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TORONTO
PLAYS OF MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

AS RE-WRITTEN OR RE-ARRANGED BY HIS SUCCESSORS OF THE RESTORATION PERIOD

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Being the text of these so-restored Plays with the First Folio Shakespeare text with Critical Introductions

The Bankside–Restoration Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN AND WILLIS VICKERY

NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
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The Bankside-Restoration Shakespeare

THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS

(The Text of the Folio of 1623, with that as made into a Play by Thomas Shadwell in 1678)

With a critical and historical Introduction in which the Play as written by William Shakespeare is compared with it as altered by Thomas Shadwell

BY

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NEW YORK
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THE GENERAL PREFACE TO THE BANKSIDE RESTORATION SERIES.

On the second day of September, in the year 1642, the Long Parliament passed "An ordinance of the Lords and Commons concerning Stage-Plays." This ordinance provided as follows:

"Whereas, the distracted state of Ireland, steeped in her own blood, and the distracted state of England threatened with a cloud of blood by Civil War, call for all possible means to appease and avert the wrath of God, appearing in these Judgments, amongst which Fasting and Prayer, having been often tried to be very effective, have been lately and still enjoined: and Whereas, Public Sports do not well agree with Public Calamities, nor Public Stage Plays with seasons of Humiliation, this being an exercise of sad and pious solemnity, and the other being spectacles of Stage-Plays."

"Pleasure so commonly expressing Lascivious Mirth and Levity; it is therefore, thought fit and ordained by the Lords and Commons in this Parliament assembled, that while these sad causes and set times of Humiliation do continue, Public Stage Plays shall cease and be foreborne. Instead of which, are recommended to the people of this land, the Profitable and Seasonable considerations of Repentance, Reconciliation and Peace with God, which probably will produce outward Peace and prosperity, and bring again times of Joy and Gladness to the Nation."

This was the first Ordinance of the Long Parliament against Stage-Plays and Interludes. Not being as effective as desired, on October twenty-second, 1647, a still more severe Ordinance was passed, entitled "For the Better Suppression of Stage-Plays, Interludes and Common Players." But even this proved ineffectual. Though the public Theatres were closed in consequence, and Plays were contraband, yet stages were improvised at taverns, in booths and at Fairs, and mountebanks and strolling players of every description still supplied the masses with such theatricals as their tastes craved. Parliament therefore, February ninth, 1648, passed the most drastic measure of all, which declared "that all Stage-Players, and Players in Interludes and Common Players, are hereby declared to be, and are, and shall be taken to be, Rogues, and punished within the statutes of the thirty-ninth Elizabeth and the Seventh of the Reign of James the First." The first cited of these Acts, the 39th Elizabeth, was the one entitled, "An act for the Punishment of Rogues, Vagabonds and Common Beggars," and pro-

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vided the severest punishment for all such as could be brought within these entitled classes—saving and excepting only such Players as might be under patronage of a Baron of the Realm or other honorable person of greater degree—who might continue to present and perform in Stage Plays and Interludes. But now the Parliament exempted nobody—and every Actor, Stage Player, and Player of Interludes—under whatsoever protection, was forbidden to present anything in the nature of a Play or an Interlude—subject to the penalties attaching to "Rogues, Vagabonds and Common Beggars," under the statutes of Elizabeth and of James.

This closed all theatres, public and private, regular or improvised. Although sullenly conscious that the temptation of Puritan rulers was—not entirely without a certain satisfaction in the boredom of others not rulers—(that, as Macauley expressed it, the sin of bear-bating lay, not in that it gave pain to the bear, but that it gave pleasure to the spectator,) the masses acquiesced—and, for a space, not only the Theatre, but all those sports and pastimes which had made England "Merry England," were discontinued. Not to make long prayers, not to sing nasal psalms, or not to name ones children "Obejoyful" (!!!) or "If-Christ-Had-not-Died-for-thee-thou-Hadst-been-Damned"—or at the least Milchizedek or other large Old Testament name, was to be in league with the Devil or other Enemy of the Long Parliament, and therefore a traitor to one's country.

It was a remark of M. Taine that the English are a sombre people—and that the miasma of the Fens which called forth the sombreness of Beouwuf, still influences Englishmen, and compels them to go the whole way—when they go at all! But it was also a foregone conclusion that when the Re-action to this Hydraulic suppression of the elastic impulses of a whole people came—it would be a cosmic one!

The Re-action came when Charles the Second was crowned at Whitehall amid frantic acclamations of delight. And naturally the Drama—the Theatre—was the first to feel the inspiration of the new Regime! This Mons Pelée explosion does not, however, concern us here, except in so far as it brought Shakespeare back to his pedestal—to be "Reformed" and "Restored" however, to suit the uttermost Lisence and impropriety which could express the other extreme of the popular pendulum.

And there had also been another cause at work. Even before the Long Parliament, during the reigns of Charles the First, there had been a sensible decline of the Drama, and no single Dramatist of the first class. Fletcher,
the last of the Shakespearean Dramatists, was senile. Shirley was not important, and practically a generation had passed without any notable work being added to Dramatic Literature. When, therefore, the new Dispensation came in, and the theatres—closed—as Pepys deftly put it—(wiping out the ten years Commonwealth forever in as many words)—"since his majesty hath been so long abroad" re-opened—the first recourse for plays was to the past. And to what past was there recourse—but to the giant of the Elizabethan Drama—Shakespeare!

That Shakespeare, to be acceptable to this new age, must be rewritten "with Carpentry and French," is so familiar that we need not again describe it. Nor were those antique Bores, the three Unities, too far away to further complicate matters. No doubt the gentleman who now straightway proceeded to "Make Plays" out of Shakespeare, believed that any amount of lubricity would be justified if only that Trinity of unkind Virgins presided over the proprieties (or, rather the Improprieties) they contemplated. The quarrel between the adherents of the two schools had not slept before the closing of the Theatres in 1642, and was readily taken up again, upon their reopening, at the time of The Restoration. The adherents of Jonson were reinforced by the King, who favored everything that was French, and who brought with him out of France the French ideas and tastes, as well as the French vices of the times. Upon the reopening of the Theatres, Dramatists were put to their wit's end to supply the demand for new plays, and readily turned to the plays that had once been so popular and sought to adapt them to the stage of the period, and make them more popular by making them conform, not only to the Unities, now regarded as so essential, but to the latitudenarianism so everywhere in the air! Many other curiosities will appear in the analyses of this "Restoration" period. In the prevalence of such a transanimate task it could be written of almost any local poet—as Cartwright wrote of Fletcher, that

"Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies,
In ladies questions, and the fool's replies;
Old fashioned art, which walks from town to town
In turned hose which our fathers called the clown;
Whose wit our nice times would obsceneness call,
And which made baudry pass for comical;
Nature was all his art, thy verse was free
As his, but without his scurrility;"
to apply the sentiment of the last four of these lines to Shakespeare seems quite as palpable an obsession as to suppose that the statement in the seventh line, that "nature was all his Art," was not the highest possible praise!

And yet it must not be forgotten that during all of this period in which the drama was being corrupted, and Shakespeare was being adapted to the "enlightened age," his real works were still calmly coming from the press undefiled, and based upon the text of 1623. The Third Folio appeared in 1664 and the Fourth Folio in 1685, and many quarto editions of single plays were issued during the period from 1660 down to 1700 in their original undefiled form. Even while this base appetite of the age was still dominant, Nicholas Rowe brought out his First Edition of Shakespeare's Works in 1709; perhaps the most important event—in view of time and place—in all Shakespeare history, except, of course, the appearances of the Quartos and Folios themselves! It was, and remains, the first "Edited," as well as the first illustrated, Edition of Shakespeare—and the first to be preceded by an attempt at a Biography of him—so that, in the midst of all this Lisence it is apparent that there was still in England a modicum of scholarship which had not bowed the knee to Baal!

Nor, in conclusion, should a word be wanting as to the state of the applied science of Stagecraft in this second Caroline period. In the Introduction to the Seventh Volume of The Bankside Shakespeare is a demonstration that Shakespeare was not only the earliest great English Dramatist, but the earliest great English Dramaturgist as well—that he not only perfected Dramatic Art, but commanded and commandeered the Stagecraft Art to serve him—that he was not only the greatest of Dramatists, but the greatest of Stage-rights! The Bankside Shakespeare is in the hands of its grand possessors—and this Bankside Restoration Series, will, we are of surety, find an identical possession! Together, these epochical works will appeal—as indeed this Bankside Restoration Series (which now, for the first time, presents students of the Drama with the Restored play—as against the text of a play as Shakespeare left it—thus indicating at a glance wherein Shakespeare was "dull" in the view of the "refined age" of Charles the Second, and how a refining process could be accomplished), will appeal, not only to the studious, but to the curious, student of Shakespeare.

Willis Vickery.
INTRODUCTION.

The earliest appearance of "The Life of Tymon of Athens," is in the First Folio, where it is inscribed between the Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet, and The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar—beginning on a left hand page numbered 80—and ending on a left hand page numbered 89. On page 99, a right hand page, is a table headed "The Actors Names," but really being a List of the Persons of the Drama. This page is not numbered at all, and the verse is blank. The next play, the Julius Cæsar, begins upon a right hand page numbered 109. Various conjectures to account for this erroneous pagination are offered. But the paging of the First Folio is so abnormal and careless throughout that it is hardly worth while to pause to assign a cause for this particular instance. I think it highly probable, as Dr. Morgan has conjectured (Introduction to The Third Part of Henry the Sixth. The True Tragedie, etc.—page XVI. The Bankside Shakespeare, Volume XX) that the First Folio being beyond the practical resources of any one London Printing House at the date, was set up and printed in several—perhaps four—of them—and the sheets brought together for binding. This would amply account for the irregularities of the pagination. But it is of no importance at all—since it was largely corrected in the second and succeeding folios. It may be noted, however, by those curious in these technical, or disregard of technical, matters, that an attempt would seem to have been made to fill up considerable more space in the volume than the Play called for, by printing prose in broken lines as verse. (See ———).

I am inclined to agree with the Editors who have contended that this play is not entirely by Shakespeare, or if his work entirely—that certain parts were left by him in scenario only, and written in—as to their dialogue by other hands. Wilkins and Heywood have been named as possible contributors or collaborators in this way, and conjecturally a scheme for identifying the work of each has been well worked out.

It is a mooted question just where Shakespeare got the material for this play. Some critics claim that he was familiar with the Dialogue of Lucian, which bears the name of "Timon or the Misanthrope," but, so far as we have been able to learn there was no English translation of this Dialogue prior to 1616.
We find in Plutarch’s Life of Marcus Antonius the following, as rendered by North, which we think formed at least one of the sources of the play: “Antonius, he forsook the city and the company of his friends, and built him a house in the sea, by the Isle of Phoros, upon certain forced mounts, which he caused to be cast into the sea, and dwelt there as a man that had banished himself from all mens company: saying that he would lead Timon’s life, because he had the like wrong offered him, that was before offered Timon: and that for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends, he was angry with all men and would trust no man.” This Timon was a citizen of Athens, that lived about the war of Peloponnesus, as appeareth by Plato and Aristophanes’ comedies; in the which they mocked him calling him viper and malicious man unto mankind, to shun all other mens companies, but the company of young Alcibades, a bold and insolent youth, whom he would gladly feast and make much of, and often kissed him very gladly. Apemantus wondering at it, asked him the cause what he meant to make so much of that young man alone, and to hate all others. Timon answered him “I do it,” said he “because one day he shall do great mischief unto the Athenians.” This Timon would sometimes have Apemantus much in his company because he was much like of his nature and conditions, and followed him in manner of life. On a time when they solemnly celebrated the feast called Choxæ at Athens (to wit, the feast of the dead where they make sprinklings and sacrifices of the dead) and that they had feasted together by themselves—Apemantus said to the other—O, here is a trim banquet—Timon! Timon answered again—yea, said he, so thou wert not here. It is reported of him also that this Timon on a time (the people having assembled in the market place about despatch of some affairs) got up into the pulpit for orations where the orators commonly went to speak unto the people: and silence being made, every man listening to hear what he might say, because it was uncommon to see him in that place, at length he began to speak in this manner: “My Lords of Athens I have a little yard at my house where there groweth a fig tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themselves, and because I mean to make some building on the place, I thought good to let you all understand it that before the fig tree be cut down, if any of you be so disposed, you may go there in time to hang yourselves.” At the time, most critics agree that this play must have been written, that is, Shakespeare’s part of it, which was somewhere between the years 1606 and 1610, the Dramatist was interested in the graver things of life; and about this time we know he was writing
Introduction

"Antony & Cleopatra;" and I have no doubt that he afterwards sketched out the stronger scenes in the play, having in mind the Timon of Plutarch as set forth in the Life of Antonius. It would seem to be a satire, pure and simple, upon the ingratitude of mankind, and to make the contrast more terrible, Timon, is placed in the acme of prosperity and is made generous and open hearted even to prodigality—he fairly lavishes himself and all he possesses upon the worthless sycophants who daily fed at his table, and praised and flattered Timon to the limit. Nor does Timon seem to crave adulation, for his nature really was generous and broad, and because of his own honest heart he thought all men as true as himself. This phase of Timon's character is necessary to understand in order to understand his terrible misanthropy of his after life, after his "lip service" friends had turned; and Timon is one of the master strokes of Shakespeare. As he was more than trustful before so he was less than a cynic after his abandonment, the pendulum had swung to the other extreme. How unlike the Timon, whose generosity was only vain glory, and whose sole aim was to be talked about as the most generous of men and to be heralded at every point by a flare of trumpets as depicted in the old play that was published by the Shakespeare Society in 1842 by Alexander Dyce, which he claims was purchased in manuscript at the sale of the library of Mr. Heber by Mr. Rodd, the bookseller, and afterwards became his property, which was supposed to have been written about the year 1600, and which has been thought may have been in Shakespeare's mind when he was writing his part of Timon of Athens. This statement of Mr. Dyce's sounds very much like a similar statement made by a much greater Shakespearian scholar, as to how he acquired of Mr. Rodd, the bookseller, the folio of 1632 with the Emendations, which caused such a furor in the literary world about the middle of the last century. And there are several things in this play which suggest a much later origin; and what would in the least resemble the "Timon of Athens" of Shakespeare might readily have been borrowed by the author of the manuscript from the Shakespearian play, for it is perfectly evident that Shakespeare could not have borrowed anything from this play; although Laches, who is a steward in the Dyce "Timon," resembles somewhat Flavius in Shakespeare's "Timon"—they both follow Timon in his retirement from Athens and serve him faithfully. But the character of Timon in the Dyce play has not the least resemblance to the Timon of Shakespeare's play, for as Timon of the Dyce play was not sincere in
his opulence neither was he sincere in his retirement, and we are not surprised to have him again return to Athens when prosperity again overtakes him. It would seem that at the banquet scene artificial artichokes and fowls, made to resemble real artichokes and fowls, were set upon the table at the banquet instead of the hot water in the covered dishes as in the Shakespeare Timon. And from two lines that appears in the Shakespeare play Dyce would connect the two together. The lines I refer to are the last two lines in the third act. The third lord says: "I feel it upon my bones." Whereupon the fourth lord says: "One day he gives us diamonds, the next day stones." In Shakespeare's play there is no prior reference to stones; but the hot water is thrown in the faces of the guests. While in the Dyce play the artichokes, which are real stones, are thrown by Timon and his servants and hence it is thought that Shakespeare was familiar with the stone throwing episode, when he wrote the two lines above referred to, but we think that this is far-fetched. Whatever may be the source of the play, Shakespeare's Timon of Athens never could have been popular; and, after a very diligent search we have been unable to find that the play, as first printed in the Folio of 1623, had ever been staged. Referring to Langbaine we find the following: "Timon of Athens"—his life. "This play was thought fit to be presented on the stage, with some alterations, by Mr. Shadwell, in the year 1678. I shall say more of it in the account of his works. The foundation of the story may be read in Plutarch's life of M. Antony. See besides 'Lucian's Dialogues,' etc." Of Shadwell's "Timon of Athens," Langbaine says: "Timon of Athens, the Man-Hater"—his history—"acted at the Duke's Theater, made into a play printed in quarto, London, 1678, and dedicated to the Duke of Buckingham. The play is originally Shakespeare's, but so imperfectly printed that it is not divided into acts. How much more our author has added or expunged I must leave to the examination of the less busy reader, I not having time at present to inquire into the proofs." The "person, who with the careful hand" continued the work begun by Mr. Langbaine, published a few years later than Langbaine's work, which had been published in 1691, referring to Shadwell's and does not refer to Shakespeare's Timon at all, "Timon of Athens"—says: "Timon of Athens, or the Man-Hater"—a Tragedy—4to, 1678, acted at the Duke's Theater, and dedicated to the late Duke of Buckingham. Most part of this play is Shakespeare's; Nay! and the critics say: "All of it that is good for anything." So it is pretty safe
to say, that prior to Shadwell's alterations, the play of "Timon of Athens" had never been acted.

From the lists of actors which is contained in the first edition of "Timon of Athens or the Man-Hater," as it was printed in 1678, and acted the same year at the Duke's theater, we find the name of Betterton in the title role while Mrs. Betterton played Evandra and Mrs. Shadwell, the wife of the author played Melissa. Mrs. Shadwell had before her marriage to the poet been an actress, and after her marriage continued to play parts in theatrical pieces. After the poet's death in 1692, the drama "The Volunteers or Stock-Jobbers," a Comedy, which had been written but never printed or acted was brought out by his widow, Anne Shadwell, who dedicated it to the queen in the following—"Madam, the little wit of our poor family, as well as the best part of the substance, perished with my husband; so that we have not where withall, worthily to express our great acknowledgment due for the support and favor we have already received, much less to publish to the world your virtues, and other endowments, both of mind and body, which in a private party would have procured the admiration of mankind, and cannot in a queen but be considered as the highest national blessing we enjoy from heaven. This consciousness of our own disability will much shorten your majesty's troubles; we shall only therefore, without more words, and with all humility and profound respect, throw this last play at your majesty's feet, begging your acceptance of it and that you would once honor it with your preference, which will be the greatest happiness that can arrive in this world to your faithful servant, my deceased husband. I am, madam, your majesty's most humble, most obedient and most faithful subject and servant, Anne Shadwell!" When this last play was finally placed on the stage, to make it more lugubrious, the epilogue was spoken by one in deep mourning, but was very laudatory of Shadwell, and would vie well with the inscription on the monument referred to later. When Charles the Second came to the throne in 1660, and the dramatists of the day were going about seeking for plays to gratify the taste of play-goers of the period, Shadwell fixed upon this play as one that he might make to conform to that age. And in the language of Southey in his "Life of Cowper:" "Shadwell boasted that he had made 'Timon of Athens' into a play. The execution was worthy of the attempt, and the attempt was worthy of Shadwell, whose bust in Westminster Abbey ought to have been cast either in lead or in brass, or in an emblematic amalgama of
the two metals. Nahum Tate, who of all my predecessors must have ranked least of the Laureats, if he had not succeeded Shadwell, adopted 'Coriolanus,' 'Richard the Second' and 'King Lear' to his own notions of dramatic propriety. Shadwell could not degrade himself, for nothing could degrade him." Southey evidently had adopted Dryden's estimate of Shadwell. But I do not think that Dryden did exact justice to Shadwell. The fact that he had been deprived of the laureatship, by the King, and this honor having been given to his worst enemy—Shadwell, probably blinded him to what werits Shadwell may have had. The bust that Southey refers to in the above quotation, was erected to the memory of Thomas Shadwell by his son, John Shadwell. It was in the form of a pyramid, upon which was engraved in Greek the following words: the English translation of which is as follows: "Scene—All Life and Comedy." And upon the stone the following inscription appeared in Latin. I give the English translation "Peace to the ashes of Thomas Shadwell, armour bearer, sprung from ancient race in the County of Stafford. He made their gifts of lasting popularity train his mind to write. This gift of poetry he used, that what dramas he wrote might make fun of popular follies, and might cure a wretched custom; that they might please, and at the same time be of benefit; for he considered it greater praise to be considered a good citizen than to be ranked among the leading poets. Then in the reign of William III he deserved and distinguished the titles of Poet Laureat, and Royal Historiographer. He died November 19th at the age of 52. May his ashes rest in peace. In perpetual memory of his piety.

John Shadwell, M. D.
Son of Thomas.'"

This inscription appeared in the first collected edition of Shadwell's works which appeared in 1720. It may be that Thomas Shadwell's son was partial to the memory of his father, and that he has underrated his poetical ability, as Dryden had underrated it. It is certainly true that Shadwell's dramas did make sport of popular follies, that they might cure the wretched custom that prevailed during that era of this period. He seems to have been proud of his making "Timon of Athens" into a play, and he refers to his pride in it, in its dedication to the Duke of Buckingham, as well as in the prologue of the play. In what way then did Shadwell make "Timon of Athens" into a play?
In Shakespeare’s play there are no women, unless the two mistresses that follow Alcibiades may be regarded as women. But during the age of Charles II it was impossible to have a successful play unless there were women and love in it. So now Shadwell introduces the characters of Evandra and Melissa. Evandra is a highminded, beautiful woman, but who loved Timon more than she loved her honor. Melissa is a fair daughter of a rich senator, and was a strickler for all the forms; and so long as Timon was wealthy and famous was ready to marry him; but as soon as Timon’s wealth had flown, she discarded him with just as much readiness. It was a crime, in the eyes of Melissa, to be poor. She had been, before her engagement to Timon, in love with Alcibiades; and after Timon’s wealth had flown, she sought to return to Alcibiades, who, hearing of her treachery to Timon, repudiated her entirely. And when Melissa afterwards learned that Timon had found great wealth in the woods, she was very anxious to be restored again to favor. Evandra, who like Timon reserved nothing from a friend, had surrendered all to Timon; and now when Timon was poor, she gave up her own wealth to follow him into the desert. Knowing that he was afflicted was more unbearable to her than all she had suffered from his inconstancy; and having a small fortune of her own, she hastened with all love and affection to lay it at his feet and once more reconcile him to the world of which he has now grown weary. By her behavior he experienced the difference in women, and reproached the inconstancy of his sex, which led him to throw away a jewel of such inestimable worth in exchange for a pebble, such as Melissa. Yet his character was such that it would not permit him to accept any obligation from the person he had so greatly wronged. He thanks Evandra; he praises, and vows an everlasting esteem for her uncommon virtue; he pretends he has designs to re-establish himself again, and promises to communicate them to her hereafter, and prevails upon her to leave him. Looking afterwards into his affairs, and finding that all the treasures of which he had lately been master were dissipated, and that of the numbers he had obliged, not one had gratitude enough to do him even the smallest service, he determined to quit Athens forever; but before he goes he puts in practice a little stratagem. He causes the report to be spread, that by a new accession of fortune he has become more opulent than ever. The mercenary troop who before had foisted themselves upon his generosity, began again to flock around him, each one offering an excuse for his past actions, and promising now, that their lives and fortunes were
wholly at his service. He seems to give credit to what they say, and accepts their excuses, and invites them again to his house at an appointed hour. The supposed dinner is served in covered dishes, which, when they eagerly lift up, they find, instead of food, only toads, snakes, scorpions and such other venomous animals; but evidently fearing that this would not be strong enough to express his mind, he upbraids ingratitude, avarice and hypocrisy on the part of all present; and then, with the assistance of the servants who had remained faithful to him, drives them out of the house in such a way as their treatment of him had merited. After this entertainment Timon, after cursing Athens, its senators and its citizens, turns his back upon the ungrateful town and seeks refuge in the woods; where Evandra, not hearing from Timon, no sooner learns of his departure, than she disdains to stay in a place so unworthy of her beloved lord, turns all her effects into money, and follows him to his retreat. And as she cannot persuade him to quit his solitary life, she resolves to share it with him, exchanging the splendors of the great city for the wilderness; all the luxuries of life in the rich city of Athens for roots, water and a cold mossy bed. Quite differently did Melissa pass her days. Alcibiades having returned from his banishment, without his sentence having been repealed by the senate—his return was partly induced by his desire of seeing Melissa, and partly to obtain pardon for a dear friend who had been condemned to die. When he returned to Athens, Melissa not doubting but that he would be reinstated in all of his grandeur, received him with open arms, protesting that she had not enjoyed one happy moment since his departure. But the Senate could not overlook his return before the decree banishing him had been set aside, not only refused him the life of his friend, but ordered him into a second retirement, or banishment; and on pain of death he was commanded to quit Athens in two hours. This time he hoped to pass with his adored Melissa; but Melissa, again hearing of his disgrace, treated him as she before had treated Timon. And Alcibiades then left Athens feeling as much incensed against the City as Timon had been. In the meantime it had been reported to the citizens of Athens that Timon had come into possession of great wealth; and the people and Senators of Athens came out to see him. He spurned them all, as he was resolved to shun mankind for ever. And he spent the rest of his days in building a tomb with his own hands. When he found that death was ready to seize him, he went into the tomb and there died. Evandra, no sooner saw that life had left the body of Timon than she plunged a dagger
in her breast, and died by his side. In the meantime also Alcibiades revenged his cause on the Athenians, and would have laid the city level with the earth, had not the senators, themselves unable to resist, entreated mercy, which he refused to grant on any other terms then that all there appear before him with halters around their necks; and the senators were so abject that they complied even with this; and they sued to Alcibiades in the most pity-moving words their orators could dictate. Melissa, now that Alcibiades’s star was in the ascendant, did not doubt but that her beauty still maintained its former power over him, and she came there to meet him, attended and appareled like a bride, with smiles, allurements and graces, and every soft and endearing blandishments of love, she came to the place where she beholds Alcibiades surrounded by an admiring crowd. But Alcibiades repels her proffered embraces, throws her away from him like some loathsome thing; upbraids her usage of Timon and of himself as well, and compels her, though too late, to be sensible that no outward appearances can compensate for a base, dishonorable and mercenary soul.

This is in brief how Shadwell’s play of “Timon of Athens” differs from that of Shakespeare. Shadwell gives Greek names to the characters in place of the Latin names given by Shakespeare. Some new characters are brought in; for instance, a musician is added to the number of those living on the liberality of Timon. The character of Demetrius, who was the Flavius of Shakespeare’s “Timon,” does not equal Flavius; and Shadwell has spoiled Demetrius by making him faithless in the end.

There is considerable power in the scenes in which Melissa and Eaneandra appear; for Shadwell was a great deal better dramatist than Dryden would have us think; as a revision of Shakespeare, however, this play is a failure; still it is not so bad as some manufactured by great men, for example, by D’Avenant and Dryden.

One of Shakespeare’s characters to suffer, in my judgment, is the character of Apemantus. Shakespeare makes him a snarling cynic, and I think used him as a foil to Timon’s open-heartedness, and generous nature. He distinctly losses this character in Shadwell’s play.

But here are the plays, both that of Shadwell, and that of Shakespeare, put side by side; and the student can readily compare the merits and demerits of the two.

Willis Vickery.
THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS.
THE HISTORY
OF
Timon of Athens,
THE
MAN-HATER.
As it is acted at the
DUKES THEATRE.
Made into a
PLAY.

By THO. SHADWELL.

Licensed, Feb. 18. 1678.  Ro. L'Estrange.

LONDON,
Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman, at the Blue Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New-Exchange, 1678.
To the Moft
ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE
GEORGE
DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, &c.

May it please your Grace,

Nothing could ever contribute more to my having a good opinion of my self, than the being favour'd by your Grace: The thought of which has so exalted me, that I can no longer conceal my Pride from the World; but must publifh the Joy I receive in having so noble a Patron, and one so excelling in Wit and Judgment; Qualities which even your Enemies could never doubt of, or detract from. And which make all good men and men of fence admire you, and none but Fools and ill men fear you for 'em. I am extreamly sensible what honour it is to me that my Writings are approved by your Grace; who in your own have so clearly shewn the excellency of Wit and Judgment in your Self, and so juftly the defect of 'em in others, that they at once serve for the greatest example, and the sharpest reproof. And no man who has perfectly underftood the Rehearsal, and some other of your Writings, if he has any Genius at all, can write ill after it.

I pretend not of an Epiftle to make a Declamation upon thefe and your other excellent Qualities. For naming the Duke of Buckingham is enough: who cannot have greater commendations from me than all who have the honor to know him already give him. Amongft which number I think it my greatest happiness to be one, and can never be prouder of any thing can
arrive to me, than of the honour of having been admitted sometimes into your
Graces Conversation, the most charming in the World. I am now to
present your Grace with this History of Timon, which you were pleased to
tell me you liked, and it is the more worthy of you, since it has the inimitable
hand of Shakespeare in it, which never made more masterly strokes than
in this. Yet I can truly say, I have made it into a Play. Which I humbly
lay at your feet, begging the continuance of your Favour, which no man can
value more than I shall ever do, who am unfeignedly,

My Lord,
Your Graces
Most Obedient,
humble Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.
Prologue

TO

TIMON.

Since the bare gleanings of the stage are grown
   The only portion for brisk Wits o'th' Town
   We mean such as have no crop of their own;
Methinks you should encourage them that sow,
Who are to match and gather what does grow.
Thus a poor Poet must maintain a Muse,
As you do Mistresses for others use:
The wittiest Play can serve him but one day,
Though for three months it finds you what to say.
Yet you your Creditors of wit will fail,
And never pay, but borrow on and rail.
Poor Echo's can repeat wit, though they've none,
Like Bag-pipes they no found have of their own,
Till some into their emptines be blown.
Yet——
To be thought Wits and Judges they're so glad,
And labour for't, as if they were Wit-mad.
Some will keep Tables for the Wits o' th' Nation,
And Poets eat them into reputation.
Some Scriblers will Wit their whole bus'ness make,
For labour'd dullnesss grievous pains will take;
And when with many Throes they've travailed long,
They now and then bring forth a Foolish Song.
One Fop all modern Poets will condemn,
And by this means a parlous Judg will seem.
Wit is a common Idol, and in vain
Fops try a thousand wayes the name to gain.
Pray judge the nauseous Farces of the Age,
And meddle not with fenc[e] upon the Stage;
To you our Poet no one line submits,
Who fuch a Coil will keep to be thought Wits:
'Tis you who truly are fo, he would please;
But knows it is not to be done with ease.
In the Art of Judging you as wise are grown,
As in their choice some Ladies of the Town.
Your neat fhap't Barbary Wits you will despise,
And none but lufy Sinewy Writers prize.
Old English Shakefpear stomahs you have to still,
And judge as our Fore-fathers writ with skill.
You Coin the Wit, the Witlings of the Town
Retailers are, that fpread it up and down;
Set but your ftamp upon't, though it be bras[s],
With all the Wou'd-be-Wits, 'twill currant pass,
Try it to day and we are fure 'twill hit,
All to your Sovereign Empire must submit.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>THE ACTORS NAMES.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>TYMON</strong> of Athens.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucius, And</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sempronius another flattering Lord.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poet.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Painter.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jeweller.</td>
</tr>
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<td>Merchant.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Certaine Senators.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Certaine Maskers.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Certaine Theeues.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flaminius, one of Tymons Servants.</td>
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<td>Servilius, another.</td>
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<td>Caphis.</td>
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<td>Varro.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Philo.</td>
</tr>
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<td>Seuerall Servants to</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Titus.</td>
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<td>Vfurers.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lucius.</td>
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<td>Hortensis</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ventigius. one of Tymons false Friends</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cupid.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sempronius.</td>
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<tr>
<td>With diuers other Servants,</td>
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<tr>
<td>And Attendants.</td>
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Timon of Athens.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captain.
Apemantus, a Rigid Philosopher.
Nicias.
Phæax.
Ælius.
Cleon.
Ihander.
Ifidore.
Thrafillus.
Demetrius, Timon's Steward.
Diphilus, Servant to Timon.
Old man.
Poet.
Painter.
Jeweller.
Musician.
Merchant.
Evandra.
Melliffa.
Chloe.
Thais.
Phrinias.
Servants.
Meffengers.
Several Masqueraders.
Souldiers.

Senators of Athens.
Mr. Smith.
Mr. Harris.
Mr. Betterton.
Mr. Sandford.
Mr. Vnderhill.
Mr. Leigh.
Mr. Norris.
Mr. Percival.
Mr. Gillo.

Mistresses to Alcibiades.
Mr. Medburne.
Mr. Bowman.
Mr. Richards.
Mr. Jevon.

Mrs. Betterton.
Mrs. Shadwell.
Mrs. Gibbs.
Mrs. Seymour.
Mrs. Le-Grand.

Scene Athens.
Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at feuerall doores.

Poet.

Good day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y’are well.

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

Pain. It weares fir, as it growes.

Poet. I that’s well knowne:
But what particular Rarity? What ftrange,
Which manifold record not matches: fee
Magicke of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hath coniur’d to attend.
I know the Merchant.

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

Mer. O ’tis a worthy Lord.

Jewel. Nay that’s moft fixt.

Mer. A moft incomparable man, breath’d as it were,
To an vntyreable and continuate goodnesse:
He paffes.

Jewel. I haue a Jewell heere.

Mer. O pray let’s fee’t. For the Lord Timon, fir?

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

Poet. When we for recompence haue prais’d the vild,
It ftaines the glory in that happy Verfe,
Which aptly fings the good.

Mer. ’Tis a good forme.

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

Pain. You are rapt fir, in fome worke, fome Dedication to the great Lord.
Timon of Athens,  
OR THE  
MAN-HATER.  

ACT I. SCENE I.

Demetrius.

Dem.  

How strange it is to see my Riotous Lord  
With carelefs Luxury betray himfelf!  
To Feaft and Revel all his hours away;  
Without account how faft his Treafure ebbs,  
How flowly flows, and when I warn'd him of  
His following dangers, with his rigorous frowns  

He nipt my growing honefty i’th’ Bud,  
And kill’d it quite; and well for me he did fo.  
It was a barren Stock would yield no Fruit:  
But now like Evil Councillours I comply,  
And lull him in his foft Lethargick life.  
And like fuch cursed Politicians can  
Share in the head-long ruine, and will rife by’t:  
What vaft rewards to naufeous Flatterers,  
To Pimps, and Women, what Eftrates he gives!  
And fhall I have no fhare? Be gon, all Honefty,  
Thou foolish, flender, threadbare, ftarving thing, be gon!
Poet. A thing flipt idely from me.
Our Poesie is as a Gowne, which vles
From whence 'tis nourisht: the fire i' th' Flint
Shewes not, till it be strooke: our gentle flame
Prouokes it self, and like the currant flyes
Each bound it chafes. What haue you there?

Pain. Picture sir: when comes your Booke forth?
Poet. Upon the heeles of my pretentment sir.
Let's fee your peece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Peece.
Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.
Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne ftanding: what a mentall power
This eye shooes forth? How bigge imagination
Moues in this Lip, to th'dumbneffe of the gelture,
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Heere is a touch: Is't good?
Poet. I wll say of it,
It Tutors Nature, Artificial strife
Liues in thefe touetches, liuerlier then life.
Enter Poet.

Here's a fellow-horfeelech: How now Poet, how goes the world?

Poet. Why, it wears as it grows: but is Lord Timon visible?

Dem. Hee'll come out suddenly, what have you to present him?

Poet. A little Off-spring of my fruitful Muse: She's in travel daily for his honour.

Dem. For your own profit, you gross slatterer.

By him damn'd Panegyricks he has written

Himself up to my Lords Table,
Which he seldom fails; nay, into his Chariot,
Where he in publick does not blush to own
The fordid Scribler.

Poet. The last thing I presented my Noble Lord was Epigram: But this is in Heroick stye.

Dem. What d'ye mean by stye? that of good fence is all alike; that is to say, with apt and easie words, not one too little or too much: And this I think good stye.

Poet. O Sir, you are wide o'th' matter! apt and easie!

Heroicks must be lofty and high founding;
No easie language in Heroick Verfe;
'Tis most unfit: for shou'd I name a Lion,
I must not in Heroicks call him fo!

Dem. What then?

Poet. I'de as soon call him an Asf. No thus——

The fierce Numidian Monarch of the Beasts.

Dem. That's lofty, is it?

Poet. O yes! but a Lion would found fo badly, not to be Endur'd, and a Bull too—but

The mighty Warriour of the horned Race:
Ah—how that sounds!

Dem. Then I perceive found's the great matter in this way.

Poet. Ever while you live.

Dem. How would you found a Fox as you call it?

Poet. A Fox is but a fcurvey Beast for Heroick Verfe.

Dem. Hum—is it fo? how will a Raven do in Heroick?

Poet. Oh very well, Sir.

That black and dreadful fate-denouncing fowl.
Dem. An excellent found—But let me see your Piece.
Poet. I'll read it—'Tis a good morrow to the Lord Timon.
Dem. Do you make good morrow found loftily?
Poet. Oh very loftily! ———

The fringed Vallance of your eyes advance,
Shake off your Canopy'd and downie trance:
Phoebus already quaffs the morning dew,
Each does his daily leaf of life renew.

Now you shall hear description, 'tis the very life of Poetry.

He darts his beams on the Larks mossie-house,
And from his quiet tenement does rouse
The little charming and harmonious Fowl,
Which jings its lump of Body to a Soul:
Swiftly it clambers up in the steep air
With marbling throat, and makes each noot a stair.

There's rapture for you! hah!——

Dem. Very fine.

Poet. This the follicitous Lover straight alarms,
Who too long slumber'd in his Coelia's arms:
And now the swelling Spunges of the night
With aking heads stagger from their delight:
Slovenly Taylors to their needles hast:
Already now the moving shops are plac'd
By those who crop the treasures of the fields,
And all those Gems the ripening Summer yields.

Who d'ye think are now? Why——Nothing but Herb-women: there are fine lofty expressions for Herb-women! ha!—— Already now, &c.

Dem. But what's all this to my Lord?
Poet. No, that's true, 'tis description though.
Dem. Yes, in twenty lines to describe to him that 'tis about
The fourth hour in the morning——I'le in and let
Him know in three words 'tis the seventh.

[Exit Demetrius.

Enter Musician.

Poet. Good morning Sir: whither this way?

Muf. To prefent his Honour with a piece of Mufick.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. My Lord will soon come out.

Poet. He's the very spirit of Nobility——
And like the Sun when ever he breaks forth,
His Univerfal bounty falls on all.

Enter Merchant, Jeweller, Painter, and several others.

Jewell. Good morrow Gentlemen.

Paint. Save you all.

Dem. Now they begin to swarm about the houfe!

Poet. What confluence the worthy Timon draws?

Magick of bounty——These familiar Spirits
Are conjur'd up by thee.

Merch. 'Tis a splendid Jewel.

Jewel. 'Tis of an excellent water.

Poet. What have you there, Sir?

Paint. It is a Picture Sir, a dumb piece of Poetry: but you prefent a speaking Poem.

Poet. I have a little thing flipt idly from me:
The fire within the flint fhews not it self
Till it be ftruck; our gentle flame provokes
It self——

Dem. You write fo fcurvily, the Devil's in any man that provokes
You, but your felf.

Poet. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Paint. So, fo.

Dem. Now muft thefe Rafcals be prefented all,
As if they had fav'd his honour or his life;
And I muft have a feeling in the businefs.
Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.
Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.
Pain. Looke moe.
Po. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,
I have in this rough worke, shap’d out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but move it selfe
In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell’d malice
Infected one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no Track behinde.
Pain. How shall I understand you?
Poet. I will vnboult to you.
You see how all Conditions, how all Mindes,
As well of glib and flipp’ry Creatures, as
Of Graue and auftere qualitie, tender downe
Their services to Lord Timon: his large Fortune,
Upon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glaffé-fac’d Flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Then to abhorre himselfe; euen hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returnes in peace
Most rich in Timons nod.
Pain. I saw them speake together.
Poet. Sir, I have vpon a high and pleafant hill
Feign’d Fortune to be thron’d.
The Bafe o’thMount
Is rank’d with all deferts, all kinde of Natures
That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,
To propagate their states; among’it them all,
Whose eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,
One do I personate of Lord Timons frame,
Whom Fortune with her Iuory hand wafts to her,
Enter certain Senators going in to Timon.

Poet. How this Lord is follow'd! [Enter more who pass over.
Paint. See more, well, he's a noble spirit!
Jewel. A most worthy Lord!
Poet. What a flood of Visitors his bounty draws!
Dem. You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and flippery Creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality, present
Their services to Lord Timon's prosp'rous fortune.
He to his good and gracious nature does subdue
All sorts of tempers, from the smooth fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that Philosophical Churl
Who hates the world, and does almost abhor
Himself——
Paint. He is a most excellent Lord, and makes the finest Picture!
Poet. The joy of all mankind; deserves a Homer for his Poet.
Jewel. A most accomplisht person!
Poet. The Glory of the Age!
Paint. Above all parallel!
Dem. And yet these Rogues, were this man poor, would fly him,
As I would them, if I were he.

[Soft Music.

Poet. Here's excellent Music!
In what delights he melts his hours away!
Whose present grace, to present flauces and servants
Translates his Riuals.

Pain. 'Tis concey'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes
With one man becken'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy Mount
To clime his happeffe, would be well express'd
In our Condition.

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

Pain. I marry, what of these?

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

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

Trumpets sound.

Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe courteously to every Sutor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?
Mef. I my good Lord, five Talents is his debt,
His meanes most short, his Creditors most straight:
Your Honourable Letter he defires
To those haue shut him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort.
Enter Timon and Senators, Timon addressing himself courteously to all.

Tim. My Lord, you wrong your self, and 'bate too much
Of your own merits: 'Tis but a trifle.
Ælius. With more than common thanks I must receive it.
Isidore. Your Lordship has the very soul of bounty.
Phæax. You load us with too many Obligations.
Tim. I never can oblige my friends too much.
Tim. Noble Ventidius well:
I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he must neede me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deserves a helpe,
Which he shall have. Ile pay the debt, and free him.

Mef. Your Lordship euer bindes him.

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

Mef. All happineffe to your Honor.
My Lord, I remember you the other day
Commended a Bay Courier which I rode on.
He's yours, because you lik'd him.

_Phœax._ I beseech your Lordship pardon me in this.

_Tim._ My word is past: is there ought else you like?
I know my Lord, no man can justly praise
But what he does affect; and I must weigh
My Friends affections with my own:
So kindly I receive your visits, Lords:
My heart is not enough to give, me thinks,
I could deal Kingdoms to my Friends and we're be weary.

_Ælius._ We all must stand amaz'd at your vast bounty!
_Cleon._ The spirit of Magnificence reigns in you!
_Phœax._ Your Bounty's as diffusive as the Sea.
_Tim._ My Noble Lords, you do me too much honour.
_Iphand._ There lives not such a Noble Lord on Earth.
_Thrasil._ None but the Sun and He oblige without
A prospect of Return.

_Enter a Messenger and whispers Timon._

_Tim._ Lampridius imprison'd! say you?
_Meff._ Yes, my good Lord, five Talents is his debt:
His Means are short, his Creditors most strict,
He begs your Letter to those cruel men,
That may preserve him from his utter ruine.

_Tim._ I am not of that temper to shake off
My Friend when most he needs me: I know him,
A Gentleman that well deserves my help;
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt and free him.

_Meff._ Your Lordship ever binds him to your service.
_Tim._ Commend me to him, I will send his Ransom,
And when he's free, bid him depend on me:
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after———tell him so.

_Meff._ All happiness to your honour.

[Exit Messenger.]
Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord Timon, heare me speake.
Tim. Freely good Father.
Oldm. Thou haft a Seruant nam'd Lucillus.
Tim. I haue fo: What of him?
Oldm. Moft Noble Timon, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he heere, or no? Lucillus.
Luc. Heere at your Lordships fervice.
Oldm. This Fellow heere, L. Timon, this thy Creature, By night frequents my houfe. I am a man That from my firft haue beene inclin'd to thrift, And my eftate deferves an Heyre more rais'd, Then one which holds a Trencher.
Tim. Well: what further?
Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin elle, On whom I may conferre what I haue got: The Maid is faire, a' th'youngeft for a Bride, And I haue bred her at my deereft cost In Qualities of the beft. This man of thine Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord) Ioyne with me to forbid him her refort, My felfe haue spoke in vaine.
Tim. The man is honeft.
Oldm. Therefore he will be Timon, His honefty rewards him in it felfe, It muft not beare my Daughter.
Tim. Does she loue him?
Oldm. She is yong and apt:
Our owne precedent paffions do instract vs What leuities in youth.
Tim. Loue you the Maid?
Luc. I my good Lord, and she accepts of it.
Oldm. If in her Marriage my confent be miffing, I call the Gods to witneffe, I will choofe Mine heyre from forth the Beggers of the world, And difpoffeffe her all.
Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Man. My Lord, pray hear me speake.

Tim. Freely, good Father.

Old Man. You have a Servant nam’d Diphilus.

Tim. I have fo, that is he.

Old Man. That fellow there by night frequents my house,
I am a man that from my first have been
Inclin’d to thrift, and my Estrate deserves
A nobler Heir than one that holds a trencher.

Tim. Go on.

Old Man. I have an only Daughter: no Kin e’lefe,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The Maid is fair, o’th’ youngest for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost.
This man attempts her love; pray my good Lord
Joyn with me to forbid him; I have often
Told him my mind in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Man. His honesty rewards him in himself;
It must not bear my Daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Man. She is young and apt.

Tim. Do you love her?

Diphil. Yes, my good Lord, and she accepts of mine.

Old Man. If to her marriage my consent be wanting,
I call the gods to witneses, I will make
The Beggars of the street my Heirs e’le she
Shall have a drachma.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine has serv’d me long;
There is a duty from a Master too:
To build his Fortune I will strain a little,
Whate’re your Daughter’s Portion weighs, this
Mans shall counterpoise.

Old Man. Say you fo my Noble Lord! upon your honour
This, and she is his.

Tim. Give me thy hand: my Honour on my promife.
Tim. How fhall she be endowed,  
If she be mated with an equal Husband?  
Oldm. Three Talents on the prefent; in future, all.  
Tim. This Gentleman of mine  
Hath feru’d me long:  
To build his Fortune, I will ftraine a little,  
For ’tis a Bond in men. Giue him thy Daughter,  
What you beftow, in him Ie counterpoize,  
And make him weigh with her.  
Oldm. Moft Noble Lord,  
Pawne me to this your Honour, she is his.  
Tim. My hand to thee,  
Mine Honour on my promife.  
Luc. Humbly I thanke your Lordfhip, neuer may  
That ftate or Fotune fall into my keeping,  
Which is not owed to you.  
Poet. Vouchfafe my Labour,  
And long liue your Lordfhip.  
Tim. I thanke you, you fhall heare from me anon:  
Go not away. What haue you there, my Friend?  
Pain. A peace of Painting, which I do befeech  
Your Lordfhip to accept.  
Tim. Painting is welcome.  
The Painting is almoft the Naturall man:  
For fince Difhonor Traffickes with mans Nature,  
He is but out-fide: Thesef Pensil’d Figures are  
Euen fuch as they giue out. I like your worke,  
And you fhall finde I like it; Waite attendance  
Till you heare further from me.  
Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: giue me your hand.  
We muft needs dine together: fir your Iewell  
Hath suffered vnder praiife.  
Iewel. What my Lord, difpraiife?  
Tim. A meere faciety of Commendations,  
If I should pay you for’t as ’tis extold,  
It would vnclew me quite.
Diffil. My Noble Lord, I thank you on my knees:
May I be as miserable as I shall be base
When I forget this most surprizing favour:
No Fortune or Estate shall e’re be mine,
Which I’le not humbly lay before your feet.

Tim. Rife. I ne’re do good with prospect of return,
That were but merchandizing, a mere trade
Of putting kindnefs out to ufe.

Poet. Vouchsafe to accept my labours, and long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you; you fhall hear from me anon:

What have you there my friend?

Paint. A piece of Limning for your Lordship.

Tim. ’Tis welcome. I like it, and you fhall find I do.

Jewel. My Lord, here is the Jewel!

Tim. ’Tis Excellent!
Iewel. My Lord, 'tis rated
As tho'fe which fell would giue: but you well know,
Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Mafters. Beleeu't deere Lord,
You mend the Iewell by the wearing it.
   Tim. Well mock'd.
Mer. No my good Lord, he fpeakes ye common toong
Which all men fpeake with him.
   Tim. Looke who comes heere, will you be chid?
Iewel. Wee'l beare with your Lordfhip.
Mer. Hee'l fpare none.
   Tim. Good morrow to thee,
Gentle Apermantus.
   Ape. Till I be gentle, ftay thou for thy good morrow.
When thou art Timons dogge, and thefe Knaues honeft.
   Tim. Why doft thou call them Knaues, thou know'it them not?
   Ape. Are they not Athenians?
   Tim. Yes.
   Ape. Then I repent not.
Iew. You know me, Apermantus?
   Ape. Thou know'it I do, I call'd thee by thy name.
   Tim. Thou art proud Apermantus?
   Ape. Of nothing fo much, as that I am not like Timon
   Tim. Whether art going?
   Ape. To knocke out an honeft Athenians braines.
   Tim. That's a deed thou't dye for.
   Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th'Law.
   Tim. How lik'ft thou this picture Apermantus?
   Ape. The beft, for the innocence.
   Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it.
   Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy
peece of worke.
Pain. Y'are a Dogge.
   Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation: what's fie, if I be a Dogge?
   Tim. Wilt dine with me Apermantus?
   Ape. No: I eate not Lords.
   Tim. And thou shoul'dit, thould'it anger Ladies.
Enter Apemantus.

Jewel. Your Lordship mends the Jewel by the wearing.
Tim. Well mock’t.
Poet. No, my good Lord, he speaks what all men think.
Apem. Scum of all flatterers, wilt thou still perfilt

For filthy gain, to gild and vanish o’re
This great Man’s Vanities!
Tim. Nay, now we must be chidden.
Poet. I can bear with your Lordship.
Apem. Yes, and without him too: vain credulous Timon,
If thou believest this Knave, thou’art a fool.
Tim. Well, gentle Apemantus, good morrow to thee.
Apem. Till, I am gentle; stay for thy good morrow
Till thou art Timon’s dog, and these Knaves honest.
Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaves?
Apem. They’re Athenians, and I’le not recant;
Th’are all base Fawners; what a coile is here
With smiling, cringing, jutting out of Bums:
I wonder whether all the legs they make
Are worth the fummes they cost you; friendship’s full
Of dregs; base filthy dregs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth for cringes.
Ælius. Do you know us fellow?
Apem. Did I not call you by your names?
Tim. Thou preachest against Vice, and thou thy self art proud Apemantus.
Apem. Proud! that I am not Timon.
Tim. Why so?
Apem. To give belief to flatt’ring Knave and Poets,
And to be still my self my greatest flatterer:
What should Great Men be proud of stead of noife
And pomp and show, and holding up their heads,
And cocking of their noeses; pleas’d to see
Ape. O they eate Lords;  
So they come by great bellies.  
Tim. That's a lafiuous apprehenfion.  
Ape. So, thou apprehend'ft it,  
Take it for thy labor.  
Tim. How doft thou like this Iewell, Apemantus?  
Ape. Not fo well as plain-dealing, which wil not caft a man a Doit.  
Tim. What doft thou thinke 'tis worth?  
Ape. Not worth my thinking.

How now Poet?  
Poet. How now Philofopher?  
Ape. Thou lyeft.  
Poet. Art not one?  
Ape. Yes.  
Poet. Then I lye not.  
Ape. Art not a Poet?  
Poet. Yes.  
Ape. Then thou lyeft:  
Looke in thy laft worke, where thou haft feign'd him a worthy Fellow.  
Poet. That's not feign'd, he is fo.  
Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loues to be flattered, is worthy o'th flatterer. Heauens, that I were a Lord.  
Tim. What wouldft do then Apemantus?  
Ape. E'ne as Apemantus does now,hate a Lord with my heart.  
Tim. What thy felfe?  
Ape. I.  
Tim. Wherefore?  
Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.|  
Art not thou a Merchant?  
Mer. I Apemantus.  
Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.  
Mer. If Trafficke do it, the Gods do it.  
Ape. Traffickes thy God, & thy God confound thee.  

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Meffenger.  
Tim. What Trumpets that?  
MeJ. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty Horfe  
All of Companionfhip.
Bafe smiling Knaves, and cringing fools bow to 'em?
Did they but see their own ridiculous folly,
Their mean and absurd vanities; they'd hide
Their heads within some dark and little corner,
And be afraid that every fool should find 'em.

Tim. Thou hast too much foovernefs in thy blood.

Poet. Hang him,——n'er mind him——

Apem. What is this foolish animal man, that we
Should magnifie him fo? a little warm,
And walking Earth that will be ashes soon;
We come into the world crying and squalling,
And fo much of our time's confum'd in driv'ling infancy,
In ignorance fleep, difeafe and trouble, that
The remainder is not worth the being rear'd to.

Phæax. A preaching fool.

Apem. A fool? if thou hadft half my wit thou'dft find
Thy felf an Afs! Is it not truth I fpak?
Are not all the arts and fubtleties of men,
All their Inventions, all their Sciences,
All their Diverfions, all their Sports, little enough
To pafs away their happieft hours with,
And make a heavy life be born with patience?

Tim. I with the help of friends will make mine easier
Than what your melancholy frames.

Apem. How little doft thou look before thee!
Thou, who tak'ft fuch great felicity in Fools and Knaves,
And in thy own enjoyments, wilt e're long
Find 'em fuch thin, fuch poor and empty fhadows,
That thou wilt with thou never hadft been born.

Tim. I do not think fo.

Phæax. Hang him, fend him to the Areopagus, and let him
Be whipt!

Apem. Thus innocence, truth and merit often fuffer,
Whil'ft injurers, oppreffors and defertlefs fools
Swell in their brief authority, look big
And ftrut in Furs; 'tis a foul fhame,
But 'tis a loathfome Age,—it has been long
Tim. Pray entertaine them, giue them guide to vs.
You muft needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I haue thankt you: when dinners done
Shew me this peece, I am joyfull of your fights.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Moft welcome Sir.
Ape. So, fo; their Aches contraë, and fterue your fuppe fioynts: that there shoulde bee small loue amongeft these sweet Knaues, and all this Curtefie. The ftraine of mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Alic. Sir, you haue fau’d my longing, and I feed
Moft hungerly on your fight.
Tim. Right welcome Sir:
Ere we depatt, wee’l share a bounteous time
In diffrent pleafures.
Pray you let vs in.

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time a day is’t Apemantus?
Ape. Time to be honeft.
1 That time ferves ftil.
Ape. The moft accursed thou that ftill omitit it.
2 Thou art going to Lord Timons Feaft.
Ape. I, to fee meate fell Knaues, and Wine heat fooles.
2 Farthee well, farthee well.
Ape. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.
2 Why Apemantus?
Ape. Should’ft haue kept one to thy felfe, for I meane to giue thee none.
1 Hang thy felfe.
Ape. No I will do nothing at thy bidding:
Make thy requets to thy Friend.
2 Away vnpeaceable Dogge,
Or Ile fpurne thee hence.
Ape. I will flye like a dogge, the heele a’th’Affe.
1 Hee’s oppofite to humanity.
Comes fhall we in,
And taite Lord Timons bountie: he out-goes
The verie heart of kindneffe.
Imposthumating with its villanie;
And now the swelling's broken out
In most contagious ulcers; no place free
From the destructive Pestilence of manners;
Out upon't, 'tis time the world should end!

Tim. Do not rail so——'tis to little purpose.

Apem. I fear it is, I have done my morning lecture,
And I'le be gone——

Tim. Whither?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenians brains.

Tim. Why? that's a deed thou'lt die for Apemantus.

Apem. Yes, if doing nothing be death by the Law.

Tim. Will nothing please thee? how dost thou like this Picture?

Apem. Better than the thing 'twas drawn for, 'twill

Neither lie, drink, nor whore,
Flatter a man to his face, and cut his
Throat behind his back;
For since false smiles, and base
Dishonour traffique with mans nature,
He is but mere outside; Pictures are
Even such as they give out: Oh! did you see
The insides of these Fellows minds about you,
You'd loath the base corruptions more than all
The putrid Excrements their bodies hide.

Ælius. Silence the foul mouth'd villain.

Tim. He hurts not us. How lik'ft thou this Jewel?

Apem. Not so well as plain dealing, which will not cost a

Man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think this Jewel worth?

Apem. What fools esteem it, it is not worth my thinking.

Lo, now the mighty use of thy great Riches!
That must set infinite value on a Bawble!
Will't keep thee warm, or satisfy thy thirst,
Or hunger? No, it is comparison
That gives it value; then, thou look'ft upon
Thy finger, and art very proud to think
A poor man cannot have it: Childish pleasure!
2 He powres it it out: Plutus the God of Gold
Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes
Seuen-fold aboue it felfe: No guift to him,
But breeds the giuer a returne: exceeding
All vfe of quittance.

1 The Noblest minde he carries,
That euer gouern’d man.

2 Long may he liue in Fortunes. Shall we in?
Ile keepe you Company.

Exeunt.
What stretcht inventions must be found to make
Great wealth of use? Oh! that I were a Lord!
Tim. What would'thou do?
Apen. I would cudgel two men a day for flattering me,
Till I had beaten the whole Senate.
Phœax. Let the Villain be foundly punish'd for his
Licentious tongue.
Tim. No, the man is honest, 'tis his humour: 'Tis odd,
And methinks pleafant. You must dine with me
Aphemantis.
Aphem. I devour no Lords.
Tim. No, if you did, the Ladies wou'd be angry.
Aphem. Yet they with all their modeft simperings,
And varnish'd looks can swallow Lords, and get
Great bellies by't, yet keep their virtuous
Vizors on, till a poor little Baftard stears into
The world, and tells a tale.

Enter Nicius.

Tim. My Noble Lord, welcome! moft welcom to my arms!
You are the Fountain from which all my happinefs
Did spring! your matchlefs Daughter, fair Melliffa.
Nic. Your honour us too much my Lord.
Tim. I cannot, she is the joy of Athens! the chief delight
Of Nature, the only life I live by: Oh, that her vows
Were once expir'd; it is methinks an Age till that blest day
When we fhall joyn our hands and hearts together.
Nic. 'Tis but a week, my Lord.
Tim. 'Tis a thousand years.
Aphem. Thou miferable Lord, haft thou to compleat
All thy calamities, that plague of Love,
That moft unmanly madnefs of the mind,
That fpecious cheat, as falfe as friendship is?
Did'ft thou but fee how like a fniveling thing
Thou look'ft and talk'ft, thou would'ft abhor or laugh at
Thy own admir'd Image.
Tim. Peace: I will hear no railing on this subject.

Apem. Oh vile corrupted time, that men should be
Deaf to good Counsel, not to Flatterie.

Tim. Come my dear friends, let us now visit our gardens,
And refresh our selves with some cool Wines and Fruit:
I am transported with your Visits!
There is not now a Prince whom I can envy,
Unless it be in that he can more bestow
Upon the men he loves.

Ælius. My Noble Lord, who would not wed your friendship, though
without a Dowrie?

Idodr. Moit worthy Timon! who has a life you may not call your own?
Phaxas. We are all your slaves.
Poet. The joy of all Mankind.
Jewel. Great spirit of Nobleness.
Tim. We must not part this day my Friends.

Apem. So, so, crouching slaves aches contract and make your supple
Joynts to wither; that there should be so little
Love among these Knaves, yet all this courtesie!
They hate and scorn each other, yet they kiss
As if they were of different Sexes: Villains, Villains.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Evandra. Re-enter Timon.

Tim. Hail to the fair Evandra! methinks your looks are chang'd,
And clouded with some grief that misbecomes 'em.

Evand. My Lord, my ears this morning were faluted with
The most unhappy news, the dismal'ft story
The only one cou'd have afflicted me;
My dream foretold it, and I wak'd affrighted
With a cold sweat o're all my limbs.

Tim. What was it Madam?

Evand. You speak not with the kindness you were wont,
I have been us'd to tenderer words than these:
It is too true, and I am miserable!
Tim. What is't disturb you so? too well I guess. [Aside.
Evan. I hear I am to lose your Love, which was
The only earthly bleffing I enjoy'd,
And that on which my life depended.

Tim. No, I must ever love my Excellent Evandra!

Evan. Melissa will not suffer it: Oh cruel Timon,
Thou well may'st blush at thy ingratitude!
Had I so much towards thee, I ne'er should show
My face without confusion: Such a guilt,
As if I had destroy'd thy Race, and ruin'd
All thy Eftate, and made thee infamous!
Thy Love to me I cou'd prefer before
All cold refepds of Kindred, Wealth and Fame.

Tim. You have been kind fo far above return,
That 'tis beyond expreffion.

Evan. Call to mind
Whose Race I sprung from, that of great Alcides,
Though not my Fortune, my Beauty and my Youth
And my unfpotted Fame yielded to none.
You on your knees a thoufand times have sworn,
That they exceeded all, and yet all thefe,
The only treafures a poor Maid poffeft,
I sacrific'd to you, and rather chose
To throw my felf away, than you shou'd be
Uneafie in your wishes; since which happy
And yet unhappy time, you have been to me,
My Life, my Joy, my Earth, my Heaven, my All,
I never had one fingle wifh beyond you;
Nay, every action, every thought of mine,
How far foe're their large circumference
Stretcht out, yet center'd all in you: You were
My End, the only thing could fill my mind.

Tim. She strikes me to the heart! I would I had
Not feen her.

Evan. Ah Timon, I have lov'd you fo, that had
My eyes offended you, I with these fingers
Had pluck't 'em by the roots, and caft them from me:
Or had my heart contain'd one thought that was
Not yours, I with this hand would rip it open:
Shew me a Wife in Athens can fay this;
And yet I am not one, but you are now to marry.

Tim. That I have lov’d you, you and Heav’n can witnefs
By many long repeated acts of Love,
And Bounty I have shew’d you———

Evan. Bounty! ah Timon!
I am not yet so mean, but I contemn
Your transitory dirt, and all rewards,
But that of Love, your person was the bound
Of all my thoughts and wishes, in return
You have lov’d me! Oh miserable found!
I would you never had, or always would.

Tim. Man is not master of his appetites,
Heav’n fwayes our mind to Love.

Evan. But Hell to falsehood:
How many thousand times y’ have vow’d and sworn
Eternal Love; Heav’n has not yet abfolv’d
You of your Oaths to me: nor can I ever,
My Love’s as much too much as yours too little.

Tim. If you love me, you’ll love my happiness,
Melissa; Beauty and her Love to me
Has so inflam’d me, I can have none without her.

Evan. If I had lov’d another, when you first,
My dear, false Timon swore to me, would you
Have wish’d I might have found my happiness
Within another’s arms? No, no, it is
To love a contradiction.

Tim. ’Tis a truth I cannot answer.

Evan. Befides, Melissa’s beauty
Is not believ’d to exceed my little stock,
Even modesty may priase it self when ’tis
Afers’d: But her Love is mercenary,
Most mercenary, base, ’tis Marriage Love:
She gives her person, but in vile exchange
She does demand your liberty: But I
Could generously give without mean bargaining:
I trusted to your honour, and loft mine,
Loft all my Friends and Kindred: but little thought
I should have loft my Love, and caft it on
A barren and ungrateful foil that would return no fruit.

  Tim. This dose perplex me, I must break it off.
  Evan. The {first} form of your Love did shake me fo,
It threw down all my leaves, my hopeful blossoms,
Pull down my branches; but this latter tempest of your hate
 Strikes at my root, and I must wither now,
Like a deferted, faplefs tree: muft fall——

  Tim. You are secure against all injuries
While I have breath——
  Evan. And yet you do the greatest.
  Timon. You {shall} be fo much partner of my fortune
As will secure you full respect from all,
And may support your quality in what pomp
You can defire.

  Evan. I am not of fo courfe a Mould, or have
So grofs a mind, as to partake of ought
That’s yours without you——
But, oh thou too dear perjur’d man, I could
With thee prefer a dungeon, a low and loathfome dungeon
Before the {ftately} guilded fretted Roofs,
The Pomp, the noife, the fhow, the revelling,
And all the glittering splendor of a Palace.

  Tim. I by refiſtlefs fate am hurry’d on——
  Evan. A vulgar, mean excuse for doing ill.
  Tim. If that were not, my honour is engag’d——
  Evan. It had a pre-engagement——
  Tim. All the great men of Athens urge me on
To marry and to preferve my Race.

  Evan. Suppoſe your Wife be falfe; (as ’tis not new
In Athens;) and fuffer others to graft upon
Your ftock; where is your Race? weak vulgar reaſon!
  Tim. Her honour will not fuffer her.
  Evan. She may do it cunningly and keep her honour.
  Tim. Her love will then secure her; which is as fervent
Evan. As yours was once to me, and may continue
Perhaps as long, and yet you cannot know
She loves you. Since that base Cecropian Law
Made Love a merchandize, to traffick hearts
For marriage, and for Dowry, who's secure?
Now her great sign of Love, is, she's content
To bind you in the strongest chains, and to
A slavery, nought can manumize you from
But death: And I could be content to be
A slave to you, without those vile conditions——

Tim. Why are not our desires within our power?
Or why should we be punish'd for obeying them?
But we cannot create our own affections;
They're mov'd by some invisible active Pow'r,
And we are only passive, and whatsoever
Of imperfection follows from th' obedience
To our desires, we suffer, not commit
And 'tis a cruel and a hard decree,
That we must suffer first, and then be punish'd for't.

Evan. Your Philosophy is too subtle——but what
Security of Love from her can be like mine?
Is Marriage a bond of Truth, which does consist
Of a few trifling Ceremonies? Or are those
Charms or Philters? 'Tis true, my Lord, I was not
First lifted o're the Threshold, and then
Led by my Parents to Minerva's Temple:
No young unyok'd Heifers blood was offer'd
To Diana; no invocation to Juno or the Parcae:
No Coachman drove me with a lighted torch;
Nor was your house adorn'd with Garlands then;
Nor had I Figs thrown on my head, or lighted
By my dear Mothers torches to your bed:
Are these flight things, the bonds of truth and constancy?
I came all Love into your arms, unmixt
With other aims; and you for this will cause
My death.

Tim. I'd sooner seek my own, Evandra.
Evan. Ah, my Lord, if that be true, then go not to Meliffa,
For I shall die to see another have
Possession of all that e're I wish'd for on earth.
Tim. I would I had not seen Meliffa:——
Evan. Ah my dear Lord, there is some comfort left;
Cherish those noble thoughts, and they'll grow stronger,
Your awful gratitude and Love will rise,
And quell the other rebel-passion in you;
Use all the endeavours which you can, and if
They fail in my relief, I'll die to make you happy.
Tim. You have moved me to be womanish; pray retire,
I will love you.
Evan. Oh happy word! Heav'n ever bless my Dear;
Farewell: but will you never see Meliffa more?
Tim. Sweet Excellence! Retire.
Evan. I will——will you remember your Evandra?
Tim. Yes, I will.
How happy were Mankind in Constancy,
'Twould equal us with the Celestial Spirits!
O could we meet with the same tremblings still,
Those panting joys, those furious desires,
Those happy trances which we found at first!
But, oh!

Unhappy man, whose most transporting joy
Feeds on such luscious food as soon will cloy,
And that which shou'd preserve, does it destroy.

[Exit Timon.]

ACT II.

Enter Meliffa and Chloe.

What think'st thou Chloe? will this dress become me?
Chlo. Oh, most exceedingly! This pretty curl
Does give you such a killing Grace, I swear
That all the Youth at the Lord Timon's Mask
Will die for you.
Mel. No: But dost thou think so Chloe? I love
To make those Fellows die for me, and I
All the while look so scornfully, and then with my
Head on one side, with a languishing eye I do so
Kill 'em again: Prithée, what do they say of me,
Chloe?

Chlo. Say! That you are the Queen of all their hearts,
Their Goddes, their Destiny, and talk of Cupids flames,
And darts, and Wounds! Oh the rarest language,
'Twould make one die to hear it; and ever now
And then steal some gold into my hand,
And then commend me too.

Mel. Dear Soul, do they, and do they die for me?

Chlo. O most fragrant! 'tis a rare white wash this!

Mel. I think it is the best I ever bought; had I not best
Lay on some more red Chloe?

Chlo. A little more would do well; it makes you look
So pretty, and so plump, Madam.

Mel. I have been too long this morning in dressing.

Chlo. Oh no, I vow you have been but bare three hours.

Mel. No more! well, if I were sure to be thus pretty but seven.

Years, I'd be content to die then on that condition.

Chlo. The gods forbid.

Mel. I'll swear I would; but dost thou think Timon will
Like me in this dress?

Chlo. Oh he dies for you in any dress, Madam!

Mel. Oh this vile tailor that brought me not home my new
Habit to day; he deserves the Ostracisme! a Villain,
To disorder me so; I am afraid it has done harm
To my complexion; I have dreamt of it these two nights,
And shall not recover it this week——

Chlo. Indeed Madam he deservess death from your eyes.
Mel. I think I look pretty well? will not Timon
Perceive my disfavour?—hah—
Chlo. Oh no, but you speak as if you made this killing
Preparation for none but Timon.
Mel. O yes, Chloe, for every one, I love to have all the
Young Blades follow, kiss my hand, admire, adore me,
And die for me: but I must have but one favour’d
Servant; it is the game and not the quarry, I
Must look after it in the rest.
Chlo. Oh Lord, I would have as many admirers as I could.
Mel. Ay fo would I—but favour one alone.
No, I am resolve’d nothing shall corrupt my honesty;
Those admirers would make one a whore Chloe,
And that undoes us, ’tis our interest to be honest.
Chlo. Would they? No I warrant you, I’d fain fee
Any of those admirers make me a Whore.
Mel. Timon loves me honestly and is rich——
Chlo. You have forgot your Alcibiades:
He is the rarest person!
Mel. No, no, I could love him dearly: oh he was the beautiful’st man,
The finest wit in Athens, the best companion, fullest of mirth
And pleasure, and the prettiest ways he had to please Ladies,
He would make his enemies rejoice to see him.
Chlo. Why? he is all this, and can do all this still.
Mel. Ay, but he has been long banish’d for breaking Mercuries
Images, and profaning the mysteries of Proserpine;
Befides, the people took his Estate from him,
And I hate a poor fellow, from my heart I swear:
I vow methinks I look so pretty to day, I could
Kiss my self Chloe.
Chlo. Oh dear Madam—I could look on you for ever: oh
What a world of murder you’ll commit to day!
Mel. Doft thou think fo? ha! ha! no, no——

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Lord Timon’s come to wait on you, and begs
Admittance.
Enter Timon.

_Mel._ Defire his presence.

_Tim._ There is enchantment in her looks,
Afrefh I am wounded every time I see her:
All happines to beautiful _Melissa._

_Mel._ I shall want none in you my dearest Lord.

_Tim._ Sweetest of Creatures, in whom all th' excellence
Of heav'ly Woman-kind is seen unmixt;
Nature has wrought thy mettle up without allay.

_Mel._ I have no value, but my love of you,
And that I am sure has no allay, 'tis of
So strong a temper, neither time nor death,
Nor any change can break it——

_Tim._ Dear charming sweet, thy value is so great,
No Kingdom upon Earth should buy thee from me:
But I have still an enemy with you,
That guards me from my happinets; a Vow
Against the Law of Nature, against Love,
The best of Nature, and the highest Law.

_Mel._ It will be but a week in force.

_Tim._ 'Tis a whole age: in all approaching joys,
The nearer they come to us, till the time
Seems longer to us: But my dear _Melissa_,
Why should we bind our selves with vows and oaths?
Alas, by Nature we are too much confin'd,
Our Liberties too narrow, that we need not
Find fetters for our selves: No, we should seize
On pleasure wherefoever we can find it,
Left at another time we mis it there.

_Chlo._ Madam, break your Vow, it was a rash one.

_Mel._ Thou foolish Wench, I cannot get my things
In order till that time; dost think I will
Be marri'd like some vulgar Creature, which
Snatches at the firft offer, as if she
Were desperate of having any other?

_Tim._ Is there no hope that you will break your vow?

_Mel._ If anything, one word of yours wou'd do't:
But how can you be once secure, I'll keep
A vow to you, that would not to my self?

Tim. Some dreadful accident may come Melissa
To interrupt our joyes; let us make sure
O'th' present minute, for the rest perhaps
May not be ours.

Mel. It is not fit it shou'd, if I shou'd break a vow;
No, you shall never find a change in me,
All the fixt stars shall sooner stray
With an irregular motion, than I change:
This may assure you of my love, if not
Upon my knees I swear——
Were I the Queen of all the Univerfe,
And Timon were reduc'd to rags and misery,
I would not change my love to him.

Tim. And here I vow,
Should all the frame of Nature be diffolv'd,
Should the firm Centre shake, shou'd Earthquakes rage
With such a fury to disorder all
The peaceful and agreeing Elements,
Till they were huddled into their first Chaos,
As long as I could be, I'd be the same,
The same adorer of Melisfa!

Mel. This is so great a blessing Heav'n can't add to it.

Tim. Thou art my Heav'n, Melisfa, the last mark
Of all my hopes and wishes, fo I prize thee,
That I could die for thee.

Enter a Servant of Timons.

Serv. My Lord, your dinner's ready, and your Lordships
Guests wait your wifht presence: the Lord
Nicias is already there.

Tim. Let's haft to wait on him Melisfa.

Mel. It is my duty to my Father.  

[Exeunt.]
Enter Poet, Apemantus, Servants setting things in order for the Feast.

Poet. His honour will soon be here, I have prepar’d the Masters; They are all ready.

Apem. How now Poet? what piece of foppery hast thou to present to Timon?

Poet. Thou art a fenceless snarling Stoick, and hast no taste of Poetry.

Apem. Thy Poetrie’s insipid, none can taste it:
Thou art a wordy foolish Scribler, who
Writ’t nothing but high-founding frothy stuff;
Thou spread’st, and beat’st out thy poor little fence,
’Tis all leaf-gold, it has no weight in it.
Thou lov’st impertinent description,
And when thou hast a rapture, it is not
The sacred rapture of a Poet, but
Incoherent, extravagant, and unnatural,
Like mad-men’s thoughts, and this thou call’st Poetical.

Poet. You are judge! shall dull Philosophers judge
Of us the nimble fancies, and quick spirits
Of the Age?

Apem. The Cox-combs of the Age:
Are there such eminent fopperies as in the
Poets of this time? their most unreasonable heads
Are whimsical, and fantastick as Fidlers,
They are the scorn and laughter of all witty men,
The folly of you makes the Art contemptible,
None of you have the judgement of a Gander.

Enter Ælius, Nicias, Pheæx, and the other Senators.

Poet. You are a base snarling Critick; write your
Self, do and you dare.

Apem. I confess ’tis a daring piece of valour, for a man
Of fence to write to an Age that likes your spurious stuff.

Nici. What time of the day is’t, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

Ælius. That time serves always.

Apem. Then what excuse hast thou, that would’st thus long
Omit it?
Timon of Athens

Ifid. You stay to be at the Lord Timon's feast.
Apem. Yes, to see Meat fill Knaves, and Wine heat Fools.
Cleon. Well, fare thee well.
Apem. Thou art an Ass to bid me farewell.
Cleon. Why so?
Apem. Because I have not so little reason or honesty to
Return thee one good wish for it.
Phæax. Go hang thy self.
Apem. I'le do nothing at thy bidding, make thy requests to
Thy friend, if there be such a wretch on earth.
Phæax. Be gone, unpeaceable dog, or I will spurn thee from me.
Apem. Though I am none, I'le fly like a dog the heels of
The Ass.
Nici. He's opposite to all humanity——
Ælius. Now we shall taste of Timon's bounty.
Phæax. He hath a heart brimful of kindness and good will——
Ifid. And pours it down on all his friends, as if Plutus
The god of Wealth were but his Steward.
Phæax. No Meed but he repayes ev'n-fold above
Its self, no gift but breeds the giver such
Return as does exceed his wishes.
Thrafil. He bears the noblest mind that ever govern'd man.
Phæax. Long may he live with prosperous fortunes.
But I fear it——
Ælius. I hear a whisper, as though he fails his Creditors,
Even of their interest.
Phæax. I fear it is too true——well 'tis pity: but he's a good Lord!
Enter Timon with Melissa, Chloe, Nicias, and a great train with him.
Here he comes my Noble Lord.
Nici. Most worthy Timon!
Ælius. My most honour'd Lord.
Tim. You over-joy me with your presence! is there
On Earth a sight so splendid, as Tables well
Fill'd with good and faithful friends, like you?
Dear Melissa! be pleas'd to know my friends:
Oh Apemantus! thou'rt welcome.
Apem. No, thou shalt not make me welcome;
I come to tell thee truth, and if thou hear'ft me not
I le lock thy Heav'n from thee hereafter: think
On the ebb of your ESTATE, and flow of debts;
How many prodigal bits to flaves and flatterers gorge?
And now 'tis noble Timon worthy Timon, royal Timon,
And when the means is gone that buyes this praise,
The breath is gone, whereof the praise is made.
Tim. It is not so with my Estate.

Apem. None are so honest to tell thee of thy vanities,
So the gods blest me.

When all your Offices have been opprest
With riotous feeders, when every Vault has wept
With drunken splith of wine, when every room
Has blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with Minstrels,
Or roaring singing drunkards; I have retir'd
To my poor homely Cell, and set my eyes
At flow for thee, because I find something in
Thee that might be worthy——— but as thou art I
Hate and scorn thee.

Tim. Come, preach no more, had I no Estate, I
Am rich in Friends, my Noble Friends here,
The dearest loving Friends that ever man
Was blest with.

Nic. Oh might we have an happy opportunity to shew how
We love and honour you!

Ælius. That you wou'd once but use our hearts.
Isand. We'd lay 'em out all in your service.
Phæax. Yes, all our selves, if you wou'd put us to a

Tim. I doubt it not, I know you'd serve me all;

Shall I distrust my Friends? I have often wisht
My self poorer that I might use you——— We are
Born to do good one to another: Friends,

Unlefs we use 'em, are like sweet instruments hung
Up in cafes: But oh, what a precious comfort
'Tis to have so many like Brothers, commanding

One another's fortunes! Trust me, my joy brings water
To my eyes.

_Phæax._ Joy had the like conception in my eyes.
_Apem._ Ho, ho, ho——I laugh to think that it conceiv’d a Bastard.

_Tim._ What doft thou laugh for?
_Apem._ To hear these smell-feasts lye and fawn so,
Not only flattering thee, but thy Mutton and thy Partridge.
These Flies, who at one cloud of winter-flowers
Would drop from off you.

_Cleon._ Silence, the dog.

_Phæax._ Let the snarling Cur be kickt out.
_Apem._ Of what vile earth, of what mean dirt a Lord is
Kneaded!

_Tim._ The man I think is honest, and his humor hurts us not.
_Apem._ I would my reafon wou’d do thee good, _Timon._
_Mel._ This is an odd snarling fellow; I like him.
_Apem._ If I could without lying, I’d e fay the fame of thee.
_Mel._ Why? prethée what doft thou think of me?
_Tim._ He’ll snarl at thee.
_Mel._ No matter.
_Apem._ I think thou art a piece of white and red Earth,
The Picture of Vanity drawn to th’life;
I am thinking how handfome that Skull will
Be when all the Flesh is off; that face thou art
So proud of, is a poor vain, tranfitory thing,
And shortly will be good for nothing.

_Mel._ Out on him, fcurvy poor Fellow.
_Tim._ No more of this, be not fo fullên; I’ll be kind
To thee and better thy Condition.

_Apem._ No, I’ll have nothing; fhould I be brib’d too,
There would be none left to rail at thee, and then
Thou’dft fin the fafter: _Timon_, thou giveft fo long,
Thou’ll shortly give thy felf away.

_Tim._ I’ll hear no more: let him have a Table by
Himself.

_Apem._ Let me have fome Roots and Water, fuch as Nature intended for
our Meat and Drink before Eating and Drinking grew an Art.
Hoboyes Playing lownd Musicke.

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

Ventig. Moft honoured Timon,
It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,
And call him to long peace:
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in gratefull Vertue I am bound
To your free heart, I do returne those Talents
Doubled with thankes and service, from whose helpe
I deriu'd libertie.

Tim. O by no means,
Honest Ventigius: You mistake my loue,
I gaue it freely euer, and ther's none
Can truely say he giues, if he receiues:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are faire.

Vint. A Noble spirit.

Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but deuis'd at firft
To fet a gioffe on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneffe, forry ere 'tis showne:
But where there is true friendschip, there needs none.
Pray fit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me,

1. Lord. My Lord, we alwaies haue confeft it.
Aper. Ho ho, confeft it? Hang'd it? Haue you not?
Tim. O Apemantus, you are welcome.
Aper. No: You fhall not make me welcome:
I come to haue thee thruft me out of dooress.

Tim. Fie, th'art a churle, ye'haue got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much too blame:
They say my Lords, Irafuror breuis eft,
But yond man is verie angrie.
Go, let him haue a Table by himselfe:
Tim. Sit Dear Melissa, this is your Feaft:
And all you fee is yours.
And all that you can wifh for fhall be fo.
Come, fit Lords, no Ceremony,
That was devis’d at firft to fet a glofs
On feigned deeds, and hollow-hearted welcomes,
Recanting goodnefs, forry ere ’tis fhown:
True friendfhip needs ’em not; you’re more welcome
To my Fortunes, than my Fortunes are to me.

Tim. Now my Lords, let Melissa’s health go round
Ælius. Let it flow this way——

Apem. How this pomp fhows to a little Oyl and Roots?
These healths will make thee and thy State look ill.
Phæax. Peace Villain.
Apem. Here’s that which is too weak to be a Sinner;
Here’s honeft Water ne’r left man i’th’mire,
This and my Root will ftill keep down
For he does neither affect companie,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

_Aper._ Let me stay at thine apperill _Timon_,
I come to obserue, I giue thee warning on't.

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

_Aper._ I fcorne thy meate, 'twould choake me: for I should nere flatter thee.
Oh you Gods! What a number of men eats _Timon_, and he sees 'em not?
It greeues me to fee so many dip there meate in one mans blood, and all the
madneffe is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare truft themselfes with men.
Me thinks they shou'd enuïte them without kniues,
Good for there meate, and safer for their liues.
There's much example for't, the fellow that fits next him, now parts bread
with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught: is the readieft
man to kill him. 'Tas beene proud, if I were a huge man I shou'd feare to
drinke at meales, leaft they shou'd fplie my wind-pipes dangerous noates,
great men shou'd drinke with harneffe on their throates.

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

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

_Aper._ Flow this way? A braue fellow. He keepes his tides well, thofe
healths will make thee and thy ftate looke ill, _Timon_.
Heere's that which is too weake to be a finner,
Honeft water, which nere left man i'th'mire:
This and my food are equals, there's no ods,
Feafts are to proud to giue thanks to the Gods.

_Apermantus Grace._

Immortall Gods, I craue no felfe,
I pray for no man but my felfe,
Grant I may neuer prove fo fond,
To truft man on his Oath or Bond.
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dogge that feemes asleping,
Or a keeper with my freedome,
Or my friends if I shou'd need 'em.
    Amen. So fall too't:
    Richmen sin, and I eat root.
My sowy and presumptuous Flesh,
That it shall never get the better of me——

Apemantus's Grace.
Immortal Gods I crave no Pelf,
I pray for no man but my self,
Grant I may never be so fond
To trust man on his Oath or Bond;
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dog that seems a sleeping,
Or a Gaoler with my freedom,
Or my Friends if I shou'd need 'em.
Amen, Amen, and so fall to't,
Great Men fin, and I eat Root.
Much good dich thy good heart, *Apermantus*

Tim. Captaine,

*Alcibiades*, your hearts in the field now.

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

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

Ale. So they were bleeding new my Lord, there's no meat like 'em, I could wifh my beft friends at fuch a Feaft.

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

1. Lord. Might we but haue that happineffe my Lord, that you would once ufe our hearts, whereby we might exprefs some part of our zeales, we fhould thinke our felus for euer perfect.

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods themselves haue prouided that I fhall haue much helpe from you: how had you beene my Friends elfe. Why haue you that charitable title from thoufands? Did not you chiefely belong to my heart? I haue told more of you to my felfe, then you can with modeftie speake in your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh you Gods (thinke I,) what need we have any Friends; if we fhould nere haue need of 'em? They were the moft needleffe Creatures liuing; fhould we nere haue vfe for 'em? And would moft reemble fweete Instrumets hung vp in Cafes, that keepes there founds to themfelues. Why I haue often wifht my felfe poorer, that I might come neerer to you: we are borne to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our owne, then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a pretious comfort t'is, to haue fo many like Brothers commanding one anothers Fortunes. Oh ioyes, e'en made away er't can be borne: mine eies cannot hold out waterme thinks, to forget their Faults. I drinke to you.

Aper. Thou weep'ft to make them drinke, *Timon*.

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

Aper. Ho, ho; I laugh to thinke that babe a baftard.

3. Lord. I promife you my Lord you mou’d me much.

Aper. Much.
Much good may't do thee good Apemantus.

Nici. Our noble Lord Timon's health, let it go round, And Drums, and Trumpets found.

Apem. What madness is the pomp, the noise, the splendor,
The frantic Glory of this foolish life!
We make our selves fools to disport our selves,
And vary a thousand antick ugly shapes
Of Folly and of Madness these fill up
The scenes and empty spaces of our lives.
Life's nothing but a dull repetition,
A vain fantastick dream, and there's an end on't.

Tim. Now my good Lords and Friends, I speak to you,
You that are of the Council of four hundred,
In the behalf of a dear Friend of mine.

Nici. One word of yours must govern all the Council,
And any thing in Athens.

Tim. I Speak chiefly
To you my Lord and Father; and to Phoeax.

Phæax. My good Lord command me to my death and I'll obey.

Tim. I have receiv'd notice from Alcibiades,
(Whose Enemies you have been, and whose Friends
I beg you will be now) that he in private
Will venture into Athens;
Not openly because he will not trust
The Insolence of the tumultuous Rabble;
If he solicits his recallment with you,
There lives not on this earth a man that has
Deferr'd so well from the Nobility;
He has preferr'd ev'n Athens in his Exile,
By Tissaphernes power he has kept us from
The Lacedemonian Rage, and other Foes
That might have laid this City low in ashes.
How many famous Battles has he won?
But which is more, by his advice and power,
Even in his absence he has wrested
The Government from the insulting Vulgar;
Whose Wifedom’s Blindness, and whose Power is Madnefs:
And plac’d it in your noble Hands; methinks
You in return should take off his hard fentence
Of Banifhment, and render back all his Estate.

Phæax. Is there a thing on Earth you would command us That we would difobey?

Nici. I am abfolutely yours in all Commands.

Ælius. How proud am I that I can ferve Lord Timon!

Apem. Thinkft thou thy felf thy Countries friend now Timon?

His foul Riot and his inordinate Luft,
His waving Paffions, and his headlong Will,
His felfifh Principles, his contempt of others,
His Mockery, his various Sports, his Wantonnefs,
The Rage and Madnefs of his Luxury
Will make the Athenians hearts ake, as thy own
Will foon make thine.

Ifod. Hang him, we never mind him.

Ifand. When will he fpeak well of any man?

Apem. When I can find a man that’s better than
A beaft, I will fall down and worship him.

Tim. Thou art an Athenian, and I bear with thee.
Is the Mafque ready?

Poet. ’Tis, my noble Lord.

Apem. What odd and childifh folly Slaves find out
To pleafe and court all thy diftemper’d Appetites!
They fpend their flatteries to devour thofe men
Upon whose Age they’l void it up agen
With poifonous fpite and envy.
Who lives that’s not deprav’d, or elfe depraves?
Who die that bear not fome fpurns to their Graves
Of their friends giving? I fhould fear that thofe
Who now are going to dance before me,
Should one day ftamp on me: it has been done.

Tim. Nay, if you rail at all Society,
I’ll hear no more——— be gone.

Apem. Thou may’ft be fure I will not ftay to fee
Thy folly any longer, fare thee well; remember
Timon of Athens

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

Tim. What meanes that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Pleafe you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies Moft defirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wils?

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

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies.

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

There taft, touch all, pleas’d from thy Table rise:

They onely now come but to Feaft thine eies.

Tim. They’re welcome all, let ’em haue kind admittance. Muficke make their welcome.

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

Aper. Hoyday,

What a sweepe of vanitie comes this way.

They daunce? They are madwomen,

Like Madneffe is the glory of this life,

As this pompe fhewes to a little oyle and roote.

We make our felues Fooles, to difport our felues,

And fpend our Flatteries, to drinke thofe men,

Vpon whose Age we voyde it vp agen

With poyfonous Spight and Enuy.

Who liues, that’s not depraued, or depraues;

Who dyes, that beares not one fpurne to their graues

Of their Friends guift:

I shou’d feare, thofe that dance before me now,

Would one day ftampe vpon me: ’Tas bene done,

Men fhut their doores againft a fetting Sunne.
Thou would’ft not hear me, thou wilt curfe thy self for’t.

Tim. I do not think fo—— fare thee well. [Exit Apemantus.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, therefore fome Ladies masqu’d defire admittance.

Tim. Have not my doors been always opento Ev’ry Athenian? They do me honour, Wait on ’em in, were I not bound to do My duty here, I would.

Chloe. I have not had the opportunity To deliver this till now, it is a Letter From Alcibiades.

Mel. Dear Alcibiades, Oh how fhall I love him, When he’s reftor’d to his Eftate and Country! He will be richer far than Timon is, And I fhall chufe him firft of any man’s. How lucky ’tis I hould put off my Wedding.

Enter Evandra with Ladies masqu’d.

Tim. Ladies, you do my houfe and me great honour; I fhould be glad you would unmask, that I Might fee to whom I owe the Obligation.

1. Lad. We ask your pardon, we are ftoln out upon Curiofity, and dare not own it.

Tim. Your pleafure Ladies, fhall be mine.

Evan. This is the fine gay thing fo much admit’d, That’s born to rob me of my happiness, And of my life; her face is not her own, Nor is her love, nor speech, nor motion fo: Her fmile, her amorous looks, she puts on all, There’s nothing natural: She always acts And never fhews her felf; How blind is Love That cannot fee this Vanity!

[Masque begins.]
The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and to shew their loves, each single out an Amazon, and all Dance, men with women, a loftie straine or two to the Hoboyes, and cease.
Enter Shepherds and Nymphs.

A Symphony of Pipes imitating the chirping of Birds.

Nymph    Hark how the Songsters of the Grove
         Sing Anthems to the God of Love.
         Hark how each am'rous winged pair,
         With Loves great praiyes fill the Air.

Chorus. On every fide the charming sound
         Does from the hollow Woods rebound.

Nymph.    Love in their little veins inspires
         Their cheerful Notes, their soft Desires:
         While Heat makes Buds or Blossoms spring,
         Those pretty couples love and sing.

Chorus.    But Winter puts out their desire,
         with Flutes. And half the year they want Loves fire.

Retornella

Full    |But Ah how much are our delights more dear,
Chorus. |For only Humane Kind love all the year.

Enter the Μανάδες and Αἰγίπανες.

1 Bach.    Hence with your trifling Deitie
           A greater we adore,
           Bacchus, who always keeps us free
           From that blind childish power.

2 Bach.    Love makes you languish and look pale,
           And sneak and figh, and whine;
           But over us no grieves prevail,
           While we have lusty Wine.

Retornella,

Chorus    |Then hang the dull Wretch who has care in his foul,
with      |Whom Love, or whom Tyrants, or Laws can controul,
Hout-boys |If within his right hand he can have a full Bowl.
Nymph. Go drivel and snore with your fat God of Wine,  
    Your swell’d faces with Pimples adorning,  
Soak your Brains over night and your fnefes resign,  
    And forget all you did the next Morning.

Nymph. With dull aking Noddes live on in a mift,  
    And never discover true Joy:  
Would Love tempt with Beauty, you could not refift,  
    The Empire he flights, he’d destroy.

1 Bach. Better our heads, than hearts should ake,  
    His childish Empire we defpife;  
Good Wine of him a Slave can make,  
    And force a Lover to be wise.  
Better, &c.

2 Bach. Wine sweetens all the cares of Peace,  
    And takes the Terrouff off from War.  
To Love affliction it gives ease,  
    And to its Joy does best prepare.  
It sweetens, &c.

Nymph. ’Tis Love that makes great Monarchs fight,  
    The end of Wealth and Power is Love;  
It makes the youthful Poets write,  
    And does the Old to Youth improve.

Bach. ’Tis Wine that Revels in their Veins  
    Makes Cowards valiant, Fools grow wise,  
Provokes low Pens to lofty strains,  
    And makes the young Love Chains despife.

Retornella of Hout-boys.

Nymphs and | Love rules the World.  
Shepherds. | ’Tis Wine, ’tis Wine.  
Mænades and |  
Ægipanes. | ’Tis Wine, ’tis Wine.  
Nymphs and |  
Shepherds. | ’Tis Love, ’tis Love.  
Mænades and |  
Ægipanes. | ’Tis Wine, ’tis Wine.
Tim. You haue done our pleasures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Set a faire fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe fo beautiful, and kinde:
You haue added worth vintoo't, and lufter,
And entertain'd me with mine owne deuice.
I am to thanke you for't.
  i Lord. My Lord you take vs euen at the beft.
  Aper. Faith for the worft is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.
  Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
Please you to dijpoze your felues.
  All La. Moft thankfully, my Lord.
  Tim. Flauius.
  Fla. My Lord.
  Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.
  Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Jewels yet?
There is no croffing him in's humor,
Elfe I shou'd tell him well, yfaith I shou'd;
When all's fpent, hee'ld be croft then, and he could:
'Tis pitty Bounty had not eyes behinde,
That man might ne're be wretched for his minde.
  i Lord. Where be our men?
  Ser. Heere my Lord, in readinesse.
  2 Lord. Our Horfes.
  Tim. O my Friends:
I haue one word to fay to you: Looke you, my good L.
I muft intreat you honour me fo much,
As to auance this Iewell, accept it, and weare it,
Kinde my Lord,
Enter Bacchus and Cupid.

Bacchus. **Hold, Hold, our Forces are combin’d,**
And we together rule Mankind.

General **Then we with our Pipes, and our Voices will join**
Chorus. **To found the loud præife of Love and good Wine.**
Wine gives vigour to Love, Love makes Wine go down.
And by Love and good Drinking, all the World is our own.

Tim. 'Tis well design’d, and well perform’d, and I’ll
Reward you well: let us retire into my next
Apartment, where I’ve devis’d new pleasures for you,
And where I will distribute some small Presents,
To testify my Love and Gratitude.

Phæax. A noble Lord!
Ælius. Bounty it self.

Tim. Thus my Melissa will we always spend
Our time in Pleasures; but whoe’re enjoys
Thee, has all this life affords sum’d up in that.

Evan. These words did once belong to me, but Oh!
My stubborn heart, wilt thou not break at this?

Tim. Ladies I hope you’ll honour me with your presence,
And accept of a Collation.

1. Lady. We ask your pardon, and must leave you.

Tim. Demetrius, wait on them.

Evan. My Lord, I’d speak with you alone.

Tim. Be pleas’d Madam, to retire with your father,
I’ll wait on you instantly.

[Exeunt all but Timon and Evandra.

Who are you Madam?

Evan. One who is come to take her last leave of you.

Tim. Evandra! What confusion am I in!

Evan. I am forry in the midst of all your joys
I should disturb you thus: I had a mind
To see you once before I dy’d; I ne’r
Shall trouble you again.

Tim. Let me not hear these killing words.

Evan. They’ll be my last, and therefore give’em room:
Lord. I am fo farre already in your guifts.
All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

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

Enter Flauius.

Fla. I befeech your Honor, vouchsafe me a word, it does concerne you neere.
Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.
I prythee let's be prouided to shew them entertainment.
Fla. I fcarfe know how.

Enter another Servant.

Ser. May it please your Honor, Lord Lucius!
(Out of his free loue) hath presented to you
Four Milke-white Horfes, trapt in Siluer.
Tim. I fhall accept them fairely: let the Prefents
Be worthily entertain'd.
I am haftning to my death, then you'll be happy,
I ne'r shall interrupt your joys again,
Unles the Memory of me fhould make
You drop some tears upon my dust; I know
Your noble Nature will remember that
Evandra was, and once was dear to you,
And lov'd you fo, that she cou'd dye to make
You happy.

Tim. Ah dear Evandra! that would make
Me wretched far below all misery;
I'd rather kill my felf than hear that news:
I call the gods to witnefs, there's not one
On Earth I more esteem.

Evan. Esteem! alas!
It is too weak a Cordial to preferve
My fading life, I fee your paflion's grown
Too headftrong for you. Oh my deareft Timon!
I, while I have any breath, muft call you fo;
Had you once ftruggled for my fake,
And ftriven to oppofe the raging fury of
Your fatal Love, I fhould have dy'd contented.
But Oh! false to your felf, to all my hopes,
And me; you fuckt the fubtile poyfon in
So greedily, you would not ftyay to taffe it.

Tim. She moves me ftrongly; I have found from her
The trueft and the tenderer Love that e'r
Woman yet bore to Man.

Evan. I find you're gone too far in the difeafe
T' admit a Cure: I will perfwade no longer;
Death is my remedy, and I'll embrace it.

Tim. Oh talk not of Death: I'll love you ftill:
I can love two at once, truft me I can.

Evan. No, Timon, I will have you whole, or nothing:
I love you fo, I cannot live to fee
That dear, that moft ador'd perfon in anothers arms:
My Love's too nice, 'twill not be fed with crumbs,
And broken meat, that falls from your Meliffa.
No dear falfe Man, you soon fhall be at reft,
I came but to receive a parting Kifs:
You'll not deny me that?

Tim. I will not part with you; we'll be friends for ever.

Evan. No, no, it cannot be, forgive this trouble,
Since 'tis the laft, I'll never fee you more;
And may Meliffa ever love you as
The Excellence of your form deferves; and may
She pleafe you longer than th' unfortunate
Evandra could.

Tim. Gods! Why fhould I not love this Woman beft?
She has deferv'd beyond all meafure from me;
She's beautiful, and good as Angels are;
But I have had her Love already.
Oh moft accursed Charm, that thus perverts me!

To Her. Y' have made a Woman of me.

Evan. I'l have but one laft look of that
Bewitching Face that ruin'd me.
Oh, I could devour it with my eyes: but I'll
Remove it from thee. I ne're
Shall die contented while I look on thee.

Tim. Be patient till I give thee fatisfaction.

Evan. No, deareft Enemy, I'll remove the guilt
From thee, and thus I'll place it on my felf.

[Offers to stab her felf.

Tim. Hold, dear Evandra, if thou lov'ft my life
Preferve thy own; for here I fwear, that minute
When thou attemptft thy life, I will lofe mine.
Where's Diphilus?

Enter Diphilus.

Diph. Here my Lord.

Tim. Wait on Evandra home, and take a care
Sh' attempts not any mischief on her felf:
Sh'is agitated by a dang'rous paffion.
My dear! let Diphilus wait on thee home;
Enter a third Servant.

How now? What news?

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

Tim. I will hunt with him,
And let them be receiu'd, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?

He commands vs to prouide, and giue great guifts, and all out of an empty Coffer:

Nor will he know his Purfe, or yield me this,
To fhew him what a Begger his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promifes flye fo beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he ows for eu'ry word:
He is fo kinde, that he now payes intereit for't;
His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out:
Happier is he that has no friend to feede,
Then fuch that do e'ne Enemies exceede.

I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

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

2. Lord. With more then common thankes

I will receyue it.

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

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

1 L. Oh, I befeech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that.
As soon as ever my Company is gone,  
I'll fee thee, and convince thee that I love thee.  

Evand. No, no; I cannot hope——farewell for ever.  

Tim. I must resolve on something for her comfort;  
For the Empire of the Earth I wou'd not lose her;  
There is not one of all her Sex exceeds her  
In Love, or Beauty——  
O miserable state of humane life!  
We flight all the enjoyments which we have;  
And those things only value which we have not:  
Where is Demetrius?  

Dem. My Lord!  

Tim. Where is the Casket which I spoke for?  

Dem. It is here my Lord: I beg your Lordship hear me speak.  

I have businesfs that concerns you nearly——  

Tim. Some other time; of late thou dost perplex me  
Each moment with the hateful name of businesfs,  
That mortal Foe to pleasure, I'll not hear it.  

Dem. So! all now is at an end!  
He does command us to provide great gifts,  
And all out of an empty Coffer.  
His promises fly fo beyond his 'ftate,  
That what he speaks is all in Debt; He owes  
For every word; His Land is all engag'd,  
His money gone; would I were gently turn'd  
Out of my Office; left he shou'd borrow all  
I have gotten in his service. Well!  

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,  
Than fuch who do ev'n Enemies exceed.  

[Ex. Timon.  

[Ex. Demet.}
Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no man can justly praise, but what he does affect. I weigh the friendship with mine own: I tell you true, I call to you.

All Lor. O none so well come.

Tim. I take all, and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
Me thinkes, I could deal Kingdomes to my Friends,
And here be wearie. Alcibiades,
Thou art a Soldiour, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in Charity to thee: for all thy living
Is mongst the dead: and all the lands thou hast
Ly in a pitch field.

Alic. I, defil'd land, my Lord.

1. Lord. We are so vertuously bound.

Tim. And so am I to you.

2. Lord. So infinitely endear'd.

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights.

1. Lord. The best of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes
Keepe with you Lord Timon.


Aper. What a coiles here, serving of bekses, and iuttving out of bummes.
I doubt whether their Legges be worth the summes that are giuen for 'em.
Friendships full of dregges,
Me thinkes falfe hearts, should nouer haue found legges.
Thus honest Fools lay out their wealth on Curtfies.

Tim. Now Apermantus (if thou wert not full) I would be good to thee.

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

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

Aper. So: Thou wilt not heare mee, thou shalt not then. Ile locke thy heaven from thee:
Oh that mens eares should be
To Counfell deafe, but not to Flatterie. Exit
Timon of Athens
Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, steale but a beggers Dogge,
And give it Timon, why the Dogge coines Gold.
If I would sell my Horfe, and buy twenty more
Better then he; why give my Horfe to Timon.
Aske nothing, give it him, it Foles me strait
And able Horse: No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and still inuiets
All that passe by. It cannot hold, no reason
Can found his state in safety. Caphis hoa,
Caphis I say.

Enter Caphis.

Ca. Heere sir, what is your pleasure.

Sen. Get on your cloake, & haft you to Lord Timon,
Importune him for my Moneyes, be not ceast
With flight denial; nor then silenced, when
Commend me to your Master, and the Cap
Playes in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My Vies cry to me; I must serve my turne
Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are paft,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have fmit my credit. I loue, and honour him,
But must not breake my backe, to heale his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my releefe
MUST not be toft and turn'd to me in words,
But finde supply immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A vifage of demand: for I do feare
When euer Feather stickes in his owne wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flates now a Phoenix, get you gone.
Ca. I go sir.
Sen. I go fir?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And haue the dates in. Come.
Ca. I will Sir.
Sen. Go.

Enter Steward, with many billes in his hand.

Stew. No care, no ftop, fo fenfeleffe of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintaine it,
Nor ceafe his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt
How things go from him, nor refume no care
Of what is to continue: neuer minde,
Was to be fo vnwise, to be fo kinde.
What fhall be done, he will not heare, till feele:
I muft be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good euen Varros what, you come for money?
Var. Is't not your bufineffe too?
Cap. It is, and yours too, Isidore?
Isid. It is fo.
Cap. Would we were all discharg'd.
Var. I feare it,
Cap. Heere comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine.

Tim. So foone as dinners done, wee'l forth againe
My Alcibiades. With me, what is your will?
Cap. My Lord, heere is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues? whence are you?
Cap. Of Athens heere, my Lord.
Tim. Go to my Steward.
Cap. Pleafe it your Lordship, he hath put me off
To the fucceffion of new dayes this moneth:
My Maifter is awak'd by great Occafion,
To call vpon his owne, and humbly prayes you,
That with your other Noble parts, you'll fuite,
In giuing him his right.

Tim. Mine honest Friend,
I pray thee but repaire to me next morning.
Cap. Nay, good my Lord.
Tim. Containe thy felfe, good Friend.
Var. One Varroes ieruant, my good Lord.
Ifid. From Ifidore, he humbly prays your speedy payment.
Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.
Var. 'Twas due on forfeytume my Lord, fixe weekes, and paft.
Ifi. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am sent exprefly to your Lordship.

Tim. Gie me breath:
I do beeffeech you good my Lorde keepe on,
Ile waite vpon you inftantly. Come hither: pray you
How goes the world, that I am thus encountered
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detention of long fince due debts
Against my Honor?

Stew. Pleafe you Gentlemen,
The time is vnagreeable to this bufineffe:
Your importunacie ceafe, till after dinner,
That I may make his Lordship vnderftand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do fo my Friends, fee them well entertain'd.
Stew. Pray draw neere.

Exit.

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Cap. Stay, fta, here comes the Foole with Apemantus, let's ha fome
fport with 'em.
Var. Hang him, hee'l abufe vs.
Ifid. A plague vpon him dogge.
Var. How doft Foole?
Ape. Doft Diallogue with thy shadow?
Var. I speake not to thee.
Ape. No 'tis to thy felfe. Come away.
Ifi. There's the Foole hangs on your backe already.
Ape. No thou stand’st angle, th’art not on him yet.
Cap. Where’s the Foole now?
Ape. He laft ask’d the queftion. Poore Rogues, and
Vfurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.
All. What are we Apemantus?
Ape. Aifes.
All. Why?
Ape. That you ask me what you are, & do not know your felues. Speake
to ’em Foole.
Foole. How do you Gentlemen?
All. Gramercies good Foole:
How does your Miftris?
Foole. She’s e’ne fetting on water to fcal’d fuch Chickens as you are. Would we could fee you at Corinth.
Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Foole. Look you, heere comes my Masters Page.
How doft thou Apemantus?
Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might anfwer thee profit-
ably.
Boy. Prythee Apemantus reade me the superfcription of thefe Letters, I
know not which is which.
Ape. Canft not read?
Page. No.
Ape. There will litle Learning dye then that day thou art hang’d. This
is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibiades. Go thou was’t borne a Baftard, and
thou’t dye a Bawd.
Page. Thou was’t whelpt a Dogge, and thou fhalt fami fh a Dogges death.
Anfwer not, I am gone.
Ape. E’n so thou out-runft Grace,
Foole I will go with you to Lord Timons.
Foole. Will you leaue me there?
Ape. If Timon ftay at home.
You three ferue three Vfurers?
All. I would they feru’d vs.
Ape. So would I:
As good a tricke as euer Hangman feru'd Theefe.
Foole. Are you three Vfurers men?
All. I Foole.
Foole. I think no Vfurer, but ha's a Foole to his Servaunt. My Miftris is one, and I am her Foole: when men come to borrow of your Mafter, they approach fadly, and go away merry: but they enter my Mafter's house merrily, and go away fadly. The reafon of this?
Var. I could render one.
Ap. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremafter, and a Knaue, which notwithstanding thou fhalt be no lefe efteeemed.
Varro. What is a Whoremafter Foole?
Foole. A Foole in good cloathes, and something like thee. 'Tis a fpirit, fometime t'apparees like a Lord, fomtime like a Lawyer, fometime like a Philofopher, with two ftones moe then's artificiall one. Hee is verie often like a Knight; and generally, in all fhares that man goes vp and downe in, from fourefcore to thirteenth, this fpirit walkes in.
Var. Thou art not altogether a Foole.
Foole. Nor thou altogether a Wife man,
As much foolerie as I haue, fo much wit thou lack'ft.
Ape. That anfwer might haue become Apemantus.
All. Afide, afide, heere comes Lord Timon.

Enter Timon and Steward.
Ape. Come with me (Foole)come.
Foole. I do not always follow Louer, i'elder Brother, and Woman, fometime the Philofopher.
Stew. Pray you walk e n eere,
Ile fpeake with you anon.
Tim. You make me ruell wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laide my ftafe before me,
That I might fo haue rated my expence
As I had leave of meanes.
Stew. You would not heare me:
At many leyfures I propofe.
Tim. Go too:
Perchance fome fingle vantages you tooke,
ACT III.

Enter Timon and Demetrius.

Tim. D
Emetrius!

How comes it that I have been thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of broken Bonds,
And the unjuft detention of money long since due?
I knew I was in debt, but did not think
I had gone so far; wherefore before this time
Did you not lay my state fully before me?

Dem. You would not hear me.
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid 'em before you —— you would throw 'em off,
And say, you found 'em in my Honesty.
I have beyond good manners, pray'd you often
To hold your hand more close and was rebuk't for't.
When my indisposition put you backe,
And that vnaptneffe made your minifter
Thus to excufe your felfe.

Stew. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accomplts,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And say you found them in mine honftie,
When for some trifling present you haue bid me
Returne fo much, I haue shooke my head, and wept:
Yea 'gainft th'Authoritie of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more clofe: I did indure
Not fildome, nor no flight checkes, when I haue
Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,
And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,
Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,
The greatef of your hauing, lackes a halfe,
To pay your present debts

Tim. Let all my Land be fold.

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

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

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

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you fufept my Husbandry or Falffhood,
Call me before th'exacteft Auditors,
And fet me on the proofe. So the Gods bleffe me,
When all our Offices haue beene oppreft
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults haue wept
With drunken spilth of Wine; when euery roome
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minftrelfie,
I haue retyr'd me to a wasteful cocke,
And fet mine eyes at flow.
Tim. You should have prefix it further.

Dem. What e're I durst I did, it was my interest,
For if my Lord be poor, what then must I be?
Call me before the exactest Auditors,
And let my life lie on the proof:
Oh my good Lord, the world is but a world,
If it were yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. Have you no money in the Treasury?

Dem. Not enough to supply the riot of two meals.

Tim. Let all my Land be fold.

Dem. 'Tis all engag'd;

And some already's forfeited and gone,
That which remains will scarce pay present dues;
The future comes apace.

Tim. To Lacedaemon did my Land extend.

Dem. How many times have I retir'd and wept,
To think what it would come to.

Tim. Prithee! no more, I know thou'rt honest.

Dem. It grieves me to consider 'mongst what Parafites
And trencher Friends your wealth has been divided.
I cannot but weep at the sad reflection,
When every word of theirs was greedily
Attended to, as if they'd been pronounc'd
From Oracles. I never could be heard.

Tim. Come; preach no more, thou soon shalt find that I
Have not misplace'd my Bounty, why doft weep?
I am rich in friends and can use all their wealth
Freely as I can bid thee speak.

Dem. I doubt it.

Tim. You soon shalt see how you mistake my fortune.
Now I shall try my friends. Who waits there?
Tim. Prythee no more.

Stew. Heauens, haue I faid, the bounty of this Lord:
How many prodigall bits haue Slaues and Pezants
This night engluttet: who is not Timon,
What heart, head, fword, force, meanes, but it L. Timon:
Great Timon, Noble, Worthy, Royall Timon:
Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praife,
The breath is gone, whereof this praife is made:
Feaft won, faft loft; one cloud of Winter showers,
These flyes are coucht.

Tim. Come fermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath paft my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly haue I giuen.
Why doft thou wepee, canft thou the confcience lacke,
To thinke I shall lacke friends; secure thy heart,
If I would broach the vessels of my loue,
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,
Men, and mens fortunes could I frankly vfe
As I can bid thee speake.

Ste. Affurance bleffe your thoughts.

Tim. And in some fort thefe wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings. For by thefe
Shall I trie Friends. You fhall perceiue
How you mistake my Fortunes:
I am wealthie in my Friends.
Within there, Flavius, Seruilius?

Enter three Servants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will difpatch you feuerally.
You to Lord Lucius, to Lord Lucullus you, I hunted with his Honor to day;
you to Sempronius; commend me to their loues; and I am proud fay, that
my occaions haue found time to vfe 'em toward a fupply of mony: let the
requeft be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you haue faid, my Lord.

Enter three Servants.

1 Ser. My Lord!

Tim. Go you to Phæax and to Cleon, you to Ifander.
And Ælius, you to Ifodore and Thrasillus.
Commend me to their loves, and let them know,
I'm proud that my occasions make me use 'em
For a supply of money. Let the request
Be fifty Talents from each man.

1 Serv. We will, my Lord.
Tim. Go you fir to the Senators;
Of whom, euen to the States beft health; I haue
Deferu’d this Hearing: bid ’em fend o’th’inftant
A thousand Talents to me.
Ste. I haue beene bold
(For that I knew it the moft generall way)
To them, to vfe your Signet, and your Name,
But they do fhake their heads, and I am heere
No richer in returne.
Tim. Is’t true? Can’t be?
Stew. They anfwar in a ioyant and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want Treature cannot
Do what they would, are forrie: you are Honourable,
But yet they could haue wifht, they know not,
Something hath beene amiffe; a Noble Nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; tis pitty,
And fo intending other ferious matters,
After diiftafeful lookes; and thefe hard Fractions
With certaine halfe-caps, and cold mouing nods,
They froze me into Silence.
Tim. You Gods reward them:
Prythee man looke cheerely. Thefe old Fellowes
Haue their ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their blood is cak’d, ’tis cold, it fildome flowes,
’Tis lacke of kindely warmth, they are not kinde;
And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,
If fashion’d for the iourney, dull and heauy.
Go to Ventiddius (prythee be not fad,
Thou art true, and honest; Ingenioufly I fpeake,
No blame belongs to thee:) Ventiddius lately
Buried his Father, by whose death hee’s ftepp’d
Into a great eftate: When he was poore,
Imprifon’d, and in Scarfittie of Friends,
I clee’d him with fiue Talents: Greet him from me,
Bid him fuppofe, fome good necefifty
Touches his Friend, which craues to be remembered
With thofe fiue Talents; that had, giu’t thefe Fellowes
Tim. Thou, Demetrius, shalt go to the Senate, from whom
Even to the States best health I have deferv'd
This hearing. Petition them to send me 500 Talents.
Dem. I must obey. The next room's full of
Importunate slaves and hungry Creditors, go not to 'em.

Tim. What! must my doors b' oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and those been open
For all Athenians to go in and out
At their own pleasure? My Porter at my Gate
Ne're kept man out, but smil'd and did invite
All that past by it, in, and must he be
My Gaoler, and my House my Prison! no,
I'll not despair: my friends will never fail me.

[Exit.]
To whom 'tis instant due. Neuer speake, or thinke,
That Timons fortunes 'mong his Friends can finke.
  Stew. I would I could not thinke it:
That thought is Bounties Foe;
Being free it felfe, it thinkes all others fo.  

Exeunt
Scene is the Porch or Cloister of the Stoicks.

Apemantus speaking to the people and several Senators.

Apem. 'Mongst all the loathsome and base diseases of Corrupted Nature, Pride is most contagious. Behold the pooreft miserable wretch Which the Sun shines on; in the midst of all Diseases, rags, want, infamy and flavery, The Fool will find out something to be proud of.  
Ælius. This is all railing.  
Apem. When you deferve my precepts, you fhall have 'em, Mean while, if I'll be honeft, I muft rail at you.  
Cleon. Let's walk, hang him, hear him not rail.  
Phæax. Our Government is too remifs in fuffering the Licence of Philofophers, Orators, and Poets.  
Apem. Show me a mighty Lordling, who's put up, And fwell with the opinion of his greatnefs; He's an Afs. For why does he reſpect himſelf fo, But to make others do it? wretched Afs! By the fame means he feeks reſpect, he lofes it. Mean thing! does he not play the fool, and eat, And drink, and void his excrements and ftrink, Like other men, and die and rot fo too? What then fhould it be proud of? 'Tis a Lord; And that's a word fome other men cannot Prefix before their names: what then? a word That it was born to, and then it could not help it. Or if made a Lord, perhaps it was [Enter Timons 3 Servants.  
By blindnefs or partiality i'th' Government. If for defert, he lofes it in Pride; Who ever's proud of his good deeds, performs
Them for himself; himself thou’d then reward ’em.
Oh but perhaps he’s rich. ’Tis a million to one
There was villany in the getting of that dirt,
And he has the Nobility to have knaves for his Ancestors.

Phæax. Hang thee thou sinning Rascal, the Government’s
To blame in suffering thee to rail so long,
Apem. The Government’s to blame in suffering the things
I rail at.
In suffering Judges without Beards, or Law, Secretaries that
Can’t write;
Generals that durst not fight, Ambassadors that can’t speak fence;
Block-heads to be great Ministers, and Lord it over witty men;
Suffering great men to fell their Country for filthy bribes,
Old limping Senators to fell their Souls
For vile extortion: Matrons to turn incontinent;
And Magistrates to pimp for their own Daughters.
Ruine of Orphans, treachery, murder, rapes,
Incests, adulteries and unnatural sins,
Fill all your dwellings, here’s the shame of Government,
And not my railing. Men of hard’n’d foreheads,
And fear’d hearts. ’Tis a weak and infirm Government,
That is so froward it cannot bear men’s words.

Ælius. Well, babbling Philosophy, call Rascal, we shall make
You tremble one day.
Apem. Never.
Sordid great man! it is not in your power,
I fear not man no more than I can love him.
’Twere better for us that wild beasts possessef
The Empire of the Earth, they’d use men better,
Than they do one another. They’d ne’re prey
On man but for necessity of Nature.
Man undoes man in wantonness and sport,
Bruit is much honester than he; my dog
When he fawns on me is no Courtier,
He is in earnest; but a man shall smile,
And with my throat cut.

Cleon. Money of me, say’st thou?
Flaminius waiting to speak with a Lord from his Master, enters a servant to him.

Ser. I haue told my Lord of you, he is coming down to you.  
Flam. I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heere's my Lord.  
Luc. One of Lord Timons men? A Guift I warrant. Why this hits right: I dreampt of a Siluer Bafon & Ewre to night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are verie respectiuely welcome fir. Fill me some Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentleman of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and Mayfter?

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

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalfe, I come to intreat your Honor to supply: who hauing great and instant occa- sion to vfe fiftie Talents, hath fent to your Lordfhip to furnifh him: nothing doubting your preuent affiftance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting fayes hee? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep fo good a house. Many a time and often I ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come againe to supper to him of purpofe, to haue him fpend leffe, and yet he would embrace no counfelf, take no warning by my comming; euery man has his fault, and honestly is his I ha told him on't, but I could nere get him from't.

Enter Servant with Wine.

Ser. Pleafe your Lordfhip, heere is the Wine.  
Luc. Flaminius, I haue noted thee alwayes wife.

Heere's to thee.  
Flam. Your Lordfhip speake your pleafure.

Luc. I haue obferued thee adwayes for a towardlie prompt spirit. giue thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reafon; and canft ufe the time wel, if the time vfe thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone firrah. Draw neerer honest Flaminius. Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman,
1678

Timon of Athens

1 Serv. Yes! he faies he's proud he has occasion to make
Use of you.

Cleon. Is't come to that? [Aside.

Unfortunate man! I have not half a Talent by me!
But here are other Lords can do it.
I honour him so, that if he will, I'll fell my Land for him;
But prethee excuse me to him, I am in great haste
At this time. [Ex. Cleon.

1 Serv. 'Tis as I thought. How monstrous and deform'd a
Thing is base ingratitude! Here's Phoeax. My Lord?

Phoeax. Oh! one of Lord Timons men? a gift I warrant you.
Why this hits right. I dreamt of a silver Ba fon and
Ewer to night. How does that honourable, compleat,
Free-hearted Gentleman, thy very bountiful good Lord?

1 Serv. Well in his health, my Lord.

Phoeax. I am heartily glad, what haft thou under thy
Cloak, honfet youth?

1 Serv. An empty Box which by my Lords Command
I come to entreat your Honour to fupply with fifty Talents
He has inftant need of. He bids me fay he does not
Doubt your friendfhip.

Phoeax. Hum! not doubt it! alas, good Lord!
He's a noble Gentleman! had he not kept fo good a Houfe,
'Twould have been better: I've often din'd with him,
And told him of it, and come again to Supper for
That purpofe to have him fpend lefs, but 'twould not do:
I am forry for't: but good Lad thou art hopeful and of
Good parts.

1 Serv. Your Lordfhip speaks your pleafure.

Phoeax. A prompt spirit, give thee thy due. Thou know'ft
What's reafon. And canst ufe thy time well, if the time ufe
Thee well ——— 'Tis no time to lend money. Thou art wise,
Here's money for thee ——— good Lad wink at me and fay
Thou faw'ft me not.

1 Serv. Is't poffible the World fhould differ fo,
And we alive that liv'd in't?
but thou art wife, and thou know’st well enough (although thou com’st to
me) that this is no time to lend money, especially vpon bare friendfhippe
without securitie. Here’s three Solidares for thee, good Boy winke at me,
and say thou saw’rt mee not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is’t poffible the world shou’d fo much differ,
And we aliuie that liued? Fly damned befeneffe
to him that worships thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I fee thou art a Foole, and fit for thy Mafter. Exit L.

Flam. May thee add to the number yt may scald thee:
let moulten Coine be thy damnation,
Thou difeafe of a friend, and not himfelfe:
Has friendship fuch a faint and milkie heart,
It turnes in leffe than two nights? O you Gods!
I feele my Mafter’s paflion. This Slave vnto his Honor,
Has my Lords meate in him:
Why shoulde it thriue, and turne to Nutriment,
When he is turn’d to poyfon?
O may Diseafes onely worke vpon’t:
And when he’s ficke to death, let not that part of Nature
Which my Lord payd for, be of any power
to expell fickneffe, but prolong his hower.

Exit.

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

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

1 We know him for no leffe, thogh we are but strangers to him. But I can
tell you one thing my Lord, and which I heare from common rumours, now
Lord Timons happie hoyres are done and paft, and his eftate shrinkes from
him.

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

2 But beleue you this my Lord, that not long agoe, one of his men was
with the Lord Lucullius, to borrow fo many Talents, nay vrg’d extreamly
for’t, and fhewed what neceffity belong’d too’t, and yet was deny’d.

Luci. How?

2 I tell you, deny’d my Lord.

Luci. What a ftrange cafe was that? Now before the Gods I am afham’d
on’t. Denied that honourable man? There was verie little Honour fhow’d
Apem. What art thou fent to invite those Knaves again
To feast with thy luxurious Lord?
1 Serv. No: I came to borrow fifty Talents for him,
And this Lord has given me this to say, I did not see him.
Apem. Is't come to that already?
Bafe flavifh Phæax, thou of the Nobility?
Let molten Coin be thy damnation.
Apem. Thou worse! thou trencher-fly, thou flatterer,
Thou hast Timons meat still in thy gluttonous paunch,
And doft deny him money. Why should it thrive,
And turn to nutriment when thou art poison?
2 Serv. My noble Lord.
{Ian. Oh how does thy brave Lord, my noblest friend?
2 Serv. May it please your honour, he has sent ——
{Ian. Hah —— what has he sent? I am so much oblig'd
To him, he's ever sending. How shall I thank him? hah,
What has he sent?
2 Serv. He has sent me to tell you he has occasion
To ufe your friendship, he has instant need
Of fifty Talents ——
{Ian. Is that the business? hah!
I know his honour is but merry with me,
He cannot want as many hundreds.
2 Serv. Yes, he wants fifty, but is affur'd of your Honours
Friendship.
{Ian. Thou art not sure in earnest?
2 Serv. Upon my life I am.
{Ian. What an unfortunate Wretch am I? to disfurnish
My self upon so good a time,
When I might have shewn how much I love
And honour him: This is the grarest affliction
E're fell upon me: the Gods can witnes for me
I was just sending to my Lord my self:
I have no power to serve him, my heart bleeds for't.
I hope his honour will conceive the best;
Beaft that I am, that the firft good occasion
in't. For my owne part, I muft needes confesse, I haue receyued some small kindneffes from him, as Money, Plate, Jewels, and fuch like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had hee miftooke him, and fent to me, I shoulde ne're haue denied his Occafion fo many Talents.

Enter Servilius.

Servil. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I haue fwet to fee his Honor. My Honor'd Lord.

Lucil. Servilius? You are kindly met fir. Farthewell, commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my very exquifite Friend.

Servuil. May it pleafe your Honour, my Lord hath fent ———

Luci. Ha? what ha's he fent? I am fo much endeered to that Lord; hee's euer fending: how fhall I thank him think'ft thou? And what has he fent now?

Servuil. Has onely fent his prefent Occafion now my Lord: requefting your Lordfhip to fhupply his instant ufe with fo many Talents.

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

Servuil. But in the mean time he wants leffe my Lord.

If his occafion were not vertuous, I shoulde not urge it halfe fo faithfully.

Luc. Doft thou speake ferioufly Servilius?

Servuil. Vpon my foule 'tis true Sir.

Luci. What a wicked Beaft was I to disfurnifh my felf againft fuch a good time, when I might ha fhewn my felfe Honourable? How vnluckily it hapned, that I fhold Purchafe the day before for a little part, and vndo a great deale of Honour? Servilius, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more beaft I fay) I was fending to vfe Lord Timon my felfe, thefe Gentlemen can witneffe; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. COMMend me bountifully to his good Lordfhip, and I hope his Honor will conceiue the faireft of mee, becaufe I haue no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateft afflictions fay, that I cannot pleafure fuch an Honourable Gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend mee fo farre, as to vfe mine owne words to him?

Ser. Yes fir, I fhall.

Lucil. Ie looke you out a good turne Servilius.

True as you faid, Timon is fhrunke indeede,
Shou'd not be in my power to use; I beg
A thousand pardons. —— Tell him so ——

_ Apem. Thou art an excellent Summer friend!_
How often haft thou dip i'th' dish with him?
He has been a Father to thee with his purse,
Supported thy estate; when e're thou drink'ft,
His silver kis'ses thy base lips, thou rid'ft upon
His horses, ly'dt on his beds.

_Ifan. Peace, or I'll knock thy brains out._

_2 Serv. My Lord, Thrafilus ——_
_Thra. He's comes to borrow, I muft shun him._
I hope your Lord is well.

_2 Serv. Yes, my Lord, and has sent me ——_
_Thra. To invite me to Dinner. I am in great haste ——_
But I'll wait on him if I can possibly.

_Apem. Good Fool, go home. Doft think to find a grateful Man in Athens?_

_3 Serv. If my Lord's occasions did not pref him very much_
I would not urge it.

Ælius. Why would he lend to me? I am poor. There's
Phæax, Cleon, Ifodore, Thrafilus, and Ifander, and many
Men that owe their fortunes to him.

_3 Serv. They have been toucht and found base mettle._

Ælius. Have they deny'd him; and muft you come to me?
Muft I be his laft refuge? 'tis a great flight,
Muft I be the laft fought to? he might have
Consider'd who I am.

_3 Serv. I see he did not know you._

Ælius. I was the firft that e're receiv'd gift from him,
And I will keep it for his honours sake,
But at present I cannot possibly supply him:
Befides, my Father made me swear upon
His Death, I never should lend money.
I've kept the Oath e're since. Fare thee well. _[Ex. Ælius._

_3 Serv. They all fly us!_

_Apem. The barbarous Herd of mankind shun_
One in affliction, and turn him out as
And he that’s once deny’d, will hardly speede.

1 Do you obferue this Hoftilius?
2 I, to well.
1 Why this is the worlds foule,
And iuft of the fame peace
Is euery Flatterers fport: who can call him his Friend
That dips in the fame dish? For in my knowing
Timon has bin this Lords Father,
And kept his credit with his purse:
Supported his eftate, may Timons money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne’re drinkes,
But Timons Siluer treads vpon his Lip,
And yet, oh fee the monfteroufneffe of man,
When he lookes out in an vngratefull shape;
He does deny him (in reftect of his)
What charitable men affoord to Beggers.
3 Religion grones at it.
1 For mine owne part, I neuer tafted Timon in my life
Nor came any of his bounties ouer me,
To marke me for his Friend. Yet I protest,
For his right Noble minde, illuftrious Vertue,
And Honourable Carriage,
Had his necessity made vfe of me,
I would haue put my wealth into Donation,
And the beft halfe shou’d haue return’d to him,
So much I loue his heart: But I perceiue,
Men muft learne now with pitty to difpence,
For Policy fits aboue Confcience.

Exit.

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

Semp. Muft he needs trouble me in’t? Hum.
’Boue all others?
He muft haue tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus,
And now Ventidgius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem’d from prifon. All these
Owes their eftates vnto him.
Deer do one that's hunted, go, go home
To thy fond Lord, and bid him Curfe himself,
That would not hear me: bid him live on root
And water, and know himself; he had better
Have fhun'd Mankind than be deferted by them.  

[Ex. Omnes.

Enter Meliffa and Chloe.

Mell. Who could have thought Timon fo loft i'th' world?
With what amazement will the news of this
So fudden alteration be receiv'd by all Athenians?
Chloe. Is it for certain true?
Mel. Certain as death or fate! my father has affur'd me
Of it, that he is a Bankrupt, his Credit gone, and all
His ravenous Creditors with open Jaws will fwallow him.
'Tis well I am inform'd, I'll ftand upon my guard.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, a Gentleman below defires admittance.
Mel. See Chloe, if it be Lord Timon, or any one from him,
Say I am not well. I will not be feen: be fure I
Be not.
Chlo. I warrant you.  
Mel. Seen by a Bankrupt! no, base poverty
Shall never enter here. Oh, were my Alcibades
Recall'd, he would adore me ftill, and wou'd be
Rich too.

Enter Alcibiades in disguife, and Chloe.

Chloe. It is a Gentleman in disguife, I know him not.
Alcib. But my Meliffa does.  
Mel. My Alcibiades! my Hero!
The Gods have hearkn'd to my vows for thee,
And have Crown'd all my wishes. Thou'rt more welcome
To me than the return of the Suns heat
Ser. My Lord,
They have all bin touch'd, and found Base-Mettle,
For they have all denied him.

Semp. How? Have they deny'de him?

Has Ventidgius and Lucullus deny'de him,
And does he fend to me? Three? Humh?

It shewes but little loue, or judgment in him.

Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends (like Phyfitians)

Thrive, giue him ouer: Must I take th'Cure upon me?

Has much disgrace'd me in't, I'me angry at him,

That might have knowne my place. I see no fense for't,
But his Occaions might haue woed me firft:

For in my conscience, I was the firft man

That ere receiued guift from him.
And does he thinke fo backwardly of me now,

That Ile requite it laft? No:

So it may proue an Argument of Laughter

To th'reft, and 'mong'ft Lords be thought a Foole:

I'de rather then the worth of thrice the fumme,

Had sent to me firft, but for my mindes fake:

I'de such a courage to do him good. But now returne,

And with their faint reply, this anfwer ioyne;

Who bates mine Honor, shal not know my Coyne.

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

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

Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards

Many a bounteous yeere, muft be imployn'd

Now to guard fure their Mafter:

And this is all a liberall courfe allowes,

Who cannot keepe his wealth, muft keep his houfe.
Is to the frozen Region of the North,  
That’s cover’d half the year with Snow and Darknes.

_Alcib._ My Joy, my life, my blood, my soul, my liberty,  
Within my arms: This treasure far outweighs  
The joys of Conquest, or deliverance  
From banishment or slavery.

_Mel._ How proud am I of all thy victories!  
'Twas thou that Conquer’d, but I triumph’d for thee,  
All day I figh’d and wisht, and pray’d for thee,  
And in the night thou entertain’dst my sleepes,  
And whensoe’re I dreamt thou wert in danger,  
I cry’d out, my _Alcibiades_, and in my dreams  
I was valiant, and methought I fought for thee.

_Alcib._ Oh my Divine _Melissa_! the Cordial of thy love  
Is of so strong a spirit, ’twill overcome me,  
One kiss and take my soul; another and  
’Twill fall out; Oh, I could fix whole ages on  
Thy tender lip; and pity all the Fools  
That keep a fenfelefs pother in the world for pow’r,  
And pomp, and noife, and lose substantial bliss.

_Mel._ There is no bliss but love; and but for that  
The world would fall in pieces! Oh, with what a grief  
Have I sustain’d thy abfence! had not my Father  
Prevented my escape, I had come to thee.

_Alcib._ ’Twas well for _Athens_ safety that thou did’st not;  
I had neglected all my Conquests which  
Preferved this base ungrateful town; for I  
In thee shou’d have all that I fought for; Thou  
Would’st have been life, liberty, Country, and Eftate to me.

_Mel._ I have the end of all my hopes and wifhes,  
If the ungrateful Senate will let me keep thee.

_Alcib._ ’Twas I that made them what they are, in hopes  
They soon would call me home to thee.  
It was the thought of that which fir’d my Soul,  
At every stroke the memory of _Melissa_  
Gave vigour to my arm, and made me conquer.

_Mel._ Oh, let ambition never more difturb
Thy noble mind, let love in peace poffefs it.
Let not the noife of Drums and Trumpets clangor,
Clashing of arms, and neighing Steeds, and groans
Of bleeding men entice thee from me.

_Alcib._ The Senate fhall not dare remove me from thee.
Should they once offer it, I've an Army will
Tofs their ufurous bags about their ears,
Rifle their Houfes, deflour their Wives and Daughters,
And dafh their brains out of their doating heads.
But dear _Meliffa_, fince our hearts fo long
Have been united, let's not fty for friends,
For ceremony, but come, compleat our joys;
True love's above fenfelefs formalties.

_Mel._ If any thing from you could anger me,
This would; but know, none fhall invade my vertue
Without my life: but on my knees I vow
No other man, though Crown'd the Emperor
Of all the World, fhould ever have my love,
And though thy Country basely fhould defert thee,
I would continue firm.

_Alcib._ And here
I fwear, that could I conquer all the Universe,
I'd lay the Crowns and Scepters at thy feet
For thee to tread on. By thy felf I fwear,
An Oath more sacred far to me, than all
Mock Deities which knavifh Priests invent,
Are to the poor deluded Rabble.

_Chloe._ Madam! Your Father is come in.

_Mel._ Let us retire: my Father has not yet
Forgotten his enmity, the breaking of the
Peace with the Lacedemonians, and his foil
Which he thinks you caus'd in _Sicily_,
Hee'l not forgive.

_Alcib._ Had he injur'd me beyond all fufferance,
I would have forgotten him for begetting thee.  

[Exeunt.]
Enter Timon and Servant.

Tim. Is’t possible? deserted thus? what large professions
Did all these make but yesterday? did they all refuse to lend,
Say you?

Serv. The rumour of your borrowing was soon
Dispers’d, and then at sight of one of us
They would stop, start, turn short, pass by, or seem
To overlook us, and avoided us,
As if we had been their mortal Enemies;
And who suspected not when they were mov’d,
Came off with base excuses.

Tim. Ye Gods! what will become of Timon? I’ll go to ’em
My self, they will not have the face to use me so.

Enter Demetrius.

Oh Demetrius! what news bring’st thou from the Senate?

Dem. I am return’d no richer than I went.

Tim. Just Gods! it cannot be.

Dem. They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are to ebb, want Treasure, cannot,
Do what they would, are sorry; you are Honourable;
But yet they could have wished; they know not,
Something has been amiss; a noble nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; ’tis pity;
And so intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractious,
With certain half caps and cold careless nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. The Gods reward their Villany, Old men
Have their ingratitude natural to ’em;
Their blood is cak’d and cold, it seldom flows,
’Tis want of kindly warmth which makes ’em cruel,
And Nature as it grows again towards earth,
Is fashion’d for the Journey, dull and heavy.
Heav’n keep my Wits! or is’t a blessing to be mad?
Demetrius follow me; I’ll try ’em all my self.
Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait for his coming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortenfius.

Var. man. Well met, goodmorrow Titus & Hortenfius
Tit. The like to you kinde Varro.
Hort. Lucius, what do we meet together?
Luci. I, and I think one bufineffe do's command vs all.
For mine is money.
Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci. And fir Philotus too.
Phil. Good day at once.
Luci. Welcome good Brother.
What do you thinke the houre?
Phil. Labouring for Nine.
Luci. So much?
Phil. Is not my Lord feene yet?
Luci. Not yet.
Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to fhine at feauen.
Luci. I, but the dayes are waxt shorter with him:
You muft confider, that a Prodigall courfe
Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recoverable, I feare:
'Tis deepest Winter in Lord Timons purfe, that is: One may reach deepe enough, and yet finde little.
Phil. I am of your feare, for that.
Tit. Ile fhew you how t'oberue a ftrange euent:
Your Lord fends now for Money?
Hort. Moft true, he doe's.
Tit. And he weares Jewels now of Timons guilt,
For which I waite for money.
Hort. It is againft my heart.
Luci. Marke how ftrange it fhowes,
Timon in this, fhould pay more then he owes:
And e'en as if your Lord fhould weare rich Jewels,
And fend for money for 'em.
Dem. The Senate is assembling again,
You'll find 'em in the Senate House. [Exeunt.

Enter many Creditors with Bills and Papers,
Re-enter Demetrius.

Dem. How now, what makes this swarm of Rascals here?
Each looking big, and with the visage of demand.
1 Cred. We wait for certain sums of money due.
Dem. If money were as certain as your waiting,
Why then proffer'd you not your Bills and Bonds
When your false Masters eat of my Lords meat?
Then they would smile and fawn upon him,
And swallow the interest down their greedy throats.

Enter Timon and Servants.

Tim. If Melissa be at home, tell her I'll wait on her suddenly.
1 Cred. Now, let's put in; my Lord, my Bill.
2 Cred. Here's mine.
3 Cred. And mine.
4 Cred. My Master's.
Tim. Hold, hold, my wits. Knock me down;
Cleave me to the waiste. What would you have, you Harpies?
1 Cred. We ask our due.
Tim. Cut my heart in pieces and divide it.
4 Cred. My Master's is thirty Talents.
Tim. Tell it out of my blood.
2 Cred. Five thousand Crowns is mine.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.
What yours, and yours?
3 Cred. My Lord.
1 Cred. My Lord.
Tim. Here, take me, pull me in pieces, will you?
The gods confume, confound, and rot you all.
1 Cred. What a Devil, is he mad?
2 Cred. Mercy on us, let us be gone.
Hort. I'me weary of this Charge,
The Gods can witneffe:
I know my Lord hath spent of Timons wealth,
And now Ingratitude, makes it worfe then theft.

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

Luci. Fiue thousand mine.

Varro. 'Tis much deepe, and it should seem by th'fum

Your Masters confidence was aboue mine,
Elfe surely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timons men.

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

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

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

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

Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled.

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

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

Tit. Do you heare, fir?


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

Tit. We waite for certaine Money here, fir.

Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your summes and Billes
When your falfe Masters eate of my Lords meat?
Then they could smile, and sawne vpon his debts,
And take downe th'Intrest into their glutt'nous Mawes.
You do your selves but wrong, to stirre me vp,
Let me passe quietly:
Beleeu't, my Lord and I haue made an end,
I haue no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luci. I, but this answer will not ferue.

Stew. If't will not ferue, 'tis not so bafe as you,
For you ferue Knaues.

1. Varro. How? What does his cafheer'd Worship mutter?
3 Cred. Let's go, he'll murder some of us.
Tim. They have e'en taken my breath from me. Slaves, Creditors, Dogs, preferve my wits, you Gods.
Dem. My Lord, be patient; passion mends it not.
[Lampridius, crosses the stage and shuns Timon.
Tim. See Lampridius, whom I redeem'd out of Prison.
His Father dead since, and he rich. Now the Villain Shuns me.

Enter Phæax.

Oh my good Friend Phæax.
Phæax. Oh my Lord——I am glad to see your Lordship.
I have a sudden occasion calls me hence,
I'll wait on you instantly.                        [Ex. Phæax.
Tim. I could not have believ'd this.

Enter Cleon.

My Lord.
Cleon. Oh my good Lord, I am going to see
If I can serve your Lordship in the Command
I receiv'd from you by your Servant.                  [Ex. Cleon.
Tim. Oh black Ingratitude! that Villain has
A Jewel at this moment on, which I present'd him,
Cost me three thousand Crowns.
Dem. You'll find 'em all like these.
Tim. There are not many worse for bad.
How have I lov'd these men, and shewn 'em kindnefs,
As if they had been my Brothers, or my Sons!
[Enter Diphilus, seeing Timon, mufles his face and turns away.

Look, is not that my Servant Diphilus, whom I marry'd to
The old Man's Daughter, and gave him an estate too;
And now he hides himself, and steals from me?
How much is a Dog more generous than a man;
'Oblige him once, he'll keep you Company,
Ev'n in your utmost want and misery.
2. *Varro.* No matter what, 'hee's poore, and that's reuenge enough. Who can speake broader, then hee that has nohoufe to put his head in? Such may rayle against great buildings.

*Enter Servilius.*

*Tit.* Oh heere's *Servilius*: now wee fhal know some anfwere.

*Seru.* If I might befeech you Gentlemen, to repayre some other houre, I shoud deriue much from't. For tak't of my foule, my Lord leanes won-
droufly to discontent: His comfortable temper has forfooke him, he's much
out of health, and keepes his Chamber.

*Luci.* Many do keepe their Chambers, are not ficke:
And if it be fo farre beyond his health,
Me thinkes he shoule the sooner pay his debts,
And make a cleere way to the Gods.

*Seruil.* Good Gods.

*Titus.* We cannot take this for anfwer, fir.

*Flaminius within.* *Servilius* helpe, my Lord, my Lord.

*Enter Timon in a rage.*

*Tim.* What, are my dores oppos'd againft my paffage?
Haue I bin ever free, and muft my houfe
Be my retentiue Enemy? My Gaole?
The place which I haue Feasted, does it now
(Like all Mankinde) fhew me an Iron heart?

*Luci.* Put in now *Titus*.

*Tit.* My Lord, heere is my Bill.

*Luci.* Here's mine.

1. *Var.* And mine, my Lord.

2. *Var.* And ours, my Lord.

*Photo.* All our Billes.

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

*Luci.* Alas, my Lord.

*Tim.* Cut my heart in fummes.

*Tit.* Mine, fifty Talents.

*Tim.* Tell out my blood.

*Luci.* Fiue thoufand Crownes, my Lord.

*Tim.* Fiue thoufand drops payes that.

What yours? and yours?
Enter Ælius.


Demetrius, go let him know Timon would speak
With him —— [Dem. goes to him, he turns back.

Do you not know me Ælius?

Ælius. Not know my good Lord Timon!

Tim. Think you I have the Plague?

Ælius. No, my Lord.

Tim. Why do you shun me then?

Ælius. I shun you? 'I'd serve your Lordship with my life.

Tim. I'll not believe, he who would refuse me money,

Wou'd venture his life for me.

Ælius. I am very unfortunate not to have it in my Power
To supply you; but I am going to the Forum, to a Debter,

If I receive any, your Lordship shall command it. [Ex. Ælius.

Tim. Had I so lately all the Caps and Knees of th' Athenians,
And is't come to this? Brains hold a little.

Enter Thrafillus.

Thraf. Who's there? Timon?

Tim. There's another Villain.

Enter Ifander.

How is't Ifander?

Ifand. Oh. Heav'n! Timon!

Tim. What, did I fright you? am I become so dreadful

An Object? is poverty contagious?

Ifand. Your Lordship ever shall be dear to me.
It makes me weep to think I cou'd not serve you

When you sent your Servant. I am expected at the Senate.
I humbly ask your pardon; I'll sell all I have

But I'll supply you soon. [Ex. Ifander.

Tim. Smooth tongue, diffembling, weeping knave, farewell.
And farewell all Mankind! It shall be so —— Demetrius!

2. Var. My Lord.

_Tim._ Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall vpon you. _Exit Timon._

_Hort._ Faith I perceive our Masters may throwe their caps at their money, these debts may well be call’d desperate ones, for a madman owes ’em. _Enter Timon._

_Exit._

_Timon._ They haue e’ene put my breath from mee the flaues. Creditors? Diuels.

_Stew._ My deere Lord.

_Tim._ What if it shoule be fo?

_Stew._ My Lord.

_Tim._ Ile haue it fo. My Steward?

_Stew._ Heere my Lord.

_Tim._ So fitly? Go, bid all my Friends againe, _Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Vllorxa:_ All, Ile once more feast the Rafcals.

_Stew._ O my Lord, you onely speake from your diftracted foule; there’s not fo much left to furnish out a moderate Table.

_Tim._ Be it not in thy care:

Go I charge thee, inuite them all, let in the tide

Of Knaues once more: my Cooke and Ile prouide. _Exeunt_

_Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants._

1. _Sen._ My Lord, you haue my voyce, too’t,

The faults Bloody:

’Tis necessary he shoule dye:

Nothing imboldens finne fo much, as Mercy.

2 _Moft_ true; the Law shal bruife ’em.

_Alic._ Honor, health, and commpasion to the Senate.

1 Now Captaine.

_Alic._ I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;

For pity is the vertue of the Law,

And none but Tyrants vse it crucely.

It pleases time and Fortune to lye heauie

Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood

Half steppt into the Law: which is paft depth

To thofe that (without heede) do plundge into’t.
Go to all these fellows. Tell 'em I'm supply'd, I have no
Need of 'em. Set out my condition to be as good
As formerly it has been. That this was but a Tryal,
And invite 'em all to Dinner.

Dem. My Lord, there's nothing for 'em.
Tim. I have taken order about that.

Dem. What can this mean?
Tim. I have one referve can never fail me,
And while Melijja's kind I can't be miferable;
She has a vaft fortune in her own dipofal.
The Sun will fooner leave his courfe than the
Defert me.
He is a Man (fetting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he foyle the fact with Cowardice,
(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirit,
Seeing a Reputation touch’d to death,
He did oppofe his Foe:
And with fuch sober and vnnoted paflion
He did behooue his anger ere ’twas fpent,
As if he had but prou’d an Argument.

1 Sen. You vndergo too fticlf a Paradox,
Striving to make an vgly deed looke faire:
Your words haue tooke fuch paines, as if they labour’d
To bring Man-flaughter into forme, and fet Quarrelling
Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede
Is Valour miif-begot, and came into the world,
When Sects, and Faftions were newly borne.
Hee’s truly Valiant, that can wisely fuffer
The worft that man can breath,
And make his Wrongs, his Out-fides,
To weare them like his Rayment, careleffly,
And ne’re preferre his injiuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If Wrongs be euilles, and inforce vs kill,
What Folly ’tis, to hazard life for Ill.

Alci. My Lord.

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

Alci. My Lords, then vnder favour, pardon me,
If I speake like a Captaine.
Why do fond men expofe themfelves to Battell,
And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon’t,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That ftay at home, if Bearing carry it:
And the Affe, more Captaine then the Lyon?
The fellow loaden with Irons, wifer then the Iudge?
If Wisedome be in suffering, Oh my Lords!
As you are great, be pitifully Good,
Who cannot condemne rafhneffe in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is finnes extreamest Guft,
But in defence, by Mercy, ’tis most iuft.
To be in Anger, is impietie:
But who is Man, that is not Angrie.
Weigh but the Crime with this.


Alci. In vaine?
His fervice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 What’s that?

Alc. Why say my Lords ha’s done faire fervice,
And flaine in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he beare himfelfe
In the laft conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 He has made too much plenty with him:
He’s sworne Rior, he has a finne
That often drownes him, and takes his valour prifoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To overcome him. In that Beaftly furie,
He has bin knowne to commit outrages,
And cherrifh Faction. ’Tis inferr’d to vs,
His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.

1 He dyes.

Alci. Hard fate: he might haue dyed in warre.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arme might purchafe his owne time,
And be in debt to none: yet more to moue you,
Take my deferts to his, and ioyne ’em both.
And for I know, your reuerend Ages loue Security,
Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you
Vpon his good returnes.
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the Warre receiue’t in valiant gore,
For Law is strict, and Warre is nothing more.

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

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

2 How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 What.

Alc. I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,
It could not else be, I shoule proue fo bace,
To fue and be deny’d e fuch common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.

1 Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but fpacious in effect:
We banish thee for euer.

Alc. Banish me?
Banish your dotage, banish vfurie,
That makes the Senate vgly.

1 If after two dayes shine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our weightier Judgment.
And not to swell our Spirit,
He shall be executed prefently. Exeunt.

Alc. Now the Gods keepe you old enough,
That you may liue
Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.
I’m worfe then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes
While they haue told their Money, and let out
Their Coine vpon large interef. I my felfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All thofe, for this?
Is this the Balfome, that the vfuring Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? Banifhment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,
It is a caufe worthy my Spleene and Furie,
That I may ftrike at Athens. Ile cheere vp
My difcontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;
'Tis Honour with moft Lands to be at ods,
Souldiers shoule brooke as little wrongs as Gods. Exit.
Enter first Servant.

Is Melissa at home?

₁ Serv. She is, my Lord; but will not fee you.

Tim. What does the Rascal say? Damn'd Villain

To bely her fo? [Strikes him.]

₁ Serv. By Heav'n 'tis truth. She faies she will not fee you.

Her woman told me first so. And when I would not
Believe her, she came and told me so her self;
That she had no busines with you; defir'd you would
Not trouble her; she had affairs of consequence; &c.

Tim. Now Timon thou art fall'n indeed; fallen from all thy
Hopes of Happinefs. Earth, open and swallow the
Moft miferable wretch that thou did'ft ever bear.

Enter Melissa.

₁ Serv. My Lord, Melissa's! paffing by.

Tim. Oh Dear Melissa!

Mel. Is he here? what luck is this?

Tim. Will you not look on me? not fee your Timon?

And did not you fend me word fo?

Enter Evandra.

Mel. I was very busy, and am fo now; I muft obey my
Father; I am going to him.

Tim. Was it not, Melissa, faid; If Timon were reduc'd
To rags and misery, and she were Queen of all the Univerfe,
She would not change her love?

Mel. We can't command our wills;

Our fate muft be obey'd. [Ex. Mel]

Tim. Some Mountain cover me, and let my name,
My odious name be never heard of more.
O fragling Senfes whither are you going?
Farewel, and may we never meet again.

Evandra! how does the fight of her perplex me!
I’ve been ungrateful to her, why should I
Blame Villains who are fo to me?

   Evan. Oh Timon! I have heard and felt all thy afflictions;
I thought I never shou’d have seen thee more;
Nor ever would had’st thou contin’d prosperous.
Let false Meliffa safely fly from thee,
   Evandra is not made of that course stuff.

   Tim. Oh turn thy eyes from an ungrateful man!
   Evan. No, since I first beheld my ador’d Timon,
They have been fixt upon thee present, and when absent
I’ve each moment view’d thee in my mind,
And shall they now remove?

   Tim. Wilt thou not fly a wretched Caitif? who
Has such a load of misery beyond
The strength of humane nature to support?
   Evan. I am no base Athenian Parasite,
To fly from thy Calamities; I’ll help to bear ’em.

   Tim. Oh my Evandra, they’re not to be born.
Accurfed Athens! Forest of two legg’d Beasts;
Plague, civil War, and famine, be thy lot:
Let propagation cease, that none of thy
Confounding spurious brood may spring
To infect and damn succeeding Generations;
May every Infant like the Viper gnaw
A passage through his mothers cursed Womb;
And kill the hag, or if they fail of it,
May then the Mothers like fell rav’rous Bitches
Devour their own base Whelps.

   Evan, Timon! compose thy thoughts, I know thy wants,
And that thy Creditors like wild Beasts wait
To prey upon thee; and base Athens has
To its eternal Infamy deserted thee.
But thy unwearied bounty to Evandra
Has so enrich’d her, she in wealth can vie
With any of th’ extorting Senators,
And comes to lay it all at thy feet.

   Tim. Thy most amazing generosity o’rewhelms me:
Enter divers Friends at feuerall doores.

1 The good time of day to you, fir.
2 I alfo wifh it to you: I thinke this Honorable Lord did but try vs this other day.
1 Vpon that were my thoughts trying when wee encountred. I hope it is not fo low with him as he made it feeme in the triall of his feuerall Friends.
2 It fhould not be, by the perfwafion of his new Feafting.
1 I fhould thinke fo. He hath fent mee an earneft inuiting, which many my neere occafions did vrge mee to put off: but he hath coniur’d mee beyond them, and I muft needs appeare.
2 In like manner was I in debt to my importunat bufineffe, but he would not heare my excufe. I am forrie, when he fent to borrow of mee, that my Prouifion was out.
It over me all o're with fhame and blushes.
Thou haft oblig'd a wretch too much already,
And I haft thee ill for't; fly, fly, Evandra!
I have rage and madness, and I fhall infect thee.
Earth! take me to thy Center; open quickly!
Oh that the World were all on fire!

Ev. Oh my dear Lord! this fight will break my heart;
Take comfort to you, let your Creditors
Swallow their maws full; we have yet enough,
Let us retire together and life free
From all the f'miles and frowns of humane kind;
I fhall have all I wifh for, having thee.

Tim. My fenfes are not found, I never can
Deferve thee: I've us'd thee fcurvily.

Ev. No, my dear Timon, thou haft not.
Comfort thy felf, if thou haft been unkind,
Forfe thy felf and I forgive thee for it.

Tim. I never will;
Nor will I be oblig'd to one,
I have treated fo injurioufly as her ——— [Aifice.

Ev. Pray, my Lord, go home; ftrive to compofe
Your felf. All that I have was and is yours; I wifh
It ne'er had been, that yet I might have fhewn
By ftronger proofs how much I love my Timon.

Tim. Moft Excellent of all the whole Creation,
Thou art too good that thou fhould'ft e're partake
Of my misfortunes ——— [Aifice.
And I am refolv'd not to involve her in 'em.
Prithee Evandra go to thy own Houfe,
I am once more to give my flatt'ring Rogues
An entertainment but fuch a one as fhall befet 'em;
And then I'll fee thee.

Ev. Heav'n ever blefs my Dear. [Ex. Timon and Evandra.

Enter Phæax, Cleon, Ifander, Ifidore, Thrafillus, Ælius.

Phæ. I think my honourable Lord did but try us.
1 I am ficke of that greese too, as I vnderstand how all things go.
2 Euery man heares fo: what would hee haue borrowed of you?
1 A thousand Peeces.
2 A thousand Peeces?
1 What of you?
2 He fent to me fir ——— Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?
1 Euer at the beft, hearing well of your Lourdfhip.
2 The Swallow followes not Summer more willing, then we your Lord-
ship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaues Winter, fuch Summer Birds are men.
Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long itay: Feaft your cares
with the Muficke awhile: If they will fare fo harfhly o’th’Trumpets found:
we shall too’t prefently.
1 I hope it remaines not vnkindely with your Lordfhip, that I return’d you
an empty Meffenger.

Tim. O fir, let it not trouble you.
2 My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what cheere? The Banket brought in
2 My moft Honorable Lord, I am e’ne fick of shame, that when your
Lordfhip this other day fent to me, I was fo vnfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Thinke not on’t, fir.
2 If you had fent but two houres before.

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

Come bring it all together.
2 All couer’d Dishes.
1 Royall Cheare, I warrant you.
3 Doubt not that, if money and the feafon can yield it
1 How do you? What’s the newes?
3 Alcibiades is banifh’d: heare you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banifh’d?
3 ’Tis fo, be fure of it.
1 How? How?
2 I pray you vpon what?
Cleon. On my life it was no more. His Steward affur’d Me his condition was near as good as ever.

Ivan. That I doubt ——— but ’tis well at prefent

By his new feasting.

Ælius. I am forry I was not furnifh’d when he fent to me.

Ibid. I am fick of that grief, now I fee how all things go.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. Oh! my kind friends! how is’t with you all?
How I rejoice to fee you! Come, ferve in Dinner.

Phæax. My noble Lord! never fo well as when your Lordfhip is fo.
Ælius. I am fick with fhame that I Should be fo unfortunate a Beggar when you fent to me.

Tim. No more, no more, I did but make Tryal: I have No need of any fums; my Eftate is in good health ftill.

Phæax. Tryal my good Lord? Would any one refufe Your Lordfhip were it in his power? Command half My eftate! I am forry I was fo in haft, I could Not fay to tell you this. I have receiv’d Bills even now. Pray ufe me—I hope he will not take me at my word. [aside

Ifan. Take it not unkindly, my good Lord, that I could Not ferve you. Now my Lord command me ——— I am able.

Tim. I befeech you do not think on’t: I know ye love me, All of ye.

Phæax. Equal with our felves, my dear Lord.

Thra. If you had fent but two hours before to me? ———

Cleon. Now I have money, pray command it.

Tim. No more, for Heav’n’s fake; think you I diftruft My kind good friends! you are the beft of friends. My fortune ne’re shall drive me from you, and fhould Mine fail, which I hope it never will, I know I may command all yours.

Phæax. I fhall think my felf happy enough if you would But command my utmoft Drachma.

Ælius. That we honour indeed; to ferve Lord Timon,
Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?
3 Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward
2 This is the old man still.
3 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?
2 It do's: but time will, and so.
3 I do conceyue.

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

You great Benefactors, fprinkle our Society with Thankefulnesse. For
your owne guifts, make your felues prais'd: But reserve still to give, leaft
your Deities be defpifed. Lend to each man enough, that one neede not lend
to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forfake
the Gods. Make the Meate be beloved, more then the Man that gives it. Let
no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines. If there fit twelve
Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they are. The rest of your
Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legge of
People, what is amisse in them, you Gods, make futeable for destruction.
For these my present Friends, as they are to mee nothing, so in nothing bleffe
them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Vancouver Dogges, and lap.

Some speake. What do's his Lordship meane?
Some other. I know not.

Timon. May you a better Feast neuer behold

You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, & huerkwarm water
Is your perfection. This is Timons laft,
Who ftucke and fpangled you with Flatteries,
Wafhes it off, and fprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. Lue loath'd, and long
Moft fmingling, fmothe, detefted Parafites,
Curteous Deftroyers, affable Wolues, meeke Beares:
You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,
Cap and knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute Jackes.
Of Man and Beast, the infinite Maladie
Cruft you quite o're. What do'ft thou go?
Soft, take thy Phyficke firft; thou too, and thou:
I would with life and fortune.

Ifan. Alas! who would not be proud of it?

Ifid. Not a man in Athens.

Cleon. There's no foot of my Estate your Lordship

May not call your own.

Thra. Nor mine, my noble Lord.

Tim. Thanks to my worthy friends. Who has such

Kind, such hearty friends as I have?

Ælius. All cover'd Difhes.

Ifan. Royal cheer I warrant you.

Phæax. Doubt not of that; if money or the feafon

Can afford it.

Ifid. The fame good Lord ftill.

Tim. Come, my worthy Friends, let's fit! make it

Not a City feaft, to let the meat cool e're we agree

Upon our places.

The GRACE.

You great Benefactors, make your selves prais'd for your own gifts, base
ungrateful man will not do it of himself; reserve still to give, left your
Deities be despis'd; were your Godheads to borrow of men, men
would for fake ye: make the meat belov'd more than the man that gives it.
Let no Assembly of twenty be without a score of Villains. If there be
twelve women, let a dozen of'em be—as they are. Confound I bejeech you,
all the Senators of Athens, together with the common people. What is amifs
make fit for destruction; for these my present friends, as they are to me noth-
ing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome, but Toads and
Snakes: A feaft fit for such venemous Knaves.

Phæax. What does he mean?

Ælius. He's mad I think.

Tim. May you a better feaft never behold.

You knot of mouth friends, vapours, lukewarm Knaves;
Moft fming, smooth detefed Parafites,
Courteous destroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears,
You Fools of Fortune, Trencher Friends, Time Flies,
Timon of Athens

Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast,
Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Guest.
Burne house, finke Athens, henceforth hated be
Of Timon Man, and all Humanity.

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1 How now, my Lords?
2 Know you rhe quality of Lord Timons fury?
3 Pufh, did you see my Cap?
4 I haue loft my Gowne.
1 He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors fwaies him. He gaue me a Iewell th'other day, and now hee has beate it out of my hat.
Did you see my Iewell?
2 Did you see my Cap.
3 Heere 'tis.
4 Heere Iyes my Gowne.
1 Let's make no ftay.
2 Lord Timons mad.
3 I feel't vpon my bones.
4 One day he giues vs Diamonds, next day ftones. Exeunt the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe vpon thee. O thou Wall
That girdles in thofe Wolues, diue in the earth,
And fence not Athens. Matrons, turne incontinent,
Obedience fayle in Children: Slaues and Fooles
Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minifter in their steeds, to generall Filthes.
Conuert o'th'inftant greene Virginity,
Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold faft
Rather then render backe; out with your Kniues,
And cut your Trufter throates. Bound Seruants, fteale,
Large-handed Robbers your graue Mafters are,
And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Mafters bed,
Cap and knee Slaves; an everlasting Leprofie
Cruft you quite o’re; what, doft thou ftel away?
Soft, take thy Phyfick firft, and thou, and thou; ftay I will
Lend thee mony ——— borrow none.

Phæax. What means your Lordship? I’ll be gone.
Cleon. And I. He’ll murder us.
Ælius. This is raging madnefs; fly, fly.

Tim. What all in motion! henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a Villain’s not a welcome guest.
Burn Houfe, fink Athens, henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man and all humanitie.

ACT IV.

Timon Solus.

Tim. LET me look back upon thee! Oh thou wall
That girdleft in thofe Wolves! Sink in the Earth,
And fence not Athens longer; that vile Den
Of favage Beauf; ye Matrons all turn Whores;
Obedience fail in Children; Slaves and Fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minifter in their ftead. To general filths
Convert o’th’ inftant green Virginitie;
Do’t in their Parents Eyes. Bankrupts hold faift,
Rather than render back, out with your Knives,
And cut your Trufters Throats. Bound Servants ftel;
Large handed Robbers your grave Mafters are,
Thy Miftris is o'th'Brothell. Some of sixteen,
Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iuftice, Truth,
Domesticke awe, Night-reft, and Neighbour-hood,
Inftuction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Obferuances, Cuftomes, and Lawes,
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet Confufion liue: Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious Feauors, heape
On Athens ripe for fstroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Luft, and Libertie
Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,
That 'gainfit the ftreame of Vertue they may ftruie,
And drowne themfelues in Riot. Itches, Blaines,
Sowe all th'Athenian bofomes. and their crop
Be generall Leprofie: Breath, infect breath,
That their Society (as their Friendship) may
Be meerely poyfon. Nothing Ie beare from thee
But nakedneffe, thou detestable Towne,
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he fhall finde
Th'vnkindeft Beaf, more kinder than Mankinde.
The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)
Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:
And graunt as Timon growes, his hate grow
To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.
Amen.

Enter Steward with two or three Servants.

I Heare you M.Steward, where's our Mafter?
Are we vndone, caft off, nothing remaining?
Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what fhould I fay to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poore as you.
And pill by law. Maid to thy Mafters Bed, 
Miftrefs to the Brothel. Son of twenty one, 
Pluck the lin'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire: 
And with it beat his brains out. Piety, Fear, 
Religion to the Gods; Peace, Juflice, Truth, 
Domeftick awe, night reft, and neighbourhood, 
Instruccion, Manners, Mysteries and Trades, 
Degrees, Obervations, Cuftoms and Laws, 
Decline to your confounding contraries; 
And let confusion live. Plagues incident to men, 
Your potent and Infectious feavours heap. 
On Athens ripe for vengeance. Cold Sciatia 
Cripe the Senators, that their limbs may halt 
As lamely as their manners. Luft and Liberty 
Creep in the minds and marrows of your youth; 
That 'gainft the flow of virtue they may strive 
And drown themselves in riot. Itches, blains, 
Sow all the Athenians bofoms, and their Crop 
Be general Leprofie. Breath infect breath; 
That their Society as their friendship, may 
Be meerly poifon. Nothing, nothing I bear from thee: 
Farewel, thou moft detefted Town, and fudden 
Ruine fcwallow thee. 

[Ex. Tim.]
1 Such a Houfe broke?
So Noble a Mafter falne, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,
And go along with him.

2 As we do turne our backes
From our Companion, throwne into his graue,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slinke all away, leaue their falfe vowes with him
Like empty purfes pickt; and his poore felfe
A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
With his difeafe, of all fhunn’d pouerty,
Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Servants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin’d houfe.

3 Yet do our hearts weare Timons Liuery,
That fee I by our Faces: we are Fellowes ftill,
Seruing alike in forrow: Leak’d is our Barke,
And we poore Mates, ftand on the dyeing Decke,
Hearing the Surges threat: we muft all part
Into this Sea of Ayre.

Stew. Good Fellowes all,
The lateft of my wealth Ie share among’ft you.
Where euer we fhall meete, for Timons fake,
Let’s yet be Fellowes. Let’s shake our heads, and fay
As ’twere a Knell vnto our Mafters Fortunes,
We haue feene better dayes. Let each take fome:
Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
Thus part we rich in forrow, parting poore.

Embrace and part feuerall wayes.

Oh the fierce wretchedneffe that Glory brings vs!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since Riches point to Mifery and Contempt?
Who would be fo mock’d with Glory, or to liue
But in a Dreame of Friendfhip,
To haue his pompe, and all what flate compounds,
But onely painted like his varnifht Friends:
Poore honeft Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,
Vndone by Goodneffe: Strange vnfvual blood,
When mans worft finne is, He do's too much Good.
Who then dares to be halfe fo kinde agen?
For Bounty that makes Gods, do ifill marre Men.
My deereft Lord, blest to be moft accurft,
Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
Are made thy cheefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)
Hee's flung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate
Of monftrous Friends:
Nor ha's he with him to fupply his life,
Or that which can command it:
Ile follow and enquire him out.
Ile euer ferue his minde, with my beft will,
Whilft I haue Gold, Ile be his Steward itill.

Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. O bleffed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy Sifters Orbe
Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one womb,
Whole procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarfe is diuidant: touch them with feuerrall fortunes,
The greater fcornes the leffer. Not Nature
(To whom all fores lay fiege) can beare great Fortune
But by contempt of Nature.
Raiſe me this Beggar, and deny't that Lord,
The Senators fhall beare contempt Hereditary,
The Beggar Natiue Honor.
It is the Paftour Lards, the Brothers fides,
The want that makes him leave: who dares? who dares
In puritie of Manhood ftand vpright
And fay, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,
So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune
Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's obliquie:
There 'snothing leuell in our curfed Natures
But direct villanie. Therefore be abhorr'd,
1678

Timon of Athens
All Feafts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
His femblable, yea himfelfe Timon difdaines,
Destruction phang mankinde; Earth yeeld me Rootes,
Who seekes for better of thee, fawce his pallate
With thy moft operant Poyfon. What is heere?
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
No Gods, I am no idle Votarift,
Roots you cleere Heauens. Thus much of this will make
Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;
Bafe, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
Ha you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why this
Will lugge your Priests and Servants from your fides:
Plucke ftout mens pillowes from below their heads.
This yellow Slaue,
Will knit and breake Religions, bleffe th'accurft,
Make the hoare Leprofie ador'd, place Theeues,
And give them Title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench: This is it
That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;
Shee, whom the Spittle-house, and vlcerous fores,
Would caft the gorge at. This embalmes and Spices
To'th'Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
Thou common whore of Mankinde, that puttes oddes
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature.
Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,
But yet Ile bury thee: Thou't go (ftrong Theeefe)
When Gowty keepers of thee cannot ftand:
Nay ftay thou out for earneft.

Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner, and Phrynia
and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? speake.
Tim. A Beaft as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart
For fhewing me againe the eyes of Man.
Alc. What is thy name? Is man fo hatefull to thee,
That art thy felfe a Man?
Scene the Senate House, all the Senate sitting —

Alcibiades.

Nic. How dare you, Alcibiades,
Knowing your Sentence not recall’d, venture hither?

Alcib. You see my reverend Lords what confidence
I place in you, that durst expose my person
Before my sentence be recall’d: I am not now
Tim. I am Misanthropos, and hate Mankinde.
For thy part, I do with thou wert a dogge,
That I might loue thee something.

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

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

Phrin. Thy lips rot off.

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

Alc. How came the Noble Timon to this change?

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

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

Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.

Alc. What is it Timon?

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

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

Tim. Thou saw'ft them when I had profpertie.

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

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

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

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timon. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still, they loue thee not that use thee, giue them diseases,
leaving with thee their Luft. Make use of thy falt houres, feaon the flaues
for Tubbes and Bathes, bring downe Rose-cheekt youth to the Fubfaft, and
the Diet.

Timon. Hang thee Moniter.
Petitioner for my self; I leave my cafe
To your good and generous natures, when you fhall
Think I've deferv'd your favour for my service.
I am an humble Suitor to your vertue,
For mercy is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants ufe it cruelly:
'Tis for a Gallant Officer of mine;
As brave a man as e're drew Sword for Athens.
'Tis Thrasibulus, who in heat of blood,
Has ftept into the Law above his depth.

 Nic. True, he has kill'd a man.

Alcib. I've been before the Areopagus, and they refufe
All mercy. He is a man (fetting his Fate afide) of comely
Vertues, nor did he foil the fact with Cowardife;
But with a noble fury did revenge
His injur'd reputation.

Phæax. You ftrive to make an ugly deed look fair.

Nic. As if you'd bring man-flaughter into form,
And valour did conflit in quarrelling.

Ælius. That is a base and illegitimate valour.
He's truly valiant that can wifely fuffer.

Ifan. All fingle Combates are deteftable,
And courage that's not warranted by law,
Is much too dangerous a vice to go unpunished.

Ifid. If injuries be evil, death is moft ill,
And then what folly is it for the lefs ill
To hazard life the chiefeft good?

Cleon. There's no fuch courage as in bearing wrong.

Alcib. If there be fuch valour in bearing, what
Do we abroad? Women are then more valiant
That fty at home. And the Afs a better Captain
Than is the Lyon. The Malefactor that is
Loaden with Irons, wiser than the Judge.

Nic. You cannot make grofs fins look clean
With eloquence.

Alcib. Why do fond men expose themfelves to Battle,
And not endure all threats, and fleep upon e'm,
Alc. Pardon him sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and loft in his Calamities.
I haue but little Gold of late, braue Timon,
The want whereof, doth dayly make reuolt
In my penurious Band. I haue heard and greeu'd
How curfed Athens, mindeleffe of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour ftares
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpon them.
Tim. I prythee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.
Alc. I am thy Friend, and pitty thee deere Timon.
Tim. How doeft thou pitty him whom yu doft troble,
I had rather be alone.
Alc. Why fare thee well:
Heere is some Gold for thee.
Tim. Keepe it, I cannot eate it.
Alc. When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape.
Tim. Warr'ft thou 'gainft Athens.
Alc. I Timon, and haue caufe.
Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conqueft,
And thee after, when thou haft Conquer'd.
Alc. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That by killing of Villaines
Thou was't borne to conquer my Country.
Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on;
Be as a Plannetary plague, when Ioue
Will o're some high-Vic'd City, hang his poyfon
In the ficke ayre: let not thy fword skip one:
Pitty not honuor'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Vfurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,
It is her habite onely, that is honest,
Her felfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheeke
Make foft thy trenchant Sword: for thofe Milke pappes
That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the Leafe of pitty writ,
But fet them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
Whofe dimpled fmiiles from Fooles exhaust their mercy;
Thinke it a Baftard, whom the Oracle
And let the foes quietly cut their throats?
Come my Lords —— be pitiful and good.

_Nic._ He that's more merciful than Law, is cruel.

_Alcib._ The utmost law is downright Tyranny:
To kill I grant is the extreme guilt,
But in defense of Honour.

_Phæ._ Honour! is any Honour to be fought for
But the Honour of our Country?

_Alcib._ Who will not fight for's own, will never fight
For that: Let him that has no anger judge him;
How many in their anger would commit
This Captains fault —— had they but courage for it?

_Cleon._ You speak in vain.

_Alcib._ If you will not excuse his Crime, consider
Who he is, and what he has done;
His service at _Lacedæmon_ and _Byzantium_,
Are bribes sufficient for his Life.

_Nic._ He did his duty, and was rewarded with
His pay, and if he had not done it, he should
Be punifht.

_Alcib._ How my Lords! is that all the return
For Souldiers toils, fasting and watching;
The many cruel hardships which they suffer;
The multitude of hazards, blood, and lofs
Of Limbs?

_Ifan._ Come, you urge it too far, he dies.

_Alcib._ He has slain in fight hundreds of Enemies.
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the laft conflict! what death and wounds he gave!

_Ifid._ H' has given too many.

Ælius. He is a known Rioter, he has a fin
That often drowns him; in that beaftly fury
He has committed outrages.

_Phæ._ Such as we shall not name, since others were
Concern'd in 'em, you know.

_Nic._ In short,
His days are foul, and nights are dangerous;
And he muft die.
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,
And mince it fans remorfe. Sweare against Obiefts,
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
Whoe proofe, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,
Nor fight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding;
Shall pierce a iot. There's Gold to pay thy Souls'diers,
Make large confusion: and thy fury spent,
Confounded be thy selfe. Speake not, be gone.

_Alc._ Haft thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou giueft me, not all thy Counsell.

_Tim._ Doft thou or doft thou not, Heauens curfe vpon thee.

_Both._ Giue vs some Gold good _Timon_, haft yu more?

_Tim._ Enough to make a Whore foriweare her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts
Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,
Although I know you'Il fweare, terribly fweare
Into ftrong fhudders, and to heavenly Agues
Th'immortall Gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:
Ile truft to your Conditions, be whores ftil.
And he whofe pious breath feekes to convert you,
Be ftrong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,
Let your clofe fire predominate his fmoke,
And be no turn-coats: yet may your paines fix months
Be quite contrary. And Thatch
Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'ed) no matter:
Weare them, betray with them; Whore ftil,
Paint tilla horfe may myre vpon your face:
A pox of wrinkles

_Both._ Well, more Gold, what then?
Beleeue't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.

_Tim._ Consumptions fowe
In hollow ones of man, ftrike their fharpe fhinnes,
And marre mens fpurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
That he may neuer more falfe Title pleade,
Nor found his Quillets fhrilly: Hoare the Flamen,
That fcold'ft against the quality of flefh,
Alcib. Hard Fate! he might have dy'd nobly in fight,  
And done you service: if not for his deserts;  
Consider all my actions Lords, and join 'em  
With his —— your reverend Ages love security,  
And therefore thou'd cherish those that give it you.  

Phæ. You are too bold —— he dies. No more ——  
Alcib. Too bold, Lord! do you know who I am?  
Cleon. What faies he?  
Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.  
Ifan. Consider well the place, and who we are?  
Alcib. I cannot think but you have forgotten me.  
Muft I fue for fuch common grace,  
And be deny'd? my wounds ake at you!  

Nic. Y'are infolent! we have not forgotten yet  
Your riot and deſtructive Vices; whoredoms,  
Prophanenefs, giddy headed paffions.  

Phæ. Your breaking Mercury's Statues, and mocking  
The myfteries of facred Profterpine.  

Alcib. Infolent! now you provoke me. I am vext to fee  
Your private malice vented in a place  
Where honeft men would only think  
On publick Intereft. 'Tis bafe, and in another place  
You would not fpeak thus.  

Nic. How fay you!  

Alcib. I thought the Images of Mercury had only been  
The Favourites of the Rabble, and the rites of  
Profterpine: Thefe things are mockery to men  
Of fence. What folly 'tis to worship Statues when  
You'd kick the Rogues that made 'em!  

Phæ. How dare you talk thus? you have been a Rebel?  

Alcib. Could any but the baſeft of mankind  
Urge that to me by whom he keeps that head  
That utters this againft me? my Rebellion!  
It was 'gainft the common people. And you all  
Are Rebels againft them.  

Nic. Ceafe your Infolence! we fided not with Spartans.
And not beleuues himfelfe. Downe with the Nofe,  
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away  
Of him, that his particular to foresee  
Smels from the generall weale. Make curld'pate Ruffians bald  
And let the vnfcarr'd Braggerts of the Warre  
Deriue some paine from you. Plague all,  
That your Acliuity may defeate and quell  
The fourfe of all Erection. There's more Gold.  
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,  
And ditches graue you all.  

Both. More counfell with more Money, bounteous Timon.  
Tim. More whore, more Mifcheefe firft, I haue giuen your earneft.  
Alc. Strike vp the Drum towards Athens, farewell Timon: if I thriue  
well, Ile vifit thee againe.  
Tim. If I hope well, Ile neuer fee thee more.  
Alc. I neuer did thee harme.  
Tim. Yes, thou spok'ft well of me.  
Alc. Call'ft thou that harme?  
Tim. Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,  
And take thy Beagles with thee.  
Alc. We but offend him, ftrike.  

Exeunt.

Tim. That Nature being ficke of mans vnkindneffe  
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou  
Whose wombe vnmeasureable, and infinite breft  
Teemes and feeds all: whose selfe flame Mettle  
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puft,  
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,  
The gilded Newt, and eyeleffe venom'd Worme,  
With all th'abhorred Births below Cripe Heauen,  
Whereon Hyperions quickening fire doth fhine:  
Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,  
From foorth thy plenteous bofome, one poore roote:  
Enfear thy Fertile and Conceptious wombe,  
Let it no more bring out ingrateful full man.  
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolues, and Beares,  
Teeme with new Monfters, whom thy vpward face  
Hath to the Marbled Mansion all aboue
Alcib. What means had I to humble th’ Athenian Rabble but that?

Phæ. It was well done to get your friend King Agis
His Wife with Child in his absence.

Alcib. He was a Blockhead, and I mended his breed for him.
But what is that to’th’ matter now in hand?
You have provok’d me Lords, and I muft tell you,
It is by me you fit in safety here.

Phæ. By you, bold man?

Alcib. Yes by me! fearful man!
You have incens’d me now beyond all patience,
And I muft tell you what ye owe me, Lords.
’Twas I that kept great Tissaphernes from
The Spartans aid, by which Athens by this
Had been one heap of Rubbish, I stopt
A hundred and fifty Gallies from Phænicia,
Which would have fallen upon you: ’Twas I made
This Tissaphernes, Athens Friend, upon condition
That they would awe the common people, and take
The Government into the beft mens hands;
Would you were fo; I fent Pifander then
To form this Ariftocracy, and promis’d
The Perfián Generals Forces to affift you;
And when you had this pow’r, you caft me off
That got it you.

Nic. My Lords! let him be filenc’d;
Shall he thus beard the Senate?

Alcib. I will be heard, and then your pleafure Lords.
Did not your Army in the Ifle of Samos,
Offended at your Government, chufe me General?
And would have march’t to your deſtruction,
Which I diverted? in that time your Foes
Wouldfoon have won the Country of Ionia,
Of th’ Helleſpont and all the other Ifles,
While you had been employ’d at home
With Civil Wars. I kept fome back by force,
And by fair words others in which Thraſibulus,
Neuer prented. O, a Root, deare thankes:
Dry vp thy Morrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingratelyfull man with Licourish draughts
And Morfels Vnctions, greases his pure minde,
That from all Consideration flippes ———
This man of Stiria, whom you thus condemn,
Having the loudest voice of all the Athenians
Employ'd by me, cry'd out to all the Army;
And thus we kept 'em from you, Lords, and now
_Thermis_ a second time was fav'd by me.

_Phae._ 'Tis a shame that we shou'd suffer this!

_Alcib._ 'Tis a shame these things are unrewarded.

Another time I kept five hundred Sail
Of the Phenicians from the aid
Of the Lacedemonians, won from 'em a Sea Battle,
Before the City of _Abidus_;
In spite of _Pharnabazus_ mighty Power.
Think on my Victory all _Cizicum_, where I
Slew _Mendorus_ in the Field, and took the City;
I brought then the Bythinians to your yoke,
Won _Silibrae_ on the _Hellepont_
And then _Byzantium_: thus not only I
Diverted the Torrent of the Armies fury
From you, but turn'd it on the Enemies,
And all the while you falsely told your money,
And let it out upon extorted Interest;
Muft I be after all poorly deny'd
His life who has so often ventur'd it for you?

_Phae._ He dies, and you deserve it, but our sentence
Is for your insolence, we banish you;
If you be two hours more within these walls,
Your head is forfeited. Do you all consent?

_All Sen._ All, All!

_Alcib._ All, all! I am glad to know you all!
Banish me! Banish your dotage! your extortion!
Banish your foul corruptions and self ends!
Oh the base Spirit of a Common-wealth!
One Tyrant is much better than four hundred;
The worst of Kings would be ashamed of this:
I am only rich in my large hurts from you.
Is this the Balfome the ill natur'd Senate
Pours into Captains wounds? ha! banishment?
Timon of Athens
A good man would not stay with you, I embrace
My Sentence: 'Tis a cause that's worthy of me.

Nic. Was ever —— heard such daring insolence?

Shall we break up the Senate?

All Sen. Ay, Ay.

Timon in the Woods digging.

Tim. O blest breeding Sun, draw from the Fens,
The Bogs and muddy Marshes, and from
Corrupted standing Lakes, rotten humidity
Enough to infect the Air with dire consuming Pestilence,
And let the poisonous exhalations fall
Down on th' Athenians; they're all flatterers,
And so is all mankind.
For every degree of fortune's smooth'd
And footh'd by that below it; the learn'd pate
Ducks to the golden Fool; There's nothing level
In our conditions, but base Villany;
Therefore be abhor'd each man and all Society;
Earth yields me roots; thou common whore of mankind,
That put't it such odds amongst the rout of Nations;
I'll make thee do thy right office. Ha, what's here?
Gold, yellow, glittering precious gold! enough
To purchase my estate again: Let me see further;
What a vast mass of Treasure's here! There ly,
I will use none, 'twill bring me flatterers.
I'll send a pattern on't to the Athenians,
And let 'em know what a vast mass I've found,
Which I'll keep from 'em. I think I see a Passenger
Not far off, I'll send it by him to the Senate.

[Ex. Timon.

Enter Evandra.

Evan. How long shall I seek my unhappy Lord?
But I will find him or will lose my life.
Oh base and shameful Villany of man,
Timon of Athens
Amongst fo many thousands he has oblig’d,
Not one would follow him in his afflictions!
Ha! here is a Spade! fure this belongs to fome one
Who’s not far off, I will enquire of him.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Who’s there? what beast art thou that com’ft
To trouble me?
Eavn. Pray do not hurt me. I am come to feek
The poor distreffed Timon, did you fee him?
Tim. If thou be’ft born of wicked humane race,
Why com’ft thou hither to disturb his mind?
He has forsworn all Company!
Eavn. Is this my Lord! oh dreadful transformation!
My deareft Lord, do you not know me?
Tim. Thou walk’ft upon two legs, and haft a face
Erect towards Heav’n; and all fuch Animals
I have abjur’d; they are not honeft,
Thofe Creatures that are fo, walk on all four,
Prithee be gone.
Eavn. He’s much distracted fure? Have you forgotten
Your poor Evandra?
Tim. No! I remember there was fuch a one,
Whom I us’d ill! why doft thou follow mifery?
And add to it? prithee be gone.
Eavn. These cruel words will break my heart, I come
Not to increafe thy mifery but mend it.
Ah, my dear Timon, why this Slave-like habit?
And why this Spade?
Tim. ’Tis to dig roots, and earn my dinner with.
Eavn. I have converted part of my eftate
To money and to Jewels, and have brought ’em
To lay ’em at thy feet, and the remainder
Thou foon fhalt have.
Tim. I will not touch ’em; no, I fhall be flatter’d.
Eavn. Comfort thy felf and quit this favage life;
We have enough in spite of all the bafenefs
Of th' Athenians, let not thofe Slaves
Triumph o're thy afflictions; wee'1 live free.

Tim. If thou diffwad'ft me from this life, Thou hat'ft me;
For all the Principalities on earth,
I would not change this Spade! prithee be gone,
Thou temp'ft me but in vain.

Evan. Be not fo cruel.
Nothing but death fhall ever take me from thee.

Tim. I'll never change my life: what would'ft thou
Do with me?

Evan. I'd live the fame: Is there a time or place,
A temper or condition I would leave
My Timon in?

Tim. You muft not fay with me?

Evan. Oh too unkind!
I offer'd thee all my prosperity ——
And thou moft niggardly deniefte me part
Of thy Afflictions.

Tim. Ah foft Evandra! is not the bleak Air
Too boift'rous a Chamberlain for thee?
Or doft thou think thefe reverend trees that have
Outliv'd the Raven, will be Pages to thee?
And skip where thou appoint'ft 'em? Will the Brook
Candid with Morning Ice, be Caudle to thee?

Evan. Thou wilt be all to me.

Tim. I am favage as a Satyr, and my temper
Is much unfound, my brain will be diftracted.

Evan. Thou wilt be Timon ftill, that's all I ask.

Tim. It was a comfort to me when I thought
That thou wer't prosperous; Thou art too good
To suffer with me the rough boift'rous weather,
To mortifie thy felf with roots and water,
'Twill kill thee. Prithee be gone.

Evan. To Death if you command.

Tim. I have forfowrn all humane converfation.

Evan. And fo have I but thine.
Tim. 'Twill then be misery indeed to see Thee bear it.

Evan. On my knees I beg it.
If thou refuseth me, I'll kill my self.
I swear by all the Gods.

Tim. Rife my Evandra!
I now pronounce to all the world, there is One woman honeft; if they ask me more I will not grant it: Come, my dear Evandra, I'll shew thee wealth enough I found with digging, To purchase all my land again, which I Will hide from all mankind.

Evan. Put all my Gold and Jewels to't.

Tim. Well said Evandra! look, here is enough To make black white, foul fair, wrong right; Bafe noble, old young, Cowards valiant. Ye Gods here is enough to lug your Priests And Servants from your Altars. This thing can Make the Hoard’d Leprofie ador’d, place Thieves And give 'em title, knee and approbation; This makes the toothlefs, warp’d and wither’d Widows Marry again. This can embalm and sweeten Such as the Spittle-Houfe and ulcerous Creatures Would cast the gorge at: this can defile The purest Bed, and make divorce 'twixt Son And Father, Friends and Kindred, all Society; Can bring up new Religions, and kill Kings.

Evan. Let the Earth that breeds it, hide it, there 'twill Sleep, and do no hired mischief.

Tim. Now Earth for a root.

Evan. 'Tis her unfathom’d Womb teems and feeds all, And of such vile corrupting mettle, as Man, her proud arrogant ——— Child is made of, does Engender black Toads, and Adders blue, the guilded Newt And eye-lefs venom’d worm, with all The loathfome Births the quickening Sun does shine on.

Tim. Yield him, who all thy humane Sons does hate,
Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.

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

_Tim._ 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dogge
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee.

_Ape._ This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore vnmanly Melancholly sprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slaue-like Habit, and these looks of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye soft,
Hugge their diseas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot
That euer _Timon_ was. Shame not these Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and seeke to thrive
By that which ha's vndone thee; hindge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obferue
Blow off thy Cap: praife his moft vicious straine,
And call it excellent: thou waft told thus:
Thou gau'ft thine eares (like Tapsters, that bad welcom)
To Knaues, and all approaches: 'Tis moft iuft
That thou turne Ra'call, had'ft thou wealth againe,
Rafcals shou'd haue't. Do not assume my likenesse.

_Tim._ Were I like thee, I'de throw away my felfe.
From out thy plenteous bosom some poor roots;  
Sear up thy fertile Womb to all things else;  
Dry up thy marrow, thy Veins, thy Tilth and pasture,  
Whereof ungrateful man with liquorish draughts  
And unctuous morsels greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips.  
But hold a while —— I am faint and weary.  
My tender hands not use'd to toil, are gaul'd.  
*Evan.* Repose your self my dearest love thus —— your head  
Upon my lap, and when thou hast refreshed  
Thy self, I'll gather Fruits and Berries for thee.

*Enter* Apemantus.

*Tim.* More Plague! more man! retire into my Cave.  
*Apem.* I was directed hither, men report  
That thou art fit my manners, and do't use 'em.  
*Tim.* 'Tis then because I would not keep a Dog  
Should imitate thee.  
*Apem.* This is in thee a nature but infected,  
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung  
From change of fortune. Why this Spade? this place?  
This slave-like Habit, and these looks of care?  
Thy fordid flatt'rs yet wear filk, lye soft,  
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgotten  
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these woods,  
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.  
Be thou a flatt'rer now and seek to thrive  
By that which has undone thee. Hinge thy knee,  
And let each Great man's breath blow off thy Cap.  
Praise his most monstrous deformities,  
And call his foulest Vices excellent.  
Thou wert us'd thus.  
*Tim.* Doth thou love to hear thy self prate?  
*Apem.* No; but thou should'st hear me speak.  
*Tim.* I hate thy speech and spit at thee.  
*Apem.* Do not assume my likeneis to disgrace it.
Ape. Thou haft caft away thy felfe, being like thy felf
A Madman so long, now a Foole: what thinkeft
That the bleake ayre, thy boyfterous Chamberlaine
Will put thy fhirt on warme? Will thefe moyft Trees,
That haue out-liu’d the Eagle, page thy heeles
And skip when thou point’ft out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning tafte
To cure thy o’re-nights furfet? Call the Creatures,
Whose naked Natures liue in all the fpight
Of wrekefull Heauen, whose bare vnhoufed Trunkes
To the conflicting Elements expos’d
Answer meere Nature; bid them flatter thee.
O thou fhalt finde.

Tim. A Foole of thee: depart,
Ape. I loue thee better now, then ere I did.
Tim. I hate thee worfe.
Ape. Why?
Tim. Thou flatter’ft mifery.
Ape. I flatter not, but fay thou art a Caytiffe.
Tim. Why do’ft thou feeke me out?
Ape. To vex thee.
Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fooles.
Doft pleafe thy felfe in’t?
Ape. I.
Tim. What, a Knaue too?
Ape. If thou did’ft put this fowre could habit on
To caftigate thy pride, ’twere well: but thou
Doft it enforcedly: Thou’dft Courtier be againe
Wert thou not Beggar: willing mifery
Out-liues: incertaine pompe, is crown’d before:
The one is filling still, neuer compleat:
The other, at high with: beft ftate Contentleffe,
Hath a diftrafted and moft wretched being,
Worfe then the worft, Content.
Thou should’ft desire to dye, being miferable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miferable.
Thou art a Slaue, whom Fortunes tender arme
Tim. Were I like thee, I’d use the Copy
As the Original thou’d be us’d.
Apem. How should it be us’d?
Tim. It should be hang’d.
Apem. Before thou wert a Mad-man, now a Fool;
Art thou proud still? call any of those Creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of angry Heav’n, whose bare un-housed trunks
To the conflicting Elements expos’d,
Answer meer Nature, bid ’em flatter thee,
And thou shalt find ———
Tim. An Afs of thee ———
Apem. I love thee better now than e’er I did ———
Tim. I hate thee worse ———
Apem. Why so?
Tim. Thou flatterest misery.
Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a Wretch ———
Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?
Apem. Perhaps to vex thee.
Tim. Always a Villains office or a Fools.
Apem. If thou dost put on this four life and habit
To caustigate thy Pride, ’twere well, but thou
Dost it inforc’dly, wert thou not a Beggar,
Thou’d’t be a Courtier again.
Tim. Slave thou ly’st, ’tis next thee the last thing
Which I would be on earth.
Apem. How much does willing poverty excel
Uncertain pomp! for this is filling itill,
Never compleat, that always at high wish;
But thou hast a contentless wretched being,
Thou shou’d’st desire to die being miserable.
Tim. Not by his advice that is more miserable.
Apem. I am contented with my poverty.
Tim. Thou ly’st. Thou would’st not snarl so if thou wert.
But ’tis a burthen that is light to thee,
For thou hast been alwaies us’d to carry it.
Thou art a thing whom Fortunes tender arms
With fauor neuer claıpt: but bred a Dogge.
Had'ft thou like vs from our firft Iwath proceeded,
The fweet degrees that this brieve world affords,
To fuch as may the paffiue drugges of it
Freely command'ft: thou would'ft have plung'd thy felf
In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth
In different beds of Luft, and neuer learn'd
The Icie precepts of refpeckt, but followed
The Sugred game before thee. But my felfe,
Who had the world as my Confectionarie,
The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employment;
That numberleffe vpon me ftucke, as leaues
Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters brufh
Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,
For every storme that blowes. I to beare this,
That neuer knew but better, is fome burthen:
Thy Nature, did commence in fufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why fhould'ft yu hate Men?
They neuer flatter'd thee. What haft thou giuen?
If thou wilt curfe; thy Father (that poore ragge)
Muft be thy subieckt; who in fpight put ftuffe
To fome fthee-Begger, and compounded thee
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
If thou hadft not bene borne the worft of men,
Thou hadft bene a Knaue and Flatterer.

Ape. Art thou proud yet?
Tim. I, that I am not thee.
Ape. I, that I was no Prodigall.
Tim. I, that I am one now.

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

Ape. Heere, I will mend thy Feaft.
Tim. Firft mend thy company, take away thy felfe.
Ape. So I fhall mend mine owne, by'th'lacke of thine
With favour never claspt, but bred a Dog;
Hadst thou like me from thy first swath proceeded
To all the sweet, degrees, that this brief world
Afforded be; thou wou'dst have plung'd thy self
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different Beds of lust, and never learn't
The Icy precepts of Morality,
But had'st pursu'd the alluring game before thee.

Apem. Thou ly'ft ——— I would have liv'd just as I do.

Tim. Poor Slave! thou dost not know thy self! thou well
Can't bear what thou hast been bred to;
But for me, who had the world as my Confectionary,
The Tongues, the Eyes, the Ears, the hearts of all men,
At duty more than I cou'd frame Imployments for,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Upon the Oak, they've with one Winters brush
Fain from their boughs and left me open, bare
To every storm that blows: for me to bear this
Who never knew but better, is a great burthen;
Thy nature did commence in suffrance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: If thou wilt Curfe,
Curfe then thy Father who in spite put ituff
To some She-Beggar, and compounded thee,
A poor Hereditary Rogue.

Apem. Poor Ais!
The middle of humanity thou ne're
Did't know, but the extremity of both ends;
When thou wert in thy gilt and thy perfumes,
Men mockt thee for thy too much curiosity;
Thou in thy rags know'st none.

Tim. Be gone thou tedious prating Fool.
That the whole life of Athens were in this
One root, thus would I eat it.

Apem. I'll mend thy Feast.

Tim. Mend my condition, take thy self away.

Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?
"Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch;
If not, I would it were.
Ape. What would’t thou haue to Athens?
Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind: if thou wilt,
Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, so I haue.
Ape. Heere is no vfe for Gold.
Tim. The beft, and trueft:
For heere it steepe, and do’s no hyred harme.
Ape. Where lyest a nights Timon?
Tim. Vnder that’s aboue me.
Where feed’ft thou a-dayes Apemantus?
Ape. Where my stomacke findes meate, or rather where I eate it.
Tim. Would poyfon were obedient, & knew my mind
Ape. Where would’ft thou fend it?
Tim. To fawce thy difhes.
Ape. The middle of Humanity thou neuer knewepest, but the extremitie of
both ends. When thou waft in thy Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee
for too much Curiositie: in thy Ragges thou know’ft none, but art defpis’d
for the contrary. There’s a medler for thee, eate it.
Tim. On what I hate, I feel not.
Ape. Do’ft hate a Medler?
Tim. I, though it looke like thee.
Ape. And th’hadst hated Medlers sooner, yu should’ft haue loued thy selfe
better now. What man did’ft thou euer know vnthrift, that was beloued
after his meanes?
Tim. Who without those meanes thou talk’ft of, didst thou euer know
belou’d?
Ape. My selfe.
Tim. I vnderstand thee: thou had’ft some meanes to keepe a Dogge.
Apem. What things in the world canst thou neereft compare to thy
Flatterers?
Tim. Women neereft, but men: men are the things themselfes. What
would’ft thou do with the world Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?
Ape. Giue it the Beafts, to be rid of the men.
Tim. Would’ft thou haue thy selfe fall in the confusion of men, and
remaine a Beaf with the Beafts.
Ape. I Timon.
Tim. Thee thither in a Whirlwind.

Apem. When I have nothing else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. If there were nothing living but thy self, Thou should'st not even then he welcome to me;
I had rather be a Beggars Dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art a miserable Fool.

Tim. Would thou were clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. Thou art too bad to Curse: no misery
That I could with thee but thou hast already.

Tim. Be gone thou Issue of a Mangy Dog.

I frown to see thee.

Apem. Would thou would'st burst.

Tim. Away, thou tedious Rogue, or I will cleave thy scull.

Apem. Farewel Beast.

Tim. Be gone Toad.

Apem. The Athenians report thou hast found a Mafs
Of Treasure; they'll find thee out: The plague
Of Company light on thee.


Choler will kill me if I see mankind!

Come forth Evandra? Thou art kind and good.

Enter Evandra.

Canst thou eat roots and drink at that fresh spring?
Our feasting's come to this.

Evand. Whate're I eat
Or drink with thee is feast enough to me;
Would'st thou compose thy thoughts and be content,
I shou'd be happy.

Tim. Let's quench our thirst at yonder murmuring Brook.
And then repose a while. [Exeunt.
Tim. A beastly Ambition, which the Goddes graunt thee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect thee, when peraduenture thou wert accus'd by the Affe: If thou wert the Affe, thy dulneffe would torment thee; and still thou liu'dft but as a Breakefaft to the Wolfe. If thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedineffe would afflict thee, & oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine owne felfe the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a Beare, thou would'st be kill'd by the Horfe: wert thou a Horfe, thou would'st be feaz'd by the Leopard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the Lion, and the fpottes of thy Kindred, were Iurors on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence abfence. What a Beast could'st thou bee, that were not subiecl to a Beast: and what a Beast art thou already, that feest not thy loffe in transformation.

Ape. If thou could'st please me
With Speaking to me, thou might'st
Have hit upon it here.
The Commonwealth of Athens, is become
A Forrest of Beasts.

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

Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:
The plague of Company light upon thee:
I will feare to catch it, and give way.
When I know not what else to do,
Ile see thee againe.

Tim. When there is nothing liuing but thee,
Thou shalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggers Dogge,
Then Apemontus.

Ape. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fooles aliue.

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough
To spit upon.

Ape. A plague on thee,
Thou art too bad to curfe.
Tim. All Villaines
That do stand by thee, are pure.
Ape. There is no Leprofie,
But what thou speakeft.
Tim. If I name thee, Ile beate thee;
But I shoulde infect my hands.
Ape. I would my tongue
Could rot them off.
Tim. Away thou iffue of a mangie dogge,
Choller does kill me,
That thou art alie, I swooned to see thee.
Ape. Would thou would'ft burft.
Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am forry I shal\nlofe a ftone by thee.
Ape. Beast.
Tim. Slawe.
Ape. Toad.
Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.
I am sicke of this falfe world, and will loue nought
But even the mere neceffities vpon't:
Then Timon prefently prepare thy graue:
Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate
Thy graue ftone dayly, make thine Epitaph,
That death in me, at others liues may laugh.
O thou sweete King-killer, and deare diuorce
Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler
of Himens pureft bed, thou valiant Mars,
Thou euer, yong, fresh, loued, and delicate wooer,
Whofe blufh doth thawe the confecrated Snow
That liyes on Dians lap,
Thou visible God,
That fouldreft clofe Impoffibilities,
And mak'ft them kiffe; that speakeft with euerie Tongue
To euerie purpofe: O thou touch of hearts,
Thinke thy flawe-man rebels, and by thy vertue
Set them into confounding oddes, that Beafts
May haue the world in Empire.
Ape. Would 'twere fo,
But not till I am dead. Ile say th'haft Gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly.

*Tim.* Throng'd too?

*Ape.* I.

*Tim.* Thy backe I prythee.

*Ape.* Liue, and loue thy misery.

*Tim.* Long liue fo, and fo dye. I am quit.

*Ape.* Mo things like men,

Eate *Timon*, and abhorre then.

*Exit* *Apeman.*

*Enter the Bandetti.*

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

2 It is nois'd

He hath a maffe of Treasure.

3 Let vs make the affay vpon him, if he care not for't, he will fupply vs
eafily: if he couteoufly referue it, how fhall's get it?

2 True: for he beares it not about him:

'Tis hid.

1 Is not this hee?

*All.* Where?

2 'Tis his description.

3 He? I know him.

*All.* Saue thee *Timon*.

*Tim.* Now Theeues.

*All.* Soldiers, not Theeues.

*Tim.* Both too, and womens Sonnes.

*All.* We are not Theeues, but men

That much do want.

*Tim.* Your greateft want is, you want much of meat:
Why fhould you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes:
Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs:
The Oakes beare Maft, the Briars Scarlet Heps,
The bounteous Hufwife Nature, on each bufh,
Layes her full Meffe before you. Want? why Want?
Timon of Athens
1. We cannot live on Grasse, on Berries, Water,  
As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.

Ti. Nor on the Beasts themselues, the Birds & Fishes,  
You must eate Theeues. Yet thankes I must you con,  
That you are Theeues profess: that you worke not  
In holier shapes: For there is boundlesse Theft  
In limited Professions. Rascal Theeues  
Heere's Gold. Go, fuckle the fubtle blood o'th Grape,  
Till the high Feauor feeth your blood to froth,  
And so fcape hanging. Trust not the Phyfitian,  
His Antidotes are poyfon, and he flayes  
Moe then you Rob: Take wealth, and liues together,  
Do Villaine do, fince you profef to doo't.  
Like Workmen, Ile example you with Theeuey:  
The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction  
Robbes the vafte Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,  
And her pale fire, she snatches from the Sunne.  
The Seas a Theefe, whose liquid Surge, refolues  
The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,  
That feeds and breeds by a compoſture ftole  
From gen'rall excrement: each thing's a Theefe.  
The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power  
Ha's vncheck'd Theft. Loue not your felues, away,  
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,  
All that you meete are Theeues: to Athens go,  
Breake open fhoppes, nothing can youfteale  
But Theeues do loofe it:fteale leffe, for this I giue you,  
And Gold confound you howfoere: Amen.

3. Has almoft charm'd me from my Profefion, by perfwading me to it.  

1. 'Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus aduifes vs not to haue vs  
thriue in our myftery.  

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

1. Let vs firft fee peace in Athens, there is no time fo miferable, but a man  
may be true.  

Exit Theeues.
Enter the Steward to Timon.

_Sew._ Oh you Gods!
Is yon'd defpis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
Full of decay and fayling? Oh Monument
And wonder of good deeds, euilly beftow'd!
What an alteration of Honor has desp'rate want made?
What vilder thing vpon the earth, then Friends,
Who can bring Noblest mindes, to baseft ends.
How rarely does it meete with this times guife,
When man was wiift to loue his Enemies:
Grant I may euer loue, and rather woo
Thofe that would mischeefe me, then thofe that doo.
Has caught me in his eye, I will prefent my honeft griefe vnto him; and
as my Lord, ftill ferue him with my life.
My deereft Mafter.

_Tim._ Away: what art thou?
_Sew._ Haue you forgot me, Sir?
_Tim._ Why doft aske that? I haue forgot all men.
Then, if thou grunt'ft, th'art a man.
I haue forgot thee.

_Sew._ An honeft poore fervuant of yours.
_Tim._ Then I know thee not:
I neuer had honeft man about me, I all
I kept were Knaues, to ferue in meate to Villaines.

_Sew._ The Gods are witneffe,
Neu'r did poore Steward weare a truer griefe
For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you.

_Tim._ What, doft thou weepe?
Come neerer, then I loue thee
Becaufe thou art a woman, and difclaim'ft
Flinty mankinde: whose eyes do neuer giue,
But thorow Luft and Laughter: pittie’s fleeping:
Strange times yt weepe with laughing, not with weeping.

_Sew._ I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,
T'accept my griefe, and whil’ft this poore wealth laft,
To entertaine me as your Steward ftill,
Tim. Had I a Steward
So true, fo iuft, and now fo comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous Nature wilde.
Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man
Was borne of woman.
Forgiuæ my generall, and except leffe rashneffe
You perpetuall fober Gods. I do proclaime
One honest man: Mistake me not, but one:
No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.
How iaine would I haue hated all mankinde,
And thou redeem'ft thy selfe. But all faue thee,
I fell with Curfes.
Me thinkes thou art more honest now, then wife:
For, by oppreffing and betraying mee,
Thou might'ft haue sooner got another Service:
For many fo arriue at second Masters,
Vpon their first Lords necke. But tell me true,
(For if muft euer doubt, though ne're fo fure)
Is not thy kindneffe subtyle, couetous,
If not a Vluring kindneffe, and as rich men deale Guifts,
Expecting in returne twenty for one?
Stew. No my moft worthy Master, in whose breft
Doubt, and fufepect (alas) are plac'd too late:
You shou'd haue fear'd falle times, when you did Feaft.
Sufepect ftil comes, where an estate is leaft.
That which I fhouw, Heauen knowes, is meerely Loue,
Dutie, and Zeale, to your vnmatched minde;
Care of your Food and Living, and belewue it,
My moft Honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to mee,
Either in hope, or prefent, I'de exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich your felfe.
Tim. Looke thee, 'tis fo: thou singly honett man,
Heere take: the Gods out of my miferie
Ha's fent thee Treasure. Go, liue rich and happy,
But thus condition'd: Thou fhalt build from men:
1678  Timon of Athens  197
Hate all, curfe all, shew Charity to none,
But let the famifht flefh flide from the Bone,
Ere thou relieve the Begger. Giue to dogges
What thou denyest to men. Let Prifons fwallow ’em,
Debts wither ’em to nothing, be men like blafted **woods**
And may Diseafes licke vp their falfe bloods,
And fo farewell, and thrive.  

*Stew.* O let me fteay, and comfort you, my Mafter.

**Tim.** If thou hat’ft Curfes 
Stay not: fbye, whil'ft thou art bleft and free:
Ne're fee thou man, and let me ne’re fee thee.  

**Exit**

*Enter Poet and Painter.*

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

**Poet.** What's to be thought of him?

Does the Rumor hold for true,
That hee's fo full of Gold? 

**Painter.** Certaine.

_Alcibiades_ reports it: _Phrinica_ and _Timandylo_
 Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd
 Poore ftraggling Souldiers, with great quantity.
 'Tis faide, he gaue vnto his Steward
 A mighty fumme.

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

**Painter.** Nothing else:
 You fhall fee him a Palme in Athens againe,
And flourifh with the higheft:
Therefore, 'tis not amiffe, we tender our loues
To him, in this suppos'd diftreffe of his:
It will shew honestly in vs,
And is very likely, to loade our purpoifes
With what they travaile for,
If it be a iuft and true report, that goes
Of his hauing.

**Poet.** What haue you now
To prefent vnto him?
Enter Poet, Painter and Musician.

Poet. As I took note o' the place it cannot be far off,
Where he abides.

Musician. Does the rumour hold for certain, that he's so full of Gold?

Poet. 'Tis true! H' found an infinite store of Gold,
He has sent a Pattern of it to the Senate;
You will see him a Palm again in Athens,
And flourish with the highest of 'em all.

Therefore 'tis fit in this suppos'd distress,
We tender all our services to him——

Musician. If the report be true we shall succeed.

Poet. If we shou'd not——

Re-enter Timon and Evandra.

Poet. We'll venture our joint labours. Yon is he,
I know by the description.

Musician. Let's hide our selves and see how he will take it. [A Symphony.

Evandra. Here's Mufick in the Woods, whence comes it?

Timon. From flattering Rogues who have heard that I
Have Gold; but that their disappointment would be greater,

In taking pains for nought, I'd fend 'em back——

Poet. Hail worthy Timon——

Musician. Our most noble Master——

Painter. My most excellent Lord.

Timon. Have I once liv'd to see three honest men?
Painter. Nothing at this time  
But my Visitation: onely I will promife him  
An excellent Peece.  

Poet. I must ferue him fo too;  
Tell him of an intent that’s comming toward him.  

Painter. Good as the beft.  
Promifing, is the verie Ayre o’th’ Time;  
It opens the eyes of Expectation.  
Performance, is euer the duller for his acte,  
And but in the plainer and simpler kinde of people,  
The deede of Saying is quite out of vfe.  
To Promife, is moft Courtly and fashionable;  
Performance, is a kinde of Will or Teftament  
Which argues a great fickneffe in his judgement  
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Caeue.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,  
Thou canft not paint a man fo badde  
As is thy selfe.  

Poet. I am thinking  
What I fhall fay I haue prouided for him:  
It muft be a perfonating of himfelfe:  
A Satyre againft the softneffe of Prosperity,  
With a Difcouerie of the infinite Flatteries  
That follow youth and opulencie.  

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

Poet. Nay let’s feeke him.  
Then do we finne againft our owne eftate,  
When we may profit meete, and come too late.  

Painter. True:  
When the day ferues before black-corner’d night;  
Finde what thou want’ft, by free and offer’d light.  
Come.
Poet. Having so often tafted of your bounty,
And hearing you were retir’d, your friends faln off,
For whole ungrateful natures we are griev’d,
We come to do you service.

_Muf._ We are not of so base a mold; we shou’d
defert our noble Patron!

_Tim._ Most honest men! oh, how fhall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water?

_Poet._ What’re we can, we will to do you service.
_Tim._ Good men! come you are honest, you have heard
That I have gold enough! speak truth, y’are honest.

_Poet._ So it is laid: but therefore came not we.

_Muf._ Not we my Lord.

_Paint._ We thought not of it.

_Tim._ You are good men, but have one monstrous fault.

_Poet._ I befeech your honor, what is it?
_Tim._ Each of you trufts a damn’d notorious Knave.

_Paint._ Who is that, my Lord?

_Tim._ Why one another, and each trufts himself.
Ye base Knaves, Tripartite! begone! make haste!
Or I will ufe you fo like Knaves.

_Poet._ Fly, fly, ———

_Tim._ How fick am I of this falfe World? I’ll now
Prepare my Grave, to lie where the light foam
Of the outrageous Sea may waʃt my Corps.

_Evan._ My deareft Timon, do not talk of Death;
My Life and thine together muʃt determine.

_Tim._ There is no reʃ without it; prithee leave
My wretched Fortune, and live long and happy,
Without thy Timon. There is wealth enough.

_Evan._ I have no wealth but thee, let us lie down to reʃ;
I am very faint and heavy ———

[He ftones ’em.]

[All run out.

Enter Meliffa and Chloe.

_Mel._ Let the Chariot stay there.
It is moʃt certain he has found a Maʃ of money,
And he has fent word to the Senate he’s richer than ever.
Tim. Ile meete you at the turne:
What a Gods Gold, that he is worshipt
In a bafer Temple, then where Swine feede?
'Tis thou that rigg'ft the Barke, and plow'ft the Fome,
Setleft admired reuerence in a Slaue,
To thee be worshipt, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obay.
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Haile worthy Timon.

Pain. Our late Noble Mafter.

Timon. Haue I once liu'd
To fee two honeft men?

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

Timon. Let it go,
Naked men may fee't the better:
You that are honeft, by being what you are,
Make them beft feene, and knowne.

Pain. He, and my felfe
Haue trauil'd in the great fhowre of your guifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Timon. I, you are honeft man.

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

Timon. Moft honeft men:
Why how fhall I requite you?
Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?

Both. What we can do,
Wee'l do to do you feruice.
Chlo. Sure were he rich, he would appear again.
Mel. If he be, I doubt not but with my love I’ll charm
Him back to Athens, ’twas my deferring him has
Made him thus Melancholy.
Chlo. If he be not, you’l promife love in vain.
Mel. If he be not, my promife fhall be vain;
For I’ll be sure to break it: Thus you faw
When Alcibiades was banifh’d laft,
I would not fee him; I am always true
To intereft and to my felf. There Lord Timon lies!
Tim. What wretch art thou come to disturb me?
Mel. I am one that loves thee fo, I cannot lofe thee.
I am gotten from my Father and my Friends,
To call thee back to Athens, and her arms
Who cannot live without thee.
Evan. It is Meliffa! prithee liften not
To her destrucfive Syrens voice.
Tim. Fear not.
Mel. Doft thou not know thy dear Meliffa?
To whom thou mad’ft fuch vows!
Tim. O yes, I know that piece of vanity,
That frail, proud, inconstant foolish thing.
I do remember once upon a time,
She fwore eternal love to me, soon after
She would not fee me, fhun’d me, flighted me.
Mel. Ah now I fee thou never lov’dft me, Timon,
That was a tryal which I made of thee,
To find if thou did’ft love me, if thou hadft
Thou wouldft have born it: I lov’d thee then much more
Than all the World ——— but thou art false I fee,
And any little change can drive thee from me,
And thou wilt leave me miserable.
Evan. Mind not that Crocodiles tears,
She would betray thee.
Mel. Is there no truth among Mankind? had I
So much ingratitude, I had left
Thy fallen fortune, and ne’re seen thee more:
Timon. Y'are honest men,
Y'haue heard that I haue Gold,
I am fure you haue, fpeake truth, y'are honest men.

Pain. So it is faid my Noble Lord, but therefore
Come not my Friend, nor I.

Timon. Good honest men: Thou draw'ft a counterfet
Beft in all Athens, th'art indeed the beft,
Thou counterfet'ft moft liuely.

Pain. So, fo, my Lord.

Tim. E'ne fo fir as I fay. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verfe fwels with ftuffe fo fine and fmooth,
That thou art eu'n Naturall in thine Art.
But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)
I muft needs fay you haue a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monftrous in you, neither wish I
You take much paines to mend.

Both. Befeech your Honour
To make it knowne to vs.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Moft thankftfully, my Lord.

Timon. Will you indeed?

Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.

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

Both. Do we, my Lord?

Tim. I, and you heare him cogge,
See him diffemble,
Know his groffe patchery, loue him, feede him,
Keepe in your bofome, yet remaine affur'd
That he's a made-vp-Villaine.

Pain. I know none fuch, my Lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Timon. Looke you,
I loue you well, Ile giue you Gold
Rid me thefe Villaines from your companies;
Hang them, or ftab them, drowne them in a draught,
Ah Timon! could’st thou have been kind, I could
Rather have beg’d with thee, than have enjoy’d
With any other all the Pomp of Greece;
But thou art loft and haft forgotten all thy Oaths.

Evan. Why shou’d you strive to invade anothers right?
He’s mine, for ever mine: These arms
Shall keep him from thee.

Mel. Thine! poor mean Fool! has marriage made him fo?
No, ——— Thou art his Concubine, dishonest thing;
I would enjoy him honestly.

Tim. Peace, fcreetch Owl: There is much more honesty
In this one woman than in all thy Sex
Blended together; our hearts are one;
And she is mine for ever: wert thou the Queen
Of all the Univerfe, I would not change her for thee.

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! this is a better Cordial
Than all the World can give.

Tim. Falfe! proud! affected! vain fantaltick thing;
Be gone, I would not fee thee, unlefs I were
A Bafilisk: thou boaft’ft that thou art honest of thy Body,
As if the Body made one honest: Thou haft a vile
Corrupted filthy mind ———

Mel. I am no Whore as she is.

Tim. Thou ly’rt; she’s none: But thou art one in thy Soul:
Be gone, or thou’lt provoke me to do a thing unmanly,
And beat thee hence.

Mel. Farewel Beast. ———

[Ex. Mel. and Chlo.

Evan. Let me kiss thy hand my dearest Lord,
If it were possible more dear than ever.

Tim. Let’s now go seek some rest within my Cave,
If any we can have without the Grave.

[Exeunt.]
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you Gold enough.

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

Tim. You that way, and you this:

But two in Company:
Each man a part, all single, and alone,
Yet an arch Villaine keeps him company:
If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be,
Come not neere him. If thou would'st not recide
But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.

Hence, packe there's Gold, you came for Gold ye flaues:
You have worke for me; there's payment, hence,
You are an Alcumift, make Gold of that:
Out Rafcall dogges.

Exeunt

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

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

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

2. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the fame: 'twas Time and Greefes
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
The former man may make him: bring vs to him
And chac'd it as it may.

Stew. Heere is his Caue:
Peace and content be heere. Lord Timon, Timon,
Looke out, and speake to Friends: Th'Athenians
By two of their moft reuerened Senate greet thee:
Speake to them Noble Timon.
Enter Timon out of his Cave.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comforts burne,|
Speake and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blifter, and each falfe
Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th'Tongue,
Confuming it with speaking.
  I Worthy Timon.
Tim. Of noone but such as you,
And you of Timon.
  1 The Senators of Athens, greet thee Timon.
Tim. I thanke them,
And would send them backe the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.
  1 O forget
What we are sorry for our felues in thee:
The Senators, with one content of loue,
Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought
On speciall Dignities, which vacant lye
For thy best vfe and wearing.
  2 They confesse
Toward thee, forgetfulness too generall groffe;
Which now the publike Body, which doth fildome
Play the re-canter, feeling in it selfe
A lacke of Timon ayde, hath fince withall
Of it owne fall, refraining ayde to Timon,
And send forth vs, to make their sorrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,
I euen such heapes and summes of Loue and Wealth,
As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their loue,
Euer to read them thine.
Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brinke of tears;
Timon of Athens

ACT V.

Enter Timon and Evandra.

Tim. Now after all the follies of this life,
Timon has made his everlasting Mansion;
Upon the beached Verge of the Salt Flood;
Where every day the dwelling Surge shall wash him;
There he shall rest from all the Villainies,
Betraying smiles, or th' oppressing frowns
Of proud and impotent Man.

Evam. Speak not of death, I cannot lose thee yet,
Throw off this dire consuming Melancholy.
Oh could'ft thou love as I do, thou'd'ft not have
Another wife but me. There is no state on Earth
Which I can envy while I've thee within
These Arms —— take comfort to thee, think not yet
Of Death —— leave not Evandra yet.

Tim. Think'ft thou in Death we shall not think,
And know, and love, bettter than we can here?
Oh yes, Evandra! There our Happines
Will be without a wish —— I feel my long sickness
Of health and living now begin to mend,
And nothing will bring me all things: thou Evandra
Art the thing alone on Earth would make me wish
To play my part upon the troublesome Stage,
Where folly, madness, falsehood, and cruelty,
Are the only actions represented.

Evam. That I have lov'd my Timon faithfully
Without one erring thought, the Gods can witnes;
And as my life was true my death shall be,
If I one minute after thee sur vive,
The scorn and infamy of all my Sex
Light on me, and may I live to be
Melissa's Slave.

Tim. Oh my ador'd Evandra!
Thy kindneces covers me with shame and grief,
Lend me a Fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll be weep these comforts, worthy Senators.

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

And shakes his threatening Sword
Against the walles of Athens.

Therefore Timon.

Tim. Well sir, I will: therefore I will sir thus:
If Alcibiades kill my Countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he facke faire Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by'th' Beards,
Giv'ng our holy Virgins to the staine
Of contumelious, beaftly, mad-brain'd warre:
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speakes it,
In pitty of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chosse but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worst: For their Kniues care not,
While you have throats to anfwer. For my felfe,
There's not a whittle, in th'vnruely Campe,
But I do prize it at my loue, before
The reuerends Throat in Athens. So I leaue you
To the protection of the prospcrour Gods,
As Theeues to Keepers.

Stew. Stay not, all's in vaine.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be seen to morrow. My long fickneffe
Of Health, and Liuing, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, liue fitill,
Be Alcibiades your plague; you his,
And laft fo long enough.
I have deferv'd so little from thee;  
Wer't not for thee I'd wish the World on Fire.

Enter Nicias, Phæax, Ifidore, Ifander, Cleon, Thrafillus, and Ælius.

More Plagues yet!

Nici. How does the Worthy Timon?  
It grieves our hearts to see thy low condition,  
And we are come to mend it.

Phæax. We and the Athenians cannot live without thee,  
Cast from thee this sad grief, most noble Timon,  
The Senators of Athens greet thee with  
Their love, and do with one confenting voice  
Intreat thee back to Athens.

Tim. I thank 'em and would send 'em back the Plague,  
Could I but catch it for 'em.

Ælius. The Gods forbid, they love thee most sincerely.  
Tim. I will return 'em the same love they bear me.  
Nic. Forget, most noble Timon: they are sorry  
They shou'd deny thee thy request; they do  
Confess their fault; the publick body  
Which seldom does recant, confesses it.  
Cleon. And has sent us ———

Tim. A very fcurvy sample of that Body.  
Phæax. Oh my good Lord! we have ever lov'd you best  
Of all mankind.  
Thraf. And equal with our selves.  
Ifid. Our hearts and fouls were ever fixt upon thee.  
Ifan. We would take our lives for you.  
Phæ. We are all griev'd to think you should  
So mis-interpret our best loves.  
Cleon. Which shall continue ever firm to you.  
Tim. Good men, you much surprize me, even to tears;  
Lend me a Fools heart and Womens eyes,  
And I'll beweep these Comforts, worthy Lords.  
Nic. We beg your honour will interpret fairly.  
Phæ. The Senate has reserved some special dignities
We speake in vaine.

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

That's well fpoke.

Commend me to my louing Countrymen.

These words, become your lippes as they paffe thorow them.

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

Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to eafe them of their greefes,
Their feares of Hoftile frokes, their Aches loffes,
Their pangs of Loue, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile Veffell doth fustaine
In lifes vncertaine voyage, I will fome kindnes do them,
Ile teach them to preuent wilde Alcibiades wrath.

I like this well, he will returne againe.

I haue a Tree which growes heere in my Clofe,
That mine owne vfe inuites me to cut downe,
And shortly muft I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who fo pleafe
To stop Affliction, let him take his haste;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himfelfe. I pray you do my greeting.

Trouble him no further, thus you itill fhall Finde him.

Come not to me againe, but fay to Athens,
Timon hath made his euerlafting Manfion
Upon the Beached Verge of the falt Flood,
Who once a day with his emboffed Froth
The turbulent Surge fhall couer; thither come,
And let my graue-itone be your Oracle:
Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:
What is amiffe, Plague and Infection mend.
Graues onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine;
Sunne, hide thy Beames, Timon hath done his Raigne.

Exit Timon.
Now vacant, to confer on you. They pray
You will return, and be their Captain,
Allow'd with absolute Command.

Nic. Wild Alcibiades approaches Athens
With all his force; and like a Savage Bear
Roots up his Countries peace; we humbly beg
Thy just assistance.

Phæ. We all know thou'rt worthy,
And haft oblig'd thy Country heretofore
Beyond return.

Ælius. Therefore, good noble Lord.

Tim. I tell you Lords,
If Alcibiades kill my Country-men,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not: But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by th' Beards,
Giving up purest Virgins to the thief
Of beaftly mad-brain'd War; Then let him know,
In pity of the aged and the young,
I cannot chuse but tell him that I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their Swords care not
While you have throats to answer: for my self
There's not a Knife in all the unruly Camp,
But I do love and value more than the
Most reverent Throat in Athens, tell 'em fo!
Be Alcibiades your Plague, ungrateful Villains.

Phæ. Oh my good Lord, you think too hardly of us.

Ælius. Hang him! there's no hopes of him.

Nic. Hee'll ne'r return; he truly is Misanthropos.

Phæ. You have gold my Lord, will you not serve
Your Country with some of it?

Tim. Oh my dear Country! I do recant,
Commend me kindly to the Senate, tell 'em
If they will come all in one Body to me,
And follow my advice, they shall be welcome.

Nic. I am sure they will, my noble Lord.

Tim. I will instruct 'em how to ease their griefs;
1 His discontents are vnremoueably coupled to Nature.

2 Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,
And straine what other meanes is left vnto vs
In our deere perill.
It requires swift foot.  Exeunt.
Their fears of Hostile strokes, their Aches, Loffes,
Their covetous pangs, with other incident throes
That Natures fragil Vessels muft fuftain
In lifes uncertain Voyage.

Phæ. How my good Lord! this kind care is noble.

Tim. Why even thus ———

I will point out the moft convenient Trees
In all this Wood, to hang themselves upon.
And fo farewell, ye Covetous fawning Slaves be gone!
Let me not see the face of man more, I

Had rather see a Tiger fafting ———

Nic. He’s loft to all our purpofes.

Phæ. Let’s fend a party out of Athens to him,

To force him to confefs his Treasure;
And put him to the torture, if he will not.

Nic. It will do well, let’s away.

Ælius. What Drums are thofe?

Phæ. They muft belong to Alcibiades!

To Horfe and fly, or we fhall chance be taken.

Tim. Go fly, Evandra, to my Cave, or thou

Mafft fuffer by the rage of luftful Villains.

[Drums.
[Exeunt.

Enter Alcibiades with Phryne and Thais, two Whores.

Alci. Command a halt, and fend a Meffenger

To fummon Athens from me!

What art thou there? fpeak.

Tim. A two leg’d Beaff, as thou art, Cankers gnaw thee

For fhewing me the face of man again.

Alci. Is man fo hateful to thee! what art thou?

Tim. I am Mifanthropos! I hate Mankind:

And for thy part, I wish thou wer’t a Dog,

That I might love thee something.

But now I think on’t, thou art going

Againft yon Curfed Town: go on! it is

A worthy caufe.

Alci. Oh Timon! now I know thee, I am forry
For thy misfortunes; and hope a little time
Will give me occasion to redrefs 'em.

Tim. I will not alter my condition
For all you e're shall Conquer; no, go on,
Paint with man's blood the Earth: die it well.
Religious Canons, civil laws are cruel,
What then must War be?

Alcib. How came the noble Timon by this change?

Tim. As the Moon does by wanting light to give,
And then renew I could not like the Moon,
There were no Suns to borrow of.

Alcib. What friendfhip shall I do thee?

Tim. Why, promife me friendfhip and perform none;
If thou wilt not promife, thou art no man:
If thou doft perform, thou art none neither.

Alcib. I am griev'd to fee thy mifery.

Thais. Is this he, that was the Athenian Minion?

A snarling Rascal.

Tim. Be Whores ftill, they love you not that ufe you;
Employ all your falt hours to ruine youth,
Soften their manners into a Lethargy
Of fence and action.

Phry. Hang thee Monifter; we are not Whores, we
Are Miftreffes to Alcibiades.

Tim. The right name is Whore, do not mifcal it,
Ye have been fo to many.

Thais. Out on you Dog.

Alcib. Pray pardon him;
His wits are loft in his calamities;
I have but little gold, but here's some for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. Wilt thou go 'gainst Athens with me?

Tim. If ye were Beasts, I'd go with ye:
But I'll not herd with men; yet I love thee
Better than all men, because thou wert born
To ruine thy base Country.

Alcib. I've sent to summon Athens; if she obeys not,
I'll lay her on a heap.

Tim. It were a glorious act; go on, go on!
Here's gold for thee; stay, I'll fetch thee more.

Alcib. What mysteries is this! where shou'd he have this?

Tim. Here's more Gold and Jewels! go on,
Be a devouring Plague; let not
Thy Sword skip one, spare thou no Sex or Age:
Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He's an Ufurer: strike the counterfeit Matron,
It is her habit only that is honest,
Her self's a Bawd: Let not the Virgins Cheek
Make soft thy Sword, nor Milk-Paps giving suck:
Spare not the Babe, whose dimpled smiles,
From Fools exhaust their mercy; think 'twill be
A Rogue or Whore e're long if thou shouldst spare it.
Put Armour on thy eyes and ears, whose proof,
Nor yells of Mothers, Maids, nor crying Babes,
Nor fight of Priests in Holy Vesture bleeding,
Shall pierce one jot.

Phryn. Haft thou more gold, good Timon? give us some

Thais. What pity 'tis he shou'd be thus Melancholy!
He is a fine person now.

Tim. Oh flattering Whores! but that I am sure you will
Do store of mischief, I'd not give you any:
Here! be sure you be Whores still,
And who with pious breath seeks to convert ye,
Be strong in Whore, allure and burn him up;
Thatch your thin Sculls with burthens from the dead,
Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 Thou haft painfully discouer'd: are his Files
As full as thy report?
   Mef. I haue fpoke the leaft.
Besides his expedition promifes prefent approach.
2 We ftand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.
   Mef. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,
Some that were hang'd, no matter,
Wear them! betray with them, Whore ftill;
Paint till a Horse may mire upon your faces ———
A Pox on Wrinkles, I say.

_Thais._ Well, more Gold, fay what thou wilt.

_Tim._ Sow your Consumptions in the bones of men;
Dry up their Marrows, pain their fhins
And fhoulders: Crack the Lawyers voice, that he
May never bawl, and plead falfe title more.
Entice the luftful anddiffembling Priests,
That fcold againft the quality of flefh,
And not believe themfelves; I am not well.
Here's more, ye proud, lafcivious, rampant Whores.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you;
And Ditches be all your Death-Beds and your Graves.

_Phry._ More counfel, and more money, bounteous Timon.

_Tim._ More Whore! more mischief firft,
I've given you earneft

_Alcib._ We but disturb him! farewel,
If I thrive well, I'll vifit thee again.

_Tim._ If I thrive well, I ne're fhall fee thee more:
I feel Death's happy ftroak upon me now,
He has laid his icy hands upon me at length;
He will not let me go again, Farewel.
Confound Athens, and then thy felf.

[Ex. Timon.

_Alcib._ Now march, found Trumpets and beat Drums,
And let the terrore of the noife invade
The ungrateful, Cowardly, ufurious Senate.

[Exeunt.

_Enter Nicias, Ælius, Cleon, Thrafillus, Ifidore, Ifander, upon the works of Athens.

_Nic._ What fhall we do to appeafe his rage?
He has an Army able to devour us.

_Phe._ We muft e'en humbly bow our necks, that he
May tread on 'em.

Ælius. He is a man of eafie nature, foon won by foothings.
Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old loue made a particular force,
And made vs speake like Friends. This man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's Cave,
With Letters of intreaty, which imported
His Fellowship i'th'caufe against your City,
In part for his fake mou'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Heere come our Brothers.
3 No talke of Timon, nothing of him expectt,
The Enemies Drumme is heard, and fearefull scouring
Doth choake the ayre with duft: In, and prepare,
Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare

Enter a Souldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this shou'd be the place.
Whose heere? Speake hoa. No answer? What is this?
Tymon is dead, who hath out-stretched his span,
Some Beast read this; There do's not liue a Man.
Dead sure, and this his Graue, what's on this Tomb,
I cannot read: the Character Ile take with wax,
Our Captaine hath in euery Figure skil;
An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes:
Before proud Athens hee's set downe by this,
Whose fall the marke of his Ambition is.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers before Athens.

Alc. Sound to this Coward, and lascivious Towne,
Our terrible approach.

The Senators appeare upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all Licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of Justice. Till now, my selfe and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Haue wander'd with our trauert Armes, and breath'd|
Nic. I tremble left he should revenge our sentence.
Ifid. If we shou’d reftift, he’ll level Athens.
Ifan. And then woe to our selves,
Our Wives and Daughters,
Nic. What will become of you and me Phæo? We have been Enemies to him long. I tremble for it.
Phæ. Let us appear moft forward in delivering up the Town to him.
Nic. If we reftift, hee’ll use a Conquerours Power, And nothng then will ecape the fury of The Headftrong Souldiers, we muft all fubmit. See, he approaches. Thefe Drums and Trumpets Strike terrour in me! Heav’n, help all. [Enter Herald.

Enter Alcibiades and his Army.

Alcib. What anfwer make they to my fummons?
Herald. They are on the works to treat with you.
Alcib. There’s a white Flag! let us approach ’em. Hoa! you on the works! give me and my Army entrance, Or I’ll let loofe the fury of my Souldiers, And make you all a prey to fpoil and rapine; And fuch a flame I’ll light about your ears, Shall make Greece tremble.
Nic. My noble Lord! we mean nothing lefs.
Phæ. Only we beg your honour will forgive us.
Nic. W’ have been ungrateful, and are much afham’d on’t; Your Lordifhip fhall tread upon our necks if you think good; We cannot but condemn our felves; But we appeal to your known mercy and Your Generofity.
Phæ. March noble Lord into our City With all the Banners fpread; we are thy Slaves.
Ælius. Your footftools.
Ifid. What ever you will make us.
Thraf. Enter our City, noble Alcibiades: but leave Your rage behind you.
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong
Cries (of it selfe) no more: Now breathleffe wrong,
Shall fit and pant in your great Chaires of eafe,
And purifie Infolence shall breake his winde
With feare and horrid flight.

1. Sen. Noble, and young:
When thy first greefes were but a meere conceit,
Ere thou had'st power, or we had cause of feare,
We sent to thee, to giue thy rages Balme,
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loues
Above their quantitie.

2 So did we wooe
Transformed Timon, to our Citties loue
By humble Message, and by promis'd meanes:
We were not all vnkinde, nor all deferue
The common stroke of warre

1 These walles of ours,
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You haue recey'd your greefe: Nor are they such,
That these great Towers, Trophees, & Schools hold fall
For priuate faults in them

2 Nor are thy liuing
Who were the motiues that you first went out,
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in exceffe)
Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners spread,
By decimation and a tythed death;
If thy Revenge hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the desitin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted dye,
Let dye the spotted.

1 All haue not offended:
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, Revenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
Bring in thy rankes, but leave without thy rage,
Ifan. Set but your Foot against our Gates, and they
Shall open —— so you will enter like a friend.

Alcib. Open the Gates without Capitulations,
For if I let my battering Rams to work,
You must expect no mercy.

Nic. We will my good Lord ——

[They all come down, Nic. present Alcibiades the Keys upon his Knees]

Our lives and Fortunes now are in thy hands;
But we fly to thy mercy for protection.

Alcib. You merit as much mercy as you shou’d
To Thrasybulus, such monstrous ingratitude
Will make your villainous names grow odious
To all the race of men, but to your selves
To whom vertue is so.

Phæ. 'Twas the whole Senates voice

Alcib. A Senate, a Den of Thieves! I little thought
When I wrested the Pow’r from the Rabble,
To give it you, you would be worse than they;
But most of you deserve the Outracht:
Some of you are such Rogues you’d shame the Gibbet.

Nic. Good my Lord! tread on our necks, but pardon us.

Phæ. We’ll be your Slaves if you’ll forgive us.

Alcib. Can you forgive Thrasybulus when he’s dead?
Mu’d, we be us’d thus after our frequent hazards, and our
Toils, hard weary marching! watching! fasting!
Such dreadful hardships, lying out such nights
A Beast could not abide without a Covert,
And all for Purfy-lazy knaves, that inart
In peace at home, and wallow in their bags?
Mu’d we the Bullwarks of our Country be
Thus us’d?

Phæ. Cease to reproach us, my good Lord.

Ælius. We are full of shame and guilt.

Cleon. Pardon us, good Alcibiades.

Thraf. We heartily repent.

Ifid. We’ll kiss thy feet, good Lord.

Ifan. Do with us what thou wilt.
226  

Timon of Athens

Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended, like a Shepheard,
Approach the Fold, and cull th’infecteth forth,
But kill not altogether.

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

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

2 Throw thy Glowe,
Or any Token of thine Honour else,
That thou wilt vfe the warres as thy redrefse,
And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
Haue feald thy full defire.

Alc. Then there’s my Glowe,
Defend and open your vncharged Ports,
Those Enemies of Timons, and mine owne
Whom you your felues shall set out for reproofe,
Fall and no more; and to attone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall passe his quarter, or offend the streame
Of Regular Iustice in your Cities bounds,
But shall be remedied to your publique Lawes
At haueiff anfwer.

Both. ’Tis most Nobly fproken.

Alc. Descend, and keepe your words.

Enter a Meffenger.

Mef. My Noble Generall, Timon is dead,
Entomb’d vpon the very hemme o’th Sea,
And on his Grauafortone, this Infculpture which
With wax I brought away: whose soft Impreffion
Interprets for my poore ignorance.
Alcib. You fix of the foremost here must meet me
In the Arve, where I'll order the relays
To assemble all the people ———
And on your knees present your selves
With halters 'bout your necks!

Phæ. Oh my good Lord!

Alcib. Dispute it not, for by the Gods if you fail
In this point, I'll hang ye all,
Rifle your houses, and extirpate all
Your race ——— March on.
Give order that not a man shall break his ranks,
Or shall offend the regular course of Justice,
On penalty of death ——— March on ———

[Ex. Omnes.

Enter Timon and Evandra coming out of the Cave.

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! why do you stoop and bend
Like flowers o'ercharged with dew, who's yielding stalks
Cannot support 'em? I have a Cordial which
Will much revive thy spirits.

Tim. No, sweet Evandra.
I have taken the best Cordial, Death, which now
Kindly begins to work about my vitals;
I feel him, he comforts me at heart.

Evan. Oh my dear Timon! must we then part?
That I should live to see this fatal day!
Had death but seiz'd me first, I had been happy.

Tim. My poor Evandra! lead me to my grave!
Left Death o'retake me ——— he pursues me hard:
He's close upon me. 'Tis the last office thou
Can't do for Timon.

Evan. Hard, stubborn Heart,
Wilt thou not break yet? Death, why art thou coy
To me that court thee?

Tim. Lay me gently down
In my last tenement. Death's the truest Friend,
That will not flatter, but deals plainly with us.
Alcibiades reads the Epitaph.

Heere lies a wretched Coarfe, of wretched Soule bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague consume you, wicked Caitifs left:
Heere lye I Timon, who alive, all living men did hate,
Passe by, and curse thy fill, but passe and stay not here thy gate.
Thefe well expresse in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorrd’ft in us our humane grieves,
Scornd’ft our Braines flow, and thofe our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vaft Neptune weepe for aye
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiuen. Dead
Is Noble Timon, of whose Memorie
Heereafter more. Bring me into your Citie,
And I will vfe the Oliue, with my Sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace ftint war, make each
Prescribe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes strike.

FINIS.
So, now my weary Pilgrimage on Earth
Is almost finisht! Now my best Evandra
I charge thee, by our loves, our mutual loves,
Live! and live happy after me: and if
A thought of Timon comes into thy mind,
And brings a tear from thee, let some diversion
Banish it ——— quickly, strive to forget me.

Evan. Oh! Timon! Think'st thou! I am such a Coward,
I will not keep my word? Death shall not part us.

Tim. If thou'lt not promise me to live, I cannot
Resign my life in peace, I will be with thee
After my Death; my soul shall follow thee,
And hover still about thee, and guard thee from
All harm.

Evan. Life is the greatest harm when thou art dead.

Tim. Can'ft thou forgive thy Timon who involv'd
Thee in his sad Calamities?

Evan. It is a blessing to share anything
With thee! oh thou look'ft pale! thy countenance changes!
Oh whither art thou going?

Tim. To my last home. I charge thee live, Evandra!
Thou lov'lt me not, if thou wilt not obey me;
Thou only! dearest! kind! constant thing on earth,
Farewel. [Dies.]

Evan. He's gone! he's gone! would all the world were so,
I must make haste, or I shall not o're-take
Him in his flight. Timon, I come, stay for me,
Farewel base World. [Stabs her self. Dies.]

Enter Alcibiades, Phrinias, and Thais, his Officers and Souldiers, and his Train, the Senators. The People by degrees assembling.

Enter Meliffa.

Mel. My Alcibiades, welcome! doubly welcome!
The Joys of Love and Conquest ever blest thee.
Wonder and terror of Mankind, and Joy
Of Woman-kind: now thy Melissa's happy:
She has liv'd to fee the utmost day she wish'd for,
Her Alcibades return with Conquest
O're this ungrateful City; and but that
I every day heard thou wert marching hither,
I had been with thee long e're this.

Alcib. What gay, vain, prating thing is this?
Mel. How my Lord! do you question who Melissa is?
And give her such foul Titles?

Alcib. I know Melissa, and therefore give her such
Titles: for when the Senate banish'd me:
She would not see me, tho' upon her knees
Before she had sworn eternal love to me;
I see thy snares too plain to be caught now.

Mel. I ne'er refus'd to see you, Heav'n can witnese!
Who ever told you so, betray'd me basely:
Not see you! sure there's not a fight on earth
I'd chuse before you: You make me astonish'd!

Alcib. All this you swore to Timon; and next day
Despiz'd him ——— I have been inform'd
Of all your falsehood, and I hate thee for't;
I have Whores, good honest faithful Whores!
Good Antidotes against thy poison ——— Love;
Thy base false love; and tell me, is not one
Kind, faithful, loving Whore, better than
A thousand base, ill-natur'd honest Women?

Mel. I never thought I should have liv'd to hear
This from my Alcibiades.

Alcib. Do not weep,
Since I once lik'd thee, I'll do something for thee:
I have a Corporal that has serv'd me well,
I will prefer you to him.

Mel. How have I merited this scorn ——— Farewel,
I'll never see you more.

[Exit.]

Alcib. I hope you will not.
Enter Souldiers with drawn Swords, haling in Apemantus.

How now! what means this violence?

I Sould. My Lord! this fnarling Villainous Philosopher,
With open mouth rail’d at the Army;
He said the General was a Villain: shall we
Cut his throat?

Alcib. No! touch him not! unhånd him!
Why Apemontus didn’t thou call me Villain?

Apem. I always speak my thoughts: not all
The Swords o’th’ Army bent against my throat
Can fright me from the truth ———

Alcib. Why, dost thou think I am one?

Apem. ’Tis true, this base Town deserves thy scourge,
And all the Terror and the punishment,
Thou can’t inflict upon it: the deed is good,
But yet thou dost it ill; private revenge,
Base passion, headstrong lust, incite thee to it;
Had they not banished thee, thou wouldst have suffered
Wrong till to prosper, and the insulting Tyrants
To thrive, swell and grow fat with their oppression,
And wouldst have join’d in them.

Alcib. Thou rail’st too much for a Philosopher.

Apem. Nay frown not, Lord, I fear thee not, nor love thee,
All thy good parts thou drown’st in vice and riot,
In passion, and vain-glory: how proud art thou
Of all thy conquests ——— when a poor rabble
Of idle Rogues who else had been in Jails,
Perform’d ’em for thee; how false is Souldiers honour
With Drums and Trumpets, and in the face of day
With daring impudence Men go to murder
Mankind ——— but in the greatest actions of their Lives
The getting men, they sneak and hide themselves i’th’ dark;
I scorn your folly and your madness.

Alcib. Thou art a fnarling Cur.

I Sould. Shall I run him through?

Alcib. Hold.
Apem. I fear thee not.

Alcib. My ever honoured Socrates favour’d thee,
And for his sake I spare thee.

Apem. How much did Socrates love his pains in thee!
Hadst thou observ’d his principles, thou’dst been honest.

Enter Nicias, Thrafillus, Phæx, Ifidore, Ifander, Ælius, and Cleon, with Halters about their necks.

Nicias. We come my noble Lord at thy Command,
And thus we humbly kneel before thy mercy.

Phæ. Spare our lives, and we’ll employ ’em in
Thy service, worthy Alcibiades.

Alcib. Do you acknowledge, you are ungrateful Knaves?

All. We do.

Alcib. And that you have used me basely.

All. We have, but we are very sorry.

Alcib. I should do well to hang you for the Death
Of my brave Officer; but thousand such base lives
As yours would not weigh with his! go, ye have
Your liberty. And now the people are assembled,
I will declare my intentions towards them. [He ascends the Pulpit.

My Fellow Citizens! I will not now upbraid
You for the unjust sentence past upon me,
In the return of which I have subdu’d
Your Enemies and all revolted places,
Made you Victorious both at Land and Sea,
And have with continual toil and numberless dangers
Stretch out the bounds of your Dominions far
Above your hopes or expectations.
I will not recount the many enterprizes,
No Grecian can be ignorant of. ’Tis enough
You know how I have serv’d you. Now it remains
I farther shou’d declare my self; I come
First to free you good Citizens of Athens
From the most insupportable yokes
Of your four hundred Tyrants; and then next
To claim my own Eftate which has unjustly
By them been kept from me that rais’d them.
I do confefs, I in revenge of your decree
Against me, fet up them, but never thought
They would have been fuch Curfed Tyrants to you,
Till now, they have gone on and fill’d the time
With moft licentious acts; making their wills,
Their bafe corrupted wills, the fcope of Justice,
While you in vain groan’d under all your suff’rings.
Thus when a few shall Lord it o’re the rest,
They govern for themselves and not the People.
They rob and pill from them, from thence t’ increafe
Their private ftores; but when the Government
Is in the Body of the People, they
Will do themselves no harm; therefore henceforth
I do pronounce the Government shall devolve upon the
People, and may Heav’n prosper ’em.

*People shout and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades! Long live Alcibiades,*
*Liberty, Liberty, &c.*

[Alcib. Descends.]

*Enter Meffenger.*

_Mef._ My noble Lord! I went as you commanded,
And found Lord Timon dead, and his Evandra
Stab’d, and just by him lying in his Tomb,
On which was this Incription.

_Alcib._ I’ll read it.

_Here lies a wretched Corfe, of wretched Soul bereft,
Timon my name, a Plague confume you Caitiffs left._

Poor Timon! I once knew thee the moft flourifhing man
Of all th’ Athenians, and thou ftill hadft been fo,
Had not thofe fmiling, flattering Knaves devour’d thee,
And murder’d thee with bafe ingratitude.
His death pull’d on the poor Evandra’s too;
That Miracle of Conftancy in Love.
Now all repair to their repective homes,
Their feveral Trades, their bus’nefs and diverfions;
And whilst I guard you from your active Foes,
And fight your Battels, be you secure at home.

* May Athens flourish with a lasting Peace;  
* And may its wealth and power ever increase.  

* All the People shout and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades!  
Liberty, Liberty, &c.
249

Timon of Athens

1623
Epilogue.

If there were hopes that ancient solid Wit
Might please within our new fantastick Pit;
This Play might then support the Criticks shock,
This Scien grafted upon Shakespere's stock;
For join'd with his our Poets part might thrive,
Kept by the virtue of his sap alive.
Though now no more substantial English Playes,
Than good old Hospitality you praise;
The time shall come when true old fence shall rise
In Judgment over all your vanities.
Slight kickshaw Wit o'th' Stage, French meat at Feasts,
Now daily Tantalize the hungry Guests;
While the old English Chine us'd to remain,
And many hungry onsets would sustain.
At these thin Feasts each Morsel's swallow'd down,
And ev'ry thing but the Guests stomach's gone.
At these new fashion'd Feasts you have but a Taft,
With Meat or Wit you scarce can break a Faft.
This Jantee slightness to the French we owe,
And that makes all slight Wits admire 'em so.
They're of one Level, and with little pains
The Frothy Poet good reception gains;
But to hear English Wit there's use of brains.
Though Sparks to imitate the French think fit
In want of Learning, Affection, Wit,
And which is most, in Cloaths, we'll ne'r submit.
Their Ships or Plays o're ours shall ne're advance,
For our Third Rates shall match the First of France
With English Judges this may bear the Test,
Who will for Shakespear's part forgive the rest.
The Sparks judge but as they hear others say,
They cannot think enough to mind the Play.
FINIS.
They to catch Ladies (which they drefs at) come,
Or 'caufe they cannot read or think at home;
Each here deux yeux and am'rous looks imparts,
Levells Crevats and Perriwigs at Hearts;
Yet they themselves more than the Ladies mind,
And but for vanity wou'd have 'em kind.

No passion ———
But for their own Dear persons them can move,
Th' admire themselves too much to be in Love.
Nor Wit, nor Beauty, their hard Hearts can strike,
Who only their own fence or persons like.
But to the men of Wit our Poet flies,
To save him from Wits mortal Enemies.
Since for his Friends he has the best of thofe,
Guarded by them he fears not little Foes.
And with each Mistrefs we must favour find,
They for Evandra's sake will sure be kind;
At leaft all thofe to constant Love inclin'd.

FINIS.