onely I will promise him
 2220 An excellent Peece.
 2221 *Poet.* I must serue him so too;
 2222 Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.
 2223 *Painter.* Good as the best.
 2224 Promising, is the verie Ayre o'th' Time;
 2225 It opens the eyes of Expectation.
 2226 Performance, is euer the duller for his acte,
 2227 And but in the plainer and simpler kinde of people,
 2228 The deede of Saying is quite out of vse.
 2229 To Promise, is most Courtly and fashionable;
 2230 Performance, is a kinde of Will or Testament
 2231 Which argues a great sicknesse in his iudgement
 2232 That makes it.
 2233 *Enter Timon from his Caue.*
 2234 *Timon.* Excellent Workeman,
 2235 Thou canst not paint a man so badde
 2236 As is thy selfe.
 2237 *Poet.* I am thinking
 2238 What I shall say I haue prouided for him:
 2239 It must be a personating of himselfe:
 2240 A Satyre against the softnesse of Prosperity,
 2241 With a Discoverie of the infinite Flatteries
 2242 That follow youth and opulencie.
 2243 *Timon.* Must thou needes
 2244 Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?
 2245 Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
 2246 Do so, I haue Gold for thee.
 2247 *Poet.* Nay let's seeke him.
 2248 Then do we sinne against our owne estate,
 2249 When we may profit meete, and come too late.
 2250 *Painter.* True:
 2251 When the day serues before blacke- corner'd night;
 2252 Finde what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.
 2253 Come.
 2254 *Tim.* Ile meete you at the turne:
 2255 What a Gods Gold, that he is worshipt
 2256 In a baser Temple, then where Swine feede?
 2257 'Tis thou that rigg'st the Barke, and plow'st the Fome,
 2258 Setlest admired reuerence in a Slaue,

2259 To thee be worshipt, and thy Saints for aye:
 2260 Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obey.
 2261 Fit I meet them.
 2262 *Poet.* Haile worthy *Timon*.
 2263 *Pain.* Our late Noble Master.
 2264 *Timon.* Haue I once liu'd
 2265 To see two honest men?
 2266 *Poet.* Sir:
 2267 Hauing often of your open Bounty tasted,
 2268 Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends falne off,
 2269 Whose thankelesse Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
 2270 Not all the Whippes of Heauen, are large enough.
 2271 What, to you,
 2272 Whose Starre- like Noblenesse gaue life and influence
 2273 To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot couet
 2274 The monstrous bulke of this Ingratitude
 2275 With any size of words.
 2276 *Timon.* Let it go,
 2277 Naked men may see't the better:
 2278 You that are honest, by being what you are,
 2279 Make them best seene, and knowne.
 2280 *Pain.* He, and my selfe
 2281 Haue trauail'd in the great showre of your guifts,
 2282 And sweetly felt it.
 2283 *Timon.* I, you are honest man.
 2284 *Painter.* We are hither come
 2285 To offer you our seruice.
 2286 *Timon.* Most honest men: [hh4v
 2287 Why how shall I requite you?
 2288 Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?
 2289 *Both.* What we can do,
 2290 Wee'l do to do you seruice.
 2291 *Tim.* Y'are honest men,
 2292 Y'haue heard that I haue Gold,
 2293 I am sure you haue, speake truth, y'are honest men.
 2294 *Pain.* So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore
 2295 Came not my Friend, nor I.
 2296 *Timon.* Good honest men: Thou draw'st a counterfet
 2297 Best in all Athens, th'art indeed the best,
 2298 Thou counterfet'st most liuely.
 2299 *Pain.* So, so, my Lord.
 2300 *Tim.* E'ne so sir as I say. And for thy fiction,
 2301 Why thy Verse swels with stufte so fine and smooth,
 2302 That thou art euen Naturall in thine Art.
 2303 But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)
 2304 I must needs say you haue a little fault,

2305 Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
 2306 You take much paines to mend.
 2307 *Both.* Beseech your Honour
 2308 To make it knowne to vs.
 2309 *Tim.* You'l take it ill.
 2310 *Both.* Most thankfully, my Lord.
 2311 *Timon.* Will you indeed?
 2312 *Both.* Doubt it not worthy Lord.
 2313 *Tim.* There's neuer a one of you but trusts a Knaue,
 2314 That mightily deceiues you.
 2315 *Both.* Do we, my Lord?
 2316 *Tim.* I, and you heare him cogge,
 2317 See him dissemble,
 2318 Know his grosse patchery, loue him, feede him,
 2319 Keepe in your bosome, yet remaine assur'd
 2320 That he's a made- vp- Villaine.
 2321 *Pain.* I know none such, my Lord.
 2322 *Poet.* Nor I.
 2323 *Timon.* Looke you,
 2324 I loue you well, Ile giue you Gold
 2325 Rid me these Villaines from your companies;
 2326 Hang them, or stab them, drowne them in a draught,
 2327 Confound them by some course, and come to me,
 2328 Ile giue you Gold enough.
 2329 *Both.* Name them my Lord, let's know them.
 2330 *Tim.* You that way, and you this:
 2331 But two in Company:
 2332 Each man a part, all single, and alone,
 2333 Yet an arch Villaine keepes him company:
 2334 If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be,
 2335 Come not neere him. If thou would'st not recide
 2336 But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.
 2337 Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye slaues:
 2338 You haue worke for me; there's payment, hence,
 2339 You are an Alcumist, make Gold of that:
 2340 Out Rascall dogges. *Exeunt*
 2341 *Enter Steward, and two Senators.*
 2342 *Stew.* It is vaine that you would speake with *Timon*:
 2343 For he is set so onely to himselfe,
 2344 That nothing but himselfe, which lookes like man,
 2345 Is friendly with him.
 2346 *1.Sen.* Bring vs to his Caue.
 2347 It is our part and promise to th' Athenians
 2348 To speake with *Timon*.
 2349 *2.Sen.* At all times alike
 2350 Men are not still the same: 'twas Time and Greefes

2351 That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
 2352 Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
 2353 The former man may make him: bring vs to him
 2354 And chanc'd it as it may.
 2355 *Stew.* Heere is his Caue:
 2356 Peace and content be heere. Lord *Timon, Timon,*
 2357 Looke out, and speake to Friends: Th' Athenians
 2358 By two of their most reuerend Senate greet thee:
 2359 Speake to them Noble *Timon.*
 2360 *Enter Timon out of his Caue.*
 2361 *Tim.* Thou Sunne that comforts burne,
 2362 Speake and be hang'd:
 2363 For each true word, a blister, and each false
 2364 Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th' Tongue,
 2365 Consuming it with speaking.
 2366 1 Worthy *Timon.*
 2367 *Tim.* Of none but such as you,
 2368 And you of *Timon.*
 2369 1 The Senators of Athens, greet thee *Timon.*
 2370 *Tim.* I thanke them,
 2371 And would send them backe the plague,
 2372 Could I but catch it for them.
 2373 1 O forget
 2374 What we are sorry for our selues in thee:
 2375 The Senators, with one consent of loue,
 2376 Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought
 2377 On speciall Dignities, which vacant lye
 2378 For thy best vse and wearing.
 2379 2 They confesse
 2380 Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too generall grosse;
 2381 Which now the publike Body, which doth sildome
 2382 Play the re-canter, feeling in it selfe
 2383 A lacke of *Timons* ayde, hath since withall
 2384 Of it owne fall, restraining ayde to *Timon,*
 2385 And send forth vs, to make their sorrowed render,
 2386 Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
 2387 Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,
 2388 I euen such heapes and summes of Loue and Wealth,
 2389 As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
 2390 And write in thee the figures of their loue,
 2391 Euer to read them thine.
 2392 *Tim.* You witch me in it;
 2393 Surprize me to the very brinke of teares;
 2394 Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,
 2395 And Ile beweepe these comforts, worthy Senators.
 2396 1 Therefore so please thee to returne with vs,

2397 And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
 2398 The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
 2399 Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name
 2400 Liue with Authoritie: so soone we shall driue backe
 2401 Of *Alcibiades* th' approaches wild,
 2402 Who like a Bore too sauage, doth root vp
 2403 His Countries peace.
 2404 2 And shakes his threatning Sword
 2405 Against the walles of *Athens*.
 2406 1 Therefore *Timon*.
 2407 *Tim*. Well sir, I will: therefore I will sir thus:
 2408 If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
 2409 Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
 2410 That *Timon* cares not. But if he sacke faire Athens,
 2411 And take our goodly aged men by'th' Beards,
 2412 Giuing our holy Virgins to the staine
 2413 Of contumelious, beastly, mad- brain'd warre:
 2414 Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* speakes it, [hh5
 2415 In pittie of our aged, and our youth,
 2416 I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
 2417 And let him tak't at worst: For their Kniues care not,
 2418 While you haue throats to answer. For my selfe,
 2419 There's not a whittle, in th' vnruely Campe,
 2420 But I do prize it at my loue, before
 2421 The reuerends Throat in Athens. So I leaue you
 2422 To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
 2423 As Theeues to Keepers.
 2424 *Stew*. Stay not, all's in vaine.
 2425 *Tim*. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
 2426 It will be seene to morrow. My long sicknesse
 2427 Of Health, and Liuing, now begins to mend,
 2428 And nothing brings me all things. Go, liue still,
 2429 Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his,
 2430 And last so long enough.
 2431 1 We speake in vaine.
 2432 *Tim*. But yet I loue my Country, and am not
 2433 One that reioyces in the common wracke,
 2434 As common brute doth put it.
 2435 1 That's well spoke.
 2436 *Tim*. Commend me to my louing Countreymen.
 2437 1 These words become your lippes as they passe tho-row
 2438 them.
 2439 2 And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers
 2440 In their applauding gates.
 2441 *Tim*. Commend me to them,
 2442 And tell them, that to ease them of their greefes,

2443 Their feares of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,
 2444 Their pangs of Loue, with other incident throwes
 2445 That Natures fragile Vessell doth sustaine
 2446 In lifes vncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them,
 2447 Ile teach them to preuent wilde *Alcibiades* wrath.
 2448 1 I like this well, he will returne againe.
 2449 *Tim.* I haue a Tree which growes heere in my Close,
 2450 That mine owne vse inuites me to cut downe,
 2451 And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
 2452 Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
 2453 From high to low throughout, that who so please
 2454 To stop Affliction, let him take his haste;
 2455 Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
 2456 And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.
 2457 *Stew.* Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
 2458 Finde him.
 2459 *Tim.* Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,
 2460 *Timon* hath made his euerlasting Mansion
 2461 Vpon the Beached Verge of the salt Flood,
 2462 Who once a day with his embossed Froth
 2463 The turbulent Surge shall couer; thither come,
 2464 And let my graue- stone be your Oracle:
 2465 Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:
 2466 What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.
 2467 Graues onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine;
 2468 Sunne, hide thy Beames, *Timon* hath done his Raigne.
 2469 *Exit Timon.*
 2470 1 His discontentes are vnremoueably coupled to Na-ture.
 2472 2 Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,
 2473 And straine what other meanes is left vnto vs
 2474 In our deere perill.
 2475 1 It requires swift foot. *Exeunt.*
 2476 *Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.*
 2477 1 Thou hast painfully discouer'd: are his Files
 2478 As full as thy report?
 2479 *Mes.* I haue spoke the least.
 2480 Besides his expedition promises present approach.
 2481 2 We stand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon.*
 2482 *Mes.* I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,
 2483 Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,
 2484 Yet our old loue made a particular force,
 2485 And made vs speake like Friends. This man was riding
 2486 From *Alcibiades* to *Timons* Caue,
 2487 With Letters of intreaty, which imported
 2488 His Fellowship i'th' cause against your City,
 2489 In part for his sake mou'd.

2490 *Enter the other Senators.*
 2491 1 Heere come our Brothers.
 2492 3 No talke of *Timon*, nothing of him expect,
 2493 The Enemies Drumme is heard, and fearefull scouring
 2494 Doth choake the ayre with dust: In, and prepare,
 2495 Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare. *Exeunt*
 2496 *Enter a Souldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.*
 2497 *Sol.* By all description this should be the place.
 2498 Whose heere? Speake hoa. No answer? What is this?
 2499 *Tymon* is dead, who hath out- stretcht his span,
 2500 Some Beast reade this; There do's not liue a Man.
 2501 Dead sure, and this his Graue, what's on this Tomb,
 2502 I cannot read: the Charracter Ile take with wax,
 2503 Our Captaine hath in euery Figure skill;
 2504 An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes:
 2505 Before proud Athens hee's set downe by this,
 2506 Whose fall the marke of his Ambition is. *Exit.*
 2507 *Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers*
 2508 *before Athens.*
 2509 *Alc.* Sound to this Coward, and lasciuious Towne,
 2510 Our terrible approach.
 2511 *Sounds a Parly.*
 2512 *The Senators appeare vpon the wals.*
 2513 Till now you haue gone on, and fill'd the time
 2514 With all Licentious measure, making your willes
 2515 The scope of Iustice. Till now, my selfe and such
 2516 As slept within the shadow of your power
 2517 Haue wander'd with our trauerst Armes, and breath'd
 2518 Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
 2519 When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong
 2520 Cries (of it selfe) no more: Now breathlesse wrong,
 2521 Shall sit and pant in your great Chaires of ease,
 2522 And pursie Insolence shall breake his winde
 2523 With feare and horrid flight.
 2524 1.*Sen.* Noble, and young;
 2525 When thy first greefes were but a meere conceit,
 2526 Ere thou had'st power, or we had cause of feare,
 2527 We sent to thee, to giue thy rages Balme,
 2528 To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loues
 2529 About their quantitie.
 2530 2 So did we wooe
 2531 Transformed *Timon*, to our Citties loue
 2532 By humble Message, and by promist meanes:
 2533 We were not all vnkinde, nor all deserue
 2534 The common stroke of warre.
 2535 1 These walles of ours,

2536 Were not erected by their hands, from whom
 2537 You haue receyu'd your greefe: Nor are they such,
 2538 That these great Towres, Trophees, & Schools shold fall
 2539 For priuate faults in them.
 2540 2 Nor are they liuing [hh5v
 2541 Who were the motiues that you first went out,
 2542 (Shame that they wanted, cunning in excesse)
 2543 Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
 2544 Into our City with thy Banners spred,
 2545 By decimation and a tythed death;
 2546 If thy Reuenges hunger for that Food
 2547 Which Nature loathes, take thou the destin'd tenth,
 2548 And by the hazard of the spotted dye,
 2549 Let dye the spotted.
 2550 1 All haue not offended:
 2551 For those that were, it is not square to take
 2552 On those that are, Reuenge: Crimes, like Lands
 2553 Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
 2554 Bring in thy rankes, but leaue without thy rage,
 2555 Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin
 2556 Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
 2557 With those that haue offended, like a Shepheard,
 2558 Approach the Fold, and cull th' infected forth,
 2559 But kill not altogether.
 2560 2 What thou wilt,
 2561 Thou rather shalt inforce it with thy smile,
 2562 Then hew too't, with thy Sword.
 2563 1 Set but thy foot
 2564 Against our rampyr'd gates, and they shall ope:
 2565 So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
 2566 To say thou't enter Friendly.
 2567 2 Throw thy Gloue,
 2568 Or any Token of thine Honour else,
 2569 That thou wilt vse the warres as thy redresse,
 2570 And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
 2571 Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
 2572 Haue seal'd thy full desire.
 2573 *Alc.* Then there's my Gloue,
 2574 Defend and open your vncharged Ports,
 2575 Those Enemies of *Timons*, and mine owne
 2576 Whom you your selues shall set out for reproofe,
 2577 Fall and no more; and to attone your feares
 2578 With my more Noble meaning, not a man
 2579 Shall passe his quarter, or offend the streame
 2580 Of Regular Iustice in your Citties bounds,
 2581 But shall be remedied to your publique Lawes

2582 At heaviest answer.
 2583 *Both.* 'Tis most Nobly spoken.
 2584 *Alc.* Descend, and keepe your words.
 2585 *Enter a Messenger.*
 2586 *Mes.* My Noble Generall, *Timon* is dead,
 2587 Entomb'd vpon the very hemme o'th' Sea,
 2588 And on his Grauestone, this Insculpture which
 2589 With wax I brought away: whose soft Impression
 2590 Interprets for my poore ignorance.
 2591 *Alcibiades reads the Epitaph.*
 2592 *Heere lies a wretched Coarse, of wretched Soule bereft,*
 2593 *Seek not my name: A Plague consume you, wicked Caitifs left:*
 2594 *Heere lye I Timon, who aliue, all liuing men did hate,*
 2595 *Passe by, and curse thy fill, but passe and stay not here thy gate.*
 2596 These well expresse in thee thy latter spirits:
 2597 Though thou abhorrd'st in vs our humane griefes,
 2598 Scornd'st our Braines flow, and those our droplets, which
 2599 From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
 2600 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weepe for aye
 2601 On thy low Graue, on faults forgiuen. Dead
 2602 Is Noble *Timon*, of whose Memorie
 2603 Heereafter more. Bring me into your Citie,
 2604 And I will vse the Oliue, with my Sword:
 2605 Make war breed peace; make peace stint war, make each
 2606 Prescribe to other, as each others Leach.
 2607 Let our Drummes strike. *Exeunt.*

FINIS. [hh6]

2609 THE
 2610 ACTORS
 2611 NAMES.
 2612 *TYMON of Athens.*
 2613 *Lucius, And*
 2614 *Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.*
 2615 *Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.*
 2616 *Sempronius another flattering Lord.*
 2617 *Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.*
 2618 *Poet.*
 2619 *Painter.*
 2620 *Ieweller.*
 2621 *Merchant.*
 2622 *Certaine Theeues.*
 2623 *Flaminius, one of Tymons Seruants.*

2624 *Seruilus, another.*
2625 *Caphis.*
2626 *Varro.*
2627 *Philo.*
2628 *Titus.*
2629 *Lucius.*
2630 *Hortensis*
2631 *Seuerall Seruants to Vsurers.*
2632 *Ventigius. one of Tymons false Friends.*
2633 *Cupid.*
2634 *Sempronius.*
2635 *With diuers other Seruants,*
2636 *And Attendants.*
2637 THE LIFE OF TYMON
2638 OF ATHENS.