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img: 1-a
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ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

The Famous
TRAGEDY
OF THE RICH IEVV
OF *MALTA*.

ln 0005

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 0011

ln 0012

ln 0013

ln 0014

AS IT WAS PLAYD
BEFORE THE KING AND
QVEENE, IN HIS MAJESTIES
Theatre at *White-Hall*, by her Majesties
Servants at the *Cock-pit*.
Written by *CHRISTOPHER MARLO*.

[...]**ION**

Printed by *I. B.* for *Nicholas Vavasour*, and are to be sold
at his Shop in the Inner-Temple, neere the
Church. 1633.

img: 2-a
sig: A2v

ln 0001
ln 0002
ln 0003
ln 0004
ln 0005

TO
MY WORTHY
FRIEND, M^r. THOMAS
HAMMON, OF GRAYES
INNE, &c.

ln 0006
ln 0007
ln 0008
ln 0009
ln 0010
ln 0011
ln 0012
ln 0013
ln 0014
ln 0015
ln 0016
ln 0017
ln 0018
ln 0019
ln 0020
ln 0021

THis Play, composed by so
worthy an Authour as Mr.
Marlo; and the part of the
Jew presented by so vnimi-
table an Actor as Mr. *Allin*,
being in this later Age com-
mended to the Stage: As I
vscher'd it unto the Court, and
presented it to the Cock-pit,
with these Prologues and E-
pilogues here inserted, so now being newly brought to
the Presse, I was loath it should be published without
the ornament of an Epistle; making choyce of you
vnto whom to deuote it; then whom (of all those
Gentlemen and acquaintance, within the compasse of
my long knowledge) there is none more able to taxe

A3

Ignorance

The Epistle Dedicatory:

ln 0022
ln 0023
ln 0024
ln 0025
ln 0026
ln 0027
ln 0028
ln 0029
ln 0030

Ignorance, or attribute right to merit. Sir, you haue bin pleased to grace some of mine owne workes with your curteous patronage; I hope this will not be the worse accepted, because commended by mee; ouer whom, none can clayme more power or priuilege than your selfe. I had no better a New-yeares gift to present you with; receiue it therefore as a continuance of that inuiolable obliegement, by which, he rests stil ingaged; who as he euer hath, shall alwayes remaine,

ln 0031

The *Tuissmus:*

ln 0032

THO. HEYVWOOD.

wln 0001

The Prologue spoken at Court.

wln 0002

*GRacious and Great, that we so boldly dare,
('Mof·]gst other Playes that now in fashion are)*

wln 0003

To present this; writ many yeares agone,

wln 0004

And in that Age, thought second vnto none;

wln 0005

We humbly c]·]ave your pardon: we pursue

wln 0006

The story of a rich and famous Jew

wln 0007

Who liu'd in Malta: you shall find him still,

wln 0008

In all his p]·]oiects, a sound Macheuill;

wln 0009

And that's his Character: He that hath past

wln 0010

So many Censures, is now come at last

wln 0011

To haue your princely Eares, grace you him; then

wln 0012

You crowne the Action, and renowne the pen.

wln 0013

wln 0014

Epilogue.

wln 0015

IT is our feare (dread Soueraigne) we haue bin

wln 0016

Too tedious; neither can't be lesse than sinne

wln 0017

To wrong your Princely patience: If we haue,

wln 0018

(Thus low deiected) we your pardon craue:

wln 0019

And if ought here offend your eare or sight,

wln 0020

We onely Act, and Speake, what others write.

The

wln 0021
wln 0022

The Prologue to the Stage, at
the Cocke-pit.

wln 0023

*Marlo.

*WE know not how this Play may passe this Stage,
But by the best of * Poets in that age*

wln 0024

wln 0025

The Malta-Jew had being, and was made;

wln 0026

*Allin.

*And He, then by the best of * Actors play'd:*

wln 0027

In Hero and Leander, one did gaine

wln 0028

A lasting memorie: in Tamberlaine,

wln 0029

This Jew, with others many: th' other man

wln 0030

The Attribute of peerelesse, being a man

wln 0031

Whom we may ranke with (doing no one wrong)

wln 0032

Proteus for shapes, and Roseius for a tongue,

wln 0033

So could he speake, so vary; nor is't hate

wln 0034

*Perkins.

*To merit: in * him who doth personate*

wln 0035

Our Jew this day, nor is it his ambition

wln 0036

To exceed, or equall, being of condition

wln 0037

More modest; this is all that he intends,

wln 0038

(And that too, at the vrgence of some friends)

wln 0039

To proue his best, and if none here gaine-say it,

wln 0040

The part he hath studied, and intends to play it.

wln 0041

Epilogue.

wln 0042

IN Graving, with Pigmalion to contend;

wln 0043

Or Painting, with Apelles; doubtlesse the end

wln 0044

Must be disgrace: our Actor did not so,

wln 0045

He onely aym'd to goe, but not out goe.

wln 0046

Nor thinke that this day any prize was plaid,

wln 0047

Here were no betts at all, no wagers laid;

wln 0048

All the ambition that his mind doth swell,

wln 0049

Is but to heare from you, (by me) 'twas well.

THE
IEW OF
MALTA.

wln 0050
wln 0051
wln 0052

Macheuil.

wln 0053
wln 0054
wln 0055
wln 0056
wln 0057
wln 0058
wln 0059
wln 0060
wln 0061
wln 0062
wln 0063
wln 0064
wln 0065
wln 0066
wln 0067
wln 0068
wln 0069
wln 0070
wln 0071
wln 0072
wln 0073
wln 0074

ALbeit the world thinke *Macheuill* is dead,
Yet was his soule but flowne beyond the *Alpes*,
And now the *Guize* is dead, is come from *France*
To view this Land, and frolicke with his friends.
To some perhaps my name is odious,
But such as loue me, gard me from their tongues,
And let them know that I am *Macheuill*,
And weigh not men, and therefore not mens words:
Admir'd I am of those that hate me most.
Though some speake openly against my bookes,
Yet will they reade me, and thereby attaine
To *Peters* Chayre: And when they cast me off;
Are poyson'd by my climbing followers.
I count Religion but a childish Toy,
And hold there is no sinne but Ignorance.
Birds of the Aire will tell of murders past;
I am asham'd to heare such fooleries:
Many will talke of Title to a Crowne.
What right had *Caesar* to the Empire?
Might first made Kings, and Lawes were then most sure
When like the *Drancus* they were writ in blood.

B

Hence

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0075 Hence comes it, that a strong built Citadell
wln 0076 Commands much more then letters can import:
wln 0077 Which maxime had *Phaleris* obseru'd,
wln 0078 H'had neuer bellowed in a brasen Bull
wln 0079 Of great ones enuy; o'th poore petty wites,
wln 0080 Let me be enuy'd and not pittied!
wln 0081 But whither am I bound, I come not, I,
wln 0082 To reade a lecture here in *Britaine*,
wln 0083 But to present the Tragedy of a Iew,
wln 0084 Who smiles to see how full his bags are cramb'd
wln 0085 Which mony was not got without my meanes.
wln 0086 I craue but this, Grace him as he deserues,
wln 0087 And let him not be entertain'd the worse
wln 0088 Because he fauours me.

*Enter Barabas in his Counting-house,
with heapes of gold before him.*

wln 0091 *Iew,* So that of thus much that returne was made:
wln 0092 And of the third part of the *Persian* ships,
wln 0093 There was the venture summ'd and satisfied.
wln 0094 As for those *Samintes*, and the men of *Vzz*,
wln 0095 That bought my *Spanish* Oyles, and Wines of *Greece*,
wln 0096 Here haue I purst their paltry **siluerbings**.
wln 0097 Fye; what a trouble tis to count this trash.
wln 0098 Well fare the *Arabians*, who so richly pay,
wln 0099 The things they traffique for with wedge of gold,
wln 0100 Whereof a man may easily in a day
wln 0101 Tell that which may maintaine him all his life.
wln 0102 The needy groome that neuer fingred groat,
wln 0103 Would make a miracle of thus much coyne:
wln 0104 But he whose steele-bard coffers are cramb'd full,
wln 0105 And all his life time hath bin tired,
wln 0106 Wearying his fingers ends with telling it,
wln 0107 Would in his age be loath to labour so,
wln 0108 And for a pound to sweat himselfe to death:
wln 0109 Giue me the Merchants of the *Indian* Mynes,
wln 0110 That trade in mettall of the purest mould;
wln 0111 The wealthy *Moore*, that in the *Easterne* rockes

Without

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0112 Without controule can picke his riches vp,
wln 0113 And in his house heape pearle like pibble-stones:
wln 0114 Receiue them free, and sell them by the weight,
wln 0115 Bags of fiery *Opals*, *Saphires*, *Amatists*,
wln 0116 *Iacints*, hard *Topas*, grasse-greene *Emeraulds*,
wln 0117 Beauteous *Rubyes*, sparkling *Diamonds*,
wln 0118 And seildsene costly stones of so great price,
wln 0119 As one of them indifferently rated,
wln 0120 And of a Carrect of this quantity,
wln 0121 May serue in perill of calamity
wln 0122 To ransome great Kings from captiuity.
wln 0123 This is the ware wherein consists my wealth:
wln 0124 And thus me thinkes should men of iudgement frame
wln 0125 Their meanes of traffique from the vulgar trade,
wln 0126 And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
wln 0127 Infinite riches in a little roome.
wln 0128 But now how stands the wind?
wln 0129 Into what corner peeres my *Halcions* bill?
wln 0130 Ha, to the *East*? yes: See how stands the Vanes?
wln 0131 *East* and by-*South*: why then I hope my ships
wln 0132 I sent for *Egypt* and the bordering Iles
wln 0133 Are gotten vp by *Nilus* winding bankes:
wln 0134 Mine Argosie from *Alexandria*,
wln 0135 Loaden with Spice and Silkes, now vnder saile,
wln 0136 Are smoothly gliding downe by *Candie* shoare
wln 0137 To *Malta*, through our Mediterranean sea.
wln 0138 But who comes heare? How now.
wln 0139 *Enter a Merchant.*
wln 0140 *Merch.* *Barabas*, thy ships are safe,
wln 0141 Riding in *Malta* Rhode: And all the Merchants
wln 0142 With other Merchandize are safe arriu'd,
wln 0143 And haue sent me to know whether your selfe
wln 0144 Will come and custome them.
wln 0145 *Iew.* The ships are safe thou saist, and richly fraught.
wln 0146 *Merch.* They are.
wln 0147 *Iew.* VVhy then goe bid them come ashore,
wln 0148 And bring with them their bills of entry:

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0149
wln 0150
wln 0151
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wln 0184
wln 0185

I hope our credit in the Custome-house
Will serue as well as I were present there.
Goe send 'vm threescore Camels, thirty Mules,
And twenty Waggon to bring vp the ware.
But art thou master in a ship of mine,
And is thy credit not enough for that?
Merch. The very Custome barely comes to more
Then many Merchants of the Towne are worth,
And therefore farre exceeds my credit, Sir.
Iew. Goe tell 'em the Iew of *Malta* sent thee, man.
Tush, who amongst 'em knowes not *Barrabas*?
Merch. I goe.
Iew. So then, there's somewhat come.
Sirra, which of my ships art thou Master off?
Merch. Of the *Speranza*, Sir.
Iew. And saw'st thou not mine Argosie at *Alexandria*
Thou couldst not come from *Egypt*, or by *Caire*
But at the entry there into the sea,
Where *Nilus* payes his tribute to the maine,
Thou needs must saile by *Alexandria*.
Merch. I neither saw them, nor inquir'd of them.
But this we heard some of our sea-men say,
They wondred how you durst with so much wealth
Trust such a crazed Vessell, and so farre.
Iew. Tush; they are wise, I know her and her strength:
By goe, goe thou thy wayes, discharge thy Ship,
And bid my Factor bring his loading in.
And yet I wonder at this Argosie,
Enter a second Merchant.
2. Merch. Thine Argosie from *Alexandria*,
Know *Barabas* doth ride in *Malta Rhode*.
Laden with riches, and exceeding store
Of *Persian* silkes, of gold, and Orient Perle:
Iew. How chance you came not with those other ships
That sail'd by *Egypt*?
2 Merch. Sir we saw 'em not.
Iew. Belike they coasted round by *Candie* shoare

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0186
wln 0187
wln 0188
wln 0189
wln 0190
wln 0191
wln 0192
wln 0193
wln 0194
wln 0195
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wln 0218
wln 0219
wln 0220
wln 0221
wln 0222

About their Oyles, or other businesses.
But 'twas ill done of you to come so farre
Without the ayd or conduct of their ships.
2. *Merch.* Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish Fleet
That neuer left vs till within a league,
That had the Gallies of the *Turke* in chase.
Iew. Oh they were going vp to *Sicily*: well, goe
And bid the Merchants and my men dispatch
And come ashore, and see the fraught discharg'd.
Merch. I goe.
Iew. Thus trowles our fortune in by land and Sea,
And thus are wee on euery side inrich'd:
These are the Blessings promis'd to the Iewes,
And herein was old *Abrams* happinesse:
What more may Heaven doe for earthly man
Then thus to powre out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
Making the Sea their seruants, and the winds
To driue their substance with successefull blasts?
Who hateth me but for my happinesse?
Or who is honour'd now but for his wealth?
Rather had I a Iew be hated thus,
Then pittied in a Christian pouerty:
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falshood, and excessiue pride,
Which me thinkes fits not their profession.
Happily some haplesse man hath conscience,
And for his conscience liues in beggery.
They say we are a scatter'd Nation:
I cannot tell, but we haue scambled vp
More wealth by farre then those that brag of faith.
There's *Kirriah Iairim*, the great Iew of *Greece*,
Obed in *Bairseth*, *Nones* in *Portugall*,
My selfe in *Malta*, some in *Italy*,
Many in *France*, and wealthy euery one:
I, wealthier farre then any Christian.
I must confesse we come not to be Kings:

Exit.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0223
wln 0224
wln 0225
wln 0226
wln 0227
wln 0228
wln 0229
wln 0230
wln 0231
wln 0232
wln 0233
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wln 0258
wln 0259

That's not our fault: Alas, our number's few,
And Crownes come either by succession
Or vrg'd by force; and nothing violent,
Oft haue I heard tell, can be permanent.
Giue vs a peacefull rule, make Christians Kings,
That thirst so much for Principality.
I haue no charge, nor many children,
But one sole Daughter, whom I hold as deare
As *Agamemnon* did his *Iphigen*:
And all I haue is hers. But who comes here?

Enter three Iewes.

1. Tush, tell not me 'twas done of policie.
2. Come therefore let vs goe to *Barrabas*;
For he can counsell best in these affaires;
And here he comes.

Iew. Why how now Countrymen?
Why flocke you thus to me in multitudes?
What accident's betided to the Iewes?

1. A Fleet of warlike Gallyes, *Barabas*,
Are come from *Turkey*, and lye in our Rhode:
And they this day sit in the Counsell-house
To entertaine them and their Embassie.

Iew. Why let 'em come, so they come not to warre;
Or let 'em warre, so we be conquerors:
Nay, let 'em combat, conquer, and kill all,
So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth.

Aside.

1. Were it for confirmation of a League,
They would not come in warlike manner thus.
2. I feare their comming will afflict vs all.

Iew. Fond men, what dreame you of their multitudes?
What need they treat of peace that are in league?
The *Turkes* and those of *Malta* are in league.
Tut, tut, there is some other matter in't.

1. Why, *Barabas*, they come for peace or warre.

Iew. Happily for neither, but to passe along
Towards *Venice* by the *Adriatick* Sea;
With whom they haue attempted many times,

But

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265
wln 0266
wln 0267
wln 0268
wln 0269
wln 0270
wln 0271
wln 0272
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wln 0274
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wln 0279
wln 0280
wln 0281
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wln 0294
wln 0295
wln 0296

But neuer could effect their Stratagem.
3. And very wisely sayd, it may be so.
2. But there's a meeting in the Senate-house,
And all the Iewes in *Malta* must be there.
Iew. Vmh; All the Iewes in *Malta* must be there?
I, like enough, why then let euery man
Prouide him, and be there for fashion-sake.
If any thing shall there concerne our state
Assure your selues I'll looke vnto my selfe.
1. I know you will; well brethren let vs goe.
2. Let's take our leaues; Farewell good *Barabas*.
Iew. Doe so; Farewell *Zaareth*, farewell *Temainte*.
And *Barabas* now search this secret out.
Summon thy sences, call thy wits togethre:
These silly men mistake the matter cleane.
Long to the *Turke* did *Malta* contribute;
Which Tribute all in policie, I feare,
The *Turkes* haue let increase to such a summe,
As all the wealth of *Malta* cannot pay;
And now by that aduantage thinkes, belike,
To seize vpon the Towne: I, that he seekes.
How ere the world goe, I'll make sure for one,
And seeke in time to intercept the worst,
Warily garding that which I ha got.
Ego mihimet sum semper proximas.
Why let 'em enter, let 'em take the Towne.
*Enter Gouernors of Malta, Knights met by
Bassoos of the Turke; Calymath.*
Gouer. Now Bassoos, what demand you at our hands?
Bass. Know Knights of Malta, that we came from *Rhodes*
From *Cyprus*, *Candy*, and those other Iles
That lye betwixt the Mediterranean seas.
Gov. What's *Cyprus*, *Candy*, and those other Iles
To vs, or *Malta*? What at our hands demand ye?
Calim. The ten yeares tribute that remaines vnpaid.
Gov. Alas, my Lord, the summe is ouergreat,
I hope your Highnesse will consider vs.

aside,

Calim.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0297
wln 0298
wln 0299
wln 0300
wln 0301
wln 0302
wln 0303
wln 0304
wln 0305
wln 0306
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wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331
wln 0332
wln 0333

Calim. I wish, graue Gouvernours 'twere in my power
To fauour you, but 'tis my fathers cause,
Wherein I may not, nay I dare not dally.

Gov. Then giue vs leaue, great *Selim-Calymath.*

Caly. Stand all aside, and let the Knights determine,
And send to keepe our Gallies vnder-saile,
For happily we shall not tarry here:
Now Gouvernours how are you resolu'd?

Gov. Thus: Since your hard conditions are such
That you will needs haue ten yeares tribute past,
We may haue time to make collection
Amongst the Inhabitants of *Malta* for't.

Bass. That's more then is in our Commission.

Caly. What Callapine a little curtesie.
Let's know their time, perhaps it is not long;
And 'tis more Kingly to obtaine by peace
Then to enforce conditions by constraint.
What respit aske you Gouvernours?

Gov. But a month.

Caly. We grant a month, but see you keep your promise.
Now lanch our Gallies backe againe to Sea,
VVhere wee'll attend the respit you haue tane,
And for the mony send our messenger.
Farewell great Gouvernours, and braue Knights of *Malta.*

Exeunt.

Gov. And all good fortune wait on *Calymath.*
Goe one and call those Iewes of *Malta* hither:
VVere they not summon'd to appeare to day.

Officer. They were, my Lord, and here they come.

Enter Barabas, and three Iewes.

I Knight. Haue you determin'd what to say to them?

Gov. Yes, giue me leaue, and *Hebrwes* now come neare.
From the Emperour of *Turkey* is arriu'd
Great *Selim-Calymath*, his Highnesse sonne,
To leuie of vs ten yeares tribute past,
Now then here know that it concerneth vs:

Bar. Then good my Lord, to keepe your quiet still,

Your

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0334
wln 0335
wln 0336
wln 0337
wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340
wln 0341
wln 0342
wln 0343
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wln 0345
wln 0346
wln 0347
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wln 0362
wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368
wln 0369
wln 0370

Your Lordship shall doe well to let them haue it.

Gov. Soft *Barabas*, there's more longs too't than so.
To what this ten yeares tribute will amount
That we haue cast, but cannot compasse it
By reason of the warres, that robb'd our store;
And therefore are we to request your ayd.

Bar. Alas, my Lord, we are no souldiers:
And what's our aid against so great a Prince?

1 Kni. Tut, Iew, we know thou art no souldier;
Thou art a Merchant, and a monied man,
And 'tis thy mony, *Barabas*, we seeke.

Bar. How, my Lord, my mony?

Gov. Thine and the rest.

For to be short, amongst you 't must be had,

Iew. Alas, my Lord, the most of vs are poore.

Gov. Then let the rich increase your portions:

Bar. Are strangers with your tribute to be tax'd?

2 Kni. Haue strangers leaue with vs to get their wealth?
Then let them with vs contribute.

Bar. How, equally?

Gov. No, Iew, like infidels.

For through our sufferance of your hatefull liues,
Who stand accursed in the sight of heauen,
These taxes and afflictions are befall'ne,
And therefore thus we are determined;
Reade there the Articles of our decrees.

Reader. First, the tribute mony of the *Turkes* shall all be
Leuyed amongst the *Iewes*, and each of them to pay one
Halfe of his estate.

Bar. How, halfe his estate? I hope you meane not mine.

Gov. Read on.

Read. Secondly, hee that denies to pay, shal straight be-
A Christian. (come

Bar. How a Christian? Hum, what's here to doe?

Read. Lastly, he that denies this, shall absolutely lose al he

All 3 Iewes. Oh my Lord we will giue halfe. has.

Bar. Oh earth-mettall'd villaines, and no *Hebrews* born!

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0371
wln 0372
wln 0373
wln 0374
wln 0375
wln 0376
wln 0377
wln 0378
wln 0379
wln 0380
wln 0381
wln 0382
wln 0383
wln 0384
wln 0385
wln 0386
wln 0387
wln 0388
wln 0389
wln 0390
wln 0391
wln 0392
wln 0393
wln 0394
wln 0395
wln 0396
wln 0397
wln 0398
wln 0399
wln 0400
wln 0401
wln 0402
wln 0403
wln 0404
wln 0405
wln 0406
wln 0407

And will you basely thus submit your selues
To leaue your goods to their arbitrament?
Gov. Why *Barabas* wilt thou be christned[.]
Bar. No, *Gouernour*, I will be no conuertite.
Gov. Then pay thy halfe.
Bar. Why know you what you did by this deuice?
Halfe of my substance is a Cities wealth.
Gouernour, it was not got so easily;
Nor will I part so slightly therewithall.
Gov. Sir, halfe is the penalty of our decree,
Either pay that, or we will seize on all.
Bar. *Corpo di deo*; stay, you shall haue halfe,
Let me be vs'd but as my brethren are.
Gov. No, *Iew*, thou hast denied the Articles,
And now it cannot be recall'd.
Bar. Will you then steale my goods?
Is theft the ground of your Religion?
Gov. No, *Iew*, we take particularly thine
To saue the ruine of a multitude:
And better one want for a common good,
Then many perish for a priuate man:
Yet *Barrabas* we will not banish thee,
But here in *Malta*, where thou gotst thy wealth,
Liue still; and if thou canst, get more.
Bar. Christians; what, or how can I multiply?
Of nought is nothing made.
I Knight. From nought at first thou camst to little welth,
From little vnto more, from more to most:
If your first curse fall heauy on thy head,
And make thee poore and **scorn[*]d** of all the world,
'Tis not our fault, but thy inherent sinne.
Bar. What? bring you Scripture to confirm your wronge?
Preach me not out of my possessions.
Some *Iewes* are wicked, as all Christians are:
But say the Tribe that I descended of
Were all in generall cast away for sinne,
Shall I be tryed by their transgression?

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0408
wln 0409
wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412
wln 0413
wln 0414
wln 0415
wln 0416
wln 0417
wln 0418
wln 0419
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wln 0438
wln 0439
wln 0440
wln 0441
wln 0442
wln 0443
wln 0444

The man that dealeth righteously shall liue:
And which of you can charge me otherwise?

Gov. Out wretched *Barabas*, sham'st thou not thus
To iustifie thy selfe, as if we knew not
Thy profession? If thou rely vpon thy righteousnesse,
Be patient and thy riches will increase.
Excesse of wealth is cause of covetousnesse:
And couetousnesse, oh 'tis a monstrous sinne.

Bar. I, but theft is worse: tush, take not from me then,
For that is theft; and if you rob me thus,
I must be forc'd to steale and compasse more.

I Kni. Graue Gouvernors, list not to his exclames:
Conuert his mansion to a Nunnery,
His house will harbour many holy Nuns.

Enter Officers.

Gov. It shall be so: now Officers haue you done?

Offic. I, my Lord, we haue seiz'd vpon the goods
And wares of *Barabas*, which being valued
Amount to more then all the wealth in *Malta*.
And of the other we haue seized halfe.
Then wee'll take order for the residue.

Bar. Well then my Lord, say, are you satisfied?
You haue my goods, my mony, and my wealth,
My ships, my store, and all that I enioy'd;
And hauing all, you can request no more;
Vnlesse your vnrelenting flinty hearts
Suppress all pittie in your stony breasts,
And now shall move you to bereave my life.

Gov. No, *Barabas*, to staine our hands with blood
Is farre from vs and our profession.

Bar. Why I esteeme the iniury farre lesse,
To take the liues of miserable men,
Then be the causers of their misery.
You haue my wealth the labour of my life,
The comfort of mine age, my childrens hope,
And therefore ne're distinguish of the wrong.

Gov. Content thee, *Barabas*, thou hast nought but right.

Bar. Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong:

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0445
wln 0446
wln 0447
wln 0448
wln 0449
wln 0450
wln 0451
wln 0452
wln 0453
wln 0454
wln 0455
wln 0456
wln 0457
wln 0458
wln 0459
wln 0460
wln 0461
wln 0462
wln 0463
wln 0464
wln 0465
wln 0466
wln 0467
wln 0468
wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472
wln 0473
wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477
wln 0478
wln 0479
wln 0480
wln 0481

But take it to you i'th deuils name.

Gov. Come, let vs in, and gather of these goods
The mony for this tribute of the *Turke*.

I Knight, 'Tis necessary that be look'd vnto:
For if we breake our day, we breake the league,
And that will proue but simple policie.

Exeunt,

Bar. I, policie? that's their profession,
And not simplicity, as they suggest.
The plagues of *Egypt*, and the curse of heauen,
Earths barrennesse, and all mens hatred
Inflict vpon them, thou great *Primas Motor*.
And here vpon my knees, striking the earth,
I banne their soules to everlasting paines
And extreme tortures of the fiery deepe,
That thus haue dealt with me in my distresse.

I Iew. Oh yet be patient, gentle *Barabas*.

Bar. Oh silly brethren, borne to see this day!
Why stand you thus vnmou'd with my laments?
Why weepe you not to thinke vpon my wrongs?
Why pine not I, and dye in this distresse?

I Iew. Why, *Barabas*, as hardly can we brooke
The cruell handling of our selues in this:
Thou seest they haue taken halfe our goods.

Bar. Why did you yeeld to their extortion?
You were a multitude, and I but one,
And of me onely haue they taken all.

I Iew. Yet brother *Barabas* remember *Iob*,

Bar. What tell you me of *Iob*? I wot his wealth
Was written thus: he had seuen thousand sheepe,
Three thousand Camels, and two hundred yoake
Of labouring Oxen, and fiue hundred
Shee Asses: but for euery one of those,
Had they beene valued at indifferent rate,
I had at home, and in mine Argosie
And other ships that came from *Egypt* last,
As much as would haue bought his beasts and him,
And yet haue kept enough to liue vpon;

So,

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0482
wln 0483
wln 0484
wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489
wln 0490
wln 0491
wln 0492
wln 0493
wln 0494
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wln 0516
wln 0517
wln 0518

So that not he, but I may curse the day,
Thy fatall birth-day, forlorne *Barabas*;
And henceforth wish for an eternall night,
That clouds of darknesse may inclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrowes from mine eyes:
For onely I haue toyl'd to inherit here
The months of vanity and losse of time,
And painefull nights haue bin appointed me.

2 Iew. Good *Barabas* be patient.

Bar. I, I pray leave me in my patience.

You that were ne're possesst of wealth, are pleas'd with
But giue him liberty at least to mourne, (want.
That in a field amidst his enemies,
Doth see his souldiers slaine, himselfe disarm'd,
And knowes no meanes of his recouerie:
I, let me sorrow for this sudden chance,
'Tis in the trouble of my spirit I speake;
Great iniuries are not so soone forgot.

1 Iew. Come, let vs leaue him in his irefull mood,
Our words will but increase his extasie.

2 Iew. On then: but trust me 'tis a misery
To see a man in such affliction:

Farewell *Barabas*.

Exeunt.

Bar. I, fare you well.
See the simplicitie of these base slaues,
Who for the villaines haue no wit themselues,
Thinke me to be a senselesse lumpe of clay
That will with euery water wash to dirt:
No, *Barabas* is borne to better chance,
And fram'd of finer mold then common men,
That measure nought but by the present time.
A reaching thought will search his deepest wits,
And cast with cunning for the time to come:
For euils are apt to happen euery day
But whither wends my beauteous *Abigall*?

Enter Ahigall the Iewes daughter.

Oh what has made my louely daughter sad?

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0519
wln 0520
wln 0521
wln 0522
wln 0523
wln 0524
wln 0525
wln 0526
wln 0527
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wln 0547
wln 0548
wln 0549
wln 0550
wln 0551
wln 0552
wln 0553
wln 0554
wln 0555

What? woman, moane not for a little losse:
Thy father has enough in store for thee.

Abig. Not for my selfe, but aged *Barabas*:
Father, for thee lamenteth *Abigaile*:
But I will learne to leaue these fruitlesse teares.
And vrg'd thereto with my afflictions,
With fierce exclames run to the Senate-house,
And in the Senate reprehend them all,
And rent their hearts with tearing of my haire,
Till they reduce the wrongs done to my father.

Bar. No, *Abigail*, things past recouery
Are hardly cur'd with exclamations.
Be silent, Daughter, sufferance breeds ease,
And time may yeeld vs an occasion
Which on the sudden cannot serue the turne.
Besides, my girle, thinke me not all so fond
As negligently to forgoe so much
Without prouision for thy selfe and me.
Ten thousand *Portagues*, besides great Perles,
Rich costly Iewels, and Stones infinite,
Fearing the worst of this before it fell,
I closely hid.

Abig. Where father?

Bar. In my house my girle.

Abig. Then shall they ne're be seene of *Barrabas*:
For they haue seiz'd vpon thy house and wares.

Bar. But they will giue me leaue once more, I trow,
To goe into my house.

Abig. That may they not:
For there I left the Gouvernour placing Nunnes,
Displacing me; and of thy house they meane
To make a Nunnery, where none but their owne sect
Must enter in; men generally barr'd.

Bar. My gold, my gold, and all my wealth is gone.
You partiall heauens, haue I deseru'd this plague?
What will you thus oppose me, lucklesse Starres,
To make me desperate in my pouerty?

And

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0556 And knowing me impatient in distresse
wln 0557 Thinke me so mad as I will hang my selfe,
wln 0558 That I may vanish ore the earth in ayre,
wln 0559 And leaue no memory that e're I was.
wln 0560 No, I will liue; nor loath I this my life:
wln 0561 And since you leaue me in the Ocean thus
wln 0562 To sinke or swim, and put me to my shifts,
wln 0563 I'le rouse my senses, and awake my selfe.
wln 0564 Daughter, I haue it: thou perceiu'st the plight
wln 0565 Wherein these Christians haue oppressed me:
wln 0566 Be rul'd by me, for in extremitie
wln 0567 We ought to make barre of no policie.
wln 0568 *Abig.* Father, what e're it be to iniure them
wln 0569 That haue so manifestly wronged vs,
wln 0570 What will not *Abigall* attempt? (my house
wln 0571 *Bar.* Why so; then thus, thou toldst me they haue turn'd
wln 0572 Into a Nunnery, and some Nuns are there.
wln 0573 *Abig.* I did.
wln 0574 *Bar.* Then *Abigall*, there must my girle
wln 0575 Intreat the Abbasse to be entertain'd.
wln 0576 *Abig.* How, as a Nunne?
wln 0577 *Bar.* I, Daughter, for Religion
wln 0578 Hides many mischiefes from suspition.
wln 0579 *Abig.* I, but father they will suspect me there.
wln 0580 *Bar.* Let 'em suspect, but be thou so precise
wln 0581 As they may thinke it done of Holinesse.
wln 0582 Intreat 'em faire, and giue them friendly speech,
wln 0583 And seeme to them as if thy sinnes were great,
wln 0584 Till thou hast gotten to be entertain'd.
wln 0585 *Abig.* Thus father shall I much dissemble.
wln 0586 *Bar.* Tush, as good dissemble that thou neuer mean'st
wln 0587 As first meane truth, and then dissemble it,
wln 0588 A counterfet profession is better
wln 0589 Then vnseene hypocrisie.
wln 0590 *Abig.* Well father, say I be entertain'd,
wln 0591 What then shall follow?
wln 0592 *Bar.* This shall follow then;

There

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596
wln 0597
wln 0598
wln 0599
wln 0600
wln 0601
wln 0602
wln 0603
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wln 0626
wln 0627
wln 0628
wln 0629

There haue I hid close underneath the plancke
That runs along the vpper chamber floore,
The gold and Iewels which I kept for thee.
But here they come; be cunning *Abigall*.

Abig. Then father goe with me.

Bar. No, *Abigall*, in this

It is not necessary I be seene.
For I will seeme offended with thee for't.
Be close, my girle, for this must fetch my gold.

Enter three Fryars and two Nuns.

1 Fry. Sisters, we now are almost at the new made Nun-

1 Nun. The better; for we loue not to be seene: (nery.

'Tis 30 winters long since some of vs
Did stray so farre amongst the multitude.

1 Fry. But, Madam, this house
And waters of this new made Nunnery
Will much delight you.

Nun. It may be so: but who comes here?

Abig. Grave Abbasse, and you happy Virgins guide,
Pitty the state of a distressed Maid.

Abb. What art thou daughter?

Abig. The hopelesse daughter of a haplesse Iew,
The Iew of *Malta*, wretched *Barabas*;
Sometimes the owner of a goodly house,
Which they haue now turn'd to a Nunnery.

Abb. Well, daughter, say, what is thy suit with vs?

Abig. Fearing the afflictions which my father feeles,
Proceed from sinne, or want of faith in vs,
I'de passe away my life in penitence,
And be a Nouice in your Nunnery,
To make attonement for my labouring soule. (spirit.

1. Fry. No doubt, brother, but this proceedeth of the

2 Fry. I, and of a moving spirit too, brother; but come,
Let vs intreat she may be entertain'd.

Abb. Well, daughter, we admit you for a Nun.

Abig. First let me as a Novice learne to frame
My solitary life to your streight lawes,

img: 12-b
sig: D1r

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0630
wln 0631
wln 0632
wln 0633
wln 0634
wln 0635
wln 0636
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wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666

And let me lodge where I was wont to lye,
I doe not doubt by your divine precepts
And mine owne industry, but to profit much.

Bar. As much I hope as all I hid is worth. *aside.*

Abb. Come daughter, follow vs.

Bar. Why how now *Abigall*, what mak'st thou
Amongst these hateful Christians?

I Fry. Hinder her not, thou man of little faith,
For she has mortified her selfe.

Bar. How, mortified I!

I Fry. And is admitted to the Sister-hood.

Bar. Child of perdition, and thy fathers shame,
What wilt thou doe among these hatefull fiends?

I charge thee on my blessing that thou leaue
These diuels, and their damned heresie.

Abig. Father giue me —

Bar. Nay backe, *Abigall*,

And thinke vpon the Iewels and the gold,
The boord is marked thus that couers it. *{Whispers to her.*

Away accursed from thy fathers sight.

I Fry. *Barabas*, although thou art in mis-beleefe,
And wilt not see thine owne afflictions,
Yet let thy daughter be no longer blinde.

Bar. Blind, Fryer, I wrecke not thy perswasions.

The boord is marked thus † that couers it,
For I had rather dye, then see her thus.

Wilt thou forsake mee too in my distresse,
Seduced Daughter, *Goe forget net.* *aside to her.*

Becomes it Iewes to be so credulous,
To morrow early Il'e be at the doore. *aside to her.*

No come not at me, if thou wilt be damn'd,
Forget me, see me not, and so be gone.

Farewell, Remember to morrow morning. *aside.*
Out, out thou wretch.

Enter Mathias.

Math. Whose this? Faire *Abigall* the rich Iewes daugh-
Become a Nun, her fathers sudden fall (ter

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0667 Has humbled her and brought her downe to this:
wln 0668 Tut, she were fitter for a tale of loue
wln 0669 Then to be tired out with Orizons:
wln 0670 And better would she farre become a bed
wln 0671 Embraced in a friendly louers armes,
wln 0672 Then rise at midnight to a solemne masse.

Enter Lodowicke.

wln 0673
wln 0674 *Lod.* Why how now Don *Mathias*, in a dump?
wln 0675 *Math.* Beleeue me, Noble *Lodowicke*, I haue seene
wln 0676 The strangest sight, in my opinion,
wln 0677 That euer I beheld.

Lod. What wast I prethe?

wln 0679 *Math.* A faire young maid scarce 14 yeares of age,
wln 0680 The sweetest flower in *Citherea's* field,
wln 0681 Cropt from the pleasures of the fruitfull earth,
wln 0682 And strangely metamorphis'd Nun.

Lod. But say, What was she?

wln 0683 *Math.* Why the rich Iewes daughter.

wln 0684 *Lod.* What *Barabas*, whose goods were lately seiz'd?
wln 0686 Is she so faire?

Math. And matchlesse beautifull;

wln 0688 As had you seene her 'twould haue mou'd your heart,
wln 0689 Tho countermin'd with walls of brasse, to loue,
wln 0690 Or at the least to pittie.

Lod. And if she be so faire as you report,
wln 0691 'Twere time well spent to goe and visit her:
wln 0692 How say you, shall we?

Math. I must and will, Sir, there's no remedy.

wln 0695 *Lod.* And so will I too, or it shall goe hard.
wln 0696 Farewell *Mathias*.

Mat. Farewell *Lodowicke*.

Exeunt.

Actus

The Iew of Malta.

Actus Secundus.

wln 0698

Enter Barabas with a light.

wln 0699

wln 0700

Bar. Thus like the sad presaging Rauen that tolls

wln 0701

The sicke mans passeport in her hollow beake,

wln 0702

And in the shadow of the silent night

wln 0703

Doth shake contagion from her sable wings;

wln 0704

Vex'd and tormented runnes poore *Barabas*

wln 0705

With fatall curses towards these Christians.

wln 0706

The incertaine pleasures of swift-footed time

wln 0707

Haue tane their flight, and left me in despaire;

wln 0708

And of my former riches rests no more

wln 0709

But bare remembrance; like a souldiers skarre,

wln 0710

That has no further comfort for his maime.

wln 0711

Oh thou that with a fiery piller led'st

wln 0712

The sonnes of *Israel* through the dismall shades,

wln 0713

Light *Abrahams* off-spring; and direct the hand

wln 0714

Of *Abigall* this night; or let the day

wln 0715

Turne to eternall darkenesse after this:

wln 0716

No sleepe can fasten on my watchfull eyes,

wln 0717

Nor quiet enter my distemper'd thoughts,

wln 0718

Till I haue answer of my *Abigall*.

wln 0719

Enter Abigall aboue.

wln 0720

Abig. Now haue I happily espy'd a time

wln 0721

To search the plancke my father did appoint;

wln 0722

And here behold (vnseene) where I haue found

wln 0723

The gold, the perles, and Iewels which he hid.

wln 0724

Bar. Now I remember those old womens words,

wln 0725

Who in my wealth wud tell me winters tales,

wln 0726

And speake of spirits and ghosts that glide by night

wln 0727

About the place where Treasure hath bin hid:

wln 0728

And now me thinkes that I am one of those:

wln 0729

For whilst I liue, here liues my soules sole hope,

wln 0730

And when I dye, here shall my spirit walke.

wln 0731

Abig. Now that my fathers fortune were so good

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0732
wln 0733
wln 0734
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wln 0765
wln 0766
wln 0767
wln 0768

As but to be about this happy place;
'Tis not so happy: yet when we parted last,
He said he wud attend me in the morne.
Then, gentle sleepe, where e're his bodie rests,
Give charge to *Morpheus* that he may dreame
A golden dreame, and of the sudden walke,
Come and receiue the Treasure I haue found.
Bar. *Birn para todos, my ganada no er:*
As good goe on, as fit so sadly thus.
But stay, what starre shines yonder in the *East?*
The Loadstarre of my life, if *Abigall*.
Who's there?
Abig. Who's that?
Bar. Peace, *Abigal*, 'tis I.
Abig. Then father here receiue thy happinesse.
Bar. Hast thou't? *Throwes downe bags,*
Abig. Here,
Hast thou't?
There's more, and more, and more.
Bar. Oh my girle,
My gold, my fortune, my felicity;
Strength to my soule, death to mine enemy;
Welcome the first beginner of my blisse:
Oh *Aigal*, *Abigal*, that I had thee here too,
Then my desires were fully satisfied,
But I will practise thy enlargement thence:
Oh girle, oh gold, oh beauty, oh my blisse! *hugs his bags*
Abig. Father, it draweth towards midnight now,
And 'bout this time the Nuns begin to wake;
To shun suspition, therefore, let vs part.
Bar. Farewell my ioy, and by my fingers take
A kisse from him that sends it from his soule.
Now *Phæbus* ope the eye-lids of the day,
And for the Rauen wake the morning Larke,
That I may houer with her in the Ayre;
Singing ore these, as she does ore her young.
Hermoso Piarer, de les Denireh. *Exeunt.*

Enter

The Iew of Malta.

Enter Governor, Martin del Bosco, the knights.

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Gov. Now Captaine tell vs whither thou art bound?
Whence is thy ship that anchors in our Rhoad?

And why thou cam'st ashore without our leaue?

Bosc. Governor of *Malta*, hither am I bound;
My Ship, *the flying Dragon*, is of *Spaine*,
And so am I, *Delbosco* is my name;
Vizadmirall vnto the Catholike King.

I Kni. 'Tis true, my Lord, therefore intreat him well.

Bosc. Our fraught is *Grecians*, *Turks*, and *Africk Moores*.
For late vpon the coast of *Corsica*,
Because we vail'd not to the *Spanish Fleet*,
Their creeping Gallyes had vs in the chase:
But suddenly the wind began to rise,
And then we left, and tooke, and fought at ease:
Some have we fir'd, and many haue we sunke;
But one amongst the rest became our prize:
The Captain's slaine, the rest remaine our slaues,
Of whom we would make sale in *Malta* here.

Gov. *Martin del Bosco*, I haue heard of thee;
Welcome to *Malta*, and to all of vs;
But to admit a sale of these thy *Turkes*
We may not, nay we dare not giue consent
By reason of a Tributary league.

I Kni. *Delbosco*, as thou louest and honour'st vs,
Perswade our Gouvernor against the *Turke*;
This truce we haue is but in hope of gold,
And with that summe he craues might we wage warre.

Bosc. Will Knights of *Malta* be in league with *Turkes*,
And buy it basely too for summes of gold?
My Lord, Remember that to *Europ's* shame,
The Christian Ile of *Rhodes*, from whence you came,
Was lately lost, and you were stated here
To be at deadly enmity with *Turkes*

Gov. Captaine we know it, but our force is small:

Bosc. What is the summe that *Calymath* requires?

Gov. A hundred thousand Crownes.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0806 *Bosc.* My Lord and King hath title to this Isle,
wln 0807 And he meanes quickly to expell you hence;
wln 0808 Therefore be rul'd by me, and keepe the gold:
wln 0809 I'le write unto his Maiesty for ayd,
wln 0810 And not depart vntill I see you free.

wln 0811 *Gov.* On this condition shall thy *Turkes* be sold.
wln 0812 Goe Officers and set them straight in shew.

wln 0813 *Bosco*, thou shalt be *Malta's* Generall;
wln 0814 We and our warlike Knights will follow thee
wln 0815 Against these barbarous mis-beleeuing *Turkes*.

wln 0816 *Bosc.* So shall you imitate those you succeed:
wln 0817 For when their hideous force inuiron'd *Rhodes*,
wln 0818 Small though the number was that kept the Towne,
wln 0819 They fought it out, and not a man suruiu'd
wln 0820 To bring the haplesse newes to Christendome.

wln 0821 *Gov.* So will we fight it out; come, let's away:
wln 0822 Proud-daring *Calymath*, instead of gold,
wln 0823 Wee'll send the bullets wrapt in smoake and fire:
wln 0824 Claime tribute where thou wilt, we are resolu'd,
wln 0825 Honor is bought with bloud and not with gold.

Extunt

wln 0826 *Enter Officers with slaues.*

wln 0827 *1 Off.* This is the Market-place, here let 'em stand:
wln 0828 Feare not their sale, for they'll be quickly bought.

wln 0829 *2 Off.* Euery ones price is written on his backe,
wln 0830 And so much must they yeeld or not be sold.

Ent. Bar.

wln 0831 *1 Off.* Here comes the Iew, had not his goods bin seiz'd,
wln 0832 He'de giue vs present mony for them all.

wln 0833 *Enter Barabas.*

wln 0834 *Bar;* In spite of these swine-eating Christians,
wln 0835 (Vnchosen Nation, neuer circumciz'd;
wln 0836 Such as poore villaines were ne're thought vpon
wln 0837 Till *Titus* and *Vespasian* conquer'd vs.)

wln 0838 Am I become as wealthy as I was:
wln 0839 They hop'd my daughter would ha bin a Nun;
wln 0840 But she's at home, and I haue bought a house
wln 0841 As great and faire as is the Gouvernors;
wln 0842 And there in spite of *Malta* will I dwell:

Hauing

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0843 Hauing *Fernezes* hand, whose heart I'le haue;
wln 0844 I, and his sonnes too, or it shall goe hard.
wln 0845 I am not of the Tribe of *Levy*, I,
wln 0846 That can so soone forget an iniury.
wln 0847 We Iewes can fawne like Spaniels when we please;
wln 0848 And when we grin we bite, yet are our lookes
wln 0849 As innocent aud harmelesse as a Lambes.
wln 0850 I learn'd in *Florence* how to kisse my hand,
wln 0851 Heave vp my shoulders when they call me dogge,
wln 0852 And ducke as low as any bare-foot Fryar,
wln 0853 Hoping to see them starue vpon a stall,
wln 0854 Or else be gather'd for in our Synagogue;
wln 0855 That when the offering-Bason comes to me,
wln 0856 Euen for charity I may spit intoo't.
wln 0857 Here comes Don *Lodowicke* the Gouvernor's sonne,
wln 0858 One that I loue for his good fathers sake.

Enter Lodowicke.

wln 0860 *Lod.* I heare the wealthy Iew walked this way;
wln 0861 I'le seeke him out, and so insinuate,
wln 0862 That I may haue a sight of *Abigall*;
wln 0863 For Don *Mathias* tels me she is faire.

wln 0864 *Bar.* Now will I shew my selfe to haue more of the Ser-
wln 0865 Then the Doue; that is, more knaue than foole. (pent

wln 0866 *Lod.* Yond walks the Iew, now for faire *Abigall*.

wln 0867 *Bar.* I, I, no doubt but shee's at your command.

wln 0868 *Lod.* *Barabas*, thou know'st I am the Gouvernors sonne.

wln 0869 *Bar.* I wud you were his father too, Sir, that's al the harm
wln 0870 I wish you: the slaue looks like a hogs cheek new sindg'd.

wln 0871 *Lod.* Whither walk'st thou *Barabas*?

wln 0872 *Bar.* No further: 'tis a custome held with vs,

wln 0873 That when we speake with *Gentiles* like to you,

wln 0874 We turne into the Ayre to purge our selues:

wln 0875 For vnto vs the Promise doth belong.

wln 0876 *Lod.* Well, *Barabas*, canst helpe me to a Diamond?

wln 0877 *Bar.* Oh, Sir, your father had my Diamonds.

wln 0878 Yet I haue one left that will serve your turne:

wln 0879 I meane my daughter: — but e're he shall haue her

I'le

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0880 I'le sacrifice her on a pile of wood. *aside.*
wln 0881 I ha the poyson of the City for him, and the
wln 0882 White leprosie.
wln 0883 *Lod.* What sparkle does it give without a foile?
wln 0884 *Bar.* The Diamond that I talke of, ne'r was foild:
wln 0885 But when he touches it, it will be foild:
wln 0886 Lord *Lodowicke*, it sparkles bright and faire.
wln 0887 *Lod.* Is it square or pointed, pray let me know.
wln 0888 *Bar.* Pointed it is, good Sir, — but not for you. *aside*
wln 0889 *Lod.* I like it much the better.
wln 0890 *Brr.* So doe I too.
wln 0891 *Lod.* How showes it by night?
wln 0892 *Bar.* Out shines *Cynthia*'s rayes:
wln 0893 Yeu'le like it better farre a nights than dayes. *aside.*
wln 0894 *Lod.* And what's the price?
wln 0895 *Bar.* Your life and if you haue it. — Oh my Lord
wln 0896 We will not iarre about the price; come to my house
wln 0897 And I will giu't your honour — with a vengeance. *aside*
wln 0898 *Lod.* No, *Barabas*, I will deserue it first.
wln 0899 *Bar.* Good Sir, your father has deseru'd it at my hands,
wln 0900 Who of meere charity and Christian ruth,
wln 0901 To bring me to religious purity,
wln 0902 And as it were in Catechising sort,
wln 0903 To make me mindfull of my mortall sinnes,
wln 0904 Against my will, and whether I would or no,
wln 0905 Seiz'd all I had, and thrust me out a doores,
wln 0906 And made my house a place for Nuns most chast.
wln 0907 *Lod.* No doubt your soule shall reape the fruit of it.
wln 0908 *Bar.* I, but my Lord, the haruest is farre off:
wln 0909 And yet I know the prayers of those Nuns
wln 0910 And holy Fryers, hauing mony for their paines,
wln 0911 Are wondrous; *and indeed doe no man good:* *aside.*
wln 0912 And seeing they are not idle, but still doing,
wln 0913 'Tis likely they in time may reape some fruit,
wln 0914 I meane in fulnesse of perfection.
wln 0915 *Lod.* Good *Barabas* glance not at our holy Nuns.
wln 0916 *Bar.* No, but I doe it through a burning zeale,

Hoping

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0917 *Hoping ere long to set the house a fire;*
wln 0918 *For though they doe a while increase and multiply,* aside.
wln 0919 *I'le haue a saying to that Nunnery.*
wln 0920 As for the Diamond, Sir, I told you of,
wln 0921 Come home and there's no price shall make vs part,
wln 0922 Euen for your Honourable fathers sake.
wln 0923 *It shall goe hard but I will see your death,* aside.
wln 0924 But now I must be gone to buy a slaue.
wln 0925 *Lod.* And, *Barabas*, I'le beare thee company.
wln 0926 *Bar.* Come then, here's the marketplace; whats the price
wln 0927 Of this slaue, 200 Crowns? Do the *Turke* weigh so much?
wln 0928 *Off.* Sir, that's his price.
wln 0929 *Bar.* What, can he steale that you demand so much?
wln 0930 Belike he has some new tricke for a purse;
wln 0931 And if he has, he is worth 300 plats.
wln 0932 So that, being bought, the Towne-seale might be got
wln 0933 To keepe him for his life time from the gallows.
wln 0934 The Sessions day is criticall to theeues,
wln 0935 And few or none scape but by being purg'd.
wln 0936 *Lod.* Ratest thou this *Moore* but at 200 plats?
wln 0937 *I Off.* No more, my Lord.
wln 0938 *Bar.* Why should this *Turke* be dearer then that *Moore*?
wln 0939 *Off.* Because he is young and has more qualities.
wln 0940 *Bar.* What, hast the Philosophers stone? and thou hast,
wln 0941 Breake my head with it, I'le forgiue thee.
wln 0942 *Itha.* No Sir, I can cut and shaue.
wln 0943 *Bar.* Let me see, sirra, are you not an old shauer?
wln 0944 *Ith.* Alas, Sir, I am a very youth.
wln 0945 *Bar.* A youth? I'le buy you, and marry you to Lady va-
wln 0946 If you doe well. (nity
wln 0947 *Ith.* I will serue you, Sir.
wln 0948 *Bar.* Some wicked trick or other. It may be vnder colour
wln 0949 Of shauing, thou'lt cut my throat for my goods.
wln 0950 Tell me, hast thou thy health well?
wln 0951 *Ith.* I, passing well.
wln 0952 *Bar.* So much the worse; I must haue one that's sickly,
wln 0953 And be but for sparing vittles: 'tis not a stone of beef a day

The Iew of Malta.

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Will maintaine you in these chops; let me see one
That's some what leaner.

I Off. Here's a leaner, how like you him?

Bar. Where was thou borne?

Itha. In *Trace*; brought vp in *Arabia*.

Bar. So much the better, thou art for my turne,
An hundred Crownes, I'le haue him; there's the coyne.

I Off. Then marke him, Sir, and take him hence.

Bar. I, marke him, you were best, for this is he
That by my helpe shall doe much villanie.

My Lord farewell: Come Sirra you are mine.

As for the Diamond it shall be yours;

I pray, Sir, be no stranger at my house,

All that I haue shall be at your command.

Enter Mathias, Mater.

Math. What makes the Iew and *Lodowicke* so priuate?
I feare me 'tis about faire *Abigall*.

Bar. Yonder comes Don *Mathias*, let vs stay;

He loues my daughter, and she holds him deare:

But I haue sworne to frustrate both their hopes,

And be reveng'd upon the — *Gouernor*.

Mater. This Moore is comeliest, is he not? speake son.

Math. No, this is the better, mother, view this well.

Bar. Seeme not to know me here before your mother
Lest she mistrust the match that is in hand:

When you haue brought her home, come to my house;

Thinke of me as thy father; Sonne farewell.

Math. But wherefore talk'd Don *Lodowick* with you?

Bar. Tush man, we talk'd of Diamonds, not of *Abigal*.

Mater. Tell me, *Mathias*, is not that the Iew?

Bar. As for the Comment on the *Machabees*
I haue it, Sir, and 'tis at your command.

Math. Yes, Madam, and my talke with him was
About the borrowing of a booke or two. (uen.

Mater. Conuerse not with him, he is cast off from hea-
Thou hast thy Crownes, fellow, come let's away. *exeunt*

Math. Sirra, Iew, remember the booke.

Bar.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0991 *Bar.* Marry will I, Sir.
wln 0992 *Off.* Come, I haue made a reasonable market, let's away.
wln 0993 *Bar.* Now let me know thy name, and there withall
wln 0994 Thy birth, condition, and profession.
wln 0995 *Ithi.* Faith, Sir, my birth is but meane, my name's *Ithimer*,
wln 0996 My profession what you please.
wln 0997 *Bar.* Hast thou no Trade? then listen to my words,
wln 0998 And I will teach that shall sticke by thee:
wln 0999 First be thou voyd of these affections,
wln 1000 Compassion, loue, vaine hope, and hartlesse feare,
wln 1001 Be mou'd at nothing, see thou pittie none,
wln 1002 But to [*]hy selfe smile when the Christians moane.
wln 1003 *Ithi.* Oh braue, master, I worship your nose for this.
wln 1004 *Bar.* As for my selfe, I walke abroad a nights
wln 1005 And kill sicke people groaning under walls:
wln 1006 Sometimes I goe about and poyson wells;
wln 1007 And now and then, to cherish Christian theeves,
wln 1008 I am content to lose some of my Crownes;
wln 1009 That I may, walking in my Gallery,
wln 1010 See 'em goe pinion'd along by my doore.
wln 1011 Being young I studied Physicke, and began
wln 1012 To practise first vpon the *Italian*;
wln 1013 There I enric'd the Priests with burials,
wln 1014 And alwayes kept the Sexton's armes in vre
wln 1015 With digging graues and ringing dead mens knels:
wln 1016 And after that was I an Engineere,
wln 1017 And in the warres 'twixt *France* and *Germanie*,
wln 1018 Vnder pretence of helping *Charles* the fifth,
wln 1019 Slew friend and enemy with my stratagemes.
wln 1020 Then after that was I an Vsurer,
wln 1021 And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
wln 1022 And tricks belonging vnto Brokery,
wln 1023 I fill'd the Iailes with Bankrouts in a yeare,
wln 1024 And with young Orphans planted Hospitals,
wln 1025 And euery Moone made some or other mad,
wln 1026 And now and then one hang himselfe for grieffe,
wln 1027 Pinning vpon his breast a long great Scrowle

The Iew of Malta.

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How I with interest tormented him.
But marke how I am blest for plaguing them,
I haue as much coyne as will buy the Towne.
But tell me now, How hast thou spent thy time?
Ithi. Faith, Master, in setting Christian villages on fire,
Chaining of Eunuches, binding gally-slaues.
One time I was an Hostler in an Inne,
And in the night time secretly would I steale
To trauellers Chambers, and there cut their throats:
Once at *Ierusalem*, where the pilgrims kneel'd,
I strowed powder on the Marble stones,
And therewithall their knees would ranckle, so
That I haue laugh'd agood to see the cripples
Goe limping home to Christendome on stilts.
Bar. Why this is something: make account of me
As of thy fellow; we are villaines both:
Both circumcized, we hate Christians both:
Be true and secret, thou shalt want no gold.
But stand aside, here comes Don *Lodowicke*.
Enter Lodowicke.
Lod. Oh *Barabas* well met; where is the Diamond
You told me of?
Bar. I haue it for you, Sir; please you walke in with me:
What, ho, *Abigall*; open the doore I say.
Enter Abigall.
Abig. In good time, father, here are letters come
From *Ormus*, and the Post stayes here within.
Bar. Giue me the letters, daughter, doe you heare?
Entertaine *Lodowicke* the Gouernors sonne
With all the curtesie you can affoord;
Prouided, that you keepe your Maiden-head.
Vse him as if he were a *Philistine*.
Dissemble, sweare, protest, vow to loue him,
He is not of the seed of Abraham.
I am a little busie, Sir, pray pardon me.
Abigall, bid him welcome for my sake.
Abig. For your sake and his own he's welcome hither.

aside.

Bar.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1065 *Bar.* Daughter, a word more; kisse him, speake him faire,
wln 1066 And like a cunning Iew so cast about,
wln 1067 That ye be both made sure e're you come out.

wln 1068 *Abig.* Oh father, Don *Mathias* is my loue.

wln 1069 *Bar.* I know it: yet I say make loue to him;
wln 1070 Doe, it is requisite it should be so.

wln 1071 Nay on my life it is my Factors hand,
wln 1072 But goe you in, I'll thinke vpon the account:
wln 1073 The account is made, for *Lodowicke* dyes.

wln 1074 My Factor sends me word a Merchant's fled

wln 1075 That owes me for a hundred Tun of Wine:

wln 1076 I weigh it thus much; I haue wealth enough.

wln 1077 For now by this has he kist *Abigall*;

wln 1078 And she vowes loue to him, and hee to her.

wln 1079 As sure as heauen rain'd *Manna* for the *Jewes*,

wln 1080 So sure shall he and Don *Mathias* dye:

wln 1081 His father was my chiefest enemie.

wln 1082 Whither goes Don *Mathias*? stay a while.

Enter Mathias.

wln 1084 *Math.* Wither but to my faire loue *Abigall*?

wln 1085 *Bar.* Thou know'st, and heauen can wisse it is true,
wln 1086 That I intend my daughter shall be thine.

wln 1087 *Math.* I, *Barabas*, or else thou wrong'st me much:

wln 1088 *Bar.* Oh heauen forbid I should haue such a thought.

wln 1089 Pardon me though I weepe; the *Gouernors* sonne

wln 1090 Will, whether I will or no, haue *Abigall*:

wln 1091 He sends her letters, bracelets, jewels, rings.

wln 1092 *Math.* Does she receiue them?

wln 1093 *Bar.* Shee? No, *Mathias*, no, but sends them backe,

wln 1094 And when he comes, she lockes her selfe vp fast;

wln 1095 Yet through the **key[.]hole** will he talke to her,

wln 1096 While she runs to the window looking out

wln 1097 When you should come and hale him from the doore:

wln 1098 *Math.* Oh treacherous *Lodowicke*!

wln 1099 *Bar.* Even now as I came home, he slipt me in,

wln 1100 And I am sure he is with *Abigall*.

wln 1101 *Math.* I'll rouze him thence.

The Iew of Malta.

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wln 1136
wln 1137

Bar. Not for all *Malta*, therefore sheath your sword;
If you loue me, no quarrels in my house;
But steale you in, and seeme to see him not;
I'le giue him such a warning e're he goes
As he shall haue small hopes of *Abigall*.
Away, for here they come,

Enter Lodowicke, Abigall.

Math. What hand in hand, I cannot suffer this.

Bar. *Mathias*, as thou lou'st me, not a word.

Math. Well, let it passe, another time shall serue.

Exit.

Lod. *Barabas*, is not that the widowes sonne?

Bar. I, and take heed, for he hath sworne your death.

Lod. My death? what is the base borne peasant mad?

Bar. No, no, but happily he stands in feare
Of that which you, I thinke, ne're dreame vpon,
My daughter here, a paltry silly girle.

Lod. Why loues she Don *Mathias*?

Bar. Doth she not with her smiling answer you?

Abig. He has my heart, I smile against my will.

Lod. *Barabas*, thou know'st I haue lou'd thy daughter

(long.

Bar. And so has she done you, euen from a child.

Lod. And now I can no longer hold my minde.

Bar. Nor I the affection that I beare to you.

Lod. This is thy Diamond, tell me, shall I haue it?

Bar. Win it, and weare it, it is yet vnsoyl'd,
Oh but I know your Lordship wud disdain
To marry with the daughter of a Iew:
And yer I'le giue her many a golden crosse
With Christian posies round about the ring.

Lod. 'Tis not thy wealth, but her that I esteeme,
Yet craue I thy consent.

Bar. And mine you haue, yet let me talke to her;
This off-spring of *Cain*, this *Iebusite*
That neuer tasted of the *Passeouer*,
Nor e're shall see the land of *Canaan*,

Nor

The Iew of Malta.

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wln 1139
wln 1140
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Nor our *Messias* that is yet to come,
This gentle Magot *Lodowicke* I meane,
Must be deluded: let him haue thy hand,
But keepe thy heart till Don *Mathias* comes.

Abig. What shall I be betroth'd to *Lodowicke*?

Bar. It's no sinne to deceiue a Christian;

For they them selues hold it a principle,
Faith is not to be held with Heretickes;
But all are Hereticks that are not Iewes;
This followes well, and therefore daughter feare not.
I haue intreated her, and she will grant.

Lod. Then gentle *Abigal* plight thy faith to me.

Abig. I cannot chuse, seeing my father bids:
Nothing but death shall part my loue and me.

Lod. Now haue I that for which my soule hath long'd.

Bar. So haue not I, but yet I hope I shall.

Abig. Oh wretched *Abigal*, what hast thee done?

Lod. Why on the sudden is your colour chang'd?

Abig. I know not, but farewell, I must be gone.

Bar. Stay her, but let her not speake one word more.

Lod. Mute a the sudden; here's a sudden change.

Bar. Oh muse not at it, 'tis the *Hebrewes* guize,
That maidens new betroth'd should weepe a while:
Trouble her not, sweet *Lodowicke* depart:
Shee is thy wife, and thou shalt be mine heire.

Lod. Oh, is't the custome, then I am resolu'd:
But rathe let the brightsome heauens be dim,
And Natures beauty choake with stifeling clouds,
Then my faire *Abigal* should frowne on me.
There comes the villaine, now I'le be reueng'd.

Enter Mathias.

Bar. Be quiet *Lodowicke*, it is enough
That I haue made thee sure to *Abigal*.

Lod. Well, let him goe.

Bar. Well, but for me, as you went in at dores
You had bin stab'd, but not a word on't now;
Here must no speeches passe, nor swords be drawne.

aside.

aside.

Exit.

Math.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1175 *Math.* Suffer me, *Barabas*, but to follow him.
wln 1176 *Bar.* No; so shall I, if any hurt be done,
wln 1177 Be made an accessory of your deeds;
wln 1178 Reuenge it on him when you meet him next.
wln 1179 *Math.* For this I'le haue his heart.
wln 1180 *Bar.* Doe so; loe here I giue thee *Abigall*.
wln 1181 *Math.* What greater gift can poore *Mathias* haue?
wln 1182 Shall *Lodowicke* rob me of so faire a loue?
wln 1183 My life is not so deare as *Abigall*.
wln 1184 *Bar.* My heart misgiues me, that to crosse your loue,
wln 1185 Hee's with your mother, therefore after him.
wln 1186 *Math.* What, is he gone vnto my mother?
wln 1187 *Bar.* Nay, if you will, stay till she comes her selfe.
wln 1188 *Math.* I cannot stay; for if my mother come,
wln 1189 Shee'll dye with grieffe. *Exit.*
wln 1190 *Abig.* I cannot take my leaue of him for teares:
wln 1191 Father, why haue you thus incenst them both?
wln 1192 *Bar.* What's that to thee?
wln 1193 *Abig.* I'le make 'em friends againe.
wln 1194 *Bar.* You'll make 'em friends? are there not Iewes
wln 1195 Enow in *Malta*.
wln 1196 But thou must dote vpon a Christian?
wln 1197 *Abig.* I will haue Don *Mathias*, he is my loue.
wln 1198 *Bar.* Yes, you shall haue him: Goe put her in.
wln 1199 *Ith.* I, I'le put her in.
wln 1200 *Bar.* Now tell me, *Ithimore*, how lik'st thou this?
wln 1201 *Ith.* Faith Master, I thinke by this
wln 1202 You purchase both their liues; is it not so?
wln 1203 *Bar.* True; and it shall be cunningly perform'd.
wln 1204 *Ith.* Oh, master, that I might haue a hand in this.
wln 1205 *Bar.* I, so thou shalt, 'tis thou must doe the deed:
wln 1206 Take this and beare it to *Mathias* streight,
wln 1207 And tell him that it comes from *Lodowicke*.
wln 1208 *Ith.* 'Tis poyson'd, is it not?
wln 1209 *Bar.* No, no, and yet it might be done that way:
wln 1210 It is a challenge feign'd from *Lodowicke*.
wln 1211 *Ith.* Feare not, I'le so set his heart a fire, that he

Shall

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1212
wln 1213
wln 1214
wln 1215
wln 1216
wln 1217
wln 1218
wln 1219

Shall verily thinke it comes from him.
Bar. I cannot choose but like thy readinesse:
Yet be not rash, but doe it cunningly.
Ith. As I behaue my selfe in this, imploy me hereafter.
Bar. Away then.
So, now will I goe in to *Lodowicke*,
And like a cunning spirit feigne some lye,
Till I haue set 'em both at enmitie.

Exit.

Exit

wln 1220

Actus Tertius.

wln 1221

Enter a Curtezane.

wln 1222
wln 1223
wln 1224
wln 1225
wln 1226
wln 1227
wln 1228
wln 1229
wln 1230
wln 1231
wln 1232
wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236
wln 1237
wln 1238
wln 1239
wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243

Since this Towne was besieg'd, my gaine growes cold
The time has bin, that but for one bare night
A hundred Duckets haue bin freely giuen:
But now against my will I must be chast.
And yet I know my beauty doth not faile.
From *Venice* Merchants, and from *Padua*,
Were wont to come rare witted Gentlemen,
Schollers I meane, learned and liberall;
And now, saue *Pilia-borza*, comes there none,
And he is very seldome from my house;
And here he comes.

Enter Pilia-borza.

Pilia. Hold thee, wench, there's something for thee to
Curt. 'Tis siluer, I disdaine it. (spend.
Pilia. I, but the Iew has gold,
And I will haue it or it shall goe hard.
Curt. Tell me, how cam'st thou by this? (dens
Pilia. Faith, walking the backe lanes through the Gar-
I chanc'd to cast mine eye vp to the Iewes counting-house
Where I saw some bags of mony, and in the night I
Clamber'd vp with my hooks, and as I was taking
My choyce, I heard a rumbling in the house; so I tooke

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280

Onely this, and runne my way: but here's the Iews man.

Enter Ithimore.

Curt. Hide the bagge.

Pilia. Looke not towards him, let's away:

Zoon's what a looking thou keep'st,

Thou'lt betraye's anon.

Ith. O the sweetest face that euer I beheld! I know she is
A Curtezane by her attire: now would I giue a hundred

Of the Iewes Crownes that I had such a Concubine.

Well, I haue deliuer'd the challenge in such sort,

As meet they will, and fighting dye; braue sport.

Exit.

Enter Mathias.

Math. This is the place, now *Abigall* shall see

Whether *Mathias* holds her deare or no.

Enter Lodow. reading.

Math. What, dares the villain write in such base terms?

Lod. I did it, and reuenge it if thou dar'st.

Fight: Enter Barabas aboue.

Bar. Oh brauely fought, and yet they thrust not home.

Now *Lodowicke*, now *Mathias*, so;

So now they haue shew'd themselues to be tall fellowes.

Within, Part 'em, part 'em.

Bar. I, part 'em now they are dead: Farewell, farewell.

Exit.

Enter Gouvernor. Mater.

Gov. What sight is this? my *Lodowicke* slaine!

These armes of mine shall be thy Sepulchre.

Mater, Who is this? my sonne *Mathias* slaine!

Gov. Oh *Lodowicke*! hadst thou perish'd by the Turke,
Wretched *Ferneze* might haue veng'd thy death.

Mater. Thy sonne slew mine, and I'le reuenge his death.

Gov. Looke, *Katherin*, looke, thy sonne gaue mine these

Mat. O leaue to griue me, I am grieu'd enough. (woũds

Gov. Oh that my sighs could turne to liuely breath;

And these my teares to blood, that he might liue.

Mater. Who made them enemies?

Gov.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1281

Gov. I know not, and that grieues me most of all.

wln 1282

Mat. My sonne lou'd thine.

wln 1283

Gov. And so did *Lodowicke* him.

wln 1284

Mat. Lend me that weapon that did kill my sonne,
And it shall murder me.

wln 1285

Gov. Nay Madem stay, that weapon was my son's,
And on that rather should *Ferneze* dye.

wln 1286

wln 1287

Mat. Hold, let's inquire the causers of their deaths,
That we may venge their blood vpon their heads.

wln 1288

wln 1289

Gov. Then take them vp, and let them be interr'd
Within one sacred monument of stone;

wln 1290

wln 1291

Vpon which Altar I will offer vp

wln 1292

wln 1293

My daily sacrifice of sighes and teares,

wln 1294

And with my prayers pierce impartiall heauens,

wln 1295

Till they the causers of our smarts,

wln 1296

Which forc'd their hands diuide vnited hearts:

wln 1297

Come, *Katherina*, our losses equall are,

wln 1298

Then of true grieffe let vs take equall share.

wln 1299

Exeunt.

wln 1300

Enter Ithimore.

wln 1301

Ith. Why was there euer seene such villany, so neatly
Plotted, and so well perform'd? both held in hand, and
Flatly both beguil'd.

wln 1302

wln 1303

Enter Abigall.

wln 1304

Abig. Why how now *Ithimore*, why laugh'st thou so?

wln 1305

Ith. Oh, Mistresse, ha ha ha.

wln 1306

Abig. Why what ayl'st thou?

wln 1307

Ith. Oh my master.

wln 1308

Abig. Ha.

wln 1309

Ith. Oh Mistris! I haue the brauest, grauest, secret, subtil
Bottle-nos'd knaue to my Master, that euer Gentleman had

wln 1310

Abig. Say, knaue, why rail'st vpon my father thus?

wln 1311

Ith. Oh, my master has the brauest policy.

wln 1312

Abig. Wherein?

wln 1313

Ith. Why, know you not?

wln 1314

Abig. Why no.

wln 1315

Ith. Know you not of *Mathia* & *Don Lodowick* disaster?

wln 1316

wln 1317

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1318

Abig. No, what was it?

wln 1319

Ith. Why the deuil inuented a challenge, my M^f. writ it,
And I carried it, first to *Lodowicke*, and *imprimis* to *Mathia*.

wln 1320

And then they met, as the story sayes,

wln 1321

In dolefull wise they ended both their dayes.

wln 1322

Abig. And was my father furtherer of their deaths?

wln 1323

Ith. Am I *Ithimore*?

wln 1324

Abig. Yes.

wln 1325

Ith. So sure did your father write, & I cary the chalenge.

wln 1326

Abig. Well, *Ithimore*, let me request thee this,

wln 1327

Goe to the new made Nunnery, and inquire

wln 1328

For any of the Fryars of St. Iaynes,

wln 1329

And say, I pray them come and speake with me.

wln 1330

Ith. I pray, mistris, wil you answer me to one question?

wln 1331

Abig. Well, sirra, what is't?

wln 1332

Ith. A very feeling one; haue not the Nuns fine sport
With the Fryars now and then?

wln 1333

Abig. Go to, sirra sauce, is this your question? get ye gon

wln 1334

Ith. I will forsooth, Mistris.

wln 1335

Abig. Hard-hearted Father, unkind *Barabas*,

wln 1336

Was this the pursuit of thy policie?

wln 1337

To make me shew them fauour seuerally,

wln 1338

That by my fauour they should both be slaine?

wln 1339

Admit thou lou'dst not *Lodowicke* for his sinne,

wln 1340

Yet Don *Mathias* ne're offended thee:

wln 1341

But thou wert set vpon extreme reuenge,

wln 1342

Because the Pryor dispossesst thee once,

wln 1343

And couldst not venge it, but vpon his sonne,

wln 1344

Nor on his sonne, but by *Mathias* meanes;

wln 1345

Nor on *Mathias*, but by murdering me.

wln 1346

But I perceiue there is no loue on earth,

wln 1347

Pitty in Iewes, nor piety in Turkes.

wln 1348

But here Comes cursed *Ithimore* with the Fryar.

wln 1349

Enter Ithimore. Fryar.

wln 1350

Fry. *Virgo, salve.*

wln 1351

Ith. When ducke you?

wln 1352

Abig. Welcome graue Fryar *Ithamore*: begon,

wln 1353

wln 1354

Exit

Exit

Know

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391

Know, holy Sir, I am bold to sollicite thee.

Fry. Wherein?

Abig. To get me be admitted for a Nun.

Fry. Why *Abigal* it is not yet long since
That I did labour thy admition,
And then thou didst not like that holy life.

Abig. Then were my thoughts so fraile & vnconfirm'd,
And I was chain'd to follies of the world:
But now experience, purchased with grieffe,
Has made me see the difference of things.
My sinfull soule, alas, hath pac'd too long
The fatall Labyrinth of misbeleefe,
Farre from the Sonne that giues eternall life.

Fry. Who taught thee this?

Abig. The Abbasse of the house,
Whose zealous admonition I embrace:
Oh therefore, *Iacomi*, let me be one,
Although unworthy of that Sister-hood.

Fry. *Abigal* I will, but see, thou change no more,
For that will be most heauy to thy soule.

Abig. That was my father's fault.

Fry. Thy father's, how?

Abig. Nay, you shall pardon me: oh *Barabas*,
Though thou deseruest hardly at my hands,
Yet neuer shall these lips bewray thy life.

Fry. Come, shall we goe?

Abig. My duty waits on you.

Exeunt.

Enter Barabas reading a letter.

Bar. What, *Abigall* become a Nunne againe?
False, and vnkinde; what hast thou lost thy father?
And all vnknowne, and vnconstrain'd of me,
Art thou againe got to the Nunnery?
Now here she writes, and wils me to repent.
Repentance? *Spurca*: what pretendeth this?
I feare she knowes ('tis so) of my deuce
In Don *Mathias* and *Lodovicoes* deaths:
If so, 'tis time that it be seene into:

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1392 For she that varies from me in beleefe
wln 1393 Giues great presumption that she loues me not;
wln 1394 Or louing, doth dislike of something done:
wln 1395 But who comes here? Oh *Ithimore* come neere;
wln 1396 Come neere my loue, come neere thy masters life,
wln 1397 My trusty seruant, nay, my second life;
wln 1398 For I haue now no hope but euen in thee;
wln 1399 And on that hope my happinesse is built:
wln 1400 When saw'st thou *Abigall*?
wln 1401 *Ith.* To day.
wln 1402 *Bar:* With whom?
wln 1403 *Ith.* A Fryar.
wln 1404 *Bar:* A Fryar? false villaine, he hath done the deed.
wln 1405 *Ith.* How, Sir?
wln 1406 *Bar:* Why made mine *Abigall* a Nunne.
wln 1407 *Ith.* That's no lye, for she sent me for him.
wln 1408 *Brr:* Oh vnhappy day,
wln 1409 False, credulous, inconstant *Abigall*!
wln 1410 But let 'em goe: And *Ithimore*, from hence
wln 1411 Ne're shall she grieue me more with her disgrace;
wln 1412 Ne're shall she liue to inherit ought of mine,
wln 1413 Be blest of me, nor come within my gates,
wln 1414 But perish vnderneath my bitter curse
wln 1415 Like *Cain* by *Adam*, for his brother's death.
wln 1416 *Ith.* Oh master.
wln 1417 *Bar:* *Ithimore*, intreat not for her, I am mou'd,
wln 1418 And she is hatefull to my soule and me:
wln 1419 And least thou yeeld to this that I intreat,
wln 1420 I cannot thinke but that thou hat'st my life.
wln 1421 *Ith.* Who I, master? Why I'le run to some rocke and
wln 1422 Throw my selfe headlong into the sea; why I'le doe any
wln 1423 Thing for your sweet sake.
wln 1424 *Bar:* Oh trusty *Ithimore*; no seruant, but my friend;
wln 1425 I here adopt thee for mine onely heire,
wln 1426 All that I haue is thine when I am dead,
wln 1427 And whilst I liue vse helpe; spend as my selfe;
wln 1428 Here take my keyes, I'le giue 'em thee anon:

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1429
wln 1430
wln 1431
wln 1432
wln 1433
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wln 1460
wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463
wln 1464
wln 1465

Goe buy thee garments: but thou shalt not want:
Onely know this, that thus thou art to doe:
But first goe fetch me in the pot of Rice
That for our supper stands vpon the fire.

Ith. I hold my head my master's hungry: I goe Sir.

Exit:

Bar. Thus euery villaine ambles after wealth
Although he ne're be richer then in hope:
But hush't.

Enter Ithimore with the pot.

Ith. Here 'tis, Master.

Bar. Well said, *Ithimore*; what hast thou brought
The Ladle with thee too?

Ith. Yes, Sir, the prouerb saies, he that eats with the deuil
Had need of a long spoone, I haue brought you a Ladle.

Bar. Very well, *Ithimore*, then now be secret;
And for thy sake, whom I so dearely loue,
Now shalt thou see the death of *Abigall*,
That thou mayst freely liue to be my heire.

Ith. Why, master, wil you poison her with a messe of rice
Porredge that wil preserue life, make her round & plump,
And batten more then you are aware.

Bar. I but *Ithimore* seest thou this?
It is a precious powder that I bought
Of an *Italian* in *Ancona* once,
Whose operation is to binde, infect,
And poyson deeply: yet not appeare
In forty houres after it is tane.

Ith. How master?

Bar. Thus *Ithimore*:
This Euen they vse in *Malta* here ('tis call'd
Saint *Iagues* Euen) and then I say they vse
To send their Almes vnto the Nunneries:
Among the rest beare this, and set it there;
There's a darke entry where they take it in,
Where they must neither see the messenger,
Nor make enquiry who hath sent it them.

Ith.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1466

Ith. How so?

wln 1467

Bar. Belike there is some Ceremony in't.

wln 1468

There *Ithimore* must thou goe place this plot:

wln 1469

Stay, let me spice it first.

wln 1470

Ith. Pray doe, and let me help you M^r. Pray let me taste

wln 1471

Bar. Prethe doe: what saist thou now? (first.

wln 1472

Ith. Troth M^r. I'm loth such a pot of pottage should be
(spoyld.

wln 1473

Bar. Peace, *Ithimore*, 'tis better so then spar'd.

wln 1474

Assure thy selfe thou shalt haue broth by the eye.

wln 1475

My purse, my Coffe, and my selfe is thine.

wln 1476

Ith. Well, master, I goe.

wln 1477

Bar. Stay, first let me stirre it *Ithimore*.

wln 1478

As fatall be it to her as the draught

wln 1479

Of which great *Alexander* drunke, and dyed:

wln 1480

And with her let it worke like *Borgias* wine,

wln 1481

Whereof his sire, the Pope, was poyson'd.

wln 1482

In few, the blood of *Hydra*, Lerna's bane;

wln 1483

The iouyce of *Hebon*, and *Cocitus* breath,

wln 1484

And all the poysons of the Stygian poole

wln 1485

Breake from the fiery kingdome; and in this

wln 1486

Vomit your venome, and inuenome her

wln 1487

That like a fiend hath left her father thus.

wln 1488

Ith. What a blessing has he giu'nt? was euer pot of

wln 1489

Rice porredge so sauc't? what shall I doe with it?

wln 1490

Bar. Oh my sweet *Ithimore* goe set it downe

wln 1491

And come againe so soone as thou hast done,

wln 1492

For I haue other businesse for thee.

wln 1493

Ith. Here's a drench to poyson a whole stable of

wln 1494

Flanders mares: I'le carry't to the Nuns with a powder.

wln 1495

Bar. And the horse pestilence to boot; away.

wln 1496

Ith. I am gone.

wln 1497

Pay me my wages for my worke is done.

Exit.

wln 1498

Bar. Ile pay thee with a vengeance *Ithamore*.

Exit.

wln 1499

Enter Govern. Bosco. Knights. Bashaw.

wln 1500

Gov. Welcome great *Bashaws*, how fares *Callymath*,

wln 1501

What wind drives you thus into *Malta* rhode?

Bash.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1502
wln 1503
wln 1504
wln 1505
wln 1506
wln 1507
wln 1508
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wln 1535
wln 1536
wln 1537
wln 1538

Bash. The wind that bloweth all the world besides,
Desire of gold.

Gov. Desire of gold, great Sir?
That's to be gotten in the Westerne *Inde*:
In *Malta* are no golden Minerals.

Bash. To you of *Malta* thus saith *Calymath*:
The time you tooke for respite, is at hand,
For the performance of your promise past;
And for the Tribute-mony I am sent.

Gov. *Bashaw*, in briefe, shalt haue no tribute here,
Nor shall the Heathens liue vpon our spoyle:
First will we race the City wals our selues,
Lay waste the Iland, hew the Temples downe,
And shipping of our goods to *Sicily*,
Open an entrance for the wastfull sea,
Whose billowes beating the resistlesse bankes,
Shall ouerflow it with their refluce.

Bash. Well, *Gouernor*, since thou hast broke the league
By flat denyall of the promis'd Tribute,
Talke not of racing downe your City wals,
You shall not need trouble your selues so farre,
For *Selim-Calymath* shall come himselfe,
And with brasse-bullets batter downe your Towers,
And turne proud *Malta* to a wilderness
For these intolerable wrongs of yours; And so farewell.

Gov. Farewell:
And now you men of *Malta* looke about,
And let's prouide to welcome *Calymath*:
Close your Port-cullise, charge your Basiliskes,
And as you profitably take vp Armes,
So now couragiously encounter them;
For by this Answer, broken is the league,
And nought is to be look'd for now but warres,
And nought to vs more welcome is then wars.

Exeunt

Enter two Fryars and Abigall.

I Fry. Oh brother, brother, all the Nuns are sicke,
And Physicke will not helpe them, they must dye.

G

2 Fry

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1539
wln 1540
wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543
wln 1544
wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547
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wln 1556
wln 1557
wln 1558
wln 1559
wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562
wln 1563
wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566
wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571
wln 1572
wln 1573
wln 1574
wln 1575

2 Fry. The Abbasse sent for me to be confest:
Oh what a sad confession will there be?

1 Fry. And so did faire *Maria* send for me:
I'le to her lodging; hereabouts she lyes.

Exit.

Enter Abigall.

2 Fry. What, all dead saue onely *Abigall*?

Abig. And I shall dye too, for I feele death comming.
Where is the Fryar that conuerst with me?

2 Fry. Oh he is gone to see the other Nuns.

Abig. I sent for him, but seeing you are come
Be you my ghostly father; and first know,
That in this house I liu'd religiously,
Chast, and deuout, much sorrowing for my sinnes,
But e're I came —

2 Fry. What then?

Abig. I did offend high heauen so grieuously,
As I am almost desperate for my sinnes:
And one offence torments me more then all.
You knew *Mathias* and *Don Lodowicke*?

2 Fry. Yes, what of them?

Abig. My father did contract me to 'em both:
First to *Don Lodowicke*, him I neuer lou'd;
Mathias was the man that I held deare,
And for his sake did I become a Nunne.

2 Fry. So, say how was their end?

Abig. Both ieaalous of my loue, enuied each other:
And by my father's practice, which is there
Set downe at large, the Gallants were both slaine.

2 Fry. Oh monstrous villany:

Abig. To worke my peace, this I confesse to thee:
Reueale it not, for then my father dyes.

2 Fry. Know that Confession must not be reueal'd,
The Canon Law forbids it, and the Priest
That makes it knowne, being degraded first,
Shall be condemn'd, and then sent to the fire,

Abig. So I haue heard; pray therefore keepe it close,
Death seizeth on my heart, ah gentle Fryar

Conuert

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1576
wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581
wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589
wln 1590

Conuert my father that he may be sau'd,
And wnesse that I dye a Christian.
2 Fry. I, and a Virgin too, that grieues me most:
But I must to the Iew and exclaime on him,
And make him stand in feare of me.
Enter 1 Fryar.
1 Fry. Oh brother, all the Nuns are dead, let's bury them.
2 Fry. First helpe to bury this, then goe with me
And helpe me to exclaime against the Iew.
1 Fry. Why? what has he done?
2 Fry. A thing that makes me tremble to vnfold.
1 Fry. What haa he crucified a child?
2 Fry. No, but a worse thing: 'twas told me in shrift,
Thou know'st 'tis death and if it be reueal'd.
Come let's away. *Exeunt.*

wln 1591

Actus Quartus.

wln 1592

Enter Barabas. Itha. Bells within.

wln 1593
wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602
wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606

Bar. There is no musicke to a Christians knell:
How sweet the Bels ring now the Nuns are dead
That sound at other times like Tinkers pans?
I was afraid the poyson had not wrought;
Or though it wrought, it would haue done no good,
For euery yeare they swell, and yet they liue;
Now all are dead, not one remaines aliuie.
Ith. That's braue, M^r. but think you it wil not be known
Bar. How can it if we two be secret.
Ith. For my part feare you not.
Bar. I'de cut thy throat if I did.
Ith. And reason too; but here's a royall Monastery hard
By, good master let me poyson all the Monks.
Bar. Thou shalt not need, for now the Nuns are dead,

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1607
wln 1608
wln 1609
wln 1610
wln 1611
wln 1612
wln 1613
wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616
wln 1617
wln 1618
wln 1619
wln 1620
wln 1621
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wln 1627
wln 1628
wln 1629
wln 1630
wln 1631
wln 1632
wln 1633
wln 1634
wln 1635
wln 1636
wln 1637
wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640
wln 1641
wln 1642
wln 1643

They'll dye with grieffe.

Ith. Doe you not sorrow for your daughters death?

Bar. No, but I **gr[*]leue** because she liu'd so long an *Hebrew* Borne, and would become a Christian. *Catho diabola.*

Enter the two Fryars.

Ith. Look, look, Mr. here come two religious Caterpil-

Bar. I smelt 'em e're they came. (Iers.)

Ith. God-a-mercy nose; come let's begone.

2 Fry. Stay wicked Iew, repent, I say, and stay.

1 Fry. Thou hast offended, therefore must be damn'd.

Bar. I feare they know we sent the poyson'd broth.

Ith, And so doe I, master, therefore speake 'em faire.

2. Barabas, thou hast —

1. I, that thou hast —

Bar. True, I haue mony, what though I haue?

2. Thou art a —

1. I, that thou art a —

Bar. What needs all this? I know I am a Iew.

2. Thy daughter —

1. I, thy daughter, —

Bar. Oh speake not of her, then I dye with grieffe.

2. Remember that —

1. I, remember that —

Bar. I must needs say that I haue beene a great usurer.

2. Thou hast committed —

Bar. Fornication? but that was in another Country:

And besides, the Wench is dead.

2. I, but *Barabas* remember *Mathias* and *Don Lodowick.*

Bar. Why, what of them?

2. I will not say that by a forged challenge they met.

Bar. She has confest, and we are both vndone;

My bosome inmates, *but I must dissemble.*

aside.

Oh holy Fryars, the burthen of my sinnes

Lye heauy on my soule; then pray you tell me,

Is't not too late now to turne Christian?

I haue beene zealous in the Iewish faith,

Hard harted to the poore, a couetous wretch,

That

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1644 That would for Lucars sake haue sold my soule.
wln 1645 A hundred for a hundred I haue tane;
wln 1646 And now for store of wealth may I compare
wln 1647 With all the Iewes in *Malta*; but what is wealth?
wln 1648 I am a Iew, and therefore am I lost.
wln 1649 Would pennance serue for this my sinne,
wln 1650 I could afford to whip my selfe to death.
wln 1651 *Ith.* And so could I; but pennance will not serue.
wln 1652 *Bar.* To fast, to pray, and weare a shirt of haire,
wln 1653 And on my knees creepe to *Ierusalem*,
wln 1654 Cellers of Wine, and Sollers full of Wheat,
wln 1655 Ware-houses stuf with spices and with drugs,
wln 1656 Whole Chests of Gold, in *Bulloine*, and in Coyne,
wln 1657 Besides I know not how much weight in Pearle
wln 1658 Orient and round, haue I within my house;
wln 1659 At *Alexandria*, Merchandize vnsold:
wln 1660 But yesterday two ships went from this Towne,
wln 1661 Their voyage will be worth ten thousand Crownes.
wln 1662 In *Florence*, *Venice*, *Antwerpe*, *London*, *Ciuill*,
wln 1663 *Frankeford*, *Lubecke*, *Mosco*, and where not,
wln 1664 Haue I debts owing; and in most of these,
wln 1665 Great summes of mony lying in the bancho;
wln 1666 All this I'le giue to some religious house
wln 1667 So I may be baptiz'd and liue therein.
wln 1668 1. Oh good *Barabas* come to our house.
wln 1669 2. Oh no, good *Barabas* come to our house.
wln 1670 And *Barabas*, you know —
wln 1671 *Bar.* I know that I haue highly sinn'd,
wln 1672 You shall conuert me, you shall haue all my wealth.
wln 1673 1. Oh *Barabas*, their Lawes are strict.
wln 1674 *Bar.* I know they are, and I will be with you.
wln 1675 1. They weare no shirts, and they goe bare-foot too.
wln 1676 *Bar.* Then 'tis not for me; and I am resolu'd
wln 1677 You shall confesse me, and haue all my goods.
wln 1678 1. Good *Barabas* come to me.
wln 1679 *Bar.* You see I answer him, and yet he stayer;
wln 1680 Rid him away, and goe you home with me.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1681
wln 1682
wln 1683
wln 1684
wln 1685
wln 1686
wln 1687
wln 1688
wln 1689
wln 1690
wln 1691
wln 1692
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wln 1712
wln 1713
wln 1714
wln 1715
wln 1716
wln 1717

2. I'le be with you to night.
Bar. Come to my house at one a clocke this night.
1. You heare your answer, and you may be gone.
2. Why goe get you away.
1. I will not goe for thee.
2. Not, then I'le make thee goe.
1. How, dost call me rogue?
Ith. Part 'em, master, part 'em.
Bar. This is meere frailty, brethren, be content.
Fryar Barnardine goe you with *Ithimore*.
Ith. You know my mind, let me alone with him;
Why does he goe to thy house, let him begone.
Bar. I'le giue him something and so stop his mouth.

I neuer heard of any man but he
Malign'd the order of the *Iacobines*:
But doe you thinke that I beleeeue his words?
Why Brother you conuerted *Abigall*;
And I am bound in charitie to requite it,
And so I will, oh *Iocome*, faile not but come.
Fry. But *Barabas* who shall be your godfathers,
For presently you shall be shriu'd.
Bar. Marry the *Turke* shall be one of my godfathers,
But not a word to any of your Couent.
Fry. I warrant thee, *Barabas*.
Bar. So now the feare is past, and I am safe:
For he that shriu'd her is within my house,
What if I murder'd him e're *Iocoma* comes?
Now I haue such a plot for both their liues,
As neuer Iew nor Christian knew the like:
One turn'd my daughter, therefore he shall dye;
The other knowes enough to haue my life,
Therefore 'tis not requisite he should liue.
But are not both these wise men to suppose
That I will leaue my house, my goods, and all,
To fast and be well whipt; I'le none of that.
Now *Fryar Bernardine* I come to you,

Fight.

Exit.

Exit

I'le

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1718

I'le feast you, lodge you, giue you faire words,

wln 1719

And after that, I and my trusty Turke —

wln 1720

No more but so: it must and shall be done.

wln 1721

Ithimore, tell me, is the Fryar asleepe?

wln 1722

Enter Ithimore.

wln 1723

Ith. Yes; and I know not what the reason is.

wln 1724

Doe what I can he will not strip himselfe,

wln 1725

Nor goe to bed, but sleepes in his owne clothes;

wln 1726

I feare me he mistrusts what we intend.

wln 1727

Bar. No, 'tis an order which the Fryars vse:

wln 1728

Yet if he knew our meanings, could he scape?

wln 1729

Ith. No, none can heare him, cry he ne're so loud.

wln 1730

Bar. Why true, therefore did I place him there:

wln 1731

The other Chambers open towards the street.

wln 1732

Ith. You loyter, master, wherefore stay we thus?

wln 1733

Oh how I long to see him shake his heeles.

wln 1734

Bar. Come on, sirra, off with your girdle, make a hansom

wln 1735

Fryar awake. (noose;

wln 1736

Fry. What doe you meane to strangle me?

wln 1737

Ith. Yes, 'cause you vse to confesse.

wln 1738

Bar. Blame not vs but the prouerb, Confes & be hang'd

wln 1739

Pull hard.

wln 1740

Fry. What, will you saue my life?

wln 1741

Bar. Pull hard, I say, you would haue had my goods.

wln 1742

Ith. I, and our liues too. therefore pull amaine.

wln 1743

'Tis neatly done, Sir, here's no print at all.

wln 1744

Bar. Then is it as it should be, take him vp.

wln 1745

Ith. Nay, M^f. be rul'd by me a little; so, let him leane

wln 1746

Vpon his staffe; excellent, he stands as if he were begging

(of Bacon.

wln 1747

Bar. Who would not thinke but that this Fryar liu'd?

wln 1748

What time a night is't now, sweet *Ithimore*?

wln 1749

Ith. Towards one.

wln 1750

Enter Iocoma.

wln 1751

Bar. Then will not *Iocoma* be long from hence.

wln 1752

Ioco. This is the houre wherein I shall proceed;

wln 1753

Oh happy houre, wherein I shall conuert

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1754 An Infidell, and bring his gold into our treasury.
wln 1755 But soft, is not this *Bernardine*? it is;
wln 1756 And vnderstanding I should come this way,
wln 1757 Stands here a purpose, meaning me some wrong,
wln 1758 And intercept my going to the Iew; *Bernardine*;
wln 1759 Wilt thou not speake? thou think'st I see thee not;
wln 1760 Away, I'de wish thee, and let me goe by:
wln 1761 No, wilt thou not? nay then I'le force my way;
wln 1762 And see, a staffe stands ready for the purpose:
wln 1763 As thou lik'st that, stop me another time.
wln 1764 *Strike him, he fals. Enter Barabas.*
wln 1765 *Bar.* Why how now *Iocoma*, what hast thou done?
wln 1766 *Ioco.* Why stricken him that would haue stroke at me.
wln 1767 *Bar.* Who is it *Bernardine*? now out alas, he is slaine.
wln 1768 *Ith.* I, Mr. he's slain; look how his brains drop out on's
(nose.)
wln 1769 *Ioco.* Good sirs I haue don't, but nobody knowes it but
wln 1770 You two, I may escape.
wln 1771 *Bar.* So might my man and I hang with you for com-
wln 1772 *Ith.* No, let vs beare him to the Magistrates. (pany.)
wln 1773 *Ioco.* Good *Barabas* let me goe.
wln 1774 *Bar.* No, pardon me, the Law must haue his course.
wln 1775 I must be forc'd to giue in euidence,
wln 1776 That being importun'd by this *Bernardine*
wln 1777 To be a Christian, I shut him out,
wln 1778 And there he sate: now I to keepe my word,
wln 1779 And giue my goods and substance to your house,
wln 1780 Was vp thus early; with intent to goe
wln 1781 Vnto your Friery, because you staid.
wln 1782 *Ith.* Fie vpon 'em, Mr. will you turne Christian, when
wln 1783 Holy Friars turne deuils and murder one another.
wln 1784 *Bar.* No, for this example I'le remaine a Iew:
wln 1785 Heauen blesse me; what, a Fryar a murderer?
wln 1786 When shall you see a Iew commit the like?
wln 1787 *Ith.* Why a Turke could ha done no more.
wln 1788 *Bar.* To morrow is the Sessions; you shall to it.
wln 1789 Come *Ithimore*, let's helpe to take him hence. *Ioco.*

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1790

Ioco. Villaines, I am a sacred person, touch me not.

wln 1791

Bar. The Law shall touch you, we'll but lead you, we.

wln 1792

'Las I could weepe at your calamity.

wln 1793

Take in the staffe too, for that must be showne:

wln 1794

Law wils that each particular be knowne.

Exeunt.

wln 1795

Enter Curtezzant, and Pilia-borza.

wln 1796

Curt. *Pilia-borza*, didst thou meet with *Ithimore*?

wln 1797

Pil. I did.

wln 1798

Curt. And didst thou deliuer my letter?

wln 1799

Pil. I did.

wln 1800

Curt. And what think'st thou, will he come?

wln 1801

Pil. I think so, and yet I cannot tell, for at the reading of
The letter, he look'd like a man of another world.

wln 1802

Curt. Why so?

wln 1803

Pil. That such a base slaue as he should be saluted by such
A tall man as I am, from such a beautifull dame as you.

wln 1804

Curt. And what said he?

wln 1805

Pil. Not a wise word, only gaue me a nod, as who shold

wln 1806

say, Is it euen so; and so I left him, being driuen to a
Non-plus at the critical aspect of my terrible countenance.

wln 1807

Curt. And where didst meet him?

wln 1808

Pil. Vpon mine owne free-hold within 40 foot of the
Gallowes, conning his neck-verse I take it, looking of a
Fryars Execution, whom I saluted with an old hempen
prouerb, *Hidie tibi, cras mihi*, and so I left him to the mercy
Of the Hangman: but the Exercise being done, see where
He comes.

wln 1809

Enter Ithimore.

wln 1810

Ith. I neuer knew a man take his death so patiently as
This Fryar; he was ready to leape off e're the halter was
About his necke; and when the Hangman had put on his
Hempen Tippet, he made such haste to his prayers, as if
Hee had had another Cure to serue; well, goe whither
He will, I'le be none of his followers in haste:
And now I thinke on't, going to the execution, a fellow
Met me with a muschatoes like a Rauens wing, and
A Dagger with a hilt like a warming-pan, and he

wln 1811

wln 1812

wln 1813

wln 1814

wln 1815

wln 1816

wln 1817

wln 1818

wln 1819

wln 1820

wln 1821

wln 1822

wln 1823

wln 1824

wln 1825

wln 1826

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1827 Gaue me a letter from one Madam *Bellamira*,
wln 1828 Saluting me in such sort as if he had meant to make
wln 1829 Cleane my Boots with his lips; the effect was, that
wln 1830 I should come to her house, I wonder what the reason is;
wln 1831 It may be she sees more in me than I can find in
wln 1832 My selfe: for she writes further, that she loues me
wln 1833 Euer since she saw me, and who would not requite such
wln 1834 Loue? here's her house, and here she comes, and now
wln 1835 Would I were gone, I am not worthy to looke vpon her.
wln 1836 *Pilia.* This is the Gentleman you writ to.
wln 1837 *Ith.* Gentleman, he flouts me, what gentry can be in a
wln 1838 Poore Turke of ten pence? I'le be gone.
wln 1839 *Curt.* Is't not a sweet fac'd youth, *Pilia*?
wln 1840 *Ith.* Agen, sweet youth; did not you, Sir, bring the sweet
wln 1841 Youth a letter?
wln 1842 *Pilia.* I did Sir, and from this Gentlewoman, who as my
wln 1843 Selfe, & the rest of the family, stand or fall at your seruice.
wln 1844 *Curt.* Though womans modesty should hale me backe,
wln 1845 I can with-hold no longer; welcome sweet loue.
wln 1846 *Ith.* Now am I cleane, or rather fouly out of the way.
wln 1847 *Curt.* Whither so soone?
wln 1848 *Ith.* I'le goe steale some mony from my Master to
wln 1849 Make me handsome:
wln 1850 Pray pardon me, I must goe see a ship discharg'd.
wln 1851 *Curt.* Canst thou be so vnkind to leaue me thus?
wln 1852 *Pilia.* And ye did but know how she loues you, Sir.
wln 1853 *Ith.* Nay, I care not how much she loues me;
wln 1854 Sweet *Allamira*, would I had my Masters wealth for thy
(sake:
wln 1855 *Pilia.* And you can haue it, Sir, and if you please.
wln 1856 *Ith.* If 'twere aboue ground I could, and would haue it;
wln 1857 But hee hides and buries it vp as Partridges doe
wln 1858 Their egges, vnder the earth.
wln 1859 *Pil.* And is't not possible to find it out?
wln 1860 *Ith.* By no meanes possible.
wln 1861 *Curt.* What shall we doe with this base villaine then?
wln 1862 *Pil.* Let me alone, doe but you speake him faire:

But

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865
wln 1866
wln 1867
wln 1868
wln 1869
wln 1870
wln 1871
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wln 1893
wln 1894
wln 1895
wln 1896
wln 1897
wln 1898
wln 1899

But you know some secrets of the Iew, which if they were
Reueal'd, would doe him harme.

Ith. I, and such as — Goe to, no more,
I'le make him send me half he has, & glad he scapes so too.
Pen and Inke:

I'le write vnto him, we'le haue mony strait.

Pil. Send for a hundred Crownes at least.

He writes.

Ith. Ten hundred thousand crownes, — M^r. *Barabas*.

Pil. Write not so submissiuey, but threatning him.

Ith. Sirra *Barabas*, send me a hundred crownes.

Pil. Put in two hundred at least.

Ith. I charge thee send me 300 by this bearer, and this
Shall be your warrant; if you doe not, no more but so.

Pil. Tell him you will confesse.

Ith. Otherwise I'le confesse all, vanish and returne in a
Twinckle.

Pil. Let me alone, I'le vse him in his kinde.

Ith. Hang him Iew.

Curt. Now, gentle *Ithimore*, lye in my lap.

Where are my Maids? prouide a running Banquet;
Send to the Merchant, bid him bring me silkes,
Shall *Ithimore* my loue goe in such rags?

Ith. And bid the Ieweller come hither too.

Curt. I haue no husband, sweet, I'le marry thee.

Ith. Content, but we will leaue this paltry land,
And saile from hence to *Greece*, to louely *Greece*,
I'le be thy *Iason*, thou my golden Fleece;
Where painted Carpets o're the meads are hurl'd,
And *Bacchus* vineyards ore-spread the world:
Where Woods and Forrests goe in goodly greene,
I'le be *Adonis*, thou shalt be Loues Queene.
The Meads, the Orchards, and the Primrose lanes,
Instead of Sedge and Reed, beare Sugar Canes:
Thou in those Groues, by *Dis* aboue,
Shalt liue with me and be my loue.

Curt. **Whiiher** will I not goe with gentle *Ithimore*?

H2

Enter

The Iew of Malta.

Enter Pilea-borza.

wln 1900

Ith. How now? hast thou the gold?

wln 1901

Pil. Yes. (freely?)

wln 1902

Ith. But came it freely, did the Cow giue down her milk

wln 1903

Pil. At reading of the letter, he star'd & stamp'd, & turnd
Aside, I tooke him by the sterd, & look'd vpon him thus;

wln 1904

Told him he were best to send it, then he hug'd & imbrac'd

wln 1905

Ith. Rather for feare then loue. (me.)

wln 1906

Pil. Then like a Iew he laugh'd & jeer'd, and told me he
lou'd me for your sake, & said what a faithfull seruant you

wln 1907

Ith. The more villaine he to keep me thus: (had bin.)

wln 1908

Here's goodly parrell, is there not?

wln 1909

Pil. To conclude, he gaue me ten crownes.

wln 1910

Ith. But ten? I'le not leaue him worth a gray groat, giue
Me a Reame of paper, we'll haue a kingdome of gold for't.

wln 1911

Pil. Write for 500 Crownes.

wln 1912

Ith. Sirra Iew, as you loue your life send me 500 crowns,
And giue the Bearer 100. Tell him I must hau't.

wln 1913

Pil. I warrant your worship shall hau't.

wln 1914

Ith, And if he aske why I demand so much, tell him,

wln 1915

I scorne to write a line vnder a hundred crownes.

wln 1916

Pil. You'd make a rich Poet, Sir. I am gone. *Exit.*

wln 1917

Ith. Take thou the mony, spend it for my sake.

wln 1918

Curt. 'Tis not thy mony, but thy selfe I weigh:

wln 1919

Thus *Bellamira* esteemes of gold;

wln 1920

But thus of thee. — *Kisse him.* —

wln 1921

Ith. That kisse againe; she runs diuision of my lips.

wln 1922

What an eye she casts on me?

wln 1923

It twinkles like a Starre.

wln 1924

Curt. Come my deare loue, let's in and sleepe together.

wln 1925

Ith. Oh that ten thousand nights were put in one,

wln 1926

That wee might sleepe seuen yeeres together afore

wln 1927

We wake.

wln 1928

Curt. Come Amorous wag, first banquet and then sleep.

wln 1929

Enter Barabas reading a letter.

wln 1930

Bar. *Barabas* send me 300 Crownes.

wln 1931

Plaine *Barabas*: oh that wicked *Curtezane*!

wln 1932

wln 1933

wln 1934

wln 1935

wln 1936

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1937
wln 1938
wln 1939
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wln 1971
wln 1972
wln 1973

He was not wont to call me *Barabas*.
Or else I will confesse: I, there it goes:
But if I get him *Coupe de Gorge*, for that
He sent a shaggy totter'd staring slaue,
That when he speakes, drawes out his grisly beard,
And winds it twice or thrice about his eare;
Whose face has bin a grind-stone for mens swords,
His hands are hackt, some fingers cut quite off;
Who when he speakes, grunts like a hog, and looks
Like one that is imploy'd in Catterie,
And crosbiting such a Rogue
As is the husband to a hundred whores:
And I by him must send three hundred crownes.
Well, my hope is, he will not stay there still;
And when he comes: Oh that he were but here!

Enter Pilia-borza.

Pil. Iew, I must ha more gold.

Bar. Why wantst thou any of thy tale?

Pil. No; but 300 will not serue his turne.

Bar. Not serue his turne, Sir?

Pil. No Sir; and therefore I must haue 500 more.

Bar. I'le rather —

Pil. Oh good words, Sir, and send it you were best; see,
There's his letter.

Bar. Might he not as well come as send; pray bid him
Come & fetch it, what hee writes for you, ye shall haue

Pil. I, and the rest too, or else — (streight.

Bar. I must make this villaine away: please you dine
With me, Sir, & you shal be most hartily poyson'd.

aside

Pil. No god-a-mercy, shall I haue these crownes?

Bar. I cannot doe it, I haue lost my keyes.

Pil. Oh, if that be all, I can picke ope your locks.

Bar. Or climbe vp to my Counting-house window:
You know my meaning.

Pil. I know enough, and therfore talke not to me of your
Counting-house, the gold, or know Iew it is in my power

Bar. I am betraid. (to hang thee.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1974
wln 1975
wln 1976
wln 1977
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wln 2009
wln 2010

'Tis not 500 Crownes that I esteeme,
I am not mou'd at that: this angers me,
That he who knowes I loue him as my selfe
Should write in this imperious vaine? why Sir,
You know I haue no childe, and vnto whom
Should I leaue all but vnto *Ithimore*?
Pil. Here's many words but no crownes; the crownes.
Bar. Commend me to him, Sir, most humbly,
And vnto your good mistris as vnknowne.
Pil. Speake, shall I haue 'vm, Sir?
Bar. Sir here they are.
Oh that I should part with so much gold!
Here take 'em, fellow, with as good a will —
— *As I wud see thee hang'd*; oh, loue stops my breath:
Neuer lou'd man seruant as I doe *Ithimore*.
Pil. I know it, Sir.
Bar. Pray when, Sir, shall I see you at my house?
Pil. Soone enough to your cost, Sir:
Fare you well. *Exit.*
Bar. Nay to thine owne cost, villaine, if thou com'st.
Was euer Iew tormented as I am?
To haue a shag-rag knaue to come
300 Crownes, and then 500 Crownes?
Well, I must seeke a meanes to rid 'em all,
And presently: for in his villany
He will tell all he knowes and I shall dye for't. I haue it.
I will in some disguise goe see the slaue,
And how the villaine reuels with my gold. *Exit.*
Enter Curtezane. Ithimore. Pilia-borza.
Curt. I'le pledge thee, loue, and therefore drinke it off.
Ith. Saist thou me so? haue at it; and doe you heare?
Curt. Goe to, it shall be so.
Ith. Of that condition I wil drink it vp; here's to thee.
Pil. Nay, I'le haue all or none.
Ith. There, if thou lou'st me doe not leaue a drop.
Curt. Loue thee, fill me three glasses.
Ith. Three and fifty dozen, I'le pledge thee,

Pil.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2011 *Pil.* Knauely spoke, and like a Knight at Armes.
wln 2012 *Ith.* Hey *Riuo Castiliano*, a man's a man.
wln 2013 *Curt.* Now to the Iew.
wln 2014 *Ith.* Ha to the Iew, and send me mony you were best.
wln 2015 *Pil.* What wudst thou doe if he should send thee none?
wln 2016 *Ith.* Doe nothing; but I know what I know,
wln 2017 He's a murderer.
wln 2018 *Curt.* I had not thought he had been so braue a man.
wln 2019 *Ith.* You knew *Mathias* and the Gouvernors son, he and
wln 2020 I kild 'em both, and yet neuer touch'd 'em.
wln 2021 *Pil.* Oh brauely done.
wln 2022 *Ith.* I carried the broth that poyson'd the Nuns, and he
wln 2023 And I snicle hand too fast, strangled a Fryar.
wln 2024 *Curt.* You two alone.
wln 2025 *Ith.* We two, and 'twas neuer knowne, nor neuer shall
wln 2026 Be for me.
wln 2027 *Pil.* This shall with me vnto the Gouvernor.
wln 2028 *Curt.* And fit it should: but first let's ha more gold:
wln 2029 Come gentle *Ithimore*, lye in my lap.
wln 2030 *Ith.* Loue me little, loue me long, let musicke rumble,
wln 2031 Whilst I in thy *incoomy* lap doe tumble.
wln 2032 *Enter Barabas with a Lute, disguis'd.*
wln 2033 *Curt.* A French Musician, come let's heare your skill?
wln 2034 *Bar.* Must tuna my Lute for sound, twang twang first.
wln 2035 *Ith.* Wilt drinke French-man, here's to thee with a —
wln 2036 Pox on this drunken hick-vp.
wln 2037 *Bar.* Gramercy Mounsier.
wln 2038 *Curt.* Prethe, *Pilia-borza*, bid the Fidler giue me
wln 2039 The posey in his hat there.
wln 2040 *Pil.* Sirra, you must giue my mistris your posey.
wln 2041 *Bar.* *A voustre commandement Madam.*
wln 2042 *Curt.* How sweet, my *Ithimore*, the flowers smell.
wln 2043 *Ith.* Like thy breath, sweet-hart, no violet like 'em.
wln 2044 *Pil.* Foh, me thinkes they stinke like a Holly-Hoke.
wln 2045 *Bar.* So, now I am reueng'd vpon 'em all.
wln 2046 The scent thereof was death, I poyson'd it.
wln 2047 *Ith.* Play, Fidler, or I'le cut your cats guts into chitterlins

Bar.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2048 Pardona moy, be no in tune yet; so now, now all be in.
wln 2049 *Ith.* Giue him a crowne, and fill me out more wine.
wln 2050 *Pil.* There's two crownes for thee, play.
wln 2051 *Bar.* How liberally the villain giues me mine own gold.
aside.

wln 2052 *Pil.* Me thinkes he fingers very well.
wln 2053 *Bar.* So did you when you stole my gold. *aside*
wln 2054 *Pil.* How swift he runnes.
wln 2055 *Bar.* You run swifter when you threw my gold out of
wln 2056 My Window. *aside.*
wln 2057 *Curt.* Musician, hast beene in *Malta* long?
wln 2058 *Bar.* Two, three, foure month Madam.
wln 2059 *Ith.* Dost not know a Iew, one *Barabas*?
wln 2060 *Bar.* Very mush, Mounsier, you no be his man.
wln 2061 *Pil.* His man?
wln 2062 *Ith.* I scorne the Peasant, tell him so.
wln 2063 *Bar.* He knowes it already.
wln 2064 *Ith.* 'Tis a strange thing of that Iew, he liues vpon
wln 2065 Pickled Grashoppers, and sauc'd Mushrumb.
wln 2066 *Bar.* What a slaue's this?
wln 2067 The Gouvernour feeds not as I doe. *aside.*
wln 2068 *Ith.* He neuer put on cleane shirt since he was circumcis'd
wln 2069 *Bar.* Oh raskall! I change my selfe twice a day. *aside*
wln 2070 *Ith.* The Hat he weares, *Iudas* left vnder the Elder
wln 2071 When he hang'd himselfe.
wln 2072 *Bar.* 'Twas sent me for a present from the great *Cham*.
aside

wln 2073 *Pil.* A masty slaue he is;
wln 2074 Whether now, Fidler?
wln 2075 *Bar.* Pardona moy, Mounsier, we be no well. *Exit.*
wln 2076 *Pil.* Farewell Fidler: One letter more to the Iew.
wln 2077 *Curt.* Prethe sweet loue, one more, and write it sharp.
wln 2078 *Ith.* No, I'le send by word of mouth now;
wln 2079 Bid him deliuer thee a thousand Crownes, by the same
wln 2080 Token, that the Nuns lou'd Rice, that Fryar *Bernardine*
wln 2081 Slept in his owne clothes,
wln 2082 Any of 'em will doe it.

Pil.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2083

Pil. Let me alone to vrge it now I know the meaning.

wln 2084

Ith. The meaning has a meaning; come let's in:

wln 2085

To vndoe a Iew is charity, and not sinne.

Exeunt.

wln 2086

Actus Quintus.

wln 2087

Enter Gouvernor. Knights. Martin Del-Bosco.

wln 2088

Gov. NOW, Gentlemen, betake you to your Armes,

wln 2089

And see that *Malta* be well fortifi'd;

wln 2090

And it behoues you to be resolute;

wln 2091

For *Calymath* hauing houer'd here so long,

wln 2092

Will winne the Towne, or dye before the wals.

wln 2093

Kni. And dye he shall, for we will neuer yeeld.

wln 2094

Enter Curtezane, Pilia-borza.

wln 2095

Curt. Oh bring vs to the Gouvernor.

wln 2096

Gov. Away with her, she is a Curtezane.

wln 2097

Curt. What e're I am, yet Gouvernor heare me speake;

wln 2098

I bring thee newes by whom thy sonne was slaine:

wln 2099

Mathias did it not, it was the Iew.

wln 2100

Pil. Who, besides the slaughter of these Gentlemen,

wln 2101

Poyson'd his owne daughter and the Nuns,

wln 2102

Strangled a Fryar, and I know not what

wln 2103

Mischiefe beside.

wln 2104

Gov. Had we but prooffe of this.

wln 2105

Curt. Strong prooffe, my Lord, his man's now at my

wln 2106

Lodging that was his Agent, he'll confesse it all.

wln 2107

Gov. Goe fetch him straight, I alwayes fear'd that Iew.

wln 2108

Enter Iew, Ithimore.

wln 2109

Bar. I'le goe alone, dogs do not hale me thus. (my belly.

wln 2110

Ith. Nor me neither, I cannot out-run you Constable, oh

wln 2111

Bar. One dram of powder more had made all sure,

wln 2112

What a damn'd slaue was I?

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2149
wln 2150
wln 2151
wln 2152
wln 2153
wln 2154
wln 2155
wln 2156
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wln 2182
wln 2183
wln 2184
wln 2185

For the Iewes body, throw that o're the wals,
To be a prey for Vultures and wild beasts.
So, now away and fortifie the Towne.

Exeunt.

Bar. What, all alone? well fare sleepy drinke.
I'le be reueng'd on this accursed Towne;
For by my meanes *Calymath* shall enter in.
I'le helpe to slay their children and their wiues,
To fire the Churches, pull their houses downe,
Take my goods too, and seize vpon my lands:
I hope to see the Gouvernour a slaue,
And, rowing in a Gally, whipt to death.

Enter Calymath, Bashawes, Turkes.

Caly. Whom haue we there, a spy?

Bar. Yes, my good Lord, one that can spy a place
Where you may enter, and surprize the Towne:
My name is *Barabas*; I am a Iew.

Caly. Art thou that Iew whose goods we heard were sold
For Tribute-mony?

Bar. The very same, my Lord:
And since that time they haue hir'd a slaue my man
To accuse me of a thousand villanies:
I was imprison'd, but scap'd their hands.

Caly. Didst breake prison?

Bar. No, no:
I dranke of Poppy and cold mandrake iuyce;
And being asleepe, belike they thought me dead,
And threw me o're the wals: so, or how else,
The Iew is here, and rests at your command.

Caly. 'Twas brauely done: but tell me, *Barabas*,
Canst thou, as thou reportest, make *Malta* ours?

Bar. Feare not, my Lord, for here against the Truce,
The rocke is hollow, and of purpose digg'd,
To make a passage for the running streames
And common channels of the City.
Now whilst you giue assault vnto the wals,
I'le lead 500 souldiers through the Vault,
And rise with them i'th middle of the Towne,

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2186
wln 2187
wln 2188
wln 2189
wln 2190
wln 2191
wln 2192
wln 2193
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wln 2210
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wln 2214
wln 2215
wln 2216
wln 2217
wln 2218
wln 2219
wln 2220
wln 2221
wln 2222

Open the gates for you to enter in,
And by this meanes the City is your owne.
Caly. If this be true, I'le make thee Gouvernor.
Iew. And if it be not true, then let me dye.
Caly. Thou'st doom'd thy selfe, assault it presently.

Exeunt.

*Alarmes. Enter Turkes, Barabas, Gouvernour,
and Knights prisoners.*

Caly. Now vaile your pride you captiue Christians,
And kneele for mercy to your conquering foe:
Now where's the hope you had of haughty *Spaine?*
Ferneze, speake, had it not beene much better
To kept thy promise then be thus surpriz'd?
Gov. What should I say, we are captiues and must yeeld.
Caly. I, villains, you must yeeld, and vnder Turkish yokes
Shall groning beare the burthen of our ire;
And *Barabas*, as erst we promis'd thee,
For thy desert we make the Gouvernor,
Vse them at thy discretion.

Bar. Thankes, my Lord.

Gov. Oh fatall day to fall into the hands
Of such a Traitor and vnhalloved Iew!
What greater misery could heauen inflict?

Caly. 'Tis our command: and *Barabas*, we giue
To guard thy person, these our Ianizaries:
Intreat them well, as we haue vsed thee.
And now, braue *Bashawes*, come, wee'll walke about
The ruin'd Towne, and see the wracke we made:
Farewell braue Iew, farewell great *Barabas*.

Exeunt.

Bar. May all good fortune follow *Calymath*.
And now, as entrance to our safety,
To prison with the Gouvernour and these
Captaines, his consorts and confederates.

Gov. Oh villaine, Heauen will be reueng'd on thee.

Exeunt.

Bar. Away, no more, let him not trouble me.
Thus hast thou gotten, by thy policie,

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2223 No simple place, no small authority,
wln 2224 I now am Gouvernour of *Malta*; true,
wln 2225 But *Malta* hates me, and in hating me
wln 2226 My life's in danger, and what boots it thee
wln 2227 Poore *Barabas*, to be the Gouvernour,
wln 2228 When as thy life shall be at their command?
wln 2229 No, *Barabas*, this must be look'd into;
wln 2230 And since by wrong thou got'st Authority,
wln 2231 Maintaine it brauely by firme policy,
wln 2232 At least vnprofitably lose it not:
wln 2233 For he that liueth in Authority,
wln 2234 And neither gets him friends, nor fils his bags,
wln 2235 Liues like the Asse that *Æsope* speaketh of,
wln 2236 That labours with a load of bread and wine,
wln 2237 And leaues it off to snap on Thistle tops:
wln 2238 But *Barabas* will be more circumspect.
wln 2239 Begin betimes, Occasion's bald behind,
wln 2240 Slip not thine oportunity, for feare too late
wln 2241 Thou seek'st for much, but canst not compasse it
wln 2242 Within here.

Enter Gouvernour with a guard.

Gov. My Lord?

Bar. I, Lord, thus slaues will learne.

Now Gouvernour stand by there, wait within,
This is the reason that I sent for thee;
Thou seest thy life, and *Malta's* happinesse,
Are at my Arbitrament; and *Barabas*
At his discretion may dispose of both:
Now tell me, Gouvernour, and plainly too,
What thinkst thou shall become of it and thee?

Gov. This; *Barabas*, since things are in thy power,
I see no reason but of *Malta's* wracke,
Nor hope of thee but extreme cruelty,
Nor feare I death, nor will I flatter thee.

Bar. Gouvernour, good words, be not so furious;
'Tis not thy life which can availe me ought,
Yet you doe liue, and liue for me you shall:

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2260 And as for *Malta's* ruine, thinke you not
wln 2261 'Twere slender policy for *Barabas*
wln 2262 To dispossesse himselfe of such a place?
wln 2263 For sith, as once you said, within this Ile
wln 2264 In *Malta* here, that I haue got my goods,
wln 2265 And in this City still haue had successe,
wln 2266 And now at length am growne your Governour,
wln 2267 Your selues shall see it shall not be forgot:
wln 2268 For as a friend not knowne, but in distresse,
wln 2269 I'le reare vp *Malta* now remedillesse.
wln 2270 *Gov.* Will *Barabas* recouer *Malta's* losse?
wln 2271 Will *Barabas* be good to Christians?
wln 2272 *Bar.* What wilt thou giue me, Governour, to procure
wln 2273 A dissolution of the slauish Bands
wln 2274 Wherein the Turke hath yoak'd your land and you?
wln 2275 What will you giue me if I render you
wln 2276 The life of *Calymath*, surprize his men,
wln 2277 And in an out-house of the City shut
wln 2278 His souldiers, till I haue consum'd 'em all with fire?
wln 2279 What will you giue him that procureth this?
wln 2280 *Gov.* Doe but bring this to passe which thou pretendest,
wln 2281 Deale truly with vs as thou intimatest,
wln 2282 And I will send amongst the Citizens
wln 2283 And by my letters priuately procure
wln 2284 Great summes of mony for thy recompence:
wln 2285 Nay more, doe this, and liue thou Governour still.
wln 2286 *Bar.* Nay, doe thou this, *Ferneze*, and be free;
wln 2287 Governour, I enlarge thee, liue with me,
wln 2288 Goe walke about the City, see thy friends:
wln 2289 Tush, send not letters to 'em, goe thy selfe,
wln 2290 And let me see what mony thou canst make;
wln 2291 Here is my hand that I'le set *Malta* free:
wln 2292 And thus we cast it: To a solemne feast
wln 2293 I will inuite young *Selim-Calymath*,
wln 2294 Where be thou present onely to performe
wln 2295 One stratagem that I'le impart to thee,
wln 2296 Wherein no danger shall betide thy life,

And

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2297

And I will warrant *Malta* free for euer.

wln 2298

Gov. Here is my hand, beleeeue me, *Barabas*,
I will be there, and doe as thou desirest;

wln 2299

When is the time?

wln 2300

Bar. Gouvernor, presently.

wln 2301

For *Callymath*, when he hath view'd the Towne,
Will take his leaue and saile toward, *Ottoman*,

wln 2302

wln 2303

Gov. Then will I, *Barabas*, about this coyne,

wln 2304

And bring it with me to thee in the euening.

wln 2305

Bar. Doe so, but faile not; now farewell *Ferneze*:

wln 2306

And thus farre roundly goes the businesse:

wln 2307

Thus louing neither, will I liue with both,

wln 2308

Making a profit of my policie;

wln 2309

And he from whom my most aduantage comes,

wln 2310

Shall be my friend.

wln 2311

This is the life we Iewes are vs'd to lead;

wln 2312

And reason too, for Christians doe the like:

wln 2313

Well, now about effecting this deuice:

wln 2314

First to surprize great *Selims* souldiers,

wln 2315

And then to make prouision for the feast,

wln 2316

That at one instant all things may be done,

wln 2317

My policie detests preuention:

wln 2318

To what euent my secret purpose driues,

wln 2319

I know; and they shall witness with their liues.

wln 2320

Exit.

Enter Calymath, Bashawes.

wln 2321

Caly. Thus haue we view'd the City, seene the sacke,

wln 2322

And caus'd the ruines to be new repair'd,

wln 2323

Which with our Bombards shot and Basiliske,

wln 2324

We rent in sunder at our entry:

wln 2325

And now I see the Scituation,

wln 2326

And how secure this conquer'd Iland stands

wln 2327

Inuiron'd with the mediterranean Sea,

wln 2328

Strong contermin'd with other petty Iles;

wln 2329

And toward *Calabria* back'd by *Sicily*,

wln 2330

Two lofty Turrets that command the Towne.

wln 2331

When *Siracusan Dionisius* reign'd;

wln 2332

I wonder how it could be conquer'd thus?

wln 2333

Enter

The Iew of Malta.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. From *Barabas*, *Malta's* Governour, I bring
A message vnto mighty *Calymath*;
Hearing his Soueraigne was bound for Sea,
To saile to *Turkey*, to great *Ottamon*,
He humbly would intreat your Maiesty
To come and see his homely Citadell,
And banquet with him e're thou leau'st the Ile.

Caly. To banquet with him in his Citadell,
I feare me, Messenger, to feast my traine
Within a Towne of warre so lately pillag'd,
Will be too costly and too troublesome:
Yet would I gladly visit *Barabas*.
For well has *Barabas* deseru'd of vs.

Mess. *Selim*, for that, thus saith the Governour,
That he hath in store a Pearle so big,
So precious, and withall so orient,
As be it valued but indifferently,
The price thereof will serue to entertaine
Selim and all his souldiers for a month;
Therefore he humbly would intreat your Highnesse
Not to depart till he has feasted you.

Caly. I cannot feast my men in *Malta* wals,
Except he place his Tables in the streets.

Mess. Know, *Selim*, that there is a monastery
Which standeth as an out-house to the Towne;
There will he banquet them, but thee at home,
With all thy *Bashawes* and braue followers.

Caly. Well, tell the Governour we grant his suit,
Wee'll in this Summer Euening feast with him.

Mess. I shall, my Lord,

Exit.

Caly. And now, bold *Bashawes*, let vs to our Tents,
And meditate how we may grace vs best
To solemnize our Governours great feast.

Exeunt.

Enter Governour, Knights, Del-bosco.

Gov. In this, my Countrimen, be rul'd by me,
Haue speciall care that no man sally forth

Till

wln 2334
wln 2335
wln 2336
wln 2337
wln 2338
wln 2339
wln 2340
wln 2341
wln 2342
wln 2343
wln 2344
wln 2345
wln 2346
wln 2347
wln 2348
wln 2349
wln 2350
wln 2351
wln 2352
wln 2353
wln 2354
wln 2355
wln 2356
wln 2357
wln 2358
wln 2359
wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366
wln 2367
wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2371
wln 2372
wln 2373
wln 2374
wln 2375
wln 2376
wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380
wln 2381
wln 2382
wln 2383
wln 2384
wln 2385
wln 2386
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wln 2388
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wln 2390
wln 2391
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wln 2394
wln 2395
wln 2396
wln 2397
wln 2398
wln 2399
wln 2400
wln 2401
wln 2402
wln 2403
wln 2404
wln 2405
wln 2406
wln 2407

Till you shall heare a Culuerin discharg'd
By him that beares the Linstocke, kindled thus;
Then issue out and come to rescue me,
For happily I shall be in distresse,
Or you released of this seruitude.
I Kni. Rather then thus to liue as Turkish thrals,
What will we not aduenture?
Gov. On then, begone.
Kni: Farewell graue Gouvernor.
Enter with a Hammar aboue, very busie.
Bar: How stand the cords? How hang these hinges, fast?
Are all the Cranes and Pulleyes sure?
Serv. All fast.
Bar: Leaue nothing loose, all leueld to my mind.
Why now I see that you haue Art indeed.
There, Carpenters, diuide that gold amongst you:
Goe swill in bowles of Sacke and Muscadine:
Downe to the Celler, taste of all my wines.
Carp. We shall, my Lord, and thanke you:
Bar: And if you like them, drinke your fill and dye:
For so I liue, perish may all the world.
Now *Selim-Calymath* returne me word
That thou wilt come, and I am satisfied.
Now sirra, what, will he come?
Enter Messenger.
Mess. He will; and has commanded all his men
To come ashore, and march through *Malta* streets,
That thou maist feast them in thy Citadell.
Bar: Then now are all things as my wish wud haue 'em,
There wanteth nothing but the Gouvernors pelfe,
And see he brings it: Now, Gouvernor, the summe.
Enter Gouvernour.
Gou. With free consent a hundred thousand pounds.
Bar: Pounds saist thou, Gouvernor, wel since it is no more
I'le satisfie my selfe with that; nay, keepe it still,
For if I keepe not promise, trust not me.
And Gouvernour, now partake my policy:

Exeunt.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2408 First for his Army, they are sent before,
wln 2409 Enter'd the Monastery, and vnderneath
wln 2410 In seuerall places are field-pieces pitch'd,
wln 2411 Bombards, whole Barrels full of Gunpowder,
wln 2412 That on the sudden shall disseuer it,
wln 2413 And batter all the stones about their eares,
wln 2414 Whence none can possibly escape aliue:
wln 2415 Now as for *Calymath* and his consorts,
wln 2416 Here haue I made a dainty Gallery,
wln 2417 The floore whereof, this Cable being cut,
wln 2418 Doth fall asunder; so that it doth sinke
wln 2419 Into a deepe pit past recouery.
wln 2420 Here, hold that knife, and when thou seest he comes,
wln 2421 And with his Bashawes shall be blithely set,
wln 2422 A warning-peece shall be shot off from the Tower,
wln 2423 To giue thee knowledge when to cut the cord,
wln 2424 And fire the house; say, will not this be braue?
wln 2425 *Gov.* Oh excellent! here, hold thee, *Barabas*,
wln 2426 I trust thy word, take what I promis'd thee.
wln 2427 *Bar.* No, Gouvernor, I'le satisfie thee first,
wln 2428 Thou shalt not liue in doubt of any thing.
wln 2429 Stand close, for here they come: why, is not this
wln 2430 A kingly kinde of trade to purchase Townes
wln 2431 By treachery, and sell 'em by deceit?
wln 2432 Now tell me, worldlings, vnderneath the **summe**,
wln 2433 If greater falshood euer has bin done.
wln 2434 *Enter Calymath and Bashawes.*
wln 2435 *Caly.* Come, my Companion-Bashawes, see I pray
wln 2436 How busie *Barrabas* is there aboue
wln 2437 To entertaine vs in his Gallery;
wln 2438 Let vs salute him, Saue thee, *Barabas*.
wln 2439 *Bar.* Welcome great *Calymath*.
wln 2440 *Gov.* How the slaue jeeres at him?
wln 2441 *Bar.* Will't please thee, mighty *Selim-Calymath*,
wln 2442 To ascend our homely stayres?
wln 2443 *Caly.* I, *Barabas*, come Bashawes, attend.
wln 2444 *Gov.* Stay, *Calymath*;

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2445
wln 2446
wln 2447
wln 2448
wln 2449
wln 2450
wln 2451
wln 2452
wln 2453
wln 2454
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wln 2456
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wln 2480
wln 2481

For I will shew thee greater curtesie
Then *Barabas* would haue affoorded thee.
Kni. Sound a charge there. {*A charge, the cable cut,*
Cal. How now, what means this *A Caldron discovered.*
Bar. Helpe, helpe me, Christians, helpe.
Gov. See *Calymath*, this was deuis'd for thee.
Caly. Treason, treason *Bashawes*, flye.
Gov. No, *Selim*, doe not flye;
See his end first, and flye then if thou canst.
Bar. Oh helpe me, *Selim*, helpe me, Christians.
Gouernour, why stand you all so pittillesse?
Gov. Should I in pittie of thy plaints or thee,
Accursed *Barabas*; base Iew relent:
No, thus I'le see thy treachery repaid,
But wish thou hadst behau'd thee otherwise.
Bar. You will not helpe me then?
Gov. No, villaine, no.
Bar. And villaines, know you cannot helpe me now.
Then *Barabas* breath forth thy latest fate,
And in the fury of thy torments, striue
To end thy life with resolution:
Know, Gouernor, 'twas I that slew thy sonne;
I fram'd the challenge that did make them meet:
Know, *Calymath*, I aym'd thy ouerthrow,
And had I but escap'd this stratagem,
I would haue brought confusion on you all,
Damn'd Christians, dogges, and Turkish Infidels;
But now begins the extremity of heat
To pinch me with intolerable pangs:
Dye life, flye soule, tongue curse thy fill and dye:
Caly. Tell me, you Christians, what doth this portend?
Gov. This traine he laid to haue intrap'd thy life;
Now *Selim* note the vnhallowed deeds of Iewes:
Thus he determin'd to haue handled thee,
But I haue rather chose to saue thy life.
Caly. Was this the banquet he prepar'd for vs?
Let's hence, lest further mischiefe be pretended.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2482 *Gov.* Nay, *Selim*, stay, for since we haue thee here,
wln 2483 We will not let thee part so suddenly:
wln 2484 Besides, if we should let thee goe, all's one,
wln 2485 For with thy Gallyes couldst thou not get hence,
wln 2486 Without fresh men to rigge and furnish them.
wln 2487 *Caly.* Tush, Gouvernor, take thou no care for that,
wln 2488 My men are all aboard,
wln 2489 And doe attend my comming there by this.
wln 2490 *Gov.* Why hardst thou not the trumpet sound a charge?
wln 2491 *Caly.* Yes, what of that?
wln 2492 *Gov.* Why then the house was fir'd,
wln 2493 Blowne vp, and all thy souldiers massacred.
wln 2494 *Caly.* Oh monstrous treason!
wln 2495 *Gov.* A Iewes curtesie:
wln 2496 For he that did by treason worke our fall,
wln 2497 By treason hath deliuered thee to vs:
wln 2498 Know therefore, till thy father hath made good
wln 2499 The ruines done to *Malta* and to vs,
wln 2500 Thou canst not part: for *Malta* shall be freed,
wln 2501 Or *Selim* ne're returne to *Ottamen*.
wln 2502 *Caly.* Nay rather, Christians, let me goe to Turkey,
wln 2503 In person there to meditate your peace;
wln 2504 To keepe me here will nought aduantage you.
wln 2505 *Gov.* Content thee, *Calymath*, here thou must stay,
wln 2506 And liue in *Malta* prisoner; for come call the world
wln 2507 To rescue thee, so will we guard vs now
wln 2508 No sooner shall they drinke the Ocean dry,
wln 2509 Then conquer *Malta*, or endanger vs.
wln 2510 So march away, and let due praise be giuen
wln 2511 Neither to Fate nor **Fottune**, but to Heauen.

wln 2512

FINIS.

img: 38-b
sig: [N/A]

Textual Notes

1. **11 (1-b)**: The regularized reading *LONDON* is supplied for the original *[...]ON*.
2. **3 (3-b)**: The regularized reading *'Mongst* is supplied for the original *'Mof:]gst*.
3. **6 (3-b)**: The regularized reading *crave* is supplied for the original *c[.]ave*.
4. **9 (3-b)**: The regularized reading *projects* is supplied for the original *p[.]oiects*.
5. **96 (5-a)**: The regularized reading *silverlings* is amended from the original *siluerbings*.
6. **373 (9-a)**: The regularized reading *?* is supplied for the original *[.]*.
7. **400 (9-a)**: The regularized reading *scorned* is supplied for the original *scorn[*]d*.
8. **768 (14-a)**: The regularized reading *Piarer* comes from the original *Piarer*, though possible variants include *Placer*.
9. **1002 (17-b)**: The regularized reading *thysel* is supplied for the original *[*]hyselfe*.
10. **1095 (18-b)**: The regularized reading *keyhole* is supplied for the original *key[.]hole*.
11. **1130 (19-a)**: The regularized reading *yet* is amended from the original *yer*.
12. **1609 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *grieve* is supplied for the original *gr[*]eue*.
13. **1899 (29-b)**: The regularized reading *Whither* is amended from the original *Whiiher*.
14. **2432 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *sun* is amended from the original *summe*.
15. **2511 (38-a)**: The regularized reading *Fortune* is amended from the original *Fottune*.