```xml
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Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.
          Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
        <title type="variant">Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
          tragedies</title>
        <title type="distinctive">Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7</title>
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1616.</author>
        <editor>Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630</editor>
        <editor>Condell, Henry, -1627</editor>
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          <resp>engraver</resp>
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          <resp>printer</resp>
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          <persName>Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632</persName>
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                    <respStmt xml:id="PW">
                        <persName>Pip Willcox</persName>
                        <resp>project management</resp>
                        <resp>proofing</resp>
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                    <respStmt xml:id="LMC">
                        <persName>Lucienne Cummings</persName>
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                        <persName>Judith Siefring</persName>
                        <resp>proofing</resp>
                        <resp>encoding</resp>
                    </respStmt>
                    <respStmt xml:id="ES">
                        <persName>Emma Stanford</persName>
                        <resp>proofing</resp>
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                        <persName>James Cummings</persName>
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Shakespeare</ref>
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possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the
Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient
and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre
and book history.</funder>
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April
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Libraries</orgName>,
                        <orgName ref="http://www.ox.ac.uk">University of Oxford</orgName>
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              <addrLine>Oxford</addrLine>
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                <p> Available for reuse, according to the terms of the <ref
target="http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/">Creative Commons Attribution
3.0 Unported</ref>.</p>
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&amp;
              tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
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&amp;
              tragedies</title>
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            </pubPlace>:
            <publisher>
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(entered)</date>
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First Folio of
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            <note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare
First Folios,
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                            <hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi>
                            <lb/>COMEDIES, <lb/>HISTORIES, &amp;
<lb/>TRAGEDIES. </titlePart>
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Copies.</titlePart>

                    </docTitle>

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the charges
                        of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley].,
                        <docDate>1623</docDate>.</docImprint>
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  79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.;
  fol.</p>
  <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58;
  p.59 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered
  151; p.161 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165
  misnumbered 163; p. 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250
  misnumbered 252; p. 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in
  some copies; p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count:
  p.165-166 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 --
  5th count: p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308
  misnumbered 38; p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
</foliation>
<collation>
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<support>
  <dimensions>
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  <p>[18], 303, [1], 46, 49-100, [2], 69-232, [2], 79-80, [26], 76, 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.; fol.</p>
  <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58; p.59 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered 151; p.161 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165 misnumbered 163; p. 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250 misnumbered 252; p. 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in some copies; p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count: p.165-166 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 -- 5th count: p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308 misnumbered 38; p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
</foliation>
<collation>
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<p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA^6 (πA1+1) [πB^2], ^{2}A-2B^6 2C^2 a-g^6 χgg^8 h-v^6 x^4 χ1.2 [para.]-2[para.]^6 3[para]^1 aa-ff^6 gg^2 Gg^6 hh^6 kk-bbb^6; 2. West: πA^6 (πA1+1, πA5+1.2)^{2}A-2B^6 2C^2 a-g^6 ^{2}g^8 h-v^6 x^4 'gg3.4' (±'gg3') [para.]-2[para.]^6 3[para]^1 2a-2f^6 2g^2 2G^6 2h^6 2k-2v^6 x^6 2y-3b^6.</p>

<p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ^{3}gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>

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

```
</collation>
<condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the
```

reader".

mount

some the

and the

Rare

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the

towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of

Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait

central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact

Books.</condition>

</supportDesc>
<layoutDesc>
  <layout>
    <p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>
    <p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>
    <p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.

Blount, I.

      Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623.".</p>
    <p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry

Condell.</p>

  </layout>

</layoutDesc>
</objectDesc>
<decoDesc>
  <decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>
  <decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author

signed: "Martin-

    Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The

earlier

    state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier

shading,

    especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly

with the

    jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies

have the plate

    in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that

the earlier

    state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.
  </decoNote>
</decoDesc>
<additions>
  <p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an
    unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap

was seen".

    2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on

t.p.

    (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor

annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p>
            </additions>
            <bindingDesc>
               <p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p>
            </bindingDesc>
         </physDesc>
         <history>
            <origin>
               <p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.
               </p>
            </origin>
            <acquisition>
               <p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the newer <bibl>
                  <title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of

"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard
Davis</persName>, a
                    bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the
sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.</p>
                <p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered
                    the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of
Ogston Hall,
                    Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the
                    family's possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when
it was
                    reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num
value="3000">£3000</num>,
                    raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the
rediscovery and
                    purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S.
Gibson, The
                    Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare
(theTurbutt
                    Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p>
                <p>For a full discussion of this copy and the
                    digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West
and
                    Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
            </acquisition>
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at: <ref
target="http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</ref>.<
/bibl>
                </listBibl>
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                <persName type="form">1 Lord.</persName>
                <persName type="form">1. L.</persName>
                <persName type="form">1. Lord.</persName>
            </person>
            <person xml:id="F-tim-sen.1">
                <persName type="standard">First Senator</persName>

```xml
        <persName type="form">1 Sen.</persName>
        <persName type="form">1. Sen.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-tim-vsr.1">
        <persName type="standard">Varro's First Servant</persName>
        <persName type="form">1. Var.</persName>
        <persName type="form">1. Varro.</persName>
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      <person xml:id="F-tim-lor.2">
        <persName type="standard">Second Lord</persName>
        <persName type="form">2</persName>
        <persName type="form">2 Lord.</persName>
        <persName type="form">2. Lord.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-tim-sen.2">
        <persName type="standard">Second Senator</persName>
        <persName type="form">2. Sen.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-tim-vsr.2">
        <persName type="standard">Varro's Second Servant</persName>
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        <persName type="form">2. Varro.</persName>
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      <person xml:id="F-tim-lor.3">
        <persName type="standard">Third Lord</persName>
        <persName type="form">3</persName>
        <persName type="form">3. Lord.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-tim-ser.3">
        <persName type="standard">Third Servant</persName>
        <persName type="form">3. Ser.</persName>
      </person>
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        <persName type="standard">Alcibiades, an Athenian
captain</persName>
        <persName type="form">Al.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Alc.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Alci.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-tim-las">
        <persName type="standard">All Ladies</persName>
        <persName type="form">All La.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-tim-lds">
        <persName type="standard">All Lords</persName>
        <persName type="form">All Lor.</persName>
      </person>
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        <persName type="form">All.</persName>
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```xml
        </person>
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            <persName type="form">Apem.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Aper.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tim-bot">
          <persName type="standard">Both</persName>
          <persName type="form">Both.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tim-pag">
          <persName type="standard">Page</persName>
          <persName type="form">Boy.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Page.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tim-cap">
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creditors</persName>
            <persName type="form">Ca.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Cap.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Caph.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tim-cup">
          <persName type="standard">Cupid</persName>
          <persName type="form">Cup.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tim-flv">
          <persName type="standard">Flavius, steward to Timon</persName>
          <persName type="form">Fla.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Ste,</persName>
          <persName type="form">Stew.</persName>
          <persName type="form">ste.</persName>
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          <persName type="form">Flaminius</persName>
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         </person>
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```xml
<person xml:id="F-tim-hor">
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  <persName type="form">Hort.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-tim-jwl">
  <persName type="standard">Jeweller</persName>
  <persName type="form">Iew.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Iewel.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-tim-isi">
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  <persName type="form">Isi.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Isid.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-tim-lcl">
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  <persName type="form">Luc.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-tim-luc">
  <persName type="standard">Lucilius, servant to Timon</persName>
  <persName type="form">Luci.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Lucil.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Lucius.</persName>
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  <persName type="standard">Messenger</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mes.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-tim-oat">
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  <persName type="form">Old.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Oldm.</persName>
</person>
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  <persName type="form">Pain.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Painter.</persName>
</person>
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creditors</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Philo.</persName>
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```xml
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tim-phr">
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        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tim-poe">
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          <persName type="form">Semp.</persName>
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        <person xml:id="F-tim-sen">
          <persName type="standard">Senator</persName>
          <persName type="form">Sen.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tim-ser">
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          <persName type="form">Ser.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Seru.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tim-svl">
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        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tim-sol">
          <persName type="standard">Soldier</persName>
          <persName type="form">Sol.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tim-smo">
          <persName type="standard">Some Others</persName>
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        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tim-sms">
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          <persName type="form">Some speake.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tim-tim">
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          <persName type="form">Ti.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Tim.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Timo.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Timon.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tim-tmd">
          <persName type="standard">Timandra, mistress to
Alcibiades</persName>
          <persName type="form">Timan.</persName>
```

```xml
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tim-tit">
          <persName type="standard">Titus, servant to Timon's
creditors</persName>
          <persName type="form">Tit.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Titus.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tim-var">
          <persName type="standard">Varro</persName>
          <persName type="form">Var.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Varro.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tim-vsr">
          <persName type="standard">Varro's Servant</persName>
          <persName type="form">Var. man.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-tim-ven">
          <persName type="standard">Ventidius, one of Timon's false
friends</persName>
          <persName type="form">Ventig.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Vint.</persName>
        </person>
      </listPerson>
    </particDesc>
  </profileDesc>
</teiHeader>
        <text type="play" xml:id="F-tim">
        <body>
        <div type="play" n="29">
          <pb facs="FFimg:axc0696-0.jpg" n="80"/>
          <head rend="center">THE LIFE OF TYMON
            <lb/>OF ATHENS.</head>
          <div type="act" n="1">
            <div type="scene" n="1">
            <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.</head>
            <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
              <cb n="1"/>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Poet, Painter,
Ieweller, Merchant, and Mercer,
                <lb/>at seuerall doores.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-tim-poe">
              <speaker rend="italic center">Poet.</speaker>
              <l>
        <c rend="decoratedCapital">G</c>ood day Sir.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tim-pai">
              <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
              <l>I am glad y'are well.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tim-poe">
```

```xml
    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
    <l>I haue not seene you long, how goes
      <lb/>the World?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-pai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
    <l>It weares sir, as it growes.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-poe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
    <l>I that's well knowne:</l>
    <l>But what particular Rarity? What strange,</l>
    <l>Which manifold record not matches: see</l>
    <l>Magicke of Bounty, all these spirits thy power</l>
    <l>Hath coniur'd to attend.</l>
    <l>I know the Merchant.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-pai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
    <l>I know them both: th'others a Ieweller.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-mer">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
    <l>O 'tis a worthy Lord.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-jwl">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
    <l>Nay that's most fixt.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-mer">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
    <l>A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,</l>
    <l>To an vntyreable and continuate goodnesse:</l>
    <l>He passes.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-jwl">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
    <l>I haue a Iewell heere.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-mer">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
    <l>O pray let's see't. For the Lord <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>,
sir<c rend="italic">?</c>
    </l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-jwl">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iewel.</speaker>
    <l>If he will touch the estimate. But for that—</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-poe">
```

```xml
    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
    <l>When we for recompence haue prais'd the vild,</l>
    <l>It staines the glory in that happy Verse,</l>
    <l>Which aptly sings the good.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-mer">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis a good forme.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-jwl">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iewel.</speaker>
    <l>And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-pai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
    <p>You are rapt sir, in some worke, some Dedica-
        <lb/>tion to the great Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-poe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
    <l>A thing slipt idlely from me.</l>
    <l>Our Poesie is as a Gowne, which vses</l>
    <l>From whence 'tis nourisht: the fire i'th'Flint</l>
    <l>Shewes not, till it be strooke: our gentle flame</l>
    <l>Prouokes it selfe, and like the currant flyes</l>
    <l>Each bound it chases. What haue you there?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-pai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
    <l>A Picture sir: when comes your Booke forth?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-poe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
    <l>Vpon the heeles of my presentment sir.</l>
    <l>Let's see your peece.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-pai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis a good Peece.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-poe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
    <l>So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-pai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
    <l>Indifferent.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-poe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
```

```
        <l>Admirable: How this grace</l>
        <l>Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power</l>
        <l>This eye shootes forth? How bigge imagination</l>
        <l>Moues in this Lip, to th'dumbnesse of the gesture,</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>One might interpret.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-pai">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
        <l>It is a pretty mocking of the life:</l>
        <l>Heere is a touch: Is't good?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-poe">
        <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
        <l>I will say of it,</l>
        <l>It Tutors Nature, Artificiall strife</l>
        <l>Liues in these toutches, liuelier then life.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter certaine
Senators.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tim-pai">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
        <l>How this Lord is followed.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-poe">
        <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
        <l>The Senators of Athens, happy men.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-pai">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
        <l>Looke moe.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-poe">
        <speaker rend="italic">Po.</speaker>
        <l>You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,</l>
        <l>I haue in this rough worke, shap'd out a man</l>
        <l>Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge</l>
        <l>With amplest entertainment: My free drift</l>
        <l>Halts not particularly, but moues it selfe</l>
        <l>In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice</l>
        <l>Infects one comma in the course I hold,</l>
        <l>But flies an Eagle fl<gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
agent="uninkedType"
resp="#ES"/>ght, bold, and forth on,</l>
        <l>Leauing no Tract behinde.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-pai">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
```

```xml
    <l>How shall I vnderstand you?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-poe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
    <l>I will vnboult to you.</l>
    <l>You see how all Conditions, how all Mindes,</l>
    <l>As well of glib and slipp'ry Creatures, as</l>
    <l>Of Graue and austere qualitie, tender downe</l>
    <l>Their seruices to Lord <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>: his large Fortune,</l>
    <l>Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,</l>
    <l>Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance</l>
    <l>All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glasse-fac'd Flatterer</l>
    <l>To <hi rend="italic">Apemantus</hi>, that few things loues better</l>
    <l>Then to abhorre himselfe; euen hee drops downe</l>
    <l>The knee before him, and returnes in peace</l>
    <l>Most rich in <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi> nod.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-pai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
    <l>I saw them speake together.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-poe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
    <l>Sir, I haue vpon a high and pleasant hill</l>
    <l>Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.</l>
    <l>The Base o'th'Mount</l>
    <l>Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinde of Natures</l>
    <l>That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,</l>
    <l>To propagate their states; among'st them all,</l>
    <l>Whose eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,</l>
    <l>One do I personate of Lord <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi> frame,</l>
    <l>Whom Fortune with her Iuory hand wafts to her,</l>
    <l>Whose present grace, to present slaues and seruants</l>
    <l>Translates his Riuals.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-pai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis conceyu'd, to scope</l>
    <l>This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">With</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0697-0.jpg" n="81"/>
    <fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>With one man becken'd from the rest below,</l>
    <l>Bowing his head against the steepy Mount</l>
    <l>To climbe his happinesse, would be well exprest</l>
    <l>In our Condition.</l>
```

```xml
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-poe">
         <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
         <l>Nay Sir, but heare me on:</l>
         <l>All those which were his Fellowes but of late,</l>
         <l>Some better then his valew; on the moment</l>
         <l>Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,</l>
         <l>Raine Sacrificiall whisperings in his eare,</l>
         <l>Make Sacred euen his styrrop, and through him</l>
         <l>Drinke the free Ayre.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-pai">
         <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
         <l>I marry, what of these?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-poe">
         <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
         <l>When Fortune in her shift and change of mood</l>
         <l>Spurnes downe her late beloued; all his Dependants</l>
         <l>Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,</l>
         <l>Euen on their knees and hand, let him sit downe,</l>
         <l>Not one accompanying his declining foot.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-pai">
         <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
         <l>Tis common:</l>
         <l>A thousand morall Paintings I can shew,</l>
         <l>That shall demonstrate these quicke blowes of Fortunes,</l>
         <l>More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,</l>
         <l>To shew Lord <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>, that meane eyes
haue seene</l>
         <l>The foot aboue the head.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Trumpets
sound.</stage>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lord Timon,
addressing himselfe curteously
         <lb/>to euery Sutor.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
         <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
         <l>Imprison'd is he, say you?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-mes">
         <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
         <l>I my good Lord, fiue Talents is his debt,</l>
         <l>His meanes most short, his Creditors most straite:</l>
         <l>Your Honourable Letter he desires</l>
         <l>To those haue shut him vp, which failing,</l>
         <l>Periods his comfort.</l>
      </sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>Noble <hi rend="italic">Ventidius</hi> well:</l>
  <l>I am not of that Feather, to shake off</l>
  <l>My Friend when he must neede me. I do know him</l>
  <l>A Gentleman, that well deserues a helpe,</l>
  <l>Which he shall haue. Ile pay the debt, and free him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
  <l>Your Lordship euer bindes him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>Commend me to him, I will send his ransome,</l>
  <l>And being enfranchized bid him come to me;</l>
  <l>'Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,</l>
  <l>But to support him after. Fare you well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
  <l>All happinesse to your Honor.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter an old
Athenian.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-oat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oldm.</speaker>
  <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>, heare me speake.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>Freely good Father.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-oat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oldm.</speaker>
  <l>Thou hast a Seruant nam'd <hi
rend="italic">Lucilius</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>I haue so: What of him?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-oat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Oldm.</speaker>
  <l>Most Noble <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>, call the man
before thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
```

```xml
    <l>Attends he heere, or no? <hi rend="italic">Lucillius</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-lcl">
    <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
    <l>Heere at your Lordships seruice.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-oat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oldm.</speaker>
    <l>This Fellow heere, <choice>
<abbr>L.</abbr>
<expan>Lord</expan>
</choice>
<hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>, this thy Creature,</l>
    <l>By night frequents my house. I am a man</l>
    <l>That from my first haue beene inclin'd to thrift,</l>
    <l>And my estate deserues an Heyre more rais'd,</l>
    <l>Then one which holds a Trencher.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Well: what further?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-oat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Old.</speaker>
    <l>One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin else,</l>
    <l>On whom I may conferre what I haue got:</l>
    <l>The Maid is faire, a'th'youngest for a Bride,</l>
    <l>And I haue bred her at my deerest cost</l>
    <l>In Qualities of the best. This man of thine</l>
    <l>Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>Ioyne with me to forbid him her resort,</l>
    <l>My selfe haue spoke in vaine.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>The man is honest.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-oat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oldm.</speaker>
    <l>Therefore he will be <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>,</l>
    <l>His honesty rewards him in it selfe,</l>
    <l>It must not beare my Daughter.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Does she loue him?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-oat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Oldm.</speaker>
```

```xml
      <l>She is yong and apt:</l>
      <l>Our owne precedent passions do instruct vs</l>
      <l>What leuities in youth.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
      <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
      <l>Loue you the Maid?</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lcl">
      <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
      <l>I my good Lord, and she accepts of it.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-oat">
      <speaker rend="italic">Oldm.</speaker>
      <l>If in her Marriage my consent be missing,</l>
      <l>I call the Gods to witnesse, I will choose</l>
      <l>Mine heyre from forth the Beggers of the world,</l>
      <l>And dispossesse her all.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
      <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
      <l>How shall she be endowed,</l>
      <l>If she be mated with an equall Husband?</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-oat">
      <speaker rend="italic">Oldm.</speaker>
      <l>Three Talents on the present; in future, all.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
      <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
      <l>This Gentleman of mine</l>
      <l>Hath seru'd me long:</l>
      <l>To build his Fortune, I will straine a little,</l>
      <l>For 'tis a Bond in men. Giue him thy Daughter,</l>
      <l>What you bestow, in him Ile counterpoize,</l>
      <l>And make him weigh with her.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-oat">
      <speaker rend="italic">Oldm.</speaker>
      <l>Most Noble Lord,</l>
      <l>Pawne me to this your Honour, she is his.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
      <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
      <l>My hand to thee,</l>
      <l>Mine Honour on my promise.</l>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lcl">
      <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
      <l>Humbly I thanke your Lordship, neuer may</l>
```

```xml
    <l>That state or Fortune fall into my keeping,</l>
    <l>Which is not owed to you.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-poe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
    <l>Vouchsafe my Labour,</l>
    <l>And long liue your Lordship.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>I thanke you, you shall heare from me anon:</l>
    <l>Go not away. What haue you there, my Friend?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-pai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
    <l>A peece of Painting, which I do beseech</l>
    <l>Your Lordship to accept.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Painting is welcome.</l>
    <l>The Painting is almost the Naturall man:</l>
    <l>For since Dishonor Traffickes with mans Nature,</l>
    <l>He is but out-side: These Pensil'd Figures are</l>
    <l>Euen such as they giue out. I like your worke,</l>
    <l>And you shall finde I like it; Waite attendance</l>
    <l>Till you heare further from me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-pai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
    <l>The Gods preserue ye.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Well fare you Gentleman: giue me your hand.</l>
    <l>We must needs dine together: sir your Iewell</l>
    <l>Hath suffered vnder praise.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-jwl">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iewel.</speaker>
    <l>What my Lord, dispraise?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>A meere saciety of Commendations,</l>
    <l>If I should pay you for't as 'tis extold,</l>
    <l>It would vnclew me quite.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-jwl">
```

```xml
    <speaker rend="italic">Iewel.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord, 'tis rated</l>
    <l>As those which sell would giue: but you well know,</l>
    <l>Things of like valew differing in the Owners,</l>
    <l>Are prized by their Masters. Beleeu't deere Lord,</l>
    <l>You mend the Iewell by the wearing it.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Well mock'd.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Apermantus.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-tim-mer">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
    <l>No my good Lord, he speakes ẙ common toong</l>
    <l>Which all men speake with him.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Looke who comes heere, will you be chid?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-jwl">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iewel.</speaker>
    <l>Wee'l beare with your Lordship.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-mer">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
    <l>Hee'l spare none.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Good morrow to thee,</l>
    <l>Gentle <hi rend="italic">Apermantus</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">gg2</fw>
  <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Aper.</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0698-0.jpg" n="82"/>
  <fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow.</l>
    <l>When thou art <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi> dogge, and
these Knaues honest.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Why dost thou call them Knaues, thou know'st
      <lb/>them not?</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
          <l>Are they not Athenians?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
          <l>Yes.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
          <l>Then I repent not.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-jwl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
          <l>You know me, <hi rend="italic">Apemantus</hi>?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
          <l>Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
          <l>Thou art proud <hi rend="italic">Apemantus</hi>?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
          <l>Of nothing so much, as that I am not like <hi
rend="italic">Timon</hi>
          </l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
          <l>Whether art going?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
          <l>To knocke out an honest Athenians braines.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
          <l>That's a deed thou't dye for.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
          <l>Right, if doing nothing be death by th'Law.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
          <l>How lik'st thou this picture <hi
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              rend="italic">Apemantus</hi>?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
               <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
               <l>The best, for the innocence.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
               <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
               <l>Wrought he not well that painted it.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
               <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
               <p>He wrought better that made the Painter, and
                  <lb/>yet he's but a filthy peece of worke.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tim-pai">
               <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
               <l>Y'are a Dogge.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
               <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
               <p>Thy Mothers of my generation: what's she, if I
                  <lb/>be a Dogge?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
               <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
               <l>Wilt dine with me <hi rend="italic">Apemantus</hi>?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
               <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
               <l>No: I eate not Lords.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
               <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
               <l>And thou should'st, thoud'st anger Ladies.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
               <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
               <l>O they eate Lords;</l>
               <l>So they come by great bellies.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
               <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
               <l>That's a lasciuious apprehension.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
               <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
               <l>So, thou apprehend'st it,</l>
               <l>Take it for thy labour.</l>
            </sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>How dost thou like this Iewell, <hi rend="italic">Apemantus</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <p>Not so well as plain-dealing, which wil not cast
        <lb/>a man a Doit.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>What dost thou thinke 'tis worth?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>Not worth my thinking.</l>
    <l>How now Poet?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-poe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
    <l>How now Philosopher?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>Thou lyest.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-poe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
    <l>Art not one?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>Yes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-poe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
    <l>Then I lye not.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>Art not a Poet<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-poe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
    <l>Yes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
```

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    <l>Then thou lyest:</l>
    <p>Looke in thy last worke, where thou hast fegin'd him a
        <lb/>worthy Fellow.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-poe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
    <l>That's not feign'd, he is so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <p>Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy
        <lb/>labour. He that loues to be flattered, is worthy o'th flat-
        <lb/>terer. Heauens, that I were a Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>What wouldst do then <hi rend="italic">Apemantus?</hi>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <p>E'ne as <hi rend="italic">Apemantus</hi> does now,<gap
extent="1"
        unit="chars"
        reason="nonstandardCharacter"
        agent="inkedSpacemarker"
        resp="#ES"/>hate a Lord with
        <lb/>my heart.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>What thy selfe<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>I.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Wherefore?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.</l>
    <note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this
line.</note>
    <l>Art not thou a Merchant?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-mer">
```

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        <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
        <l>I <hi rend="italic">Apemantus</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
        <l>Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-mer">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mer.</speaker>
        <l>If Trafficke do it, the Gods do it.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
        <l>Traffickes thy God, &amp; thy God confound thee.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Trumpet sounds. Enter a
Messenger.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
        <l>What Trumpets that<gap extent="1"
   unit="chars"
   reason="illegible"
   agent="inkBlot"
   resp="#ES"/>
  </l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
        <l>'Tis <hi rend="italic">Alcibiades</hi>, and some twenty
Horse</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>All of Companionship.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
        <l>Pray entertaine them, giue them guide to vs.</l>
        <l>You must needs dine with me: go not you hence</l>
        <l>Till I haue thankt you: when dinners done</l>
        <l>Shew me this peece, I am ioyfull of your sights.</l>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Alcibiades with
the rest.</stage>
        <l>Most welcome Sir.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
        <p>So, so; their Aches contract, and sterue your
          <lb/>supple ioynts: that there should bee small loue amongst
          <lb/>these sweet Knaues, and all this Curtesie. The straine of
          <lb/>mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.</p>
      </sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
    <l>Sir, you haue sau'd my longing, and I feed</l>
    <l>Most hungerly on your sight.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Right welcome Sir:</l>
    <l>Ere we <choice>
<orig>depatt</orig>
<corr>depart</corr>
</choice>, wee'l share a bounteous time</l>
    <l>In different pleasures.</l>
    <l>Pray you let vs in.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter two
Lords.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Lord.</speaker>
    <l>What time a day is't <hi rend="italic">Apemantus</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>Time to be honest.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
    <speaker>1</speaker>
    <l>That time serues still.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>The most accursed thou that still omitst it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
    <speaker>2</speaker>
    <l>Thou art going to Lord <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi>
Feast.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>I, to see meate fill Knaues, and Wine heat fooles.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
    <speaker>2</speaker>
    <l>Farthee well, farthee well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.</l>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
      <speaker>2</speaker>
      <l>Why <hi rend="italic">Apemantus</hi>?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
      <p>Should'st haue kept one to thy selfe, for I meane
        <lb/>to giue thee none.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
      <speaker>1</speaker>
      <l>Hang thy selfe.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
      <l>No I will do nothing at thy bidding:</l>
      <l>Make thy requests to thy Friend.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
      <speaker>2</speaker>
      <l>Away vnpeaceable Dogge,</l>
      <l>Or Ile spurne thee hence.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
      <l>I will flye like a dogge, the heeles a'th'Asse.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
      <speaker>1</speaker>
      <l>Hee's opposite to humanity.</l>
      <l>Comes shall we in,</l>
      <l>And taste Lord <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi> bountie: he
out-goes</l>
      <l>The verie heart of kindnesse.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
      <speaker>2</speaker>
      <l>He powres it out: <hi rend="italic">Plutus</hi> the God of
Gold</l>
      <l>Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes</l>
      <l>Seuen-fold aboue it selfe: No guift to him,</l>
      <l>But breeds the giuer a returne: exceeding</l>
      <l>All vse of quittance.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
      <speaker>1</speaker>
      <l>The Noblest minde he carries,</l>
      <l>That euer gouern'd man.</l>
    </sp>
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<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>Long may he liue in Fortunes. Shall we in?</l>
  <l>Ile keepe you Company.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Hoboyes
Playing lowd Musicke.</stage>
  <stage rend="italic" type="mixed">A great Banquet seru'd in: and
then, Enter Lord Timon, the
  <lb/>States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon re-
  <lb/>deem'd from prison. Then comes dropping after all Ape-
  <lb/>mantus discontentedly like himselfe.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-ven">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ventig.</speaker>
  <l>Most honoured <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>,</l>
  <l>It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,</l>
  <l>And call him to long peace:</l>
  <l>He is gone happy, and has left me rich:</l>
  <l>Then, as in gratefull Vertue I am bound</l>
  <l>To your free heart, I do returne those Talents</l>
  <l>Doubled with thankes and seruice, from whose helpe</l>
  <l>I deriu'd libertie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>O by no meanes,</l>
  <l>Honest <hi rend="italic">Ventigius</hi>: You mistake my
loue,</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">I gaue</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0699-0.jpg" n="81"/>
  <fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>I gaue it freely euer, and ther's none</l>
  <l>Can truely say he giues, if he receiues:</l>
  <l>If our betters play at that game, we must not dare</l>
  <l>To imitate them: faults that are rich are faire.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ven">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vint.</speaker>
  <l>A Noble spirit.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but deuis'd at first</l>
  <l>To set a glosse on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,</l>
  <l>Recanting goodnesse, sorry ere 'tis showne:</l>
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    <l>But where there is true friendship, there needs none.</l>
    <l>Pray sit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,</l>
    <l>Then my Fortunes to me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Lord.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord, we alwaies haue confest it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aper.</speaker>
    <l>Ho ho, confest it<c rend="italic">?</c> Handg'd it? Haue you
not<c rend="italic">?</c>
    </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Timo.</speaker>
    <l>O <hi rend="italic">Apermantus</hi>, you are welcome.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aper.</speaker>
    <l>No: You shall not make me welcome:</l>
    <l>I come to haue thee thrust me out of doores.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Fie, th'art a churle, ye'haue got a humour there</l>
    <l>Does not become a man, 'tis much too blame:</l>
    <l>They say my Lords, <hi rend="italic">Ira furor breuis
est</hi>,</l>
    <l>But yond man is verie angrie.</l>
    <l>Go, let him haue a Table by himselfe:</l>
    <l>For he does neither affect companie,</l>
    <l>Nor is he fit for't indeed.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aper.</speaker>
    <l>Let me stay at thine apperill <hi
rend="italic">Timon</hi>,</l>
    <l>I come to obserue, I giue thee warning on't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <p>I take no heede of thee: Th'art an <hi
rend="italic">Athenian</hi>,
        <lb/>therefore welcome: I my selfe would haue no power,
        <lb/>prythee let my meate make thee silent.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aper.</speaker>
    <p>I scorne thy meate, 'twould choake me: for I
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<lb/>should nere flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number
<lb/>of men eats <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>, and he sees 'em not? It greeues me
<lb/>to see so many dip there meate in one mans blood, and
<lb/>all the madnesse is, he cheeres them vp too.</p>
<l>I wonder men dare trust themselues with men.</l>
<l>Me thinks they should enuite them without kniues,</l>
<l>Good for there meate, and safer for their liues.</l>
<p>There's much example for't, the fellow that sits next him,
<lb/>now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in
<lb/>a diuided draught: is the readiest man to kill him. 'Tas
<lb/>beene proued, if I were a huge man I should feare to
<lb/>drinke at meales, least they should spie my wind-pipes
<lb/>dangerous noates, great men should drinke with harnesse
<lb/>on their throates.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
<speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
<l>My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
<speaker rend="italic">2. Lord.</speaker>
<l>Let it flow this way my good Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
<speaker rend="italic">Aper.</speaker>
<p>Flow this way? A braue fellow. He keepes his
<lb/>tides well, those healths will make thee and thy state
<lb/>looke ill, <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>.</p>
<l>Heere's that which is too weake to be a sinner,</l>
<l>Honest water, which nere left man i'th'mire:</l>
<l>This and my food are equals, there's no ods,</l>
<l>Feasts are to proud to giue thanks to the Gods.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Apermantus Grace.</stage>
<l>Immortall Gods, I craue no pelfe,</l>
<l>I pray for no man but my selfe,</l>
<l>Graunt I may neuer proue so fond,</l>
<l>To trust man on his Oath or Bond.</l>
<l>Or a Harlot for her weeping,</l>
<l>Or a Dogge that seemes asleeping,</l>
<l>Or a keeper with my freedome,</l>
<l>Or my friends if I should need 'em.</l>
<l>Amen. So fall too't:</l>
<l>Richmen sin, and I eat root.</l>
<l>Much good dich thy good heart, <hi rend="italic">Apermantus</hi>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">

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<speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
<l>Captaine,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Alcibiades</hi>, your hearts in the field now.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
<speaker rend="italic">Alci.</speaker>
<l>My heart is euer at your seruice, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
<speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
<p>You had rather be at a breakefast of Enemies,
<lb/>then a dinner of Friends.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
<speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
<p>So they were bleeding new my Lord, there's no
<lb/>meat like 'em, I could wish my best friend at such a
Feast.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
<speaker rend="italic">Aper.</speaker>
<p>Would all those Flatterers were thine Enemies
<lb/>then, that then thou might'st kill 'em: &amp; bid me to
'em.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Lord.</speaker>
<p>Might we but haue that happinesse my Lord,
<lb/>that you would once vse our hearts, whereby we might
<lb/>expresse some part of our zeales, we should thinke our
<lb/>selues for euer perfect.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
<speaker rend="italic">Timon.</speaker>
<p>Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods
<lb/>themselues haue prouided that I shall haue much helpe
<lb/>from you: how had you beene my Friends else. Why
<lb/>haue you that charitable title from thousands? Did not
<lb/>you chiefely belong to my heart? I haue told more of
<lb/>you to my selfe, then you can with modestie speake in
<lb/>your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh
<lb/>you Gods (thinke I,) what need we haue any Friends; if
<lb/>we should nere haue need of 'em? They were the most
<lb/>needlesse Creatures liuing; should we nere haue vse for
<lb/>'em? And would most resemble sweete Instruments
<lb/>hung vp in Cases, that keepes there sounds to them-
<lb/>selues. Why I haue often wisht my selfe poorer, that
<lb/>I might come neerer to you: we are borne to do bene-
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<lb/>fits. And what better or properer can we call our owne,
<lb/>then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a pretious com-
<lb/>fort 'tis, to haue so many like Brothers commanding
<lb/>one anothers Fortunes. Oh ioyes, e'ne made away er't
<lb/>can be borne: mine eies cannot hold out water me thinks
<lb/>to forget their Faults. I drinke to you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
<speaker rend="italic">Aper.</speaker>
<l>Thou weep'st to make them drinke, <hi
rend="italic">Timon</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
<speaker rend="italic">2. Lord.</speaker>
<l>Ioy had the like conception in our eies,</l>
<l>And at that instant, like a babe sprung vp.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
<speaker rend="italic">Aper.</speaker>
<l>Ho, ho: I laugh to thinke that babe a bastard.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
<speaker rend="italic">3. Lord.</speaker>
<l>I promise you my Lord you mou'd me much.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
<speaker rend="italic">Aper.</speaker>
<l>Much.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Sound Tucket. Enter the
Maskers of Amazons, with
<lb/>Lutes in their hands, dauncing and playing.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
<speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
<l>What meanes that Trumpe? How now?</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Seruant.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-ser">
<speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
<l>Please you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies</l>
<l>Most desirous of admittance.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
<speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
<l>Ladies? what are their wils?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ser">
<speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
<p>There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord,
<lb/>which beares that office, to signifie their pleasures.</p>

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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
          <l>I pray let them be admitted.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cupid with the
Maske of Ladies.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tim-cup">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cup.</speaker>
          <p>Haile to thee worthy <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi> and to all
that of
            <lb/>his Bounties taste: the fiue best Sences acknowledge thee
            <lb/>their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentious
            <lb/>bosome.</p>
          <l>There tast, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise:</l>
          <l>They onely now come but to Feast thine eies.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Timo.</speaker>
          <p>They'r welcome all, let 'em haue kind admit-
            <lb/>tance. Musicke make their welcome.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-lcl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
          <l>You see my Lord, how ample y'are belou'd.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
          <speaker rend="italic">Aper.</speaker>
          <l>Hoyday,</l>
          <l>What a sweepe of vanitie comes this way.</l>
          <l>They daunce? They are madwomen,</l>
          <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">gg3</fw>
          <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Like</fw>
          <pb facs="FFimg:axc0700-0.jpg" n="82"/>
          <fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <l>Like Madnesse is the glory of this life,</l>
          <l>As this pompe shewes to a little oyle and roote.</l>
          <l>We make our selues Fooles, to disport our selues,</l>
          <l>And spend our Flatteries, to drinke those men,</l>
          <l>Vpon whose Age we voyde it vp agen</l>
          <l>With poysonous Spight and Enuy.</l>
          <l>Who liues, that's not depraued, or depraues;</l>
          <l>Who dyes, that beares not one spurne to their graues</l>
          <l>Of their Friends guift:</l>
          <l>I should feare, those that dance before me now,</l>
          <l>Would one day stampe vpon me: 'Tas bene done,</l>
          <l>Men shut their doores against a setting Sunne.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic" type="business">The Lords rise from Table,
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with much adoring of Timon, and
    <lb/>to shew their loues, each single out an Amazon, and all
    <lb/>Dance, men with women, a loftie straine or two to the
    <lb/>Hoboyes, and cease.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>You haue done our pleasures</l>
    <l>Much grace (faire Ladies)</l>
    <l>Set a faire fashion on our entertainment,</l>
    <l>Which was not halfe so beautifull, and kinde:</l>
    <l>You haue added worth vntoo't, and luster,</l>
    <l>And entertain'd me with mine owne deuice.</l>
    <l>I am to thanke you for't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1 Lord.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord you take vs euen at the best.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aper.</speaker>
    <p>Faith for the worst is filthy, and would not hold
        <lb/>taking, I doubt me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,</l>
    <l>Please you to dispose your selues.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-las">
    <speaker rend="italic">All La.</speaker>
    <l>Most thankfully, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>
<hi rend="italic">Flauius</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fla.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>The little Casket bring me hither.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fla.</speaker>
    <l>Yes, my Lord. More Iewels yet<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>

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        <l>There is no crossing him in's humor,</l>
        <l>Else I should tell him well, yfaith I should;</l>
        <l>When all's spent, hee'ld be crost then, and he could:</l>
        <l>'Tis pitty Bounty had not eyes behinde,</l>
        <l>That man might ne're be wretched for his minde.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
        <speaker rend="italic">1 Lord.</speaker>
        <l>Where be our men?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-ser">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
        <l>Heere my Lord, in readinesse.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
        <speaker rend="italic">2 Lord.</speaker>
        <l>Our Horses.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
        <l>O my Friends:</l>
        <l>I haue one word to say to you: Looke you, my good <choice>
      <abbr>L.</abbr>
      <expan>Lord</expan>
    </choice>
  </l>
        <l>I must intreat you honour me so much,</l>
        <l>As to aduance this Iewell, accept it, and weare it,</l>
        <l>Kinde my Lord.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
        <speaker rend="italic">1 Lord.</speaker>
        <l>I am so farre already in your guifts.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-all">
        <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
        <l>So are we all.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
Seruant.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tim-ser">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
        <p>My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate
          <lb/>newly alighted, and come to visit you.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
        <l>They are fairely welcome.</l>
      </sp>
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<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Flauius.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
   <speaker rend="italic">Fla.</speaker>
   <p>I beseech your Honor, vouchsafe me a word, it
      <lb/>does concerne you neere.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.</l>
   <l>I prythee let's be prouided to shew them entertainment.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
   <speaker rend="italic">Fla.</speaker>
   <l>I scarse know how.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter another
Seruant.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-ser">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
   <l>May it please your Honor, Lord <hi
rend="italic">Lucius</hi>
   </l>
<note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this
line.</note>
   <l>(Out of his free loue) hath presented to you</l>
   <l>Foure Milke-white Horses, trapt in Siluer.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>I shall accept them fairely: let the Presents</l>
   <l>Be worthily entertain'd.</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a third
Seruant.</stage>
   <l>How now? What newes?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ser.3">
   <speaker rend="italic">3. Ser.</speaker>
   <p>Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentle-
      <lb/>man Lord <hi rend="italic">Lucullus</hi>, entreats your
companie to morrow,
      <lb/>to hunt with him, and ha's sent your Honour two brace
      <lb/>of Grey-hounds.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>Ile hunt with him,</l>
   <l>And let them be receiu'd, not without faire Reward.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
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<speaker rend="italic">Fla.</speaker>
    <l>What will this come to?</l>
    <l>He commands vs to prouide, and giue great guifts, and
        <lb/>all out of an empty Coffer:</l>
    <l>Nor will he know his Purse, or yeeld me this,</l>
    <l>To shew him what a Begger his heart is,</l>
    <l>Being of no power to make his wishes good.</l>
    <l>His promises flye so beyond his state,</l>
    <l>That what he speaks is all in debt, he ows for eu'ry word:</l>
    <l>He is so kinde, that he now payes interest for't;</l>
    <l>His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were</l>
    <l>Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out:</l>
    <l>Happier is he that has no friend to feede,</l>
    <l>Then such that do e'ne Enemies exceede.</l>
    <l>I bleed inwardly for my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>You do your selues much wrong,</l>
    <l>You bate too much of your owne merits.</l>
    <l>Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Loue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Lord.</speaker>
    <l>With more then common thankes</l>
    <l>I will receyue it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
    <speaker rend="italic">3. Lord.</speaker>
    <l>O he's the very soule of Bounty.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <p>And now I remember my Lord, you gaue good
        <lb/>words the other day of a Bay Courser I rod on. Tis yours
        <lb/>because you lik'd it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. L.</speaker>
    <l>Oh, I beseech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <p>You may take my word my Lord: I know no
        <lb/>man can iustly praise, but what he does affect. I weighe
        <lb/>my Friends affection with mine owne: Ile tell you true,
        <lb/>Ile call to you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lds">

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    <speaker rend="italic">All Lor.</speaker>
    <l>O none so welcome.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>I take all, and your seuerall visitations</l>
    <l>So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to giue:</l>
    <l>Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdomes to my Friends,</l>
    <l>And nere be wearie. <hi rend="italic">Alcibiades</hi>,</l>
    <l>Thou art a Soldiour, therefore sildome rich,</l>
    <l>It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy liuing</l>
    <l>Is mong'st the dead: and all the Lands thou hast</l>
    <l>Lye in a pitcht field.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
    <l>I, defil'd Land, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Lord.</speaker>
    <l>We are so vertuously bound.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>And so am I to you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Lord.</speaker>
    <l>So infinitely endeer'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>All to you. Lights, more Lights.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Lord.</speaker>
    <l>The best of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes</l>
    <l>Keepe with you Lord <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Ready for his Friends.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt
Lords</stage>

<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Aper.</speaker>
    <p>What a coiles heere, seruing of beckes, and iut-
        <lb/>ting out of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be
        <lb/>worth the summes that are giuen for 'em.
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            <lb/>Friendships full of dregges,
            <lb/>Me thinkes false hearts, should neuer haue sound legges.
            <lb/>Thus honest Fooles lay out their wealth on Curtsies.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
            <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Apermantus</hi> (if thou wert not
sullen)</l>
            <l>I would be good to thee.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
            <speaker rend="italic">Aper.</speaker>
            <p>No, Ile nothing; for if I should be brib'd too,
               <lb/>there would be none left to raile vpon thee, and then thou
               <lb/>wouldst sinne the faster. Thou giu'st so long <hi
rend="italic">Timon</hi> (I
               <lb/>feare me) thou wilt giue away thy selfe in paper shortly.
               <lb/>What needs these Feasts, pompes, and Vaine-glories?</p>
         </sp>
         <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Tim.</fw>
         <pb facs="FFimg:axc0701-0.jpg" n="83"/>
         <fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
         <cb n="1"/>
         <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
            <p>Nay, and you begin to raile on Societie once, I
               <lb/>am sworne not to giue regard to you. Farewell, &amp;
come
               <lb/>with better Musicke.</p>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
         <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
            <speaker rend="italic">Aper.</speaker>
            <p>So: Thou wilt not heare mee now, thou shalt
               <lb/>not then. Ile locke thy heauen from thee:</p>
            <l>Oh that mens eares should be</l>
            <l>To Counsell deafe, but not to Flatterie.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
         </div>
         </div>
      <div type="act" n="2" rend="notPresent">
        <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Senator.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-tim-sen">
               <speaker rend="italic">Sen.</speaker>
               <l>And late fiue thousand: to <hi rend="italic">Varro</hi> and
to <hi rend="italic">Isidore</hi>
            </l>
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<l>He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,</l>
<l>Which makes it fiue and twenty. Still in motion</l>
<l>Of raging waste<c rend="italic">?</c> It cannot hold, it will not.</l>
<l>If I want Gold, steale but a beggers Dogge,</l>
<l>And giue it <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>, why the Dogge coines Gold.</l>
<l>If I would sell my Horse, and buy twenty moe</l>
<l>Better then he; why giue my Horse to <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>.</l>
<l>Aske nothing, giue it him, it Foles me straight</l>
<l>And able Horses: No Porter at his gate,</l>
<l>But rather one that smiles, and still inuites</l>
<l>All that passe by. It cannot hold, no reason</l>
<l>Can sound his state in safety. <hi rend="italic">Caphis</hi> hoa,</l>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Caphis</hi> I say.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Caphis.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-cap">
<speaker rend="italic">Ca.</speaker>
<l>Heere sir, what is your pleasure.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-sen">
<speaker rend="italic">Sen.</speaker>
<l>Get on your cloake, &amp; hast you to Lord <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>,</l>
<l>Importune him for my Moneyes, be not ceast</l>
<l>With slight deniall; nor then silenc'd, when</l>
<l>Commend me to your Master, and the Cap</l>
<l>Playes in the right hand, thus: but tell him,</l>
<l>My Vses cry to me; I must serue my turne</l>
<l>Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are past,</l>
<l>And my reliances on his fracted dates</l>
<l>Haue smit my credit. I loue, and honour him,</l>
<l>But must not breake my backe, to heale his finger.</l>
<l>Immediate are my needs, and my releefe</l>
<l>Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,</l>
<l>But finde supply immediate. Get you gone,</l>
<l>Put on a most importunate aspect,</l>
<l>A visage of demand: for I do feare</l>
<l>When euery Feather stickes in his owne wing,</l>
<l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi> will be left a naked gull,</l>
<note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
<l>Which flashes now a Phœnix, get you gone.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-cap">

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            <speaker rend="italic">Ca.</speaker>
            <l>I go sir.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-sen">
            <speaker rend="italic">Sen.</speaker>
            <l>I go sir?</l>
            <l>Take the Bonds along with you,</l>
            <l>And haue the dates in. Come.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-cap">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ca.</speaker>
            <l>I will Sir.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-sen">
            <speaker rend="italic">Sen.</speaker>
            <l>Go.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Steward, with
many billes in his hand.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tim-flv">
            <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
            <l>No care, no stop, so senselesse of expence,</l>
            <l>That he will neither know how to maintaine it,</l>
            <l>Nor cease his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt</l>
            <l>How things go from him, nor resume no care</l>
            <l>Of what is to continue: neuer minde,</l>
            <l>Was to be so vnwise, to be so kinde.</l>
            <l>What shall be done, he will not heare, till feele:</l>
            <l>I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.</l>
            <l>Fye, fie, fie, fie.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Caphis, Isidore,
and Varro.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tim-cap">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
            <l>Good euen <hi rend="italic">Varro:</hi> what, you come for
money?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-var">
            <speaker rend="italic">Var.</speaker>
            <l>Is't not your businesse too?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-cap">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
            <l>It is, and yours too, <hi rend="italic">Isidore?</hi>
        </l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-isi">
           <speaker rend="italic">Isid.</speaker>
           <l>It is so.</l>
        </sp>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <sp who="#F-tim-cap">
           <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
           <l>Would we were all discharg'd.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-var">
           <speaker rend="italic">Var.</speaker>
           <l>I feare it,</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-cap">
           <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
           <l>Heere comes the Lord.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Timon, and his
Traine.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
           <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
           <l>So soone as dinners done, wee'l forth againe</l>
           <l>My <hi rend="italic">Alcibiades</hi>. With me, what is your
will?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-cap">
           <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
           <l>My Lord, heere is a note of certaine dues.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
           <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
           <l>Dues? whence are you?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-cap">
           <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
           <l>Of Athens heere, my Lord.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
           <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
           <l>Go to my Steward.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-cap">
           <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
           <l>Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off</l>
           <l>To the succession of new dayes this moneth:</l>
           <l>My Master is awak'd by great Occasion,</l>
           <l>To call vpon his owne, and humbly prayes you,</l>
           <l>That with your other Noble parts, you'l suite,</l>
           <l>In giuing him his right.</l>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
       <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
       <l>Mine honest Friend,</l>
       <l>I prythee but repaire to me next morning.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-cap">
       <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
       <l>Nay, good my Lord.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
       <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
       <l>Containe thy selfe, good Friend.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-var">
       <speaker rend="italic">Var.</speaker>
       <l>One <hi rend="italic">Varroes</hi> seruant, my good
Lord.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-isi">
       <speaker rend="italic">Isid.</speaker>
       <p>From <hi rend="italic">Isidore</hi>, he humbly prayes your
speedy pay-
          <lb/>ment.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-cap">
       <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
       <l>If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-var">
       <speaker rend="italic">Var.</speaker>
       <p>'Twas due on forfeyture my Lord, sixe weekes,
          <lb/>and past.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-isi">
       <speaker rend="italic">Isi.</speaker>
       <l>Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I</l>
       <l>Am sent expressely to your Lordship.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
       <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
       <l>Giue me breath:</l>
       <l>I do beseech you good my Lords keepe on,</l>
       <l>Ile waite vpon you instantly. Come hither: pray you</l>
       <l>How goes the world, that I am thus encountred</l>
       <l>With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,</l>
       <l>And the detention of long since due debts</l>
       <l>Against my Honor?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-flv">
```

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<speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
<l>Please you Gentlemen,</l>
<l>The time is vnagreeable to this businesse:</l>
<l>Your importunacie cease, till after dinner,</l>
<l>That I may make his Lordship vnderstand</l>
<note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this
line.</note>
<l>Wherefore you are not paid.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
<speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
<l>Do so my Friends, see them well entertain'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
<speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
<l>Pray draw neere.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Apemantus and
Foole.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-cap">
<speaker rend="italic">Caph.</speaker>
<p>stay, stay, here comes the Foole with <hi
rend="italic">Apeman-
<lb/>tus</hi>, let�qus ha some sport with 'em.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-var">
<speaker rend="italic">Var.</speaker>
<l>Hang him, hee'l abuse vs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-isi">
<speaker rend="italic">Isid.</speaker>
<l>A plague vpon him dogge.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-var">
<speaker rend="italic">Var.</speaker>
<l>How dost Foole?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
<speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
<l>Dost Dialogue with thy shadow?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-var">
<speaker rend="italic">Var.</speaker>
<l>I speake not to thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
<speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
<l>No 'tis to thy selfe. Come away.</l>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-tim-isi">
   <speaker rend="italic">Isi.</speaker>
   <l>There's the Foole hangs on your backe already.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
   <l>No thou stand'st single, th'art not on him yet.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-cap">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
   <l>Where's the Foole now<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
   <p>He last ask'd the question. Poore Rogues, and
      <lb/>Vsurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Al.</speaker>
   <l>What are we <hi rend="italic">Apemantus</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
   <l>Asses.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-all">
   <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
   <l>Why?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
   <p>That you ask me what you are, &amp; do not know
      <lb/>your selues. Speake to 'em Foole.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-foo">
   <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
   <l>How do you Gentlemen?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-all">
   <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
   <l>Gramercies good Foole:</l>
   <l>How does your Mistris?</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic"
place="footRight">Foole.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0702-0.jpg" n="84"/>
<fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-tim-foo">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
        <p>She's e'ne setting on water to scal'd such Chic-
            <lb/>kens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
        <p>Good, Gramercy.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Page.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tim-foo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
        <p>Looke you, heere comes my Masters Page.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-pag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
        <p>Why how now Captaine? what do you in this
            <lb/>wise Company.</p>
        <p>How dost thou <hi rend="italic">Apermantus</hi>?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
        <p>Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might
            <lb/>answer thee profitably.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-pag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
        <p>Prythee <hi rend="italic">Apemantus</hi> reade me the
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superscripti-
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            <lb/>on of these Letters, I know not which is which.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
        <p>Canst not read?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-pag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
        <p>No.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
        <p>There will litle Learning dye then that day thou
            <lb/>art hang'd. This is to Lord <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>,
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this to <hi rend="italic">Alcibiades</hi>. Go
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            <lb/>thou was't borne a Bastard, and thou't dye a Bawd.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-pag">
        <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
        <p>Thou was't whelpt a Dogge, and thou shalt
            <lb/>famish a Dogges death.</p>
        <p>Answer not, I am gone.</p>
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        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
          <l>E'ne so thou out-runst Grace,</l>
          <l>Foole I will go with you to Lord <hi
rend="italic">Timons</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-foo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
          <l>Will you leaue me there?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
          <l>If <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi> stay at home.</l>
          <l>You three serue three Vsurers?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-all">
          <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
          <l>I would they seru'd vs.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
          <l>So would I:</l>
          <l>As good a tricke as euer Hangman seru'd Theefe.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-foo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
          <l>Are you three Vsurers men?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-all">
          <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
          <l>I Foole.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-foo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
          <p>I thinke no Vsurer, but ha's a Foole to his Ser-
            <lb/>uant. My Mistris is one, and I am her Foole: when men
            <lb/>come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly,
            <lb/>and go away merry: but they enter my Masters house
            <lb/>merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-var">
          <speaker rend="italic">Var.</speaker>
          <p>I could render one.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ap.</speaker>
          <p>Do it then, that we may account thee a Whore-
            <lb/>master, and a Knaue, which notwithstanding thou shalt
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            <lb/>be no lesse esteemed.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tim-var">
            <speaker rend="italic">Varro.</speaker>
            <p>What is a Whoremaster Foole?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tim-foo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
            <p>A Foole in good cloathes, and something like
              <lb/>thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometime t'appeares like a Lord, som-
              <lb/>time like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with
              <lb/>two stones moe then's artificiall one. Hee is verie often
              <lb/>like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes
              <lb/>vp and downe in, from fourescore to thirteen, this spirit
              <lb/>walkes in.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tim-var">
            <speaker rend="italic">Var.</speaker>
            <l>Thou art not altogether a Foole.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tim-foo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
            <l>Nor thou altogether a Wise man,</l>
            <l>As much foolerie as I haue, so much wit thou lack'st.</l>
        <note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this
line.</note>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
            <l>That answer might haue become <hi
rend="italic">Apemantus</hi>.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tim-all">
            <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
            <l>Aside, aside, heere comes Lord <hi
rend="italic">Timon</hi>.</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Timon and
Steward.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
            <l>Come with me (Foole) come.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tim-foo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Foole.</speaker>
            <p>I do not alwayes follow Louer, elder Brother,
              <lb/>and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tim-flv">
            <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
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    <l>Pray you walke neere,</l>
    <l>Ile speake with you anon.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>You make me meruell wherefore ere this time</l>
    <l>Had you not fully laide my state before me,</l>
    <l>That I might so haue rated my expence</l>
    <l>As I had leaue of meanes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
    <l>You would not heare me:</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>At many leysures I propose.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Go too:</l>
    <l>Perchance some single vantages you tooke,</l>
    <l>When my indisposition put you backe,</l>
    <l>And that vnaptnesse made your minister</l>
    <l>Thus to excuse your selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
    <l>O my good Lord,</l>
    <l>At many times I brought in my accompts,</l>
    <l>Laid them before you, you would throw them off,</l>
    <l>And say you sound them in mine honestie,</l>
    <l>When for some trifling present you haue bid me</l>
    <l>Returne so much, I haue shooke my head, and wept:</l>
    <l>Yea 'gainst th'Authoritie of manners, pray'd you</l>
    <l>To hold your hand more close: I did indure</l>
    <l>Not sildome, nor no slight checkes, when I haue</l>
    <l>Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,</l>
    <l>And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,</l>
    <l>Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,</l>
    <l>The greatest of your hauing, lackes a halfe,</l>
    <l>To pay your present debts.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Let all my Land be sold.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis all engag'd, some forfeyted and gone,</l>
    <l>And what remaines will hardly stop the mouth</l>
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      <l>Of present dues; the future comes apace:</l>
      <l>What shall defend the interim, and at length</l>
      <l>How goes our reck'ning?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
      <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
      <l>To Lacedemon did my Land extend.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tim-flv">
      <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
      <l>O my good Lord, the world is but a word,</l>
      <l>Were it all yours, to giue it in a breath,</l>
      <l>How quickely were it gone.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
      <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
      <l>You tell me true.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tim-flv">
      <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
      <l>If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood,</l>
      <l>Call me before th'exactest Auditors,</l>
      <l>And set me on the proofe. So the Gods blesse me,</l>
      <l>When all our Offices haue beene opprest</l>
      <l>With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults haue wept</l>
      <l>With drunken spilth of Wine; when euery roome</l>
      <l>Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrelsie,</l>
      <l>I haue retyr'd me to a wastefull cocke,</l>
      <l>And set mine eyes at flow.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
      <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
      <l>Prythee no more.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tim-flv">
      <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
      <l>Heauens, haue I said, the bounty of this Lord:</l>
      <l>How many prodigall bits haue Slaues and Pezants</l>
      <l>This night englutted: who is not <hi
rend="italic">Timons</hi>,</l>
      <l>What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but is <choice>
   <abbr>L.</abbr>
   <expan>Lord</expan>
</choice>
<hi rend="italic">Timons</hi>:</l>
      <l>Great <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>, Noble, Worthy, Royall
<hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>:</l>
      <l>Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise,</l>
      <l>The breath is gone, whereof this praise is made:</l>
      <l>Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of Winter showres,</l>
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            <l>These flyes are coucht.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
            <l>Come sermon me no further.</l>
            <l>No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart;</l>
            <l>Vnwisely, not ignobly haue I giuen.</l>
            <l>Why dost thou weepe, canst thou the conscience lacke,</l>
            <l>To thinke I shall lacke friends: secure thy heart,</l>
            <l>If I would broach the vessels of my loue,</l>
            <l>And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,</l>
            <l>Men, and mens fortunes could I frankely vse</l>
            <l>As I can bid thee speake.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tim-flv">
            <speaker rend="italic">ste.</speaker>
            <l>A<gap extent="3"
  unit="chars"
  reason="illegible"
  agent="abrasion"
  resp="#ES"/>rance blesse your thoughts.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
            <l>And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,</l>
            <l>That I account them blessings. For by these</l>
            <l>Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceiue</l>
            <l>How you mistake my Fortunes:</l>
            <l>I am wealthie in my Friends.</l>
            <l>Within there, <hi rend="italic">Flauius, Seruilius</hi>?</l>
         </sp>
         <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Enter</fw>
         <pb facs="FFimg:axc0703-0.jpg" n="85"/>
         <fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
         <cb n="1"/>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter three
Seruants.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-tim-ser">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
            <l>My Lord, my Lord.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
            <l>I will dispatch you seuerally.</l>
            <p>You to Lord <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, to Lord <hi
rend="italic">Lucullus</hi> you, I hunted
               <lb/>with his Honor to day; you to <hi
rend="italic">Sempronius</hi>; commend me
               <lb/>to their loues; and I am proud say, that my occasions
               <lb/>haue found time to vse 'em toward a supply of mony: let
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            <lb/>the request be fifty Talents.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-flm">
            <speaker rend="italic">Flam.</speaker>
            <l>As you haue said, my Lord.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-flv">
            <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
            <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Lucullus</hi>? Humh.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
            <l>Go you sir to the Senators;</l>
            <l>Of whom, euen to the States best health; I haue</l>
            <l>Deseru'd this Hearing: bid 'em send o'th'instant</l>
            <l>A thousand Talents to me.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-flv">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ste,</speaker>
            <l>I haue beene bold</l>
            <l>(For that I knew it the most generall way)</l>
            <l>To them, to vse your Signet, and your Name,</l>
            <l>But they do shake their heads, and I am heere</l>
            <l>No richer in returne.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
            <l>Is't true? Can't be?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-flv">
            <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
            <l>They answer in a ioynt and corporate voice,</l>
            <l>That now they are at fall, want Treasure cannot</l>
            <l>Do what they would, are sorrie: you are Honourable,</l>
            <l>But yet they could haue wisht, they know not,</l>
            <l>Something hath beene amisse; a Noble Nature</l>
            <l>May catch a wrench; would all were well; tis pitty,</l>
            <l>And so intending other serious matters,</l>
            <l>After distastefull lookes; and these hard Fractions</l>
            <l>With certaine halfe-caps, and cold mouing nods,</l>
            <l>They froze me into Silence.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
            <l>You Gods reward them:</l>
            <l>Prythee man looke cheerely. These old Fellowes</l>
            <l>Haue their ingratitude in them Hereditary:</l>
            <l>Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it sildome flowes,</l>
            <l>'Tis lacke of kindely warmth, they are not kinde;</l>
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<l>And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,</l>
<l>Is fashion'd for the iourney, dull and heauy.</l>
<l>Go to <hi rend="italic">Ventiddius</hi> (prythee be not sad,</l>
<l>Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake,</l>
<l>No blame belongs to thee:) <hi rend="italic">Ventiddius</hi> lately</l>
<l>Buried his Father, by whose death hee's stepp'd</l>
<l>Into a great estate: When he was poore,</l>
<l>Imprison'd, and in scarsitie of Friends,</l>
<l>I cleer'd him with fiue Talents: Greet him from me,</l>
<l>Bid him suppose, some good necessity</l>
<l>Touches his Friend, which craues to be remembred</l>
<l>With those fiue Talents; that had, giue't these Fellowes</l>
<l>To whom 'tis instant due. Neu'r speake, or thinke,</l>
<l>That <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi> fortunes 'mong his Friends can sinke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
<speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
<l>I would I could not thinke it:</l>
<l>That thought is Bounties Foe;</l>
<l>Being free it selfe, it thinkes all others so.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="3" rend="notPresent">
<div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Flaminius waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master,
<lb/>enters a seruant to him.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-ser">
<speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
<p>I haue told my Lord of you, he is comming down
<lb/>to you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-flm">
<speaker rend="italic">Flam.</speaker>
<p>I thanke you Sir.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lucullus.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-ser">
<speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
<p>Heere's my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lcl">
<speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>

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      <p>One of Lord <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi> men? A Guift I warrant.
      <lb/>Why this hits right: I dreampt of a Siluer Bason &amp; Ewre
      <lb/>to night. <hi rend="italic">Flaminius</hi>, honest <hi rend="italic">Flaminius</hi>, you are verie re-
      <lb/>spectiuely welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And how
      <lb/>does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentle-
      <cb n="2"/>
      <lb/>man of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and May-
      <lb/>ster?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-flm">
      <speaker rend="italic">Flam.</speaker>
      <p>His health is well sir.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-lcl">
      <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
      <p>I am right glad that his health is well sir: and
      <lb/>what hast thou there vnder thy Cloake, pretty <hi rend="italic">Flaminius?</hi>
      </p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-flm">
      <speaker rend="italic">Flam.</speaker>
      <p>Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in
      <lb/>my Lords behalfe, I come to intreat your Honor to sup-
      <lb/>ply: who hauing great and instant occasion to vse fiftie
      <lb/>Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him: no-
      <lb/>thing doubting your present assistance therein.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-lcl">
      <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
      <p>La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting sayes hee? Alas
      <lb/>good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep
      <lb/>so good a house. Many a time and often I ha din'd with
      <lb/>him, and told him on't, and come againe to supper to him
      <lb/>of purpose, to haue him spend lesse, and yet he wold em-
      <lb/>brace no counsell, take no warning by my comming, eue-
      <lb/>ry man has his fault, and honesty is his. I ha told him on't,
      <lb/>but I could nere get him from't.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Seruant with Wine.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tim-ser">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
      <l>Please your Lordship, heere is the Wine.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-lcl">
      <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
```

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      <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Flaminius</hi>, I haue noted thee alwayes wise.</l>
        <l>Heere's to thee.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-flm">
        <speaker rend="italic">Flam.</speaker>
        <l>Your Lordship speakes your pleasure.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lcl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
        <p>I haue obserued thee alwayes for a towardlie
          <lb/>prompt spirit, giue thee thy due, and one that knowes
          <lb/>what belongs to reason; and canst vse the time wel, if the
          <lb/>time vse thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone sir-
          <lb/>rah. Draw neerer honest <hi
rend="italic">Flaminius</hi>. Thy Lords a boun-
          <lb/>tifull Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou know'st
          <lb/>well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no
          <lb/>time to lend money, especially vpon bare friendshippe
          <lb/>without securitie. Here's three <hi
rend="italic">Solidares</hi> for thee, good
          <lb/>Boy winke at me, and say thou saw'st mee not. Fare thee
          <lb/>well.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-flm">
        <speaker rend="italic">Flam.</speaker>
        <l>Is't possible the world should so much differ,</l>
        <l>And we aliue that liued? Fly damned basenesse</l>
        <l>To him that worships thee.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lcl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
        <p>Ha? Now I see thou art a Foole, and fit for thy
          <lb/>Master.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit L.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tim-flm">
        <speaker rend="italic">Flam.</speaker>
        <l>May these adde to the number y<c rend="superscript">t</c>
may scald thee:</l>
        <l>Let moulten Coine be thy damnation,</l>
        <l>Thou disease of a friend, and not himselfe:</l>
        <l>Has friendship such a faint and milkie heart,</l>
        <l>It turnes in lesse then two nights<c rend="italic">?</c> O you
Gods!</l>
        <l>I feele my Masters passion. This Slaue vnto his Honor,</l>
        <l>Has my Lords meate in him:</l>
        <l>Why should it thriue, and turne to Nutriment,</l>
        <l>When he is turn'd to poyson?</l>
        <l>O may Diseases onely worke vpon't:</l>
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            <l>And when he's sicke to death, let not that part of Nature</l>
            <l>Which my Lord payd for, be of any power</l>
            <l>To expell sicknesse, but prolong his hower.</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
        </div>
        <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
          <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lucius, with three strangers.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-tim-lcl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
            <p>Who the Lord <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>? He is my very good friend
            <lb/>and an Honourable Gentleman.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
            <speaker>1</speaker>
            <p>We know him for no lesse, thogh we are but stran-
            <lb/>gers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and
            <lb/>which I heare from common rumours, now Lord <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi>
            <lb/>happie howres are done and past, and his estate shrinkes
            <lb/>from him.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tim-lcs">
            <speaker rend="italic">Lucius.</speaker>
            <p>Fye no, doe not beleeue it: hee cannot want
            <lb/>for money.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
            <speaker>2</speaker>
            <p>But beleeue you this my Lord, that not long agoe,
            <lb/>one of his men was with the Lord <hi rend="italic">Lucullus</hi>, to borrow so
            <lb/>many Talents, nay vrg'd extreamly for't, and <gap extent="1"
            unit="words"
            reason="illegible"
            agent="stain"
            resp="#ES"/>
          <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">what</fw>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0704-0.jpg" n="86"/>
          <fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
          <cb n="1"/>
            <lb/>what necessity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'de.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tim-luc">
            <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
            <p>How?</p>
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      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
        <speaker>2</speaker>
        <p>I tell you, deny'de my Lord.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-luc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
        <p>What a strange case was that? Now before the
          <lb/>Gods I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man?
          <lb/>There was verie little Honour shew'd in't. For my owne
          <lb/>part, I must needes confesse, I haue receyued some small
          <lb/>kindnesses from him, as Money, Plate, Iewels, and such
          <lb/>like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had hee mi-
          <lb/>stooke him, and sent to me, I should ne're haue denied his
          <lb/>Occasion so many Talents.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Seruilius.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tim-svl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Seruil.</speaker>
        <p>See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I haue
          <lb/>swet to see his Honor. My Honor'd Lord.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-luc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lucil.</speaker>
        <p>
    <hi rend="italic">Seruilius</hi>? You are kindely met sir. Farthewell,
            <lb/>commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my ve-
            <lb/>ry exquisite Friend.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-svl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Seruil.</speaker>
        <p>May it please your Honour, my Lord hath
          <lb/>sent   </p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-luc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
        <p>Ha<c rend="italic">?</c> what ha's he sent? I am so much
endeered
            <lb/>to that Lord; hee's euer sending: how shall I thank him
            <lb/>think'st thou<c rend="italic">?</c> And what has he sent
now?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-svl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Seruil.</speaker>
        <p>Has onely sent his present Occasion now my
          <lb/>Lord: requesting your Lordship to supply his instant vse
          <lb/>with so many Talents.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-luc">
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            <speaker rend="italic">Lucil.</speaker>
            <l>I know his Lordship is but merry with me,</l>
            <l>He cannot want fifty fiue hundred Talents.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tim-svl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Seruil.</speaker>
            <l>But in the mean time he wants lesse my Lord.</l>
            <l>If his occasion were not vertuous,</l>
            <l>I should not vrge it halfe so faithfully.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tim-lcl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
            <l>Dost thou speake seriously <hi
rend="italic">Seruilius</hi>?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tim-svl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Seruil.</speaker>
            <l>Vpon my soule 'tis true Sir.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tim-luc">
            <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
            <p>What a wicked Beast was I to disfurnish my
               <lb/>self against such a good time, when I might ha shewn my
               <lb/>selfe Honourable? How vnluckily it hapned, that I shold
               <lb/>Purchase the day before for a little part, and vndo a great
               <lb/>deale of Honour? <hi rend="italic">Seruilius</hi>, now
before the Gods I am
               <lb/>not able to do (the more beast I say) I was sending to vse
               <lb/>Lord <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi> my selfe, these
Gentlemen can witnesse; but
               <lb/>I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now.
               <lb/>Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I
               <lb/>hope his Honor will conceiue the fairest of mee, because
               <lb/>I haue no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me,
               <lb/>I count it one of my greatest afflictions say, that I cannot
               <lb/>pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman. Good <hi
rend="italic">Seruili-
               <lb/>us</hi>, will you befriend mee so farre, as to vse mine
owne

               <lb/>words to him?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tim-ser">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
            <l>Yes sir, I shall.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Seruil.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-tim-luc">
            <speaker rend="italic">Lucil.</speaker>
            <l>Ile looke you out a good turne <hi
rend="italic">Seruilius</hi>.</l>
```

\<l>True as you said, \<hi rend="italic">Timon\</hi> is shrunke indeede,\</l>

\<l>And he that's once deny'de, will hardly speede.\</l>
\</sp>
\<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.\</stage>
\<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
   \<speaker>1\</speaker>
   \<l>Do you obserue this \<hi rend="italic">Hostilius\</hi>?\</l>
\</sp>
\<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
   \<speaker>2\</speaker>
   \<l>I, to well.\</l>
\</sp>
\<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
   \<speaker>1\</speaker>
   \<l>Why this is the worlds soule,\</l>
   \<l>And iust of the same peece\</l>
   \<l>Is euery Flatterers sport: who can call him his Friend\</l>
   \<l>That dips in the same dish? For in my knowing\</l>
   \<l>
\<hi rend="italic">Timon\</hi> has bin this Lords Father,\</l>
   \<l>And kept his credit with his purse:\</l>
   \<l>Supported his estate, nay \<hi rend="italic">Timons\</hi> money\</l>

\<l>Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinkes,\</l>
   \<l>But \<hi rend="italic">Timons\</hi> Siluer treads vpon his Lip,\</l>

\<l>And yet, oh see the monstrousnesse of man,\</l>
   \<l>When he lookes out in an vngratefull shape;\</l>
   \<l>He does deny him (in respect of his)\</l>
\<cb n="2"/>
   \<l>What charitable men affoord to Beggers.\</l>
\</sp>
\<sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
   \<speaker>3\</speaker>
   \<l>Religion grones at it.\</l>
\</sp>
\<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
   \<speaker>1\</speaker>
   \<l>For mine owne part, I neuer tasted \<hi rend="italic">Timon\</hi> in my life\</l>
   \<l>Nor came any of his bounties ouer me,\</l>
   \<l>To marke me for his Friend. Yet I protest,\</l>
   \<l>For his right Noble minde, illustrious Vertue,\</l>
   \<l>And Honourable Carriage,\</l>
   \<l>Had his necessity made vse of me,\</l>
   \<l>I would haue put my wealth into Donation,\</l>
   \<l>And the best halfe should haue return'd to him,\</l>
   \<l>So much I loue his heart: But I perceiue,\</l>
   \<l>Men must learne now with pitty to dispence,\</l>

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            <l>For Policy sits aboue Conscience.</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        </div>
        <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
          <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a third seruant
with Sempronius, another
          <lb/>of Timons Friends.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-tim-sem">
            <speaker rend="italic">Semp.</speaker>
            <l>Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum.</l>
            <l>'Boue all others?</l>
            <l>He might haue tried Lord <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, or
<hi rend="italic">Lucullus</hi>,</l>
            <l>And now <hi rend="italic">Ventidgius</hi> is wealthy
too,</l>
            <l>Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these</l>
            <l>Owes their estates vnto him.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tim-ser">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
            <l>My Lord,</l>
            <l>They haue all bin touch'd, and found Base-Mettle,</l>
            <l>For they haue all denied him.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-tim-sem">
            <speaker rend="italic">Semp.</speaker>
            <l>How? Haue they deny'de him?</l>
            <l>Has <hi rend="italic">Ventidgius</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Lucullus</hi> deny'de him,</l>
            <l>And does he send to me? Three? Humh?</l>
            <l>It shewes but little loue, or iudgement in him.</l>
            <l>Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends (like Physitians)</l>
            <l>Thriue, giue him ouer: Must I take th'Cure vpon me?</l>
            <l>Has much disgrace'd me in't, I'me angry at him,</l>
            <l>That might haue knowne my place. I see no sense for't,</l>
            <l>But his Occasions might haue wooed me first:</l>
            <l>For in my conscience, I was the first man</l>
            <l>That ere receiued guift from him.</l>
            <l>And does he thinke so backwardly of me now,</l>
            <l>That Ile requite it last? No:</l>
            <l>So it may proue an Argument of Laughter</l>
            <l>To th'rest, and 'mong'st Lords be thought a Foole:</l>
            <l>I'de rather then the worth of thrice the summe,</l>
            <l>Had sent to me first, but for my mindes sake:</l>
            <l>I'de such a courage to do him good. But now returne,</l>
            <l>And with their faint reply, this answer ioyne;</l>
            <l>Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne.</l>
          </sp>
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<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <p>Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the
    <lb/>diuell knew not what he did, when hee made man Poli-
    <lb/>ticke; he crossed himselfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but
    <lb/>in the end, the Villanies of man will set him cleere. How
    <lb/>fairely this Lord striues to appeare foule? Takes Vertu-
    <lb/>ous Copies to be wicked: like those, that vnder hotte ar-
    <lb/>dent zeale, would set whole Realmes on fire, of such a na-
    <lb/>ture is his politike loue.</p>
  <l>This was my Lords best hope, now all are fled</l>
  <l>Saue onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,</l>
  <l>Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards</l>
  <l>Many a bounteous yeere, must be imploy'd</l>
  <l>Now to guard sure their Master:</l>
  <l>And this is all a liberall course allowes,</l>
  <l>Who cannot keepe his wealth, must keep his house.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 4]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Varro's man,
meeting others. All Timons Creditors to
    <lb/>wait for his comming out. Then enter Lucius
    <lb/>and Hortensius.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-tim-vsr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Var. man.</speaker>
    <l>Well met, goodmorrow <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi> &amp;
<hi rend="italic">Hortensius</hi>
    </l>
  </sp>
  <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Titus</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0705-0.jpg" n="87"/>
  <fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <sp who="#F-tim-tit">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
    <l>The like to you kinde <hi rend="italic">Varro</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-hor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hort.</speaker>
    <l>
<hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, what do we meet together?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-luc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
    <l>I, and I think one businesse do's command vs all.</l>
    <l>For mine is money.</l>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-tit">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
        <l>So is theirs, and ours.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Philotus.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tim-luc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
        <l>And sir <hi rend="italic">Philotus</hi> too.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-phi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Phil.</speaker>
        <l>Good day at once.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-luc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
        <l>Welcome good Brother.</l>
        <l>What do you thinke the houre?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-phi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Phil.</speaker>
        <l>Labouring for Nine.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-luc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
        <l>So much?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-phi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Phil.</speaker>
        <l>Is not my Lord seene yet?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-luc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
        <l>Not yet.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-phi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Phil.</speaker>
        <l>I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at seauen.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-luc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
        <l>I, but the dayes are waxt shorter with him:</l>
        <l>You must consider, that a Prodigall course</l>
        <l>Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recouerable, I feare:</l>
        <p>'Tis deepest Winter in Lord <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi>
purse, that is: One
            <lb/>may reach deepe enough, and yet finde little.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-phi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Phil.</speaker>
```

<l>I am of your feare, for that.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-tit">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
        <l>Ile shew you how t'obserue a strange euent:</l>
        <l>Your Lord sends now for Money?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-hor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hort.</speaker>
        <l>Most true, he doe's.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-tit">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
        <l>And he weares Iewels now of <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi>
guift,</l>

        <l>For which I waite for money.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-hor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hort.</speaker>
        <l>It is against my heart.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-luc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
        <l>Marke how strange it showes,</l>
        <l>
<hi rend="italic">Timon</hi> in this, should pay more then he
owes:</l>
        <l>And e'ne as if your Lord should weare rich Iewels,</l>
        <l>And send for money for 'em.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-hor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hort.</speaker>
        <l>I'me weary of this Charge,</l>
        <l>The Gods can witnesse:</l>
        <l>I know my Lord hath spent of <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi>
wealth,</l>

        <l>And now Ingratitude, makes it worse then stealth.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-var">
        <speaker rend="italic">Varro.</speaker>
        <l>Yes, mine's three thousand Crownes:</l>
        <l>What's yours<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-luc">
        <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
        <l>Fiue thousand mine.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-var">
        <speaker rend="italic">Varro.</speaker>

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      <l>'Tis much deepe, and it should seem by th'sum</l>
      <l>Your Masters confidence was aboue mine,</l>
      <l>Else surely his had equall'd.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Flaminius.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tim-tit">
      <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
      <l>One of Lord <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi> men.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-lcl">
      <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
      <p>
<hi rend="italic">Flaminius</hi>? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord readie
        <lb/>to come forth?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-flm">
      <speaker rend="italic">Flam.</speaker>
      <l>No, indeed he is not.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-tit">
      <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
      <l>We attend his Lordship: pray signifie so much.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-flm">
      <speaker rend="italic">Flam.</speaker>
      <p>I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too
        <lb rend="turnunder"/>
<pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>diligent.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Steward in a Cloake,
muffled.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tim-luc">
      <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
      <l>Ha: is not that his Steward muffled so?</l>
      <l>He goes away in a Clowd: Call him, call him.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-tit">
      <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
      <l>Do you heare, sir?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-vsr.2">
      <speaker rend="italic">2. Varro.</speaker>
      <l>By your leaue, sir.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-flv">
      <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
      <l>What do ye aske of me, my Friend.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-tit">
      <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
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    <l>We waite for certaine Money heere, sir.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-flv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
    <l>I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,</l>
    <l>'Twere sure enough.</l>
    <l>Why then preferr'd you not your summes and Billes</l>
    <l>When your false Masters eate of my Lords meat?</l>
    <l>Then they could smile, and fawne vpon his debts.</l>
    <l>And take downe th'Intrest into their glutt'nous Mawes.</l>
    <l>You do your selues but wrong, to stirre me vp,</l>
    <l>Let me passe quietly:</l>
    <l>Beleeue't, my Lord and I haue made an end,</l>
    <l>I haue no more to reckon, he to spend.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-luc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
    <l>I, but this answer will not serue.</l>
  </sp>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <sp who="#F-tim-flv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
    <l>If't 'twill not serue, 'tis not so base as you,</l>
    <l>For you serue Knaues.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-vsr.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Varro.</speaker>
    <p>How? What does his casheer'd Worship
      <lb/>mutter<c rend="italic">?</c>
</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-vsr.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Varro.</speaker>
    <p>No matter what, hee's poore, and that's re-
      <lb/>uenge enough. Who can speake broader, then hee that
      <lb/>has no house to put his head in<c rend="italic">?</c>
Such may rayle against
      <lb/>great buildings.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Seruilius.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-tim-tit">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
    <p>Oh here's <hi rend="italic">Seruilius</hi>: now wee shall
know some
      <lb/>answere.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-ser">
    <speaker rend="italic">Seru.</speaker>
    <p>If I might beseech you Gentlemen, to repayre
      <lb/>some other houre, I should deriue much from't. For tak't
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            <lb/>of my soule, my Lord leanes wondrously to discontent:
            <lb/>His comfortable temper has forsooke him, he's much out
            <lb/>of health, and keepes his Chamber.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-luc">
         <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
         <l>Many do keepe their Chambers, are not sicke:</l>
         <l>And if it be so farre beyond his health,</l>
         <l>Me thinkes he should the sooner pay his debts,</l>
         <l>And make a cleere way to the Gods.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-svl">
         <speaker rend="italic">Seruil.</speaker>
         <l>Good Gods.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-tit">
         <speaker rend="italic">Titus.</speaker>
         <l>We cannot take this for answer, sir.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-flm">
         <speaker rend="italic">Flaminius</speaker>
   <stage rend="italic inline" type="buisiness"> within.</stage>
         <l>
  <hi rend="italic">Seruilius</hi> helpe, my Lord, my Lord.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Timon in a
rage.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
         <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
         <l>What, are my dores oppos'd against my passage?</l>
         <l>Haue I bin euer free, and must my house</l>
         <l>Be my retentiue Enemy? My Gaole?</l>
         <l>The place which I haue Feasted, does it now</l>
         <l>(Like all Mankinde) shew me an Iron heart?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-luc">
         <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
         <l>Put in now <hi rend="italic">Titus</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-tit">
         <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
         <l>My Lord, heere is my Bill.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-luc">
         <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
         <l>Here's mine.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-vsr.1">
         <speaker rend="italic">1. Var.</speaker>
         <l>And mine, my Lord.</l>
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</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-vsr.2">
   <speaker rend="italic">2. Var.</speaker>
   <l>And ours, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-phi">
   <speaker rend="italic">Philo.</speaker>
   <l>All our Billes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <p>Knocke me downe with 'em, cleaue mee to the
      <lb/>Girdle.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lcl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
   <l>Alas, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>Cut my heart in summes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tit">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>
   <l>Mine, fifty Talents.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>Tell out my blood.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lcl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
   <l>Fiue thousand Crownes, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>Fiue thousand drops payes that.</l>
   <l>What yours? and yours?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-vsr.1">
   <speaker rend="italic">1. Var.</speaker>
   <l>My Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-vsr.2">
   <speaker rend="italic">2. Var.</speaker>
   <l>My Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall vpon you.</l>
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        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Timon.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tim-hor">
            <speaker rend="italic">Hort.</speaker>
            <p>Faith I perceiue our Masters may throwe their
                <lb/>caps at their money, these debts may well be call'd despe-
                <lb/>rate ones, for a madman owes 'em.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Timon.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
            <speaker rend="italic">Timon.</speaker>
            <p>They haue e'ene put my breath from mee the
                <lb/>slaues. Creditors? Diuels.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-flv">
            <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
            <l>My deere Lord.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
            <l>What if it should be so?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-flv">
            <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
            <l>My Lord.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
            <l>Ile haue it so. My Steward?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-flv">
            <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
            <l>Heere my Lord.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
            <l>So fitly? Go, bid all my Friends againe,</l>
            <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Lucius, Lucullus</hi>, and <hi
rend="italic">Sempronius Vllorxa</hi>: All,</l>
            <l>Ile once more feast the Rascals.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-flv">
            <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
            <p>O my Lord, you onely speake from your distra-
                <lb/>cted soule; there's not so much left to furnish out a mo-
                <lb/>derate Table.</p>
        </sp>
        <fw type="catchword" rend="italc"
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place="footRight">Timon.</fw>
                    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0706-0.jpg" n="88"/>
                    <fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
                    <cb n="1"/>
                    <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
                        <l>Be it not in thy care:</l>
                        <l>Go I charge thee, inuite them all, let in the tide</l>
                        <l>Of Knaues once more: my Cooke and Ile prouide.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
                </div>
                <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
                    <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 5]</head>
                    <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter three Senators at one
doore, Alcibiades meeting them,
                    <lb/>with Attendants.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-tim-sen.1">
                        <speaker rend="italic">1. Sen.</speaker>
                        <l>My Lord, you haue my voyce, too't,</l>
                        <l>The faults Bloody:</l>
                        <l>'Tis necessary he should dye:</l>
                        <l>Nothing imboldens sinne so much, as Mercy.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
                        <speaker>2</speaker>
                        <l>Most true; the Law shall bruise 'em.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tim-alc">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
                        <l>Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
                        <speaker>1</speaker>
                        <l>Now Captaine.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tim-alc">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
                        <l>I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;</l>
                        <l>For pitty is the vertue of the Law,</l>
                        <l>And none but Tyrants vse it cruelly.</l>
                        <l>It pleases time and Fortune to lye heauie</l>
                        <l>Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood</l>
                        <l>Hath stept into the Law: which is past depth</l>
                        <l>To those that (without heede) do plundge intoo't.</l>
                        <l>He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,</l>
                        <l>Nor did he soyle the fact with Cowardice.</l>
                        <l>(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)</l>
                        <l>But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirit,</l>
                        <l>Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,</l>

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    <l>He did oppose his Foe:</l>
    <l>And with such sober and vnnoted passion</l>
    <l>He did behooue his anger ere 'twas spent,</l>
    <l>As if he had but prou'd an Argument.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-sen.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1 Sen.</speaker>
    <l>You vndergo too strict a Paradox,</l>
    <l>Striuing to make an vgly deed looke faire:</l>
    <l>Your words haue tooke such paines, as if they labour'd</l>
    <l>To bring Man-slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling</l>
    <l>Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede</l>
    <l>Is Valour mis-begot, and came into the world,</l>
    <l>When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.</l>
    <l>Hee's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer</l>
    <l>The worst that man can breath,</l>
    <l>And make his Wrongs, his Out-sides,</l>
    <l>To weare them like his Rayment, carelessely,</l>
    <l>And ne're preferre his iniuries to his heart,</l>
    <l>To bring it into danger.</l>
    <l>If Wrongs be euilles, and inforce vs kill,</l>
    <l>What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Alci.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-sen.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Sen.</speaker>
    <l>You cannot make grosse sinnes looke cleare,</l>
    <l>To reuenge is no Valour, but to beare.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Alci.</speaker>
    <l>My Lords, then vnder fauour, pardon me,</l>
    <l>If I speake like a Captaine.</l>
    <l>Why do fond men expose themselues to Battell,</l>
    <l>And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,</l>
    <l>And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats</l>
    <l>Without repugnancy? If there be</l>
    <l>Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee</l>
    <l>Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant</l>
    <l>That stay at home, if Bearing carry it:</l>
    <l>And the Asse, more Captaine then the Lyon?</l>
    <l>The fellow loaden with Irons, wiser then the Iudge?</l>
    <l>If Wisedome be in suffering. Oh my Lords,</l>
    <l>As you are great, be pittifully Good,</l>
    <l>Who cannot condemne rashnesse in cold blood<c
rend="italic">?</c>
    </l>
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<l>To kill, I grant, is sinnes extreamest Gust,</l>
    <l>But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most iust.</l>
    <l>To be in Anger, is impietie:</l>
    <l>But who is Man, that is not Angrie.</l>
    <l>Weigh but the Crime with this.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-tim-sen.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Sen.</speaker>
    <l>You breath in vaine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Alci.</speaker>
    <l>In vaine?</l>
    <l>His seruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,</l>
    <l>Were a sufficient briber for his life.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
    <speaker>1</speaker>
    <l>What's that?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
    <l>Why say my Lords ha's done faire seruice,</l>
    <l>And slaine in fight many of your enemies:</l>
    <l>How full of valour did he beare himselfe</l>
    <l>In the last Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
    <speaker>2</speaker>
    <l>He has made too much plenty with him:</l>
    <l>He's a sworne Riotor, he has a sinne</l>
    <l>That often drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner.</l>
    <l>If there were no Foes, that were enough</l>
    <l>To ouercome him. In that Beastly furie,</l>
    <l>He has bin knowne to commit outrages,</l>
    <l>And cherrish Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to vs,</l>
    <l>His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
    <speaker>1</speaker>
    <l>He dyes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Alci.</speaker>
    <l>Hard fate: he might haue dyed in warre.</l>
    <l>My Lords, if not for any parts in him,</l>
    <l>Though his right arme might purchase his owne time,</l>
    <l>And be in debt to none: yet more to moue you,</l>
    <l>Take my deserts to his, and ioyne 'em both.</l>

<l>And for I know, your reuerend Ages loue Security,</l>
    <l>Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you</l>
    <l>Vpon his good returnes.</l>
    <l>If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,</l>
    <l>Why let the Warre receiue't in valiant gore,</l>
    <l>For Law is strict, and Warre is nothing more.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
    <speaker>1</speaker>
    <l>We are for Law, he dyes, vrge it no more</l>
    <l>On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,</l>
    <l>He forfeits his owne blood, that spilles another.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-alc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
    <l>Must it be so? It must not bee:</l>
    <l>My Lords, I do beseech you know mee.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
    <speaker>2</speaker>
    <l>How?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-alc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
    <l>Call me to your remembrances.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
    <speaker>3</speaker>
    <l>What.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-alc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
    <l>I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,</l>
    <l>It could not else be, I should proue so bace,</l>
    <l>To sue and be deny'de such common Grace.</l>
    <l>My wounds ake at you.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
    <speaker>1</speaker>
    <l>Do you dare our anger?</l>
    <l>'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:</l>
    <l>We banish thee for euer.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-alc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
    <l>Banish me?</l>
    <l>Banish your dotage, banish vsurie,</l>
    <l>That makes the Senate vgly.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">

<speaker>1</speaker>
          <l>If after two dayes shine, Athens containe thee,</l>
          <l>Attend our waightier Iudgement.</l>
          <l>And not to swell our Spirit,</l>
          <l>He shall be executed presently.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-tim-alc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
          <l>Now the Gods keepe you old enough,</l>
          <l>That you may liue</l>
          <l>Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.</l>
          <l>I'm worse then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes</l>
          <l>While they haue told their Money, and let out</l>
          <l>Their Coine vpon large interest. I my selfe,</l>
          <l>Rich onely in large hurts. All those, for this?</l>
          <l>Is this the Balsome, that the vsuring Senat</l>
          <l>Powres into Captaines wounds<c rend="italic">?</c>
Banishment.</l>

          <l>It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,</l>
          <l>It is a cause worthy my Spleene and Furie,</l>
          <l>That I may strike at Athens. Ile cheere vp</l>
          <l>My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;</l>
          <l>'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at ods,</l>
          <l>Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
        <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Enter</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0707-0.jpg" n="89"/>
        <fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 6]</head>
        <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter diuers Friends at seuerall
doores.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
          <speaker>1</speaker>
          <p>The good time of day to you, sir.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
          <speaker>2</speaker>
          <p>I also wish it to you: I thinke this Honorable Lord
            <lb/>did but try vs this other day.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
          <speaker>1</speaker>
          <p>Vpon that were my thoughts tyring when wee en-
            <lb/>countred. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it
            <lb/>seeme in the triall of his seuerall Friends.</p>

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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
      <speaker>2</speaker>
      <p>It should not be, by the perswasion of his new Fea-
        <lb/>sting.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
      <speaker>1</speaker>
      <p>I should thinke so. He hath sent mee an earnest in-
        <lb/>uiting, which many my neere occasions did vrge mee to
        <lb/>put off: but he hath coniur'd mee beyond them, and I
        <lb/>must needs appeare.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
      <speaker>2</speaker>
      <p>In like manner was I in debt to my importunat bu-
        <lb/>sinesse, but he would not heare my excuse. I am sorrie,
        <lb/>when he sent to borrow of mee, that my Prouision was
        <lb/>out.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
      <speaker>1</speaker>
      <p>I am sicke of that greefe too, as I vnderstand how all
        <lb/>things go.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
      <speaker>2</speaker>
      <p>Euery man heares so: what would hee haue borro-
        <lb/>wed of you?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
      <speaker>1</speaker>
      <p>A thousand Peeces.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
      <speaker>2</speaker>
      <p>A thousand Peeces?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
      <speaker>1</speaker>
      <p>What of you?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
      <speaker>2</speaker>
      <p>He sent to me sir   Heere he comes.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Timon and
Attendants.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
      <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
```

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          <p>With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how
              <lb/>fare you?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
          <speaker>1</speaker>
          <p>Euer at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
          <speaker>2</speaker>
          <p>The Swallow followes not Summer more willing,
              <lb/>then we your Lordship.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
          <p>Nor more willingly leaues Winter, such Sum-
              <lb/>mer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not re-
              <lb/>compence this long stay: Feast your eares with the Mu-
              <lb/>sicke awhile: If they will fare so harshly o'th'Trumpets
              <lb/>sound: we shall too't presently.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
          <speaker>1</speaker>
          <p>I hope it remaines not vnkindely with your Lord-
              <lb/>ship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
          <l>O sir, let it not trouble you.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
          <speaker>2</speaker>
          <l>My Noble Lord.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
          <l>Ah my good Friend, what cheere?</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">The Banket
brought in.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
          <speaker>2</speaker>
          <p>My most Honorable Lord, I am e'ne sick of shame,
              <lb/>that when your Lordship this other day sent to me, I was
              <lb/>so vnfortunate a Beggar.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
          <l>Thinke not on't, sir.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
```

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    <speaker>2</speaker>
    <l>If you had sent but two houres before.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Let it not cumber your better remembrance.</l>
    <l>Come bring in all together.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
    <speaker>2</speaker>
    <l>All couer'd Dishes.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
    <speaker>1</speaker>
    <l>Royall Cheare, I warrant you.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
    <speaker>3</speaker>
    <l>Doubt not that, if money and the season can yeild it</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
    <speaker>1</speaker>
    <l>How do you? What's the newes?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
    <speaker>3</speaker>
    <l>
<hi rend="italic">Alcibiades</hi> is banish'd: heare you of it?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-bot">
    <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
    <l>
<hi rend="italic">Alcibiades</hi> banish'd?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
    <speaker>3</speaker>
    <l>'Tis so, be sure of it.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
    <speaker>1</speaker>
    <l>How? How?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
    <speaker>2</speaker>
    <l>I pray you vpon what?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?</l>
  </sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
  <speaker>3</speaker>
  <l>Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>This is the old man still.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
  <speaker>3</speaker>
  <l>Wilt hold<c rend="italic">?</c> Wilt hold<c rend="italic">?</c>
  </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>It do's: but time will, and so.</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
  <speaker>3</speaker>
  <l>I do conceyue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <p>Each man to his stoole, with that spurre as hee
    <lb/>would to the lip of his Mistris: your dyet shall bee in all
    <lb/>places alike. Make not a Citie Feast of it, to let the meat
    <lb/>coole, ere we can agree vpon the first place. Sit, sit.</p>
  <p>The Gods require our Thankes.</p>
  <p rend="italic">You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thanke-
    <lb/>fulnesse. For your owne guifts, make your selues prais'd: But
    <lb/>reserue still to giue, least your Deities be despised. Lend to each
    <lb/>man enough, that one neede not lend to another. For were your
    <lb/>Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make
    <lb/>the Meate be beloued, more then the Man that giues it. Let
    <lb/>no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines. If there
    <lb/>sit twelue Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they
    <lb/>are. The rest of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens,
    <lb/>together with the common legge of People, what is amisse in
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                        <lb/>them, you Gods, make suteable for destruction. For these my
                        <lb/>present Friends, as they are to mee nothing, so in nothing blesse
                        <lb/>them, and to nothing are they welcome.</p>
                    <p>Vncouer Dogges, and lap.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tim-sms">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Some speake.</speaker>
                    <l>What do's his Lordship meane?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tim-smo">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Some other.</speaker>
                    <l>I know not.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Timon.</speaker>
                    <l>May you a better Feast neuer behold</l>
                    <l>You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, &amp; lukewarm water</l>
                    <l>Is your perfection. This is <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi> last,</l>
                    <l>Who stucke and spangled you with Flatteries,</l>
                    <l>Washes it off and sprinkles in your faces</l>
                    <l>Your reeking villany. Liue loath'd, and long</l>
                    <l>Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,</l>
                    <l>Curteous Destroyers, affable Wolues, meeke Beares:</l>
                    <l>You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,</l>
                    <l>Cap and knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute Iackes.</l>
                    <l>Of Man and Beast, the infinite Maladie</l>
                    <l>Crust you quite o're. What do'st thou go?</l>
                    <l>Soft, take thy Physicke first; thou too, and thou:</l>
                    <l>Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.</l>
                    <l>What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast,</l>
                    <l>Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Guest.</l>
                    <l>Burne house, sinke Athens, henceforth hated be</l>
                    <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi> Man, and all Humanity.</l>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Senators, with other Lords.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
                    <speaker>1</speaker>
                    <l>How now, my Lords?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
                    <speaker>2</speaker>
                    <l>Know you the quality of Lord <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi> fury<c rend="italic">?</c>
                    </l>
```

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      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
        <speaker>3</speaker>
        <l>Push, did you see my Cap?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.4">
        <speaker>4</speaker>
        <l>I haue lost my Gowne.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
        <speaker>1</speaker>
        <p>He's but a mad Lord, &amp; nought but humors swaies
          <lb/>him. He gaue me a Iewell th'other day, and now hee has
          <lb/>beate it out of my hat.</p>
        <l>Did you see my Iewell?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
        <speaker>2</speaker>
        <l>Did you see my Cap.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
        <speaker>3</speaker>
        <l>Heere 'tis.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.4">
        <speaker>4</speaker>
        <l>Heere lyes my Gowne.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
        <speaker>1</speaker>
        <l>Let's make no stay.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
        <speaker>2</speaker>
        <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi> mad.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
        <speaker>3</speaker>
        <l>I feel't vpon my bones.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.4">
        <speaker>4</speaker>
        <l>One day he giues vs Diamonds, next day stones.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt the
Senators.</stage>
    </div>
    </div>
    <div type="act" n="4" rend="notPresent">
      <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
```

<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Timon.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
<speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
<l>Let me looke backe vpon thee. O thou Wall</l>
<l>That girdles in those Wolues, diue in the earth,</l>
<l>And fence not Athens. Matrons, turne incontinent,</l>
<l>Obedience fayle in Children: Slaues and Fooles</l>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">hh</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Plucke</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0708-0.jpg" n="90"/>
<fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench,</l>
<l>And minister in their steeds, to generall Filthes.</l>
<l>Conuert o'th'Instant greene Virginity,</l>
<l>Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast</l>
<l>Rather then render backe; out with your Kniues,</l>
<l>And cut your Trusters throates. Bound Seruants, steale,</l>
<l>Large-handed Robbers your graue Masters are,</l>
<l>And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Masters bed,</l>
<l>Thy Mistris is o'th'Brothell. Some of sixteen,</l>
<l>Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,</l>
<l>With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,</l>
<l>Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iustice, Truth,</l>
<l>Domesticke awe, Night-rest, and Neighbour-hood,</l>
<l>Instruction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,</l>
<l>Degrees, Obseruances, Customes, and Lawes,</l>
<l>Decline to your confounding contraries.</l>
<l>And yet Confusion liue: Plagues incident to men,</l>
<l>Your potent and infectious Feauors, heape</l>
<l>On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica,</l>
<l>Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt</l>
<l>As lamely as their Manners. Lust, and Libertie</l>
<l>Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,</l>
<l>That 'gainst the streame of Vertue they may striue,</l>
<l>And drowne themselues in Riot. Itches, Blaines,</l>
<l>Sowe all th'Athenian bosomes, and their crop</l>
<l>Be generall Leprosie: Breath, infect breath,</l>
<l>That their Society (as their Friendship) may</l>
<l>Be meerely poyson. Nothing Ile beare from thee</l>
<l>But nakednesse, thou detestable Towne,</l>
<l>Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:</l>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Timon</hi> will to the Woods, where he shall finde</l>
<l>Th'vnkindest Beast, more kinder then Mankinde.</l>
<l>The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)</l>
<l>Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:</l>
<l>And graunt as <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi> growes, his hate

may grow</l>
                         <l>To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.</l>
                         <l>Amen.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
                 </div>
                 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
                    <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Steward with
two or three Seruants.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
                       <speaker>1</speaker>
                       <l>Heare you <choice>
                    <abbr>M.</abbr>
                    <expan>Master</expan>
                  </choice> Steward, where's our Master?</l>
                       <l>Are we vndone, cast off, nothing remaining?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tim-flv">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
                       <l>Alack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?</l>
                       <l>Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,</l>
                       <l>I am as poore as you.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
                       <speaker>1</speaker>
                       <l>Such a House broke?</l>
                       <l>So Noble a Master falne, all gone, and not</l>
                       <l>One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,</l>
                       <l>And go along with him.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
                       <speaker>2</speaker>
                       <l>As we do turne our backes</l>
                       <l>From our Companion, throwne into his graue,</l>
                       <l>So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes</l>
                       <l>Slinke all away, leaue their false vowes with him</l>
                       <l>Like empty purses pickt; and his poore selfe</l>
                       <l>A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,</l>
                       <l>With his disease, of all shunn'd pouerty,</l>
                       <l>Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter other
Seruants.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-tim-flv">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
                       <l>All broken Implements of a ruin'd house.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
                       <speaker>3</speaker>

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<l>Yet do our hearts weare <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi> Liuery,</l>
<l>That see I by our Faces: we are Fellowes still,</l>
<l>Seruing alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our Barke,</l>
<l>And we poore Mates, stand on the dying Decke,</l>
<l>Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part</l>
<l>Into this Sea of Ayre.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
<speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
<l>Good Fellowes all,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>The latest of my wealth Ile share among'st you.</l>
<l>Where euer we shall meete, for <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi> sake,</l>
<l>Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's shake our heads, and say</l>
<l>As 'twere a Knell vnto our Masters Fortunes,</l>
<l>We haue seene better dayes. Let each take some:</l>
<l>Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,</l>
<l>Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poore.</l>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Embrace and part seuerall wayes.</stage>
<l>Oh the fierce wretchednesse that Glory brings vs!</l>
<l>Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,</l>
<note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
<l>Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?</l>
<l>Who would be so mock'd with Glory, or to liue</l>
<l>But in a Dreame of Friendship,</l>
<l>To haue his pompe, and all what state compounds,</l>
<l>But onely painted like his varnisht Friends:</l>
<l>Poore honest Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,</l>
<l>Vndone by Goodnesse: strange vnvsuall blood,</l>
<l>When mans worst sinne is, He do's too much Good.</l>
<l>Who then dares to be halfe so kinde agen?</l>
<l>For Bounty that makes Gods, do still marre Men.</l>
<l>My deerest Lord, blest to be most accurst,</l>
<l>Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes</l>
<l>Are made thy cheefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)</l>
<l>Hee's flung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate</l>
<l>Of monstrous Friends:</l>
<l>Nor ha's he with him to supply his life,</l>
<l>Or that which can command it:</l>
<l>Ile follow and enquire him out.</l>
<l>Ile euer serue his minde, with my best will,</l>
<l>Whilst I haue Gold, Ile be his Steward still.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
```

<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Timon in the woods.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
<speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
<l>O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth</l>
<l>Rotten humidity: below thy Sisters Orbe</l>
<l>Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,</l>
<l>Whose procreation, residence, and birth,</l>
<l>Scarse is diuidant; touch them with seuerall fortunes,</l>
<l>The greater scornes the lesser. Not Nature</l>
<l>(To whom all sores lay siege) can beare great Fortune</l>
<l>But by contempt of Nature.</l>
<l>Raise me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,</l>
<l>The Senators shall beare contempt Hereditary,</l>
<l>The Begger Natiue Honor.</l>
<l>It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,</l>
<l>The want that makes him leaue: who dares? who dares</l>
<l>In puritie of Manhood stand vpright</l>
<l>And say, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,</l>
<l>So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune</l>
<l>Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate</l>
<l>Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's obliquie:</l>
<l>There's nothing leuell in our cursed Natures</l>
<l>But direct villanie. Therefore be abhorr'd,</l>
<l>All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.</l>
<l>His semblable, yea himselfe <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi> disdaines,</l>
<l>Destruction phang mankinde; Earth yeeld me Rootes,</l>
<l>Who seekes for better of thee, sawce his pallate</l>
<l>With thy most operant Poyson. What is heere?</l>
<l>Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?</l>
<l>No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,</l>
<l>Roots you cleere Heauens. Thus much of this will make</l>
<l>Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;</l>
<l>Base, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.</l>
<l>Ha you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why this</l>
<l>Will lugge your Priests and Seruants from your sides:</l>
<l>Plucke stout mens pillowes from below their heads.</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">This</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0709-0.jpg" n="91"/>
<fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>This yellow Slaue,</l>
<l>Will knit and breake Religions, blesse th'accurst,</l>
<l>Make the hoare Leprosie ador'd, place Theeues,</l>
<l>And giue them Title, knee, and approbation</l>
<l>With Senators on the Bench: This is it</l>
<l>That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;</l>
<l>Shee, whom the Spittle-house, and vlcerous sores,</l>

<l>Would cast the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices</l>
<l>To'th'Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,</l>
<l>Thou common whore of Mankinde, that puttes oddes</l>
<l>Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee</l>
<l>Do thy right Nature.</l>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">March afarre off.</stage>

<l>Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,</l>
<l>But yet Ile bury thee: Thou't go (strong Theefe)</l>
<l>When Gowty keepers of thee cannot stand:</l>
<l>Nay stay thou out for earnest.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner,
<lb/>and Phrynia and Timandra.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
<speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
<l>What art thou there? Speake.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
<speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
<l>A Beast as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart</l>
<l>For shewing me againe the eyes of Man.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
<speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
<l>What is thy name? Is man so hatefull to thee,</l>
<l>That art thy selfe a Man?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
<speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
<l>I am <hi rend="italic">Misantropos</hi>, and hate Mankinde.</l>

<l>For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dogge,</l>
<l>That I might loue thee something.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
<speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
<l>I know thee well:</l>
<l>But in thy Fortunes am vnlearn'd, and strange.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
<speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
<l>I know thee too, and more then that I know thee</l>
<l>I not desire to know. Follow thy Drumme,</l>
<l>With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:</l>
<l>Religious Cannons, ciuill Lawes are cruell,</l>
<l>Then what should warre be? This fell whore of thine,</l>
<l>Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword,</l>
<l>For all her Cherubin looke.</l>

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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-phr">
            <speaker rend="italic">Phrin.</speaker>
            <l>Thy lips rot off.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
            <l>I will not kisse thee, then the rot returnes</l>
            <l>To thine owne lippes againe.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-alc">
            <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
            <l>How came the Noble <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi> to this
change?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
            <l>As the Moone do's, by wanting light to giue:</l>
            <l>But then renew I could not like the Moone,</l>
            <l>There were no Sunnes to borrow of.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-alc">
            <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
            <l>Noble <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>, what friendship may I
do thee?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
            <l>None, but to maintaine my opinion.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-alc">
            <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
            <l>What is it <hi rend="italic">Timon?</hi>
        </l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
            <l>Promise me Friendship, but performe none.</l>
            <p>If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou
                <lb/>art a man: if thou do'st performe, confound thee, for
                <lb/>thou art a man.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-alc">
            <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
            <l>I haue heard in some sort of thy Miseries.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
            <l>Thou saw'st them when I had prosperitie.</l>
        </sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
   <l>I see them now, then was a blessed time.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tmd">
   <speaker rend="italic">Timan.</speaker>
   <l>Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the world</l>
   <l>Voic'd so regardfully?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>Art thou <hi rend="italic">Timandra</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tmd">
   <speaker rend="italic">Timan.</speaker>
   <l>Yes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <p>Be a whore still, they loue thee not that vse thee,
      <lb/>giue them diseases, leauing with thee their Lust. Make
      <lb/>vse of thy salt houres, season the slaues for Tubbes and
      <lb/>Bathes, bring downe Rose-cheekt youth to the Fubfast,
      <lb/>and the Diet.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tmd">
   <speaker rend="italic">Timan.</speaker>
   <l>Hang thee Monster.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
   <l>Pardon him sweet <hi rend="italic">Timandra</hi>, for his
wits</l>
   <l>Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.</l>
   <cb n="2"/>
   <l>I haue but little Gold of late, braue <hi
rend="italic">Timon</hi>,</l>
   <l>The want whereof, doth dayly make reuolt</l>
   <l>In my penurious Band. I haue heard and greeu'd</l>
   <l>How cursed Athens, mindelesse of thy worth,</l>
   <l>Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour states</l>
   <l>But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpon them.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>I prythee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-alc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
          <l>I am thy Friend, and p<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="uninkedType"
 resp="#ES"/>tty thee deere <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
          <l>How doest thou pitty him whom y<c
rend="superscript">u</c> dost troble,</l>
          <l>I had rather be alone.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-alc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
          <l>Why fare thee well:</l>
          <l>Heere is some Gold for thee.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
          <l>Keepe it, I cannot eate it.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-alc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
          <l>When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape:</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
          <l>Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-alc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
          <l>I <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>, and haue cause.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
          <l>The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,</l>
          <l>And thee after, when thou hast Conquer'd.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-alc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
          <l>Why me, <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
          <l>That by killing of Villaines</l>
          <l>Thou was't borne to conquer my Country.</l>
          <l>Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on;</l>
```

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<l>Be as a Plannetary plague, when Ioue</l>
<l>Will o're some high-Vic'd City, hang his poyson</l>
<l>In the sicke ayre: let not thy sword skip one:</l>
<l>Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,</l>
<l>He is an Vsurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,</l>
<l>It is her habite onely, that is honest,</l>
<l>Her selfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheeke</l>
<l>Make soft thy trenchant Sword: for those Milke pappes</l>
<l>That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,</l>
<l>Are not within the Leafe of pitty writ,</l>
<l>But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the B<gap
extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
agent="uninkedType"
resp="#ES"/>be</l>
<l>Whose dimpled smiles from Fooles exhaust their mercy;</l>
<l>Thinke it a Bastard, whom the Oracle</l>
<l>Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,</l>
<l>And mince it sans remorse. Sweare against Obiects,</l>
<l>Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,</l>
<l>Whose proofe, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,</l>
<l>Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,</l>
<l>Shall pierce a iot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,</l>
<l>Make large confusion: and thy fury spent,</l>
<l>Confounded be thy selfe. Speake not, be gone.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
<speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
<p>Hast thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou gi-
<lb/>uest me, not all thy Counsell.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
<speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
<p>Dost thou or dost thou not, Heauens curse vpon
<lb/>thee.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-bot">
<speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
<l>Giue vs some Gold good <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>, hast
y<c rend="superscript">u</c> more?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
<speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
<l>Enough to make a Whore forsweare her Trade,</l>
<l>And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts</l>
<l>Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,</l>
<l>Although I know you'l sweare, terribly sweare</l>
<l>Into strong shudders, and to heauenly Agues</l>
<l>Th'immortall Gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:</l>
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<l>Ile trust to your Conditions, be whores still.</l>
<l>And he whose pious breath seekes to conuert you,</l>
<l>Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,</l>
<l>Let your close fire predominate his smoke,</l>
<l>And be no turne-coats: yet may your paines six months</l>
<l>Be quite contrary, And Thatch</l>
<l>Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,</l>
<l>(Some that were hang'd) no matter:</l>
<l>Weare them, betray with them; Whore still,</l>
<l>Paint till a horse may myre vpon your face:</l>
<l>A pox of wrinkles.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-bot">
<speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
<l>Well, more Gold, what then?</l>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">hh2</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Beleeue't</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0710-0.jpg" n="92"/>
<fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>Beleeue't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
<speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
<l>Consumptions sowe</l>
<l>In hollow bones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,</l>
<l>And marre mens spurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,</l>
<l>That he may neuer more false Title pleade,</l>
<l>Nor sound his Quillets shrilly: Hoare the Flamen,</l>
<l>That scold'st against the quality of flesh,</l>
<l>And not beleeues himselfe. Downe with the Nose,</l>
<l>Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away</l>
<l>Of him, that his particular to foresee</l>
<l>Smels from the generall weale. Make curld'pate Ruffians
<lb rend="turnover"/>
<pc rend="turnover">(</pc>bald</l>
<l>And let the vnscarr'd Braggerts of the Warre</l>
<l>Deriue some paine from you. Plague all,</l>
<l>That your Actiuity may defeate and quell</l>
<l>The sourse of all Erection. There's more Gold.</l>
<l>Do you damne others, and let this damne you,</l>
<l>And ditches graue you all:</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-bot">
<speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
<l>More counsell with more Money, bounteous
<lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">

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    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>More whore, more Mischeefe first, I haue gi-
        <lb/>uen you earnest.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
    <p>Strike vp the Drum towardes Athens, farewell
        <lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>: if I thriue well, Ile visit thee
againe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>If I hope well, Ile neuer see thee more.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
    <l>I neuer did thee harme.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Yes, thou spok'st well of me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
    <l>Call'st thou that harme?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,</l>
    <l>And take thy Beagles with thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
    <l>We but offend him, strike.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>That Nature being sicke of mans vnkindnesse</l>
    <l>Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou</l>
    <l>Whose wombe vnmeasureable, and infinite brest</l>
    <l>Teemes and feeds all: whose selfesame Mettle</l>
    <l>Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puft,</l>
    <l>Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,</l>
    <l>The gilded Newt, and eyelesse venom'd Worme,</l>
    <l>With all th'abhorred Births below Crispe Heauen,</l>
    <l>Whereon <hi rend="italic">Hyperions</hi> quickning fire
doth shine:</l>
    <l>Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,</l>
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<l>From foorth thy plenteous bosome, one poore roote:</l>
<l>Enseare thy Fertile and Conceptious wombe,</l>
<l>Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.</l>
<l>Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolues, and Beares,</l>
<l>Teeme with new Monsters, whom thy vpward face</l>
<l>Hath to the Marbled Mansion all aboue</l>
<l>Neuer presented. O, a Root, deare thankes:</l>
<l>Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,</l>
<l>Whereof ingratefull man with Licourish draughts</l>
<l>And Morsels Vnctious, greases his pure minde,</l>
<l>That from it all Consideration slippes </l>
<stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter Apemantus.</stage>
<l>More man? Plague, plague.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
  <l>I was directed hither. Men report,</l>
  <l>Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost vse them.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis then, because thou dost not keepe a dogge</l>
  <l>Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
  <l>This is in thee a Nature but infected,</l>
  <l>A poore vnmanly Melancholly sprung</l>
  <l>From change of future. Why this Spade<c rend="italic">?</c>
this place?</l>

  <l>This Slaue-like Habit, and these lookes of Care?</l>
  <l>Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye soft,</l>
  <l>Hugge their diseas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot</l>
  <l>That euer <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi> was. Shame not these
Woods,</l>

  <l>By putting on the cunning of a Carper.</l>
  <l>Be thou a Flatterer now, and seeke to thriue</l>
<cb n="2"/>
  <l>By that which ha's vndone thee; hindge thy knee,</l>
  <l>And let his very breath whom thou'lt obserue</l>
  <l>Blow off thy Cap: praise his most vicious straine,</l>
  <l>And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:</l>
  <l>Thou gau'st thine eares (like Tapsters, that bad welcom)</l>
  <l>To Knaues, and all approachers: 'Tis most iust</l>
  <l>That thou turne Rascall, had'st thou wealth againe,</l>
  <l>Rascals should haue't. Do not assume my likenesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>Were I like thee, I'de throw away my selfe.</l>

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      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
        <l>Thou hast cast away thy selfe, being like thy self</l>
        <l>A Madman so long, now a Foole: what think'st</l>
        <l>That the bleake ayre, thy boysterous Chamberlaine</l>
        <l>Will put thy shirt on warme? Will these moyst Trees,</l>
        <l>That haue out-liu'd the Eagle, page thy heeles</l>
        <l>And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brooke</l>
        <l>Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taste</l>
        <l>To cure thy o're-nights surfet? Call the Creatures,</l>
        <l>Whose naked Natures liue in all the spight</l>
        <l>Of wrekefull Heauen, whose bare vnhoused Trunkes</l>
        <l>To the conflicting Elements expos'd</l>
        <l>Answer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.</l>
        <l>O thou shalt finde.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
        <l>A Foole of thee: depart.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
        <l>I loue thee better now, then ere I did.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
        <l>I hate thee worse.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
        <l>Why?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
        <l>Thou flatter'st misery.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
        <l>I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiffe.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
        <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
        <l>Why do'st thou seeke me out?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
        <l>To vex thee.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
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            <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
            <l>Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fooles.</l>
            <l>Dost please thy selfe in't<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
            <l>I.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
            <l>What, a Knaue too?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
            <l>If thou did'st put this sowre cold habit on</l>
            <l>To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou</l>
            <l>Dost it enforcedly: Thou'dst Courtier be againe</l>
            <l>Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery</l>
            <l>Out-liues: incertaine pompe, is crown'd before:</l>
            <l>The one is filling still, neuer compleat:</l>
            <l>The other, at high wish: best state Contentlesse,</l>
            <l>Hath a distracted and most wretched being,</l>
            <l>Worse then the worst, Content.</l>
            <l>Thou should'st desire to dye, being miserable.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
            <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
            <l>Not by his breath, that is more miserable.</l>
            <l>Thou art a Slaue, whom Fortunes tender arme</l>
            <l>With fauour neuer claspt: but bred a Dogge.</l>
            <l>Had'st thou like vs from our first swath proceeded,</l>
            <l>The sweet degrees that this breefe world affords,</l>
            <l>To such as may the passiue drugges of it</l>
            <l>Freely command'st: thou would'st haue plung'd thy self</l>
            <l>In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth</l>
            <l>In different beds of Lust, and neuer learn'd</l>
            <l>The Icie precepts of respect, but followed</l>
            <l>The Sugred game before thee. But my selfe,</l>
            <l>Who had the world as my Confectionarie,</l>
            <l>The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,</l>
            <l>At duty more then I could frame employment;</l>
            <l>That numberlesse vpon me stucke, as leaues</l>
            <l>Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters brush</l>
            <l>Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,</l>
            <l>For euery storme that blowes. I to beare this,</l>
            <l>That neuer knew but better, is some burthen:</l>
            <l>Thy Nature, did commence in sufferance, Time</l>
            <l>Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st y<c
rend="superscript">u</c> hate Men?</l>
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<l>They neuer flatter'd thee. What hast thou giuen?</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">If</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0711-0.jpg" n="93"/>
<fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>If thou wilt curse; thy Father (that poore ragge)</l>
<l>Must be thy subiect; who in spight put stuffe</l>
<l>To some shee-Begger, and compounded thee</l>
<l>Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,</l>
<l>If thou hadst not bene borne the worst of men,</l>
<l>Thou hadst bene a Knaue and Flatterer.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
  <l>Art thou proud yet<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>I, that I am not thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
  <l>I, that I was no Prodigall.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>I, that I am one now.</l>
  <l>Were all the wealth I haue shut vp in thee,</l>
  <l>I'ld giue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone:</l>
  <l>That the whole life of Athens were in this,</l>
  <l>Thus would I eate it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
  <l>Heere, I will mend thy Feast.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
  <l>So I shall mend mine owne, by'th'lacke of thine</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht;</l>
  <l>If not, I would it were.</l>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
  <l>What would'st thou haue to Athens?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>Thee thither in a whirlewind: if thou wilt,</l>
  <l>Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, so I haue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
  <l>Heere is no vse for Gold.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>The best, and truest:</l>
  <l>For heere it sleepes, and do's no hyred harme.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
  <l>Where lyest a nights <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>Vnder that's aboue me.</l>
  <l>Where feed'st thou a-dayes <hi
rend="italic">Apemantus</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
  <p>Where my stomacke findes meate, or rather
    <lb/>where I eate it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>Would poyson were obedient, &amp; knew my mind</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
  <l>Where would'st thou send it?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>To sawce thy dishes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
  <p>The middle of Humanity thou neuer knewest,
    <lb/>but the extremitie of both ends. When thou wast in thy
    <lb/>Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much
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          <lb/>Curiositie: in thy Ragges thou know'st none, but art de-
          <lb/>spis'd for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eate
it.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
          <l>On what I hate, I feed not.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
          <l>Do'st hate a Medler?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
          <l>I, though it looke like thee.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
          <p>And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, y<c
rend="superscript">u</c> should'st
              <lb/>haue loued thy selfe better now. What man didd'st thou
              <lb/>euer know vnthrift, that was beloued after his
meanes?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
          <p>Who without those meanes thou talk'st of, didst
            <lb/>thou euer know belou'd?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
          <l>My selfe.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
          <p>I vnderstand thee: thou had'st some meanes to
            <lb/>keepe a Dogge.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
          <speaker rend="italic">Apem.</speaker>
          <p>What things in the world canst thou neerest
            <lb/>compare to thy Flatterers?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
          <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
          <p>Women neerest, but men: men are the things
            <lb/>themselues. What would'st thou do with the world <hi
rend="italic">A-
            <lb/>pemantus</hi>, if it lay in thy power?</p>
        </sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
   <p>Giue it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <p>Would'st thou haue thy selfe fall in the confu-
      <lb/>sion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
   <p>I <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <p>A beastly Ambition, which the Goddes graunt
      <lb/>thee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would
      <lb/>beguile thee: if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would
      <lb/>eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect
      <lb/>thee, when peraduenture thou wert accus'd by the Asse:
      <lb/>If thou wert the Asse, thy dulnesse would torment thee;
      <lb/>and still thou liu'dst but as a Breakefast to the Wolfe. If
      <lb/>thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflict thee,
      <cb n="2"/>
      <lb/>&amp; oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner.
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Wert

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      <lb/>thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound
      <lb/>thee, and make thine owne selfe the conquest of thy fury.
      <lb/>Wert thou a Beare, thou would'st be kill'd by the Horse:
      <lb/>wert thou a Horse, thou would'st be seaz'd by the Leo-
      <lb/>pard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the
      <lb/>Lion, and the spottes of thy Kindred, were Iurors on thy
      <lb/>life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence ab-
      <lb/>sence. What Beast could'st thou bee, that were not sub-
      <lb/>iect to a Beast: and what a Beast art thou already, that
      <lb/>seest not thy losse in transformation.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
   <l>If thou could'st please me</l>
   <l>With speaking to me, thou might'st</l>
   <l>Haue hit vpon it heere.</l>
   <l>The Commonwealth of Athens, is become</l>
   <l>A Forrest of Beasts.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <p>How ha's the Asse broke the wall, that thou art
      <lb/>out of the Citie.</p>
</sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
   <l>Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:</l>
   <l>The plague of Company light vpon thee:</l>
   <l>I will feare to catch it, and giue way.</l>
   <l>When I know not what else to do,</l>
   <l>Ile see thee againe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>When there is nothing liuing but thee,</l>
   <l>Thou shalt be welcome.</l>
   <l>I had rather be a Beggers Dogge,</l>
   <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Apemantus</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
   <l>Thou art the Cap</l>
   <l>Of all the Fooles aliue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>Would thou wert cleane enough</l>
   <l>To spit vpon.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
   <l>A plague on thee,</l>
   <l>Thou art too bad to curse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>All Villaines</l>
   <l>That do stand by thee, are pure.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
   <l>There is no Leprosie,</l>
   <l>But what thou speak'st.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>If I name thee, Ile beate thee;</l>
   <l>But I should infect my hands.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
   <l>I would my tongue</l>
   <l>Could rot them off.</l>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>Away thou issue of a mangie dogge,</l>
   <l>Choller does kill me,</l>
   <l>That thou art aliue, I swoond to see thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
   <l>Would thou would'st burst.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <p>Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall
      <lb/>lose a stone by thee.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
   <l>Beast.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>Slaue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-ape">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
   <l>Toad.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.</l>
   <l>I am sicke of this false world, and will loue nought</l>
   <l>But euen the meere necessities vpon't:</l>
   <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi> presently prepare thy
graue:</l>
   <l>Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate</l>
   <l>Thy graue stone dayly, make thine Epitaph,</l>
   <l>That death in me, at others liues may laugh.</l>
   <l>O thou sweete King-killer, and deare diuorce</l>
   <l>Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler</l>
   <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Himens</hi> purest bed, thou valiant
Mars,</l>
   <l>Thou euer, yong, fresh, loued, and delicate wooer,</l>
   <l>Whose blush doth thawe the consecrated Snow</l>
   <l>That lyes on Dians lap.</l>
   <l>Thou visible God,</l>
   <l>That souldrest close Impossibilities,</l>
   <l>And mak'st them kisse; that speak'st with euerie Tongue</l>
   <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">hh3</fw>
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">To</fw>
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0712-0.jpg" n="94"/>
```

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    <fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>To euerie purpose: O thou touch of hearts,</l>
    <l>Thinke thy slaue-man rebels, and by thy virtue</l>
    <l>Set them into confounding oddes, that Beasts</l>
    <l>May haue the world in Empire.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>Would 'twere so,</l>
    <l>But not till I am dead. Ile say th'hast Gold:</l>
    <l>Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Throng'd too?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>I.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Thy backe I prythee.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>Liue, and loue thy misery.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Long liue so, and so dye. I am quit.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-ape">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ape.</speaker>
    <l>Mo things like men,</l>
    <l>Eate <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>, and abhorre then.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Apeman.</stage>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the
Bandetti.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
    <speaker>1</speaker>
    <p>Where should he haue this Gold? It is some poore
      <lb/>Fragment, some slender Ort of his remainder: the meere
      <lb/>want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, droue
      <lb/>him into this Melancholly.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
```

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    <speaker>2</speaker>
    <l>It is nois'd</l>
    <l>He hath a masse of Treasure.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
    <speaker>3</speaker>
    <p>Let vs make the assay vpon him, if he care not for't,
        <lb/>he will supply vs easily: if he couetously reserue it, how
        <lb/>shall's get it?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
    <speaker>2</speaker>
    <l>True: for he beares it not about him:</l>
    <l>'Tis hid.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
    <speaker>1</speaker>
    <l>Is not this hee?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-all">
    <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
    <l>Where?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
    <speaker>2</speaker>
    <l>'Tis his description.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
    <speaker>3</speaker>
    <l>He? I know him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-all">
    <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
    <l>Saue thee <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Now Theeues.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-all">
    <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
    <l>Soldiers, not Theeues.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Both too, and womens Sonnes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-all">
    <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
    <l>We are not Theeues, but men</l>
```

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    <l>That much do want.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Your greatest want is, you want much of meat:</l>
    <l>Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes:</l>
    <l>Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs:</l>
    <l>The Oakes beare Mast, the Briars Scarlet Heps,</l>
    <l>The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each bush,</l>
    <l>Layes her full Messe before you. Want? why Want?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
    <speaker>1</speaker>
    <l>We cannot liue on Grasse, on Berries, Water,</l>
    <l>As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ti.</speaker>
    <l>Nor on the Beasts themselues, the Birds &amp; Fishes,</l>
    <l>You must eate men. Yet thankes I must you con,</l>
    <l>That you are Theeues profest: that you worke not</l>
    <l>In holier shapes: For there is boundlesse Theft</l>
    <l>In limited Professions. Rascall Theeues</l>
    <l>Heere's Gold. Go, sucke the subtle blood o'th'Grape,</l>
    <l>Till the high Feauor seeth your blood to froth,</l>
    <l>And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physitian,</l>
    <l>His Ant<gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
agent="uninkedType"
resp="#ES"/>dotes are poyson, and he slayes</l>
    <l>Moe then you Rob: Take wealth, and liues together,</l>
    <l>Do Villaine do, since you protest to doo't.</l>
    <l>Like Workemen, Ile example you with Theeuery:</l>
    <l>The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction</l>
    <l>Robbes the vaste Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,</l>
    <l>And her pale fire, she snatches from the Sunne.</l>
    <l>The Seas a Theefe, whose liquid Surge, resolues</l>
    <l>The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,</l>
    <l>That feeds and breeds by a composture stolne</l>
    <l>From gen'rall excrement: each thing's a Theefe.</l>
    <l>The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>Ha's vncheck'd Theft. Loue not your selues, away,</l>
    <l>Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,</l>
    <l>All that you meete are Theeues: to Athens go,</l>
    <l>Breake open shoppes, nothing can you steale</l>
    <l>But Theeues do loose it: steale lesse, for this I giue you,</l>
    <l>And Gold confound you howsoere: Amen.</l>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
  <speaker>3</speaker>
  <p>Has almost charm'd me from my Profession, by per-
    <lb/>swading me to it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <p>'Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus aduises
    <lb/>vs not to haue vs thriue in our mystery.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>Ile beleeue him as an Enemy,</l>
  <l>And giue ouer my Trade.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <p>Let vs first see peace in Athens, there is no time so
    <lb/>miserable, but a man may be true.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Theeues.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Steward to
Timon.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
  <l>Oh you Gods!</l>
  <l>Is yon'd despise'd and ruinous man my Lord?</l>
  <l>Full of decay and fayling? Oh Monument</l>
  <l>And wonder of good deeds, euilly bestow'd!</l>
  <l>What an alteration of Honor has desp'rate want made?</l>
  <l>What vilder thing vpon the earth, then Friends,</l>
  <l>Who can bring Noblest mindes, to basest ends.</l>
  <l>How rarely does it meete with this times guise,</l>
  <l>When man was wisht to loue his Enemies:</l>
  <l>Grant I may euer loue, and rather woo</l>
  <l>Those that would mischeefe me, then those that doo.</l>
  <p>Has caught me in his eye, I will present my honest griefe
    <lb/>vnto him; and as my Lord, still serue him with my
life.</p>
  <l>My deerest Master.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>Away: what art thou?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
  <l>Haue you forgot me, Sir?</l>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>Why dost aske that? I haue forgot all men.</l>
  <l>Then, if thou grunt'st, th'art a man.</l>
  <l>I haue forgot thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
  <l>An honest poore seruant of yours.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>Then I know thee not:</l>
  <l>I neuer had honest man about me, I all</l>
  <l>I kept were Knaues, to serue in meate to Villaines.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
  <l>The Gods are witnesse,</l>
  <l>Neu'r did poore Steward weare a truer greefe</l>
  <l>For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>What, dost thou weepe?</l>
  <l>Come neerer, then I loue thee</l>
  <l>Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st</l>
  <l>Flinty mankinde: whose eyes do neuer giue,</l>
  <l>But thorow Lust and Laughter: pittie's sleeping:</l>
  <l>Strange times y<c rend="superscript">t</c> weepe with laughing, not with weeping.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
  <l>I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,</l>
  <l>T'accept my greefe, and whil'st this poore wealth lasts,</l>
  <l>To entertaine me as your Steward still.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
  <l>Had I a Steward</l>
  <l>So true, so iust, and now so comfortable?</l>
  <l>It almost turnes my dangerous Nature wilde.</l>
  <l>Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man</l>
  <l>Was borne of woman.</l>
  <l>Forgiue my generall, and exceptlesse rashnesse</l>
  <l>You perpetuall sober Gods. I do proclaime</l>
  <l>One honest man: Mistake me not, but one:</l>
  <l>No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.</l>
  <l>How faine would I haue hated all mankinde,</l>
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<l>And thou redeem'st thy selfe. But all saue thee,</l>
<l>I fell with Curses.</l>
<l>Me thinkes thou art more honest now, then wise:</l>
<l>For, by oppressing and betraying mee,</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Thou</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0713-0.jpg" n="95"/>
<fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>Thou might'st haue sooner got another Seruice:</l>
<l>For many so arriue at second Masters,</l>
<l>Vpon their first Lords necke. But tell me true,</l>
<l>(For I must euer doubt, though ne're so sure)</l>
<l>Is not thy kindnesse subtle, couetous,</l>
<l>If not a Vsuring kindnesse, and as rich men deale Guifts,</l>
<l>Expecting in returne twenty for one?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
<speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
<l>No my most worthy Master, in whose brest</l>
<l>Doubt, and suspect (alas) are plac'd too late:</l>
<l>You should haue fear'd false times, when you did Feast.</l>
<l>Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.</l>
<l>That which I shew, Heauen knowes, is meerely Loue,</l>
<l>Dutie, and Zeale, to your vnmatched minde;</l>
<l>Care of your Food and Liuing, and beleeue it,</l>
<l>My most Honour'd Lord,</l>
<l>For any benefit that points to mee,</l>
<l>Either in hope, or present, I'de exchange</l>
<l>For this one wish, that you had power and wealth</l>
<l>To requite me, by making rich your selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
<speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
<l>Looke thee, 'tis so: thou singly honest man,</l>
<l>Heere take: the Gods out of my miserie</l>
<l>Ha's sent thee Treasure. Go, liue rich and happy,</l>
<l>But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men:</l>
<l>Hate all, curse all, shew Charity to none,</l>
<l>But let the famisht flesh slide from the Bone,</l>
<l>Ere thou releeue the Begger. Giue to dogges</l>
<l>What thou denyest to men. Let Prisons swallow 'em,</l>
<l>Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blasted woods</l>
<l>And may Diseases licke vp their false bloods,</l>
<l>And so farewell, and thriue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
<speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
<l>O let me stay, and comfort you, my Master.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">

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      <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
      <l>If thou hat'st Curses</l>
      <l>stay not: flye, whil'st thou art blest and free:</l>
      <l>Ne're see thou man, and let me ne're see thee.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
  </div>
  </div>
  <div type="act" n="5" rend="notPresent">
    <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Poet, and
Painter.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tim-pai">
      <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
      <p>As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre
        <lb/>where he abides.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-poe">
      <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
      <l>What's to be thought of him?</l>
      <l>Does the Rumor hold for true,</l>
      <l>That hee's so full of Gold?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-pai">
      <speaker rend="italic">Painter.</speaker>
      <l>Certaine.</l>
      <l>
      <hi rend="italic">Alcibiades</hi> reports it: <hi
rend="italic">Phrinica</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Timandylo</hi>
      </l>
      <l>Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd</l>
      <l>Poore stragling Souldiers, with great quantity.</l>
      <l>'Tis saide, he gaue vnto his Steward</l>
      <l>A mighty summe.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-poe">
      <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
      <l>Then this breaking of his,</l>
      <l>Ha's beene but a Try for his Friends?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-tim-pai">
      <speaker rend="italic">Painter.</speaker>
      <l>Nothing else:</l>
      <l>You shall see him a Palme in Athens againe,</l>
      <l>And flourish with the highest:</l>
      <l>Therefore, 'tis not amisse, we tender our loues</l>
      <l>To him, in this suppos'd distresse of his:</l>
      <l>It will shew honestly in vs,</l>
      <l>And is very likely, to loade our purposes</l>
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    <l>With what they trauaile for,</l>
    <l>If it be a iust and true report, that goes</l>
    <l>Of his hauing.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-poe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
    <l>What haue you now</l>
    <l>To present vnto him?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-pai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Painter.</speaker>
    <l>Nothing at this time</l>
    <l>But my Visitation: onely I will promise him</l>
    <l>An excellent Peece.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-poe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
    <l>I must serue him so too;</l>
    <l>Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-tim-pai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Painter.</speaker>
    <l>Good as the best.</l>
    <l>Promising, is the verie Ayre o'th'Time;</l>
    <l>It opens the eyes of Expectation.</l>
    <l>Performance, is euer the duller for his acte,</l>
    <l>And but in the plainer and simpler kinde of people,</l>
    <l>The deede of Saying is quite out of vse.</l>
    <l>To Promise, is most Courtly and fashionable;</l>
    <l>Performance, is a kinde of Will or Testament</l>
    <l>Which argues a great sicknesse in his iudgement</l>
    <l>That makes it.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Timon from his
Caue.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Timon.</speaker>
    <l>Excellent Workeman,</l>
    <l>Thou canst not paint a man so badde</l>
    <l>As is thy selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-poe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Po<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="uninkedType"
 resp="#ES"/>t.</speaker>
    <l>I am thinking</l>
    <l>What I shall say I haue prouided for him:</l>
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    <l>It must be a personating of himselfe:</l>
    <l>A Satyre against the softnesse of Prosperity,</l>
    <l>With a Discouerie of the infinite Flatteries</l>
    <l>That follow youth and opulencie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Timon.</speaker>
    <l>Must thou needes</l>
    <l>Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?</l>
    <l>Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?</l>
    <l>Do so, I haue Gold for thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-poe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
    <l>Nay let's seeke him.</l>
    <l>Then do we sinne against our owne estate,</l>
    <l>When we may profit meete, and come too late.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-pai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Painter.</speaker>
    <l>True:</l>
    <l>When the day serues before blacke-corner'd night;</l>
    <l>Finde what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.</l>
    <l>Come.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Ile meete you at the turne:</l>
    <l>What a Gods Gold, that he is worshipt</l>
    <l>In a baser Temple, then where Swine feede?</l>
    <l>'Tis thou that rig'st the Barke, and plow'st the Fome,</l>
    <l>Setlest admired reuerence in a Slaue,</l>
    <l>To thee be worshipt, and thy Saints for aye:</l>
    <l>Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obay.</l>
    <l>Fit I meet them.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-poe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
    <l>Haile worthy <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-pai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
    <l>Our late Noble Master.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Timon.</speaker>
    <l>Haue I once liu'd</l>
    <l>To see two honest men?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-poe">
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    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
    <l>Sir:</l>
    <l>Hauing often of your open Bounty tasted,</l>
    <l>Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends falne off,</l>
    <l>Whose thankelesse Natures (O abhorred Spirits)</l>
    <l>Not all the Whippes of Heauen, are large enough.</l>
    <l>What, to you,</l>
    <l>Whose Starre-like Noblenesse gaue life and influence</l>
    <l>To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot couer</l>
    <l>The<gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="nonstandardCharacter"
agent="inkedSpacemarker"
resp="#ES"/>monstrous bulke of this Ingratitude</l>
    <l>With any size of words.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Timon.</speaker>
    <l>Let it go,</l>
    <l>Naked men may see't the better:</l>
    <l>You that are honest, by being what you are,</l>
    <l>Make them best seene, and knowne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-pai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
    <l>He, and my selfe</l>
    <l>Haue trauail'd in the great showre of your guifts,</l>
    <l>And sweetly felt it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Timon.</speaker>
    <l>I, you are honest man.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-pai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Painter.</speaker>
    <l>We are hither come</l>
    <l>To offer you our seruice.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Timon.</speaker>
    <l>Most honest men:</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Why</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0714-0.jpg" n="96"/>
    <fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>Why how shall I requite you?</l>
    <l>Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-bot">
    <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
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    <l>What we can do,</l>
    <l>Wee'l do to do you seruice.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Y'are honest men,</l>
    <l>Y'haue heard that I haue Gold,</l>
    <l>I am sure you haue, speake truth, y'are honest men.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-pai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
    <l>So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore</l>
    <l>Came not my Friend, nor I.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Timon.</speaker>
    <l>Good honest men: Thou draw'st a counterfet</l>
    <l>Best in all Athens, th'art indeed the best,</l>
    <l>Thou counterfet'st most liuely.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-pai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
    <l>So, so, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>E'ne so sir as I say. And for thy fiction,</l>
    <l>Why thy Verse swels with stuffe so fine and smooth,</l>
    <l>That thou art euen Naturall in thine Art.</l>
    <l>But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)</l>
    <l>I must needs say you haue a little fault,</l>
    <l>Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I</l>
    <l>You take much paines to mend.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-bot">
    <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
    <l>Beseech your Honour</l>
    <l>To make it knowne to vs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>You'l take it ill.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-bot">
    <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
    <l>Most thankefully, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Timon.</speaker>
    <l>Will you indeed?</l>
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    </sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-bot">
    <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
    <l>Doubt it not worthy Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Theres's neuer a one of you but trusts a Knaue,</l>
    <l>That mightily deceiues you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-bot">
    <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
    <l>Do we, my Lord?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>I, and you heare him cogge,</l>
    <l>See him dissemble,</l>
    <l>Know his grosse patchery, loue him, feede him,</l>
    <l>Keepe in your bosome, yet remaine assur'd</l>
    <l>That he's a made-vp-Villaine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-pai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pain.</speaker>
    <l>I know none such, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-poe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>
    <l>Nor I.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Timon.</speaker>
    <l>Looke you,</l>
    <l>I loue you well, Ile giue you Gold</l>
    <l>Rid me these Villaines from your companies;</l>
    <l>Hang them, or stab them, drowne them in a draught,</l>
    <l>Confound them by some course, and come to me,</l>
    <l>Ile giue you Gold enough.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-bot">
    <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
    <l>Name them my Lord, let's know them.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>You that way, and you this:</l>
    <l>But two in Company:</l>
    <l>Each man a part, all single, and alone,</l>
    <l>Yet an arch Villaine keepes him company:</l>
    <l>If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be,</l>
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<l>Come not neere him. If thou would'st not recide</l>
<l>But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.</l>
<l>Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye slaues:</l>
<l>You haue worke for me; there's payment, hence,</l>
<l>You are an Alcumist, make Gold of that:</l>
<l>Out Rascall dogges.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Steward, and two Senators.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
<speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
<l>It is vaine that you would speake with <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>:</l>
<l>For he is set so onely to himselfe,</l>
<l>That nothing but himselfe, which lookes like man,</l>
<l>Is friendly with him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-sen.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Sen.</speaker>
<l>Bring vs to his Caue.</l>
<l>It is our part and promise to th'Athenians</l>
<l>To speake with <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-sen.2">
<speaker rend="italic">2. Sen.</speaker>
<l>At all times alike</l>
<l>Men are not still the same: 'twas Time and Greefes</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,</l>
<l>Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,</l>
<l>The former man may make him: bring vs to him</l>
<l>And chanc'd it as it may.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
<speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
<l>Heere is his Caue:</l>
<l>Peace and content be heere. Lord <hi rend="italic">Timon, Timon</hi>,</l>
<l>Looke out, and speake to Friends: Th'Athenians</l>
<l>By two of their most reuerend Senate greet thee:</l>
<l>Speake to them Noble <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Timon out of his Caue.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
<speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
<l>Thou Sunne that comforts burne,</l>
<l>Speake and be hang'd:</l>
<l>For each true word, a blister, and each false</l>

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                    <l>Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th'Tongue,</l>
                    <l>Consuming it with speaking.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
                    <speaker>1</speaker>
                    <l>Worthy <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
                    <l>Of none but such as you,</l>
                    <l>And you of <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
                    <speaker>1</speaker>
                    <l>The Senators of Athens, greet thee <hi
rend="italic">Timon</hi>.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tim-tim">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
                    <l>I thanke them,</l>
                    <l>And would send them backe the plague,</l>
                    <l>Could I but catch it for them.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
                    <speaker>1</speaker>
                    <l>O forget</l>
                    <l>What we are sorry for our selues in thee:</l>
                    <l>The Senators, with one consent of loue,</l>
                    <l>Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought</l>
                    <l>On speciall Dignities, which vacant lye</l>
                    <l>For thy best vse and wearing.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
                    <speaker>2</speaker>
                    <l>They confesse</l>
                    <l>Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too generall grosse;</l>
                    <l>Which now the publike Body, which doth sildome</l>
                    <l>Play the re-canter, feeling in it selfe</l>
                    <l>A lacke of <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi> ayde, hath since
withall</l>
                    <l>Of it owne fall, restraining ayde to <hi
rend="italic">Timon</hi>,</l>
                    <l>And send forth vs, to make their sorrowed render,</l>
                    <l>Together, with a recompence more fruitfull</l>
                    <l>Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,</l>
                    <l>I euen such heapes and summes of Loue and Wealth,</l>
                    <l>As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,</l>
                    <l>And write in thee the figures of their loue,</l>
                    <l>Euer to read them thine.</l>
                </sp>
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<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>You witch me in it;</l>
   <l>Surprize me to the very brinke of teares;</l>
   <l>Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,</l>
   <l>And Ile beweepe these comforts, worthy Senators.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
   <speaker>1</speaker>
   <l>Therefore so please thee to returne with vs,</l>
   <l>And of our Athens, thine and ours to take</l>
   <l>The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thankes,</l>
   <l>Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name</l>
   <l>Liue with Authoritie: so soone we shall driue backe</l>
   <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Alcibiades</hi> th'approaches wild,</l>
   <l>Who like a Bore too sauage, doth root vp</l>
   <l>His Countries peace.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
   <speaker>2</speaker>
   <l>And shakes his threatning Sword</l>
   <l>Against the walles of <hi rend="italic">Athens</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
   <speaker>1</speaker>
   <l>Therefore <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>Well sir, I will: therefore I will sir thus:</l>
   <l>If <hi rend="italic">Alcibiades</hi> kill my Countrymen,</l>
   <l>Let <hi rend="italic">Alcibiades</hi> know this of <hi
rend="italic">Timon</hi>,</l>
   <l>That <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi> cares not. But if he sacke
faire Athens,</l>
   <l>And take our goodly aged men by'th'Beards,</l>
   <l>Giuing our holy Virgins to the staine</l>
   <l>Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd warre:</l>
   <l>Then let him know, and tell him <hi
rend="italic">Timon</hi> speakes it,</l>
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">In</fw>
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0715-0.jpg" n="97"/>
   <fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
   <cb n="1"/>
   <l>In pitty of our aged, and our youth,</l>
   <l>I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,</l>
   <l>And let him tak't at worst: For their Kniues care not,</l>
   <l>While you haue throats to answer. For my selfe,</l>
   <l>There's not a whittle, in th'vnruly Campe,</l>
   <l>But I do prize it at my loue, before</l>
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    <l>The reuerends Throat in Athens. So I leaue you</l>
    <l>To the protection of the prosperous Gods,</l>
    <l>As Theeues to Keepers.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
   <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
   <l>Stay not, all's in vaine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>Why I was writing of my Epitaph,</l>
   <l>It will be seene to morrow. My long sicknesse</l>
   <l>Of Health, and Liuing, now begins to mend,</l>
   <l>And nothing brings me all things. Go, liue still,</l>
   <l>Be <hi rend="italic">Alcibiades</hi> your plague; you
his,</l>

   <l>And last so long enough.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
   <speaker>1</speaker>
   <l>We speake in vaine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>But yet I loue my Country, and am not</l>
   <l>One that reioyces in the common wracke,</l>
   <l>As common bruite doth put it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
   <speaker>1</speaker>
   <l>That's well spoke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>Commend me to my louing Countreymen.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
   <speaker>1</speaker>
   <l>These words become your lippes as they passe tho-
      <lb/>row them.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
   <speaker>2</speaker>
   <l>And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers</l>
   <l>In their applauding gates.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
   <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
   <l>Commend me to them,</l>
   <l>And tell them, that to ease them of their greefes,</l>
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    <l>Their feares of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,</l>
    <l>Their pangs of Loue, with other incident throwes</l>
    <l>That Natures fragile Vessell doth sustaine</l>
    <l>In lifes vncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them,</l>
    <l>Ile teach them to preuent wilde <hi rend="italic">Alcibiades</hi> wrath.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
    <speaker>1</speaker>
    <l>I like this well, he will returne againe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>I haue a Tree which growes heere in my Close,</l>
    <l>That mine owne vse inuites me to cut downe,</l>
    <l>And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,</l>
    <l>Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,</l>
    <l>From high to low throughout, that who so please</l>
    <l>To stop Affliction, let him take his haste;</l>
    <l>Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,</l>
    <l>And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-flv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
    <l>Trouble him no further, thus you still shall</l>
    <l>Finde him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-tim">
    <speaker rend="italic">Tim.</speaker>
    <l>Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,</l>
    <l>
<hi rend="italic">Timon</hi> hath made his euerlasting Mansion</l>
    <l>Vpon the Beached Verge of the salt Flood,</l>
    <l>Who once a day with his embossed Froth</l>
    <l>The turbulent Surge shall couer; thither come,</l>
    <l>And let my graue-stone be your Oracle:</l>
    <l>Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:</l>
    <l>What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.</l>
    <l>Graues onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine;</l>
    <l>Sunne, hide thy Beames, <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi> hath done his Raigne.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Timon.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
    <speaker>1</speaker>
    <p>His discontents are vnremoueably coupled to Na-
        <lb/>ture.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
    <speaker>2</speaker>
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      <l>Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,</l>
      <l>And straine what other meanes is left vnto vs</l>
      <l>In our deere perill.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
      <speaker>1</speaker>
      <l>It requires swift foot.</l>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
   </div>
   <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
      <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter two other
Senators, with a Messenger.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
         <speaker>1</speaker>
         <l>Thou hast painfully discouer'd: are his Files</l>
         <l>As full as thy report?</l>
      </sp>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <sp who="#F-tim-mes">
         <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
         <l>I haue spoke the least.</l>
         <l>Besides his expedition promises present approach.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
         <speaker>2</speaker>
         <l>We stand much hazard, if they bring not <hi
rend="italic">Timon</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-mes">
         <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
         <l>I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,</l>
         <l>Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,</l>
         <l>Yet our old loue made a particular force,</l>
         <l>And made vs speake like Friends. This man was riding</l>
         <l>From <hi rend="italic">Alcibiades</hi> to <hi
rend="italic">Timons</hi> Caue,</l>
         <l>With Letters of intreaty, which imported</l>
         <l>His Fellowship i'th'cause against your City,</l>
         <l>In part for his sake mou'd.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the other
Senators.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
         <speaker>1</speaker>
         <l>Heere come our Brothers.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-tim-lor.3">
         <speaker>3</speaker>
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<l>No talke of <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>, nothing of him expect,</l>

<l>The Enemies Drumme is heard, and fearefull scouring</l>
<l>Doth choake the ayre with dust: In, and prepare,</l>
<l>Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Souldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-sol">
<speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
<l>By all description this should be the place.</l>
<l>Whose heere? Speake hoa. No answer? What is this?</l>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Tymon</hi> is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,</l>

<l>Some Beast reade this; There do's not liue a Man.</l>
<l>Dead sure, and this his Graue, what's on this Tomb,</l>
<l>I cannot read: the Charracter Ile take with wax,</l>
<l>Our Captaine hath in euery Figure skill;</l>
<l>An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes:</l>
<l>Before proud Athens hee's set downe by this,</l>
<l>Whose fall the marke of his Ambition is.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 4]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers
<lb/>before Athens.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
<speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
<l>Sound to this Coward, and lasciuious Towne,</l>
<l>Our terrible approach.</l>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Sounds a Parly.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">The Senators appeare vpon the wals.</stage>
<l>Till now you haue gone on, and fill'd the time</l>
<l>With all Licentious measure, making your willes</l>
<l>The scope of Iustice. Till now, my selfe and such</l>
<l>As slept within the shadow of your power</l>
<l>Haue wander'd with our trauerst Armes, and breath'd</l>
<note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
<l>Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,</l>

<l>When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong</l>
<l>Cries (of it selfe) no more: Now breathlesse wrong,</l>
<l>Shall sit and pant in your great Chaires of ease,</l>
<l>And pursie Insolence shall breake his winde</l>
<l>With feare and horrid flight.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-sen.1">
<speaker rend="italic">1. Sen.</speaker>
<l>Noble, and young;</l>
<l>When thy first greefes were but a meere conceit,</l>
<l>Ere thou had'st power, or we had cause of feare,</l>
<l>We sent to thee, to giue thy rages Balme,</l>
<l>To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loues</l>
<l>Aboue their quantitie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
<speaker>2</speaker>
<l>So did we wooe</l>
<l>Transformed <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>, to our Citties
loue</l>
<l>By humble Message, and by promist meanes:</l>
<l>We were not all vnkinde, nor all deserue</l>
<l>The common stroke of warre.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
<speaker>1</speaker>
<l>These walles of ours,</l>
<l>Were not erected by their hands, from whom</l>
<l>You haue receyu'd your greefe: Nor are they such,</l>
<l>That these great Towres, Trophees, &amp; Schools shold
fall</l>
<l>For priuate faults in them.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
<speaker>2</speaker>
<l>Nor are they liuing</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Who</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0716-0.jpg" n="98"/>
<fw type="rh">Timon of Athens.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>Who were the motiues that you first went out,</l>
<l>(Shame that they wanted, cunning in excesse)</l>
<l>Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,</l>
<l>Into our City with thy Banners spred,</l>
<l>By decimation and a tythed death;</l>
<l>If thy Reuenges hunger for that Food</l>
<l>Which Nature loathes, take thou the destin'd tenth,</l>
<l>And by the hazard of the spotted dye,</l>
<l>Let dye the spotted.</l>
</sp>

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<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>All haue not offended:</l>
  <l>For those that were, it is not square to take</l>
  <l>On those that are, Reuenge: Crimes, like Lands</l>
  <l>Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,</l>
  <l>Bring in thy rankes, but leaue without thy rage,</l>
  <l>Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin</l>
  <l>Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall</l>
  <l>With those that haue offended, like a Shepheard,</l>
  <l>Approach the Fold, and cull th'infected forth,</l>
  <l>But kill not altogether.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>What thou wilt,</l>
  <l>Thou rather shalt inforce it with thy smile,</l>
  <l>Then hew too't, with thy Sword.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>Set but thy foot</l>
  <l>Against our rampyr'd gates, and they shall ope:</l>
  <l>So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,</l>
  <l>To say thou't enter Friendly.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-lor.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>Throw thy Gloue,</l>
  <l>Or any Token of thine Honour else,</l>
  <l>That thou wilt vse the warres as thy redresse,</l>
  <l>And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers</l>
  <l>Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee</l>
  <l>Haue seal'd thy full desire.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
  <l>Then there's my Gloue,</l>
  <l>Defend and open your vncharged Ports,</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>Those Enemies of <hi rend="italic">Timons</hi>, and mine
owne</l>

  <l>Whom you your selues shall set out for reproofe,</l>
  <l>Fall and no more; and to attone your feares</l>
  <l>With my more Noble meaning, not a man</l>
  <l>Shall passe his quarter, or offend the streame</l>
  <l>Of Regular Iustice in your Citties bounds,</l>
  <l>But shall be remedied to your publique Lawes</l>
  <l>At heauiest answer.</l>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-tim-bot">
    <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis most Nobly spoken.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Alc.</speaker>
    <l>Descend, and keepe your words.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Messenger.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
    <l>My Noble Generall, <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi> is dead,</l>
    <l>Entomb'd vpon the very hemme o'th'Sea,</l>
    <l>And on his Grauestone, this Insculpture which</l>
    <l>With wax I brought away: whose soft Impression</l>
    <l>Interprets for my poore ignorance.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Alcibiades reades the Epitaph.</stage>
<sp who="#F-tim-alc">
    <l rend="italic">Heere lies a wretched Coarse, of wretched Soule bereft,</l>
    <l rend="italic">Seek not my name: A Plague consume you, wicked Caitifs left:</l>
    <l rend="italic">Heere lye I Timon, who aliue, all liuing men did hate,</l>
    <l rend="italic">Passe by, and curse thy fill, but passe and stay not here thy gate.</l>
    <l>These well expresse in thee thy latter spirits:</l>
    <l>Though thou abhorrd'st in vs our humane griefes,</l>
    <l>Scornd'st our Braines flow, and those our droplets, which</l>
    <l>From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit</l>
    <l>Taught thee to make vast Neptune weepe for aye</l>
    <l>On thy low Graue, on faults forgiuen. Dead</l>
    <l>Is Noble <hi rend="italic">Timon</hi>, of whose Memorie</l>
    <l>Heereafter more. Bring me into your Citie,</l>
    <l>And I will vse the Oliue, with my Sword:</l>
    <l>Make war breed peace; make peace stint war, make each</l>
    <l>Prescribe to other, as each others Leach.</l>
    <l>Let our Drummes strike.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
</div>
<div type="dramatisPersonae">
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0717-0.jpg" n="99"/>
```

```xml
<head rend="center">THE
   <lb/>ACTORS
   <lb/>NAMES.</head>
<list>
<item rend="italic">TYMON of Athens.</item>
 <item rend="italic">Lucius, And
    <lb/>Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.</item>
   <item rend="italic">Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.</item>
   <item rend="italic">Sempronius another flattering Lord.</item>
   <item rend="italic">Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.</item>
   <item rend="italic">Poet.</item>
   <item rend="italic">Painter.</item>
   <item rend="italic">Ieweller.</item>
   <item rend="italic">Merchant.</item>
   <item rend="italic">Certaine Senatours.</item>
   <item rend="italic">Certaine Maskers.</item>
   <item rend="italic">Certaine Theeues.</item>
   <cb n="2"/>
   <item rend="italic">Flaminius, one of Tymons Seruants.</item>
   <item rend="italic">Seruilius, another.</item>
   <item rend="italic">
     <list>
<item rend="italic">Caphis.<pc rend="6line">}</pc>
</item>
   <item rend="italic">Varro.</item>
   <item rend="italic">Philo.</item>
   <item rend="italic">Titus.</item>
   <item rend="italic">Lucius.</item>
 <item rend="italic">Hortensis</item>
</list> Seuerall Seruants to Vsurers.</item>
   <item rend="italic">Ventigius. one of Tymons false Friends.</item>
   <item rend="italic">Cupid.</item>
   <item rend="italic">Sempronius.</item>
   <item rend="italic">With diuers other Seruants,</item>
   <item rend="italic">And Attendants.</item>
 </list>
  </div>
</div>
</body>
</text>
</TEI>
```