

THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercers,
at severall doores.

Poet.
Good day Sir.
Pain. I am glad y^r are well.
Poet. I haue not seen you long, how goes
the World?
Pain. It waxes fit, as it growes.
Poet. I that's well knowne:
But what particular Raritie? What strange,
Which manifold record not matches: see
Magick of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hath coniu'd to attend,
I know the Merchant.
Pain. I know them both: th^r others a Jeweller.
Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord.
Jew. Nay that's most fixt.
Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an vntyreable and continuat goodness:
He passes.
Jew. I haue a Jewell here.
Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord *Timon*, sir?
Jewel. If he will touch the estimate. But for that—
Poet. When we for recompence haue prais'd the vild,
It flames the glory in that happy Verse,
Which aptly sings the good.
Mer. 'Tis a good forme.
Jewel. And rich: here is a Water lookeye.
Pain. You are rapt sir, in some worke, some Dedicat-
tion to the great Lord.
Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.
Our Poetic is as a Cowrie, which vses
From whence 'tis nourish: the fire 't' th^r Flint
Shewes not, till it be strooke: our gentle flame
Prouokes it selfe, and like the currant flies
Each bound it chokes. What haue you there?
Pain. A Picture sir: when comes your Booke forth?
Poet. Vpon the heeles of my presentment sir.
Let's see your peece.
Pain. 'Tis a good Peece.
Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.
Pain. Indifferent.
Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power
This eye shewes forth? How bigge imagination
Moues in this Lip, to th^r dumbnesse of the gesture,

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Heere is a touch: Is't good?
Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors Nature, Artificiall strife
Lives in these touches, liuelier then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.
Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.
Pain. Looke mee.
Po. You see this confluence, this great flood of vices:
I haue in this rough worke, shap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hege
With amplest entertainment: My free dixt
Halts not particularly, but moues it selfe
In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leauing no Traçt behinde.
Pain. How shall I vnderstand you?
Poet. I will vnbould to you.
You see how all Condition, how all Mindes,
As well of glib and slipper Creatures, as
Of Graue and austere qualitie, tender downe
Their seruices to Lord *Timon*: his large Fortune,
Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance
All sorts of hearts: yea, from the glasse-fac'd Planet
To *Apermantus*, that few things loues better:
The vno abhorre himselfe; each hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in *Timon*'s rood.
Pain. I saw them speake together.
Poet. Sir, I haue vpon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd,
The Base o' th^r Mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinde of Natures
That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,
To propagate their staves; among 't' them all,
Whose eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,
One do I personate of Lord *Timon*'s frame,
Whom Fortune with her Iuory hand waits to bestow,
Whose present grace, to present flaues and seruants
Translates his Riuals.
Pain. 'Tis concey'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thioke

With one man becken'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepe Mount
To climbe his happinesse, would be well exprest
In our Condition.

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

Pain. I marry, what of these?

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

Pain. 'Tis common:

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

Trumpets sound.

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

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mer. My good Lord, five Talents is his debt,
His meane most thort, his Creditors most straites:
Your Honourable Letter he desires
To those haue shut him vp, which failing,
Periodes his comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventilius*, well:

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

Mer. Your Lordship euer binds him.

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

Mer. All happinesse to your Honor.

Enter an old Athenian.

Olden. Lord *Timon*, heare me speake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Olden. Thou hast a Seruant nam'd *Lucilius*.

Tim. I haue so: What of him?

Olden. Most Noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? *Lucilius*.

Luc. Here at your Lordships seruice.

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

Tim. Well: what further?

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

On whom I may conferre what I haue got:

The Maid is faire, and ch'ngest for a Bride,

And I haue bred her at my deereft cost

In Qualities of the best. This man of thine

Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)

Ioyn with me to forbid him her resort,

My selfe haue spoke in vaine.

Tim. The man is honest.

Olden. Therefore he will be *Timon*,

His honesty rewards him in it selfe,

It must not beare my Daughter.

Tim. Does she loue him?

Olden. She is yong and apt:

Our owne precedent passions do instruct vs

What leuities in youth.

Tim. Loue you the Maid?

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

Olden. If in her Marriage my content be missing,

I call the Gods to witness, I will choose.

Mine heyre from forth the Beggars of the world,

And dispossesse her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,

If she be maried with an equall Husband?

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

Tim. This Gentleman of mine

Hath seru'd me long:

To build his Fortune, I will straine a little,

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

What you bestow, in him I counterpoize,

And make him weigh with her.

Olden. Most Noble Lord,

Pawne me to this your Honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee,

Mine Honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordship, neuer may

That state or Fortune fall into my keeping,

Which is not owed to you.

Poet. Vouchsafe my Labour,

And long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you you shall heare from me anon:

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

Pain. A peece of Painting, which I do beseech

Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The Painting is almost the Naturall man:

For since *Dilbenor* Traffikes with mans Nature,

He is but out-side: These Penfid Figures are

Euen such as they giue out. I like your worke,

And you shall finde I like it; Waite attendance

Till you heare further from me.

Pain. The Gods preserue ye.

Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: giue me your hand.

We must needs dine together: sit your Jewell

Hath suffered vnder praise.

Jewel. What my Lord, dispraise?

Tim. A meece society of Commendations,

If I should pay you for't as 'tis extold,

It would vnclew me quite.

Jewel. My Lord, 'tis rated

As those which sell would giue: but you well know,

Things of like vauel differing in the Owners,

Are priz'd by their Masters. Beleeu't deere Lord,

You mend the Jewell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No my good Lord, he speaks y^r common roong

Which all men speake with him.

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

Jewel. Wee'l beare with your Lordship.

Mer. Hee'l speare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,

Gentle *Apermantus*.

Shakespeare, William. *Timon of Athens*. In *Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies: published according to the true originall copies*. London: Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount, 1623. Folger STC 22273 Fo.1 no. 68

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