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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Elizabeth Williamson, and Michael Poston, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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img: 1-a

img: 1-b

sig: A2r

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

The Famous  
TRAGEDY  
OF THE RICH JEW  
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 PLAYED  
BEFORE THE KING AND  
QUEEN, IN HIS MAJESTY'S  
Theatre at *Whitehall*, by her Majesty's  
Servants at the *Cockpit*.  
Written by *CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE*.

**LONDON**

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

img: 2-a

img: 2-b

sig: A3r

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

TO  
MY WORTHY  
FRIEND, Master THOMAS  
HAMMON, OF GRAY'S  
INN, etc.

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 Author as Master  
*Marlowe*; and the part of the  
Jew presented by so unimitable  
an Actor as Master *Alleyn*,  
being in this later Age commended  
to the Stage: As I  
ushered it unto the Court, and  
presented it to the Cockpit,  
with these Prologues and Epilogues  
here inserted, so now being newly brought to  
the Press, I was loath it should be published without  
the ornament of an Epistle; making choice of you  
unto whom to devote it; than whom (of all those  
Gentlemen and acquaintance, within the compass of  
my long knowledge) there is none more able to tax

img: 3-a

sig: A3v

ln 0022

Ignorance, or attribute right to merit. Sir, you have been

In 0023  
In 0024  
In 0025  
In 0026  
In 0027  
In 0028  
In 0029  
In 0030

pleased to grace some of mine own works with your  
courteous patronage; I hope this will not be the worse  
accepted, because commended by me; over whom,  
none can claim more power or privilege than yourself.  
I had no better a New year's gift to present you  
with; receive it therefore as a continuance of that inviolable  
obligement, by which, he rests still engaged;  
who as he ever hath, shall always remain,

In 0031

*Tuissimus:*

In 0032

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

img: 3-b  
sig: A4r

In 0001

The Prologue spoken at Court.

In 0002  
In 0003  
In 0004  
In 0005  
In 0006  
In 0007  
In 0008  
In 0009  
In 0010  
In 0011  
In 0012  
In 0013

*GRacious and Great, that we so boldly dare,  
('Mongst other Plays that now in fashion are)  
To present this; writ many years agone,  
And in that Age, thought second unto none;  
We humbly crave your pardon: we pursue  
The story of a rich and famous Jew  
Who lived in Malta: you shall find him still,  
In all his projects, a sound Machevil;  
And that's his Character: He that hath passed  
So many Censures, is now come at last  
To have your princely Ears, grace you him; than  
You crown the Action, and renown the pen.*

In 0014

Epilogue.

In 0015  
In 0016  
In 0017  
In 0018  
In 0019  
In 0020

*IT is our fear (dread Sovereign) we have been  
Too tedious; neither can't be less than sin  
To wrong your Princely patience: If we have,  
(Thus low dejected) we your pardon crave:  
And if aught here offend your ear or sight,  
We only Act, and Speak, what others write.*

img: 4-a  
sig: A4v

In 0021  
In 0022

The Prologue to the Stage, at  
the Cockpit.

In 0023  
In 0024

Marlowe.

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

In 0025 *The Malta-Jew had being, and was made;*  
 In 0026 *And He, then by the best of Actors played:*  
 In 0027 *In Hero and Leander, one did gain*  
 In 0028 *A lasting memory: in Tamburlaine,*  
 In 0029 *This Jew, with others many: th' other man*  
 In 0030 *The Attribute of peerless, being a man*  
 In 0031 *Whom we may rank with (doing no one wrong)*  
 In 0032 *Proteus for shapes, and Roseius for a tongue,*  
 In 0033 *So could he speak, so vary; nor is't hate*  
 In 0034 *To merit: in him who doth personate*  
 In 0035 *Our Jew this day, nor is it his ambition*  
 In 0036 *To exceed, or equal, being of condition*  
 In 0037 *More modest; this is all that he intends,*  
 In 0038 *(And that too, at the urgency of some friends)*  
 In 0039 *To prove his best, and if none here gainsay it,*  
 In 0040 *The part he hath studied, and intends to play it.*

Alleyn.

Perkins.

In 0041

Epilogue.

In 0042 *IN Graving, with Pygmalion to contend;*  
 In 0043 *Or Painting, with Apelles; doubtless the end*  
 In 0044 *Must be disgrace: our Actor did not so,*  
 In 0045 *He only aimed to go, but not outgo.*  
 In 0046 *Nor think that this day any prize was played,*  
 In 0047 *Here were no bets at all, no wagers laid;*  
 In 0048 *All the ambition that his mind doth swell,*  
 In 0049 *Is but to hear from you, (by me) 'twas well.*

img: 4-b  
 sig: B1r

wln 0050

wln 0051

wln 0052

THE  
 JEW OF  
 MALTA.

wln 0053

wln 0054

wln 0055

wln 0056

wln 0057

wln 0058

wln 0059

wln 0060

wln 0061

wln 0062

wln 0063

wln 0064

*Machevil.*

Albeit the world think *Machiavel* is dead,  
 Yet was his soul but flown beyond the *Alps*,  
 And now the *Guize* is dead, is come from *France*  
 To view this Land, and frolic with his friends.  
 To some perhaps my name is odious,  
 But such as love me, guard me from their tongues,  
 And let them know that I am *Machiavel*,  
 And weigh not men, and therefore not men's words:  
 Admired I am of those that hate me most.  
 Though some speak openly against my books,  
 Yet will they read me, and thereby attain

wln 0065  
wln 0066  
wln 0067  
wln 0068  
wln 0069  
wln 0070  
wln 0071  
wln 0072  
wln 0073  
wln 0074

img: 5-a  
sig: B1v

To *Peter's* Chair: And when they cast me off;  
Are poisoned by my climbing followers.  
I count Religion but a childish Toy,  
And hold there is no sin but Ignorance.  
Birds of the Air will tell of murders past;  
I am ashamed to hear such fooleries:  
Many will talk of Title to a Crown.  
What right had *Caesar* to the Empire?  
Might first made Kings, and Laws were then most sure  
When like the *Drancus* they were writ in blood.

wln 0075  
wln 0076  
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wln 0111

Hence comes it, that a strong built Citadel  
Commands much more than letters can import:  
Which maxim had *Phaleris* observed,  
H'Had never bellowed in a brazen Bull  
Of great ones envy; o'th' poor petty wights,  
Let me be envied and not pitied!  
But whither am I bound, I come not, I,  
To read a lecture here in *Britain*,  
But to present the Tragedy of a Jew,  
Who smiles to see how full his bags are crammed  
Which money was not got without my means.  
I crave but this, Grace him as he deserves,  
And let him not be entertained the worse  
Because he favours me.

*Enter Barabas in his Countinghouse,  
with heaps of gold before him.*

*Jew,* So that of thus much that return was made:  
And of the third part of the *Persian* ships,  
There was the venture summed and satisfied.  
As for those *Samnites*, and the men of *Uz*,  
That bought my *Spanish* Oils, and Wines of *Greece*,  
Here have I pursed their paltry **silverlings**.  
Fie; what a trouble 'tis to count this trash.  
Well fare the *Arabians*, who so richly pay,  
The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,  
Whereof a man may easily in a day  
Tell that which may maintain him all his life.  
The needy groom that never fingered goat,  
Would make a miracle of thus much coin:  
But he whose steel-barred coffers are crammed full,  
And all his life time hath been tired,  
Wearying his fingers ends with telling it,  
Would in his age be loath to labour so,  
And for a pound to sweat himself to death:  
Give me the Merchants of the *Indian* Mines,  
That trade in mettle of the purest mould;  
The wealth *moor*, that in the *Eastern* rocks

img: 5-b

wln 0112 Without control can pick his riches up,  
 wln 0113 And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones:  
 wln 0114 Receive them free, and sell them by the weight,  
 wln 0115 Bags of fiery *Opals*, *Sapphires*, *Amethysts*,  
 wln 0116 *Jacinths*, hard *Topaz*, grass-green *Emeralds*,  
 wln 0117 Beauteous *Rubies*, sparkling *Diamonds*,  
 wln 0118 And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,  
 wln 0119 As one of them indifferently rated,  
 wln 0120 And of a Carat of this quantity,  
 wln 0121 May serve in peril of calamity  
 wln 0122 To ransom great Kings from captivity.  
 wln 0123 This is the ware wherein consists my wealth:  
 wln 0124 And thus methinks should men of judgement frame  
 wln 0125 Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,  
 wln 0126 And as their wealth increaseth, so enclose  
 wln 0127 Infinite riches in a little room.  
 wln 0128 But now how stands the wind?  
 wln 0129 Into what corner peers my *Halcyon's* 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 Isles  
 wln 0133 Are gotten up by *Nilus'* winding banks:  
 wln 0134 Mine Argosy from *Alexandria*,  
 wln 0135 Loaden with Spice and Silks, now under sail,  
 wln 0136 Are smoothly gliding down by *Candy* shore  
 wln 0137 To *Malta*, through our Mediterranean sea.  
 wln 0138 But who comes hear? How now.  
 wln 0139 *Enter a Merchant.*  
 wln 0140 *Merchant Barabas*, thy ships are safe,  
 wln 0141 Riding in *Malta* Rhode: And all the Merchants  
 wln 0142 With other Merchandise are safe arrived,  
 wln 0143 And have sent me to know whether yourself  
 wln 0144 Will come and custom them.  
 wln 0145 *Jew.* The ships are safe thou sayest, and richly fraught.  
 wln 0146 *Merchant* They are.  
 wln 0147 *Jew.* Why then go bid them come ashore,  
 wln 0148 And bring with them their bills of entry:

wln 0149 I hope our credit in the Customhouse  
 wln 0150 Will serve as well as I were present there.  
 wln 0151 Go send 'em threescore Camels, thirty Mules,  
 wln 0152 And twenty Waggons to bring up the ware.  
 wln 0153 But art thou master in a ship of mine,  
 wln 0154 And is thy credit not enough for that?  
 wln 0155 *Merchant* The very Custom barely comes to more  
 wln 0156 Than many Merchants of the Town are worth,  
 wln 0157 And therefore far exceeds my credit, Sir.

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wln 0205

*Jew.* Go tell 'em the Jew of *Malta* sent thee, man.  
Tush, who amongst 'em knows not *Barabas*?  
*Merchant* I go.  
*Jew.* So then, there's somewhat come.  
Sirrah, which of my ships art thou Master of?  
*Merchant* Of the *Speranza*, Sir.  
*Jew.* And saw'st thou not mine Argosy at *Alexandria*  
Thou couldst not come from *Egypt*, or by *Caire*  
But at the entry there into the sea,  
Where *Nilus* pays his tribute to the main,  
Thou needs must sail by *Alexandria*.  
*Merchant* I neither saw them, nor enquired of them.  
But this we heard some of our seamen say,  
They wondered how you durst with so much wealth  
Trust such a crazed Vessel, and so far.  
*Jew.* Tush; they are wise, I know her and her strength:  
By go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy Ship,  
And bid my Factor bring his loading in.  
And yet I wonder at this Argosy,  
*Enter a second Merchant.*  
*2. Merchant* Thine Argosy from *Alexandria*,  
Know *Barabas* doth ride in *Malta* Rhode.  
Laden with riches, and exceeding store  
Of *Persian* silks, of gold, and Orient Pearl:  
*Jew.* How chance you came not with those other ships  
That sailed by *Egypt*?  
*2 Merchant* Sir we saw 'em not.  
*Jew.* Belike they coasted round by *Candy* shore

About their Oils, or other businesses.  
But 'twas ill done of you to come so far  
Without the aid or conduct of their ships.  
*2. Merchant* Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish Fleet  
That never left us till within a league,  
That had the Galleys of the *Turk* in chase.  
*Jew.* Oh they were going up to *Sicily*: well, go  
And bid the Merchants and my men dispatch  
And come ashore, and see the fraught discharged.  
*Merchant* I go.  
*Jew.* Thus trolls our fortune in by land and Sea,  
And thus are we on every side enriched:  
These are the Blessings promised to the Jews,  
And herein was old *Abraham's* happiness:  
What more may Heaven do for earthly man  
Then thus to pour out plenty in their laps,  
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,  
Making the Sea their servants, and the winds  
To drive their substance with successful blasts?  
Who hateth me but for my happiness?

*Exit.*

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wln 0222

img: 7-a  
sig: B3v

Or who is honoured now but for his wealth?  
Rather had I a Jew be hated thus,  
Than pitied in a Christian poverty:  
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,  
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,  
Which methinks fits not their profession.  
Happily some hapless man hath conscience,  
And for his conscience lives in beggary.  
They say we are a scattered Nation:  
I cannot tell, but we have scrambled up  
More wealth by far then those that brag of faith.  
There's *Kirriah Jairim*, the great Jew of *Greece*,  
*Obed* in *Bairseth*, *Nones* in *Portugal*,  
Myself in *Malta*, some in *Italy*,  
Many in *France*, and wealthy every one:  
Ay, wealthier far than any Christian.  
I must confess we come not to be Kings:

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

*Enter three Jews.*

*1 Jew* Tush, tell not me 'twas done of policy.

*2 Jew* Come therefore let us go to *Barabas*;

For he can counsel best in these affairs;

And here he comes.

*Jew.* Why how now Countrymen?

Why flock you thus to me in multitudes?

What accident's betided to the Jews?

*1 Jew* A Fleet of warlike Galleys, *Barabas*,

Are come from *Turkey*, and lie in our Rhode:

And they this day sit in the Counsel-house

To entertain them and their Embassy.

*Jew.* Why let 'em come, so they come not to war;

Or let 'em war, so we be conquerors:

Nay, let 'em combat, conquer, and kill all,

So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth.

*1 Jew* Were it for confirmation of a League,

They would not come in warlike manner thus.

*2 Jew* I fear their coming will afflict us all.

*Jew.* Fond men, what dream you of their multitudes?

What need they treat of peace that are in league?

*Aside.*



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img: 8-a  
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wln 0299

The *Turks* and those of *Malta* are in league.  
Tut, tut, there is some other matter in't.  
*1 Jew* Why, *Barabas*, they come for peace or war.  
*Jew.* Happily for neither, but to pass along  
Towards *Venice* by the *Adriatic* Sea;  
With whom they have attempted many times,

But never could effect their Stratagem.  
*3 Jew* And very wisely said, it may be so.  
*2 Jew* But there's a meeting in the Senate-house,  
And all the Jews in *Malta* must be there.  
*Jew.* Umh; All the Jews in *Malta* must be there?  
Ay, like enough, why then let every man  
Provide him, and be there for fashion-sake.  
If any thing shall there concern our state  
Assure yourselves I'll look unto myself.  
*1 Jew* I know you will; well brethren let us go.  
*2 Jew* Let's take our leaves; Farewell good *Barabas*.  
*Jew.* Do so; Farewell *Zaareth*, farewell *Temainte*.

*aside,*

And *Barabas* now search this secret out.  
Summon thy senses, call thy wits together:  
These silly men mistake the matter clean.  
Long to the *Turk* did *Malta* contribute;  
Which Tribute all in policy, I fear,  
The *Turks* have let increase to such a sum,  
As all the wealth of *Malta* cannot pay;  
And now by that advantage thinks, belike,  
To seize upon the Town: Ay, that he seeks.  
Howe'er the world go, I'll make sure for one,  
And seek in time to intercept the worst,  
Warily guarding that which I ha' got.  
*Ego mihimet sum semper proximus.*  
Why let 'em enter, let 'em take the Town.  
*Enter Governors of Malta, Knights met by  
Bassoos of the Turk; Calymath.*  
*Governor* Now Bassoos, what demand you at our hands?  
*Bashaw* Know Knights of Malta, that we came from *Rhodes*  
From *Cyprus*, *Candy*, and those other Isles  
That lie betwixt the Mediterranean seas.  
*Governor* What's *Cyprus*, *Candy*, and those other Isles  
To us, or *Malta*? What at our hands demand ye?  
*Calymath* The ten years tribute that remains unpaid.  
*Governor* Alas, my Lord, the sum is overgreat,  
I hope your Highness will consider us.

*Calymath* I wish, grave Governors 'twere in my power  
To favour you, but 'tis my father's cause,  
Wherein I may not, nay I dare not dally.

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wln 0347

*Governor* Then give us leave, great *Selim-Calymath*.  
*Calymath* Stand all aside, and let the Knights determine,  
And send to keep our Galleys under-sail,  
For happily we shall not tarry here:  
Now Governors how are you resolved?

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

*Bashaw* That's more than is in our Commission.

*Calymath* What Callapine a little courtesy.  
Let's know their time, perhaps it is not long;  
And 'tis more Kingly to obtain by peace  
Then to enforce conditions by constraint.  
What respite ask you Governors?

*Governor* But a month.

*Calymath* We grant a month, but see you keep your promise.  
Now launch our Galleys back again to Sea,  
where we'll attend the respite you have ta'en,  
And for the money send our messenger.  
Farewell great Governors, and brave Knights of *Malta*.

*Exeunt.*

*Governor* And all good fortune wait on *Calymath*.  
Go one and call those Jews of *Malta* hither:  
Were they not summoned to appear today.

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

*Enter Barabas, and three Jews.*

*I Knight.* Have you determined what to say to them?

*Governor* Yes, give me leave, and *Hebrews* now come near.  
From the Emperor of *Turkey* is arrived  
Great *Selim-Calymath*, his highness' son,  
To levy of us ten years tribute past,  
Now then here know that it concerneth us:

*Barabas* Then good my Lord, to keep your quiet still,

Your Lordship shall do well to let them have it.

*Governor* Soft *Barabas*, there's more longs to't than so.  
To what this ten years tribute will amount  
That we have cast, but cannot compass it  
By reason of the wars, that robbed our store;  
And therefore are we to request your aid.

*Barabas* Alas, my Lord, we are no soldiers:  
And what's our aid against so great a Prince?

*I Knight* Tut, Jew, we know thou art no soldier;  
Thou art a Merchant, and a monied man,  
And 'tis thy money, *Barabas*, we seek.

*Barabas* How, my Lord, my money?

*Governor* Thine and the rest.  
For to be short, amongst you 't must be had,

wln 0348  
wln 0349  
wln 0350  
wln 0351  
wln 0352  
wln 0353  
wln 0354  
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wln 0362  
wln 0363  
wln 0364  
wln 0365  
wln 0366  
wln 0367  
wln 0368  
wln 0369  
wln 0370

img: 9-a  
sig: C1v

wln 0371  
wln 0372  
wln 0373  
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wln 0380  
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wln 0391  
wln 0392  
wln 0393  
wln 0394  
wln 0395

*Jew.* Alas, my Lord, the most of us are poor.  
*Governor* Then let the rich increase your portions:  
*Barabas* Are strangers with your tribute to be taxed?  
*2 Knight* Have strangers leave with us to get their wealth?  
Then let them with us contribute.  
*Barabas* How, equally?  
*Governor* No, Jew, like infidels.  
For through our sufferance of your hateful lives,  
Who stand accursed in the sight of heaven,  
These taxes and afflictions are befallen,  
And therefore thus we are determined;  
Read there the Articles of our decrees.  
*Reader.* First, the tribute money of the *Turks* shall all be  
Levied amongst the *Jews*, and each of them to pay one  
Half of his estate.  
*Barabas* How, half his estate? I hope you mean not mine.  
*Governor* Read on.  
*Reader* Secondly, he that denies to pay, shall straight become  
A Christian.  
*Barabas* How a Christian? Hum, what's here to do?  
*Reader* Lastly, he that denies this, shall absolutely lose all he has.  
*All 3 Jews.* Oh my Lord we will give half.  
*Barabas* Oh earth-mettled villains, and no *Hebrews* born!

And will you basely thus submit yourselves  
To leave your goods to their arbitrament?  
*Governor* Why *Barabas* wilt thou be christened?  
*Barabas* No, Governor, I will be no convertite.  
*Governor* Then pay thy half.  
*Barabas* Why know you what you did by this device?  
Half of my substance is a City's wealth.  
Governor, it was not got so easily;  
Nor will I part so slightly therewithal.  
*Governor* Sir, half is the penalty of our decree,  
Either pay that, or we will seize on all.  
*Barabas* *Corpo di deo*; stay, you shall have half,  
Let me be used but as my brothers are.  
*Governor* No, Jew, thou hast denied the Articles,  
And now it cannot be recalled.  
*Barabas* Will you then steal my goods?  
Is theft the ground of your Religion?  
*Governor* No, Jew, we take particularly thine  
To save the ruin of a multitude:  
And better one want for a common good,  
Than many perish for a private man:  
Yet *Barabas* we will not banish thee,  
But here in *Malta*, where thou got'st thy wealth,  
Live still; and if thou canst, get more.  
*Barabas* Christians; what, or how can I multiply?

wln 0396  
wln 0397  
wln 0398  
wln 0399  
wln 0400  
wln 0401  
wln 0402  
wln 0403  
wln 0404  
wln 0405  
wln 0406  
wln 0407

img: 9-b  
sig: C2r

wln 0408  
wln 0409  
wln 0410  
wln 0411  
wln 0412  
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wln 0440  
wln 0441  
wln 0442  
wln 0443

Of naught is nothing made.

*I Knight.* From naught at first thou cam'st to little wealth,  
From little unto more, from more to most:  
If your first curse fall heavy on thy head,  
And make thee poor and **scorned** of all the world,  
'Tis not our fault, but thy inherent sin.

*Barabas* What? bring you Scripture to confirm your wrong?  
Preach me not out of my possessions.  
Some jews are wicked, as all Christians are:  
But say the Tribe that I descended of  
Were all in general cast away for sin,  
Shall I be tried by their transgression?

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

*Governor* Out wretched *Barabas*, shamest thou not thus  
To justify thyself, as if we knew not  
Thy profession? If thou rely upon thy righteousness,  
Be patient and thy riches will increase.  
Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness:  
And covetousness, o 'tis a monstrous sin.

*Barabas* Ay, but theft is worse: tush, take not from me then,  
For that is theft; and if you rob me thus,  
I must be forced to steal and compass more.

*I Knight* Grave Governors, list not to his exclaims:  
Convert his mansion to a Nunnery, *Enter Officers.*  
His house will harbour many holy Nuns.

*Governor* It shall be so: now Officers have you done?

*Officer* Ay, my Lord, we have seized upon the goods  
And wares of *Barabas*, which being valued  
Amount to more than all the wealth in *Malta*.  
And of the other we have seized half.  
Then we'll take order for the residue.

*Barabas* Well then my Lord, say, are you satisfied?  
You have my goods, my money, and my wealth,  
My ships, my store, and all that I enjoyed;  
And having all, you can request no more;  
Unless your unrelenting flinty hearts  
Suppress all pity in your stony breasts,  
And now shall move you to bereave my life.

*Governor* No, *Barabas*, to stain our hands with blood  
Is far from us and our profession.

*Barabas* Why I esteem the injury far less,  
To take the lives of miserable men,  
Then be the causers of their misery  
You have my wealth the labour of my life,  
The comfort of mine age, my children's hope,  
And therefore ne'er distinguish of the wrong.

*Governor* Content thee, *Barabas*, thou hast naught but right.

wln 0444

img: 10-a  
sig: C2v

wln 0445

wln 0446

wln 0447

wln 0448

wln 0449

wln 0450

wln 0451

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wln 0454

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wln 0476

wln 0477

wln 0478

wln 0479

wln 0480

wln 0481

img: 10-b  
sig: C3r

wln 0482

wln 0483

wln 0484

wln 0485

wln 0486

wln 0487

wln 0488

*Barabas* Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong:

But take it to you i'th' devil's name.

*Governor* Come, let us in, and gather of these goods  
The money for this tribute of the *Turk*.

*I Knight,* 'Tis necessary that be looked unto:  
For if we break our day, we break the league,  
And that will prove but simple policy.

*Exeunt,*

*Barabas* Ay, policy? that's their profession,  
And not simplicity, as they suggest.  
The plagues of *Egypt*, and the curse of heaven,  
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred  
Inflict upon them, thou great *Primus Motor*.  
And here upon my knees, striking the earth,  
I ban their souls to everlasting pains  
And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,  
That thus have dealt with me in my distress.

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

*Barabas* Oh silly brothers, born to see this day!  
Why stand you thus unmoved with my laments?  
Why weep you not to think upon my wrongs?  
Why pine not I, and die in this distress?

*I Jew.* Why, *Barabas*, as hardly can we brook  
The cruel handling of ourselves in this:  
Thou seest they have taken half our goods.

*Barabas* Why did you yield to their extortion?  
You were a multitude, and I but one,  
And of me only have they taken all.

*I Jew.* Yet brother *Barabas* remember *Job*,

*Barabas* What tell you me of *Job*? I wot his wealth  
Was written thus: he had seven thousand sheep,  
Three thousand Camels, and two hundred yoke  
Of labouring Oxen, and five hundred  
She Asses: but for every one of those,  
Had they been valued at indifferent rate,  
I had at home, and in mine Argosy  
And other ships that came from *Egypt* last,  
As much as would have bought his beasts and him,  
And yet have kept enough to live upon;

So that not he, but I may curse the day,  
Thy fatal birthday, forlorn *Barabas*;  
And henceforth wish for an eternal night,  
That clouds of darkness may enclose my flesh,  
And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes:  
For only I have toiled to inherit here  
The months of vanity and loss of time,

wln 0489  
wln 0490  
wln 0491  
wln 0492  
wln 0493  
wln 0494  
wln 0495  
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img: 11-a  
sig: C3v

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wln 0534  
wln 0535  
wln 0536

And painful nights have been appointed me.  
2 *Jew.* Good *Barabas* be patient.  
*Barabas* Ay, I pray leave me in my patience.  
You that were ne'er possessed of wealth, are pleased with want.  
But give him liberty at least to mourn,  
That in a field amid his enemies,  
Doth see his soldiers slain, himself disarmed,  
And knows no means of his recovery:  
Ay, let me sorrow for this sudden chance,  
'Tis in the trouble of my spirit I speak;  
Great injuries are not so soon forgot.

1 *Jew.* Come, let us leave him in his ireful mood,  
Our words will but increase his ecstasy.

2 *Jew.* On then: but trust me 'tis a misery  
To see a man in such affliction:  
Farewell *Barabas*.

*Exeunt.*

*Barabas* Ay, fare you well.  
See the simplicity of these base slaves,  
Who for the villains have no wit themselves,  
Think me to be a senseless lump of clay  
That will with every water wash to dirt:  
No, *Barabas* is born to better chance,  
And framed of finer mould than common men,  
That measure naught but by the present time.  
A reaching thought will search his deepest wits,  
And cast with cunning for the time to come:  
For evils are apt to happen every day  
But whither wends my beauteous *Abigall*?

*Enter Abigall the Jew's daughter.*

Oh what has made my lovely daughter sad?

What? woman, moan not for a little loss:  
Thy father has enough in store for thee.  
*Abigall* Not for myself, but aged *Barabas*:  
Father, for thee lamenteth *Abigall*:  
But I will learn to leave these fruitless tears.  
And urged thereto with my afflictions,  
With fierce exclams run to the Senate-house,  
And in the Senate reprehend them all,  
And rent their hearts with tearing of my hair,  
Till they reduce the wrongs done to my father.  
*Barabas* No, *Abigall*, things past recovery  
Are hardly cured with exclamations.  
Be silent, Daughter, sufferance breeds ease,  
And time may yield us an occasion  
Which on the sudden cannot serve the turn.  
Besides, my girl, think me not all so fond  
As negligently to forgo so much  
Without provision for thyself and me.

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wln 0538  
wln 0539  
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img: 11-b  
sig: C4r

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wln 0557  
wln 0558  
wln 0559  
wln 0560  
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wln 0582  
wln 0583  
wln 0584

Ten thousand *Portuguese*, besides great Pearls,  
Rich costly jewels, and Stones infinite,  
Fearing the worst of this before it fell,  
I closely hid.

*Abigall* Where father?

*Barabas* In my house my girl.

*Abigall* Then shall they ne'er be seen of *Barabas*:  
For they have seized upon thy house and wares.

*Barabas* But they will give me leave once more, I trow,  
To go into my house.

*Abigall* That may they not:  
For there I left the Governor placing Nuns,  
Displacing me; and of thy house they mean  
To make a Nunnery, where none but their own sect  
Must enter in; men generally barred.

*Barabas* My gold, my gold, and all my wealth is gone.  
You partial heavens, have I deserved this plague?  
What will you thus oppose me, luckless Stars,  
To make me desperate in my poverty?

And knowing me impatient in distress  
Think me so mad as I will hang myself,  
That I may vanish o'er the earth in air,  
And leave no memory that e'er I was.  
No, I will live; nor loathe I this my life:  
And since you leave me in the Ocean thus  
To sink or swim, and put me to my shifts,  
I'll rouse my senses, and awake myself.  
Daughter, I have it: thou perceivest the plight  
Wherein these Christians have oppressed me:  
Be ruled by me, for in extremity  
We ought to make bar of no policy.

*Abigall* Father, whate'er it be to injure them  
That have so manifestly wronged us,  
What will not *Abigall* attempt?

*Barabas* Why so; then thus, thou toldst me they have turned my house  
Into a Nunnery, and some Nuns are there.

*Abigall* I did.

*Barabas* Then *Abigall*, there must my girl  
Entreat the Abbess to be entertained.

*Abigall* How, as a Nun?

*Barabas* Ay, Daughter, for Religion  
Hides many mischiefs from suspicion.

*Abigall* Ay, but father they will suspect me there.

*Barabas* Let 'em suspect, but be thou so precise  
As they may think it done of Holiness.

Entreat 'em fair, and give them friendly speech,  
And seem to them as if thy sins were great,  
Till thou hast gotten to be entertained.

wln 0585  
wln 0586  
wln 0587  
wln 0588  
wln 0589  
wln 0590  
wln 0591  
wln 0592

img: 12-a  
sig: C4v

*Abigall* Thus father shall I much dissemble.  
*Barabas* Tush, as good dissemble that thou never meanest  
As first mean truth, and then dissemble it,  
A counterfeit profession is better  
Than unseen hypocrisy.  
*Abigall* Well father, say I be entertained,  
What then shall follow?  
*Barabas* This shall follow then;

wln 0593  
wln 0594  
wln 0595  
wln 0596  
wln 0597  
wln 0598  
wln 0599  
wln 0600  
wln 0601  
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wln 0629

There have I hid close underneath the plank  
That runs along the upper chamber floor,  
The gold and jewels which I kept for thee.  
But here they come; be cunning *Abigall*.  
*Abigall* Then father go with me.  
*Barabas* No, *Abigall*, in this  
It is not necessary I be seen.  
For I will seem offended with thee for't.  
Be close, my girl, for this must fetch my gold.  
*Enter three Friars and two Nuns.*  
*1 Friar* Sisters, we now are almost at the new-made Nunnery.  
*1 Nun* The better; for we love not to be seen:  
'Tis 30 winters long since some of us  
Did stray so far amongst the multitude.  
*1 Friar* But, Madam, this house  
And waters of this new-made Nunnery  
Will much delight you.  
*Nun* It may be so: but who comes here?  
*Abigall* Grave Abbess, and you happy Virgins guide,  
Pity the state of a distressed Maid.  
*Abbess* What art thou daughter?  
*Abigall* The hopeless daughter of a hapless Jew,  
The Jew of *Malta*, wretched *Barabas*;  
Sometimes the owner of a goodly house,  
Which they have now turned to a Nunnery.  
*Abbess* Well, daughter, say, what is thy suit with us?  
*Abigall* Fearing the afflictions which my father feels,  
Proceed from sin, or want of faith in us,  
I'd pass away my life in penitence,  
And be a Novice in your Nunnery,  
To make atonement for my labouring soul.  
*1. Friar* No doubt, brother, but this proceedeth of the spirit.  
*2 Friar* Ay, and of a moving spirit too, brother; but come,  
Let us entreat she may be entertained.  
*Abbess* Well, daughter, we admit you for a Nun.  
*Abigall* First let me as a Novice learn to frame  
My solitary life to your straight laws,

img: 12-b  
sig: D1r



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wln 0631  
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wln 0666

And let me lodge where I was wont to lie,  
I do not doubt by your divine precepts  
And mine own industry, but to profit much.  
*Barabas* As much I hope as all I hid is worth. *aside.*  
*Abbess* Come daughter, follow us.  
*Barabas* Why how now *Abigall*, what mak'st thou  
Amongst these hateful Christians?  
*I Friar* Hinder her not, thou man of little faith,  
For she has mortified herself.  
*Barabas* How, mortified  
*I Friar* And is admitted to the Sisterhood.  
*Barabas* Child of perdition, and thy father's shame,  
What wilt thou do among these hateful fiends?  
I charge thee on my blessing that thou leave  
These devils, and their damned heresy.  
*Abigall* Father give me —  
*Barabas* Nay back, *Abigall*,  
And think upon the Jewels and the gold, *Whispers*  
The board is marked thus that covers it. *to her.*  
Away accursed from thy father's sight.  
*I Friar* *Barabas*, although thou art in mis-belief,  
And wilt not see thine own afflictions,  
Yet let thy daughter be no longer blind.  
*Barabas* Blind, friar, I wreck not thy persuasions.  
*The board is marked thus that covers it*  
For I had rather die, then see her thus.  
Wilt thou forsake me too in my distress,  
Seduced Daughter, *Go forget not.* *aside to her.*  
Becomes it Jews to be so credulous,  
*Tomorrow early I'll be at the door.* *aside to her.*  
No come not at me, if thou wilt be damned,  
Forget me, see me not, and so be gone  
*Farewell, Remember tomorrow morning.* *aside.*  
Out, out thou wretch.

*Enter Mathias.*

*Mathias* who's this? Fair *Abigall* the rich Jew's daughter  
Become a Nun, her father's sudden fall

img: 13-a  
sig: D1v

wln 0667  
wln 0668  
wln 0669  
wln 0670  
wln 0671  
wln 0672

Has humbled her and brought her down to this:  
Tut, she were fitter for a tale of love  
Than to be tired out with Orisons:  
And better would she far become a-bed  
Embraced in a friendly lover's arms,  
Then rise at midnight to a solemn mass.

*Enter Lodowick.*

wln 0673  
wln 0674  
wln 0675  
wln 0676

*Lodowick* Why how now Don *Mathias*, in a dump?  
*Mathias* Believe me, Noble *Lodowick*, I have seen  
The strangest sight, in my opinion,

wln 0677  
wln 0678  
wln 0679  
wln 0680  
wln 0681  
wln 0682  
wln 0683  
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wln 0685  
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wln 0696  
wln 0697

That ever I beheld.

*Lodowick* What was't I prithee?

*Mathias* A fair young maid scarce 14 years of age,  
The sweetest flower in *Citherea's* field,  
Cropped from the pleasures of the fruitful earth,  
And strangely metamorphized Nun.

*Lodowick* But say, What was she?

*Mathias* Why the rich Jews daughter.

*Lodowick* What *Barabas*, whose goods were lately seized?  
Is she so fair?

*Mathias* And matchless beautiful;  
As had you seen her 'twould have moved your heart,  
Though countermined with walls of brass, to love,  
Or at the least to pity.

*Lodowick* And if she be so fair as you report,  
'Twere time well spent to go and visit her:  
How say you, shall we?

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

*Lodowick* And so will I too, or it shall go hard.  
Farewell *Mathias*.

*Mathias* Farewell *Lodowick*.

*Exeunt.*

img: 13-b  
sig: D2r

wln 0698

*Actus Secundus.*

wln 0699

*Enter Barabas with a light.*

wln 0700

*Barabas* THus like the sad presaging Raven that tolls

wln 0701

The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,

wln 0702

And in the shadow of the silent night

wln 0703

Doth shake contagion from her sable wings;

wln 0704

Vexed and tormented runs poor *Barabas*

wln 0705

With fatal curses towards these Christians.

wln 0706

The incertain pleasures of swift-footed time

wln 0707

Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair;

wln 0708

And of my former riches rests no more

wln 0709

But bare remembrance; like a soldier's scar,

wln 0710

That has no further comfort for his maim.

wln 0711

Oh thou that with a fiery pillar led'st

wln 0712

The sons of *Israel* through the dismal shades,

wln 0713

Light *Abraham's* offspring; and direct the hand

wln 0714

Of *Abigall* this night; or let the day

wln 0715

Turn to eternal darkness after this:

wln 0716

No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes,

wln 0717

Nor quiet enter my distempered thoughts,

wln 0718

Till I have answer of my *Abigall*.

wln 0719

*Enter Abigall above.*

wln 0720

*Abigall* Now have I happily espied a time

wln 0721  
wln 0722  
wln 0723  
wln 0724  
wln 0725  
wln 0726  
wln 0727  
wln 0728  
wln 0729  
wln 0730  
wln 0731

img: 14-a  
sig: D2v

wln 0732  
wln 0733  
wln 0734  
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wln 0759  
wln 0760  
wln 0761  
wln 0762  
wln 0763  
wln 0764  
wln 0765  
wln 0766  
wln 0767  
wln 0768

To search the plank my father did appoint;  
And here behold (unseen) where I have found  
The gold, the pearls, and Jewels which he hid.  
*Barabas* Now I remember those old women's words,  
Who in my wealth would tell me winter's tales,  
And speak of spirits and ghosts that glide by night  
About the place where Treasure hath been hid:  
And now methinks that I am one of those:  
For whilst I live, here lives my soul's sole hope,  
And when I die, here shall my spirit walk.  
*Abigall* Now that my father's fortune were so good

As but to be about this happy place;  
'Tis not so happy: yet when we parted last,  
He said he would attend me in the morn.  
Then, gentle sleep, where'er his body rests,  
Give charge to *Morpheus* that he may dream  
A golden dream, and of the sudden walk,  
Come and receive the Treasure I have found.

*Barabas* *Birn para todos, mi ganada no er:*  
As good go on, as fit so sadly thus.  
But stay, what star shines yonder in the *East*?  
The lodestar of my life, if *Abigall*.  
Who's there?

*Abigall* Who's that?

*Barabas* Peace, *Abigall*, 'tis I.

*Abigall* Then father here receive thy happiness.

*Barabas* Hast thou't? *Throws down bags,*

*Abigall* Here,

Hast thou't?

There's more, and more, and more.

*Barabas* Oh my girl,

My gold, my fortune, my felicity;

Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy;

Welcome the first beginner of my bliss:

Oh *Abigall*, *Abigall*, that I had thee here too,

Then my desires were fully satisfied,

But I will practise thy enlargement thence:

Oh girl, o gold, o beauty, o my bliss!

*hugs his bags*

*Abigall* Father, it draweth towards midnight now,

And about this time the Nuns begin to wake;

To shun suspicion, therefore, let us part.

*Barabas* Farewell my joy, and by my fingers take

A kiss from him that sends it from his soul.

Now *Phoebus* ope the eyelids of the day,

And for the Raven wake the morning Lark,

That I may hover with her in the Air;

Singing o'er these, as she does o'er her young.

*Hermoso* *Piarer*, *de les Denireh*.

*Exeunt*

img: 14-b  
sig: D3r

wln 0769  
wln 0770  
wln 0771  
wln 0772  
wln 0773  
wln 0774  
wln 0775  
wln 0776  
wln 0777  
wln 0778  
wln 0779  
wln 0780  
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wln 0796  
wln 0797  
wln 0798  
wln 0799  
wln 0800  
wln 0801  
wln 0802  
wln 0803  
wln 0804  
wln 0805

*Enter Governor, Martin del Bosco, the knights.*

*Governor* Now Captain tell us whither thou art bound?  
Whence is thy ship that anchors in our road?  
And why thou cam'st ashore without our leave?

*Bosco* Governor of *Malta*, hither am I bound;  
My Ship, *the flying Dragon*, is of *Spain*,  
And so am I, *Del bosco* is my name;  
vice-admiral unto the Catholic King.

*I Knight* 'Tis true, my Lord, therefore entreat him well.

*Bosco* Our fraught is *Grecians, Turks, and Afrique Moors*.  
For late upon the coast of *Corsica*,  
Because we veiled not to the *Spanish Fleet*,  
Their creeping Galleys had us in the chase:  
But suddenly the wind began to rise,  
And then we left, and took, and fought at ease:  
Some have we fired, and many have we sunk;  
But one amongst the rest became our prize:  
The Captain's slain, the rest remain our slaves,  
Of whom we would make sale in *Malta* here.

*Governor* *Martin deal Bosco*, I have heard of thee;  
Welcome to *Malta*, and to all of us;  
But to admit a sale of these thy *Turks*  
We may not, nay we dare not give consent  
By reason of a Tributary league.

*I Knight* *Del bosco*, as thou lovest and honour'st us,  
Persuade our Governor against the *Turk*;  
This truce we have is but in hope of gold,  
And with that sum he craves might we wage war.

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

*Governor* Captain we know it, but our force is small:

*Bosco* What is the sum that *Calymath* requires?

*Governor* A hundred thousand Crowns.

img: 15-a  
sig: D3v

wln 0806  
wln 0807  
wln 0808  
wln 0809  
wln 0810  
wln 0811  
wln 0812  
wln 0813

*Bosco* My Lord and King hath title to this Isle,  
And he means quickly to expel you hence;  
Therefore be ruled by me, and keep the gold:  
I'll write unto his Majesty for aid,  
And not depart until I see you free.

*Governor* On this condition shall thy *Turks* be sold.  
Go Officers and set them straight in show.  
*Bosco*, thou shalt be *Malta's* General;

wln 0814  
wln 0815  
wln 0816  
wln 0817  
wln 0818  
wln 0819  
wln 0820  
wln 0821  
wln 0822  
wln 0823  
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wln 0836  
wln 0837  
wln 0838  
wln 0839  
wln 0840  
wln 0841  
wln 0842

We and our warlike Knights will follow thee  
Against these barbarous misbelieving *Turks*.

*Bosco* So shall you imitate those you succeed:  
For when their hideous force environed *Rhodes*,  
Small though the number was that kept the Town,  
They fought it out, and not a man survived  
To bring the hapless news to Christendom.

*Governor* So will we fight it out; come, let's away:  
Proud-daring *Calymath*, instead of gold,  
we'll send the bullets wrapped in smoke and fire:  
Claim tribute where thou wilt, we are resolved,  
Honour is bought with blood and not with gold.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Officers with slaves.*

*1 Officer* This is the Marketplace, here let 'em stand:  
Fear not their sale, for they'll be quickly bought.

*2 Officer* Every one's price is written on his back,  
And so much must they yield or not be sold. *Enter Barabas*

*1 Officer* Here comes the Jew, had not his goods been seized,  
he'd give us present money for them all.

*Enter Barabas.*

*Barabas* In spite of these swine-eating Christians,  
(Unchosen Nation, never circumcised;  
Such as poor villains were ne'er thought upon  
Till *Titus* and *Vespasian* conquered us.)  
Am I become as wealthy as I was:  
They hoped my daughter would ha' been a Nun;  
But she's at home, and I have bought a house  
As great and fair as is the Governor's;  
And there in spite of *Malta* will I dwell:

img: 15-b  
sig: D4r

wln 0843  
wln 0844  
wln 0845  
wln 0846  
wln 0847  
wln 0848  
wln 0849  
wln 0850  
wln 0851  
wln 0852  
wln 0853  
wln 0854  
wln 0855  
wln 0856  
wln 0857  
wln 0858  
wln 0859  
wln 0860  
wln 0861

Having *Ferneze's* hand, whose heart I'll have;  
Ay, and his sons too, or it shall go hard.  
I am not of the Tribe of *Levi*, I,  
That can so soon forget an injury.  
We Jews can fawn like Spaniels when we please;  
And when we grin we bite, yet are our looks  
As innocent and harmless as a lamb's.  
I learned in *Florence* how to kiss my hand,  
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,  
And duck as low as any barefoot Friar,  
Hoping to see them starve upon a stall,  
Or else be gathered for in our Synagogue;  
That when the offering-basin comes to me,  
Even for charity I may spit into't.  
Here comes Don *Lodowick* the Governor's son,  
One that I love for his good father's sake.

*Enter Lodowick.*

*Lodowick* I hear the wealthy Jew walked this way;  
I'll seek him out, and so insinuate,

wln 0862  
wln 0863  
wln 0864  
wln 0865  
wln 0866  
wln 0867  
wln 0868  
wln 0869  
wln 0870  
wln 0871  
wln 0872  
wln 0873  
wln 0874  
wln 0875  
wln 0876  
wln 0877  
wln 0878  
wln 0879

img: 16-a  
sig: D4v

wln 0880  
wln 0881  
wln 0882  
wln 0883  
wln 0884  
wln 0885  
wln 0886  
wln 0887  
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wln 0903  
wln 0904  
wln 0905  
wln 0906  
wln 0907  
wln 0908  
wln 0909

That I may have a sight of *Abigall*;  
For Don *Mathias* tells me she is fair.  
*Barabas* Now will I show myself to have more of the Serpent  
Than the Dove; that is, more knave than fool.  
*Lodowick* Yond walks the Jew, now for fair *Abigall*.  
*Barabas* Ay, ay, no doubt but she's at your command.  
*Lodowick* *Barabas*, thou knowest I am the Governor's son.  
*Barabas* I would you were his father too, Sir, that's all the harm  
I wish you: the slave looks like a hog's cheek new singed.  
*Lodowick* Whither walk'st thou *Barabas*?  
*Barabas* No further: 'tis a custom held with us,  
That when we speak with *Gentiles* like to you,  
We turn into the Air to purge ourselves:  
For unto us the Promise doth belong.  
*Lodowick* Well, *Barabas*, canst help me to a Diamond?  
*Barabas* Oh, Sir, your father had my Diamonds.  
Yet I have one left that will serve your turn:  
I mean my daughter: — but ere he shall have her

I'll sacrifice her on a pile of wood. *aside.*  
I ha' the poison of the City for him, and the  
White leprosy.  
*Lodowick* What sparkle does it give without a foil?  
*Barabas* The Diamond that I talk of, ne'er was foiled:  
But when he touches it, it will be foiled:  
Lord *Lodowick*, it sparkles bright and fair.  
*Lodowick* Is it square or pointed, pray let me know.  
*Barabas* Pointed it is, good Sir, — but not for you. *aside*  
*Lodowick* I like it much the better.  
*Barabas* So do I too.  
*Lodowick* How shows it by night?  
*Barabas* Outshines *Cynthia*'s rays:  
you'll like it better far a nights than days. *aside.*  
*Lodowick* And what's the price?  
*Barabas* Your life and if you have it. — Oh my Lord  
We will not jar about the price; come to my house  
And I will give't your honour — with a vengeance. *aside*  
*Lodowick* No, *Barabas*, I will deserve it first.  
*Barabas* Good Sir, your father has deserved it at my hands,  
Who of mere charity and Christian ruth,  
To bring me to religious purity,  
And as it were in Catechising sort,  
To make me mindful of my mortal sins,  
Against my will, and whether I would or no,  
Seized all I had, and thrust me out a doors,  
And made my house a place for Nuns most chaste.  
*Lodowick* No doubt your soul shall reap the fruit of it.  
*Barabas* Ay, but my Lord, the harvest is far off:  
And yet I know the prayers of those Nuns

wln 0910  
wln 0911  
wln 0912  
wln 0913  
wln 0914  
wln 0915  
wln 0916

img: 16-b  
sig: E1r

And holy Friars, having money for their pains,  
Are wondrous; *and indeed do no man good:* aside.  
And seeing they are not idle, but still doing,  
'Tis likely they in time may reap some fruit,  
I mean in fullness of perfection.  
*Lodowick* Good *Barabas* glance not at our holy Nuns.  
*Barabas* No, but I do it through a burning zeal,

wln 0917  
wln 0918  
wln 0919  
wln 0920  
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wln 0949  
wln 0950  
wln 0951  
wln 0952  
wln 0953

img: 17-a  
sig: E1v

*Hoping ere long to set the house afire;*  
*For though they do a while increase and multiply,* aside.  
*I'll have a saying to that Nunnery.*  
As for the Diamond, Sir, I told you of,  
Come home and there's no price shall make us part,  
Even for your Honourable father's sake.  
*It shall go hard but I will see your death,* aside.  
But now I must be gone to buy a slave.  
*Lodowick* And, *Barabas*, I'll bear thee company.  
*Barabas* Come then, here's the marketplace; what's the price  
Of this slave, 200 Crowns? Do the *Turk* weigh so much?  
*Officer* Sir, that's his price.  
*Barabas* What, can he steal that you demand so much?  
Belike he has some new trick for a purse;  
And if he has, he is worth 300 plots.  
So that, being bought, the Town-seal might be got  
To keep him for his lifetime from the gallows.  
The session's day is critical to thieves,  
And few or none scape but by being purged.  
*Lodowick* Ratest thou this *moor* but at 200 plots?  
*I Officer* No more, my Lord.  
*Barabas* Why should this *Turk* be dearer than that *moor*?  
*Officer* Because he is young and has more qualities.  
*Barabas* What, hast the philosopher's stone? and thou hast,  
Break my head with it, I'll forgive thee.  
*Ithamore* No Sir, I can cut and shave.  
*Barabas* Let me see, sirrah, are you not an old shaver?  
*Ithamore* Alas, Sir, I am a very youth.  
*Barabas* A youth? I'll buy you, and marry you to Lady vanity  
If you do well.  
*Ithamore* I will serve you, Sir.  
*Barabas* Some wicked trick or other. It may be under colour  
Of shaving, thou'lt cut my throat for my goods.  
Tell me, hast thou thy health well?  
*Ithamore* Ay passing well.  
*Barabas* So much the worse; I must have one that's sickly,  
And be but for sparing victuals: 'tis not a stone of beef a day

wln 0954

Will maintain you in these chops; let me see one

wln 0955  
wln 0956  
wln 0957  
wln 0958  
wln 0959  
wln 0960  
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img: 17-b  
sig: E2r

wln 0991  
wln 0992  
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wln 0994  
wln 0995  
wln 0996  
wln 0997  
wln 0998  
wln 0999  
wln 1000  
wln 1001  
wln 1002

That's somewhat leaner.

*I Officer* Here's a leaner, how like you him?

*Barabas* Where was thou born?

*Ithamore* In *Thrace*; brought up in *Arabia*.

*Barabas* So much the better, thou art for my turn,  
An hundred Crowns I'll have him; there's the coin.

*I Officer* Then mark him, Sir, and take him hence.

*Barabas* Ay, mark him, you were best, for this is he  
That by my help shall do much villainy.  
My Lord farewell: Come Sirrah you are mine.  
As for the Diamond it shall be yours;  
I pray, Sir, be no stranger at my house,  
All that I have shall be at your command.

*Enter Mathias, Mater.*

*Mathias* What makes the Jew and *Lodowick* so private?  
I fear me 'tis about fair *Abigall*.

*Barabas* Yonder comes Don *Mathias*, let us stay;  
He loves my daughter, and she holds him dear:  
But I have sworn to frustrate both their hopes,  
And be revenged upon the — Governor.

*Mater.* This moor is comeliest, is he not? speak son.

*Mathias* No, this is the better, mother, view this well.

*Barabas* Seem not to know me here before your mother  
Lest she mistrust the match that is in hand:  
When you have brought her home, come to my house;  
Think of me as thy father; Son farewell.

*Mathias* But wherefore talked Don *Lodowick* with you?

*Barabas* Tush man, we talked of Diamonds, not of *Abigall*.

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

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

*Mathias* Yes, Madam, and my talk with him was  
About the borrowing of a book or two.

*Mater.* Converse not with him, he is cast off from heaven.  
Thou hast thy Crowns, fellow, come let's away. *exeunt*

*Mathias* Sirrah, Jew, remember the book.

*Barabas* Marry will I, Sir.

*Officer* Come, I have made a reasonable market, let's away.

*Barabas* Now let me know thy name, and there withal  
Thy birth, condition, and profession.

*Ithamore* Faith, Sir, my birth is but mean, my name's *Ithimore*,  
My profession what you please.

*Barabas* Hast thou no Trade? then listen to my words,  
And I will teach that shall stick by thee:  
First be thou void of these affections,  
Compassion, love, vain hope, and heartless fear,  
Be moved at nothing, see thou pity none,  
But to **thyself** smile when the Christians moan.



wln 1003  
wln 1004  
wln 1005  
wln 1006  
wln 1007  
wln 1008  
wln 1009  
wln 1010  
wln 1011  
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wln 1026  
wln 1027

img: 18-a  
sig: E2v

wln 1028  
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wln 1048  
wln 1049  
wln 1050

*Ithamore* Oh brave, master, I worship your nose for this.  
*Barabas* As for myself, I walk abroad a nights  
And kill sick people groaning under walls:  
Sometimes I go about and poison wells;  
And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,  
I am content to lose some of my Crowns;  
That I may, walking in my Gallery,  
See 'em go pinioned along by my door.  
Being young I studied Physic, and began  
To practise first upon the *Italian*;  
There I enriched the Priests with burials,  
And always kept the Sexton's arms in ure  
With digging graves and ringing dead men's knees:  
And after that was I an engineer,  
And in the wars 'twixt *France* and *Germany*,  
Under pretence of helping *Charles* the fifth,  
Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems.  
Then after that was I an Usurer,  
And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,  
And tricks belonging unto Brokery,  
I filled the Jails with Bankrupts in a year,  
And with young Orphans planted Hospitals,  
And every Moon made some or other mad,  
And now and then one hang himself for grief,  
Pinning upon his breast a long great Scroll

How I with interest tormented him.  
But mark how I am blessed for plaguing them,  
I have as much coin as will buy the Town.  
But tell me now, How hast thou spent thy time?  
*Ithamore* Faith, Master, in setting Christian villages on fire,  
Chaining of Eunuchs, binding galley-slaves.  
One time I was an ostler in an Inn,  
And in the night-time secretly would I steal  
To travellers' Chambers, and there cut their throats:  
Once at *Jerusalem*, where the pilgrims kneeled,  
I strewed powder on the Marble stones,  
And therewithal their knees would rankle, so  
That I have laughed agood to see the cripples  
Go limping home to Christendom on stilts.  
*Barabas* Why this is something: make account of me  
As of thy fellow; we are villains both:  
Both circumcised, we hate Christians both:  
Be true and secret, thou shalt want no gold.  
But stand aside, here comes Don *Lodowick*.  
*Enter Lodowick.*  
*Lodowick* Oh *Barabas* well met; where is the Diamond  
You told me of?  
*Barabas* I have it for you, Sir; please you walk in with me:

wln 1051  
wln 1052  
wln 1053  
wln 1054  
wln 1055  
wln 1056  
wln 1057  
wln 1058  
wln 1059  
wln 1060  
wln 1061  
wln 1062  
wln 1063  
wln 1064

img: 18-b  
sig: E3r

wln 1065  
wln 1066  
wln 1067  
wln 1068  
wln 1069  
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wln 1071  
wln 1072  
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wln 1096  
wln 1097  
wln 1098

What, ho, *Abigall*; open the door I say.

*Enter Abigall.*

*Abigall* In good time, father, here are letters come  
From *Ormus*, and the Post stays here within.

*Barabas* Give me the letters, daughter, do you hear?  
Entertain *Lodowick* the Governor's son  
With all the courtesy you can afford;  
Provided, that you keep your Maidenhead.  
Use him as if he were a *Philistine*.

*aside.*

*Dissemble, swear, protest, vow to love him,*  
*He is not of the seed of Abraham.*

I am a little busy, Sir, pray pardon me.

*Abigall*, bid him welcome for my sake.

*Abigall* For your sake and his own he's welcome hither.

*Barabas* Daughter, a word more; kiss him, speak him fair,  
And like a cunning Jew so cast about,  
That ye be both made sure ere you come out.

*Abigall* Oh father, Don *Mathias* is my love.

*Barabas* I know it: yet I say make love to him;  
Do, it is requisite it should be so.

Nay on my life it is my factor's hand,  
But go you in, I'll think upon the account:  
The account is made, for *Lodowick* dies.  
My Factor sends me word a Merchant's fled  
That owes me for a hundred Tun of Wine:  
I weigh it thus much; I have wealth enough.  
For now by this has he kissed *Abigall*;  
And she vows love to him, and he to her.  
As sure as heaven rained *Manna* for the *Jews*,  
So sure shall he and Don *Mathias* die:  
His father was my chiefest enemy.

Whither goes Don *Mathias*? stay a while.

*Enter Mathias.*

*Mathias* whither but to my fair love *Abigall*?

*Barabas* Thou knowest, and heaven can witness it is true,  
That I intend my daughter shall be thine.

*Mathias* Ay, *Barabas*, or else thou wrongest me much:

*Barabas* Oh heaven forbid I should have such a thought.  
Pardon me though I weep; the Governor's son  
Will, whether I will or no, have *Abigall*:

He sends her letters, bracelets, jewels, rings.

*Mathias* Does she receive them?

*Barabas* she? No, *Mathias*, no, but sends them back,  
And when he comes, she locks herself up fast;  
Yet through the **keyhole** will he talk to her,  
While she runs to the window looking out  
When you should come and hale him from the door

*Mathias* Oh treacherous *Lodowick*!

wln 1099  
wln 1100  
wln 1101

img: 19-a  
sig: E3v

*Barabas* Even now as I came home, he slipped me in,  
And I am sure he is with *Abigall*.

*Mathias* I'll rouse him thence.

wln 1102  
wln 1103  
wln 1104  
wln 1105  
wln 1106  
wln 1107  
wln 1108

*Barabas* Not for all *Malta*, therefore sheath your sword;  
If you love me, no quarrels in my house;  
But steal you in, and seem to see him not;  
I'll give him such a warning e'er he goes  
As he shall have small hopes of *Abigall*.  
Away, for here they come,

*Enter Lodowick Abigall.*

*Mathias* What hand in hand, I cannot suffer this.

*Barabas* *Mathias*, as thou lovest me, not a word.

*Mathias* Well, let it pass, another time shall serve.

*Exit.*

wln 1113  
wln 1114  
wln 1115  
wln 1116  
wln 1117  
wln 1118  
wln 1119  
wln 1120  
wln 1121  
wln 1122

*Lodowick* *Barabas*, is not that the widow's son?

*Barabas* Ay, and take heed, for he hath sworn your death.

*Lodowick* My death? what is the base-born peasant mad?

*Barabas* No, no, but happily he stands in fear

Of that which you, I think, ne'er dream upon,

My daughter here, a paltry silly girl.

*Lodowick* Why loves she Don *Mathias*?

*Barabas* Doth she not with her smiling answer you?

*Abigall* He has my heart, I smile against my will.

*Lodowick* *Barabas*, thou knowest I have loved thy daughter long.

wln 1123  
wln 1124  
wln 1125  
wln 1126  
wln 1127  
wln 1128  
wln 1129  
wln 1130  
wln 1131  
wln 1132  
wln 1133  
wln 1134  
wln 1135  
wln 1136  
wln 1137

*Barabas* And so has she done you, even from a child.

*Lodowick* And now I can no longer hold my mind.

*Barabas* Nor I the affection that I bear to you

*Lodowick* This is thy Diamond, tell me, shall I have it?

*Barabas* Win it, and wear it, it is yet unsoiled,

Oh but I know your Lordship would disdain

To marry with the daughter of a Jew:

And yet I'll give her many a golden cross

With Christian posies round about the ring.

*Lodowick* 'Tis not thy wealth, but her that I esteem,  
Yet crave I thy consent.

*Barabas* And mine you have, yet let me talk to her;  
This offspring of *Cain*, this *jebusite*  
That never tasted of the *Passover*,  
Nor e'er shall see the land of *Canaan*,

img: 19-b  
sig: E4r

wln 1138  
wln 1139  
wln 1140  
wln 1141  
wln 1142

Nor our *Messias* that is yet to come,  
This gentle maggot *Lodowick* I mean,  
Must be deluded: let him have thy hand,  
But keep thy heart till Don *Mathias* comes.

*aside.*

*Abigall* What shall I be betrothed to *Lodowick*?

wln 1143  
wln 1144  
wln 1145  
wln 1146  
wln 1147  
wln 1148  
wln 1149  
wln 1150  
wln 1151  
wln 1152  
wln 1153  
wln 1154  
wln 1155  
wln 1156  
wln 1157  
wln 1158  
wln 1159  
wln 1160  
wln 1161  
wln 1162  
wln 1163  
wln 1164  
wln 1165  
wln 1166  
wln 1167  
wln 1168  
wln 1169  
wln 1170  
wln 1171  
wln 1172  
wln 1173  
wln 1174

*Barabas* It's no sin to deceive a Christian;  
For they themselves hold it a principle,  
Faith is not to be held with Heretics;  
But all are Heretics that are not Jews;  
This follows well, and therefore daughter fear not.  
I have entreated her, and she will grant.

*Lodowick* Then gentle *Abigall* plight thy faith to me.

*Abigall* I cannot choose, seeing my father bids:  
Nothing but death shall part my love and me.

*Lodowick* Now have I that for which my soul hath longed.

*Barabas* So have not I, but yet I hope I shall. *aside.*

*Abigall* Oh wretched *Abigall*, what hast thee done?

*Lodowick* Why on the sudden is your colour changed?

*Abigall* I know not, but farewell, I must be gone.

*Barabas* Stay her, but let her not speak one word more.

*Lodowick* Mute o' the sudden; here's a sudden change.

*Barabas* Oh muse not at it, 'tis the *Hebrews'* guise,  
That maidens new betrothed should weep a while  
Trouble her not, sweet *Lodowick* depart:  
She is thy wife, and thou shalt be mine heir.

*Lodowick* Oh, is't the custom, than I am resolved:

But rather let the brightsome heavens be dim,  
And Nature's beauty choke with stifling clouds,  
Than my fair *Abigall* should frown on me.  
There comes the villain, now I'll be revenged.

*Enter Mathias.*

*Barabas* Be quiet *Lodowick*, it is enough  
That I have made thee sure to *Abigall*.

*Lodowick* Well, let him go. *Exit.*

*Barabas* Well, but for me, as you went in at doors  
You had been stabbed, but not a word on't now;  
Here must no speeches pass, nor swords be drawn.

img: 20-a  
sig: E4v

wln 1175  
wln 1176  
wln 1177  
wln 1178  
wln 1179  
wln 1180  
wln 1181  
wln 1182  
wln 1183  
wln 1184  
wln 1185  
wln 1186  
wln 1187  
wln 1188  
wln 1189  
wln 1190

*Mathias* Suffer me, *Barabas*, but to follow him.

*Barabas* No; so shall I, if any hurt be done,  
Be made an accessory of your deeds;  
Revenge it on him when you meet him next.

*Mathias* For this I'll have his heart.

*Barabas* Do so; lo here I give thee *Abigall*.

*Mathias* What greater gift can poor *Mathias* have?  
Shall *Lodowick* rob me of so fair a love?  
My life is not so dear as *Abigall*.

*Barabas* My heart misgives me, that to cross your love,  
He's with your mother, therefore after him.

*Mathias* What, is he gone unto my mother?

*Barabas* Nay, if you will, stay till she comes herself.

*Mathias* I cannot stay; for if my mother come,  
She'll die with grief. *Exit.*

*Abigall* I cannot take my leave of him for tears:

wln 1191  
wln 1192  
wln 1193  
wln 1194  
wln 1195  
wln 1196  
wln 1197  
wln 1198  
wln 1199  
wln 1200  
wln 1201  
wln 1202  
wln 1203  
wln 1204  
wln 1205  
wln 1206  
wln 1207  
wln 1208  
wln 1209  
wln 1210  
wln 1211

img: 20-b  
sig: F1r

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

wln 1220

wln 1221

wln 1222  
wln 1223  
wln 1224  
wln 1225  
wln 1226  
wln 1227  
wln 1228  
wln 1229  
wln 1230  
wln 1231

Father, why have you thus incensed them both?

*Barabas* What's that to thee?

*Abigall* I'll make 'em friends again.

*Barabas* You'll make 'em friends? are there not Jews  
Enow in *Malta*.

But thou must dote upon a Christian?

*Abigall* I will have Don *Mathias*, he is my love.

*Barabas* Yes, you shall have him: Go put her in.

*Ithamore* Ay, I'll put her in.

*Barabas* Now tell me, *Ithamore*, how lik'st thou this?

*Ithamore* Faith Master, I think by this

You purchase both their lives; is it not so?

*Barabas* True; and it shall be cunningly performed.

*Ithamore* Oh, master, that I might have a hand in this.

*Barabas* Ay, so thou shalt, 'tis thou must do the deed:  
Take this and bear it to *Mathias* straight,  
And tell him that it comes from *Lodowick*.

*Ithamore* 'Tis poisoned, is it not?

*Barabas* No, no, and yet it might be done that way:

It is a challenge feigned from *Lodowick*.

*Ithamore* Fear not, I'll so set his heart afire, that he

Shall verily think it comes from him.

*Barabas* I cannot choose but like thy readiness:

Yet be not rash, but do it cunningly.

*Ithamore* As I behave myself in this, employ me hereafter.

*Barabas* Away then.

*Exit.*

So, now will I go in to *Lodowick*,

And like a cunning spirit feign some lie,

Till I have set 'em both at enmity.

*Exit*

*Actus Tertius.*

*Enter a Courtesan.*

Since this Town was besieged, my gain grows cold

The time has been, that but for one bare night

A hundred Ducats have been freely given:

But now against my will I must be chaste.

And yet I know my beauty doth not fail.

From *Venice* Merchants, and from *Padua*,

Were wont to come rare witted Gentlemen,

Scholars I mean, learned and liberal;

And now, save *Pilia-borza*, comes there none,

And he is very seldom from my house;

wln 1232  
wln 1233  
wln 1234  
wln 1235  
wln 1236  
wln 1237  
wln 1238  
wln 1239  
wln 1240  
wln 1241  
wln 1242  
wln 1243

img: 21-a  
sig: F1v

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

And here he comes.

*Enter Pilia-borza.*

*Pilia-Borza* Hold thee, wench, there's something for thee to spend.

*Courtesan* 'Tis silver, I disdain it.

*Pilia-borza* Ay, but the Jew has gold,

And I will have it or it shall go hard.

*Courtesan* Tell me, how cam'st thou by this?

*Pilia-borza* Faith, walking the back lanes through the Gardens

I chanced to cast mine eye up to the Jews countinghouse

Where I saw some bags of money, and in the night I

Clambered up with my hooks, and as I was taking

My choice, I heard a rumbling in the house; so I took

Only this, and run my way: but here's the Jew's man.

*Enter Ithamore.*

*Courtesan* Hide the bag.

*Pilia-borza* Look not towards him, let's away:

Zounds what a looking thou keepest,

Thou'lt betray's anon.

*Ithamore* O the sweetest face that ever I beheld! I know she is

A Courtesan by her attire: now would I give a hundred

Of the Jew's Crowns that I had such a Concubine.

Well, I have delivered the challenge in such sort,

As meet they will, and fighting die; brave sport.

*Exit.*

*Enter Mathias.*

*Mathias* This is the place, now *Abigall* shall see

Whether *Mathias* holds her dear or no.

*Enter Lodowick reading.*

*Mathias* What, dares the villain write in such base terms?

*Lodowick* I did it, and revenge it if thou dar'st.

*Fight: Enter Barabas above.*

*Barabas* Oh bravely fought, and yet they thrust not home.

Now *Lodowick*, now *Mathias*, so;

So now they have showed themselves to be tall fellows.

*Within,* Part 'em, part 'em.

*Barabas* Ay, part 'em now they are dead: Farewell, farewell.

*Exit.*

*Enter Governor. Mater.*

*Governor* What sight is this? my *Lodowick* slain!

These arms of mine shall be thy Sepulchre.

*Mater,* Who is this? my son *Mathias* slain!

*Governor* Oh *Lodowick*! hadst thou perished by the Turk,

Wretched *Ferneze* might have venged thy death.

*Mater.* Thy son slew mine, and I'll revenge his death.

*Governor* Look, *Katherine*, look, thy son gave mine these wounds

*Mater* O leave to grieve me, I am grieved enough.

*Governor* Oh that my sighs could turn to lively breath;

And these my tears to blood, that he might live.

wln 1280

img: 21-b  
sig: F2r

wln 1281

wln 1282

wln 1283

wln 1284

wln 1285

wln 1286

wln 1287

wln 1288

wln 1289

wln 1290

wln 1291

wln 1292

wln 1293

wln 1294

wln 1295

wln 1296

wln 1297

wln 1298

wln 1299

wln 1300

wln 1301

wln 1302

wln 1303

wln 1304

wln 1305

wln 1306

wln 1307

wln 1308

wln 1309

wln 1310

wln 1311

wln 1312

wln 1313

wln 1314

wln 1315

wln 1316

wln 1317

img: 22-a  
sig: F2v

wln 1318

wln 1319

wln 1320

wln 1321

wln 1322

wln 1323

wln 1324

*Mater.* Who made them enemies?

*Governor* I know not, and that grieves me most of all.

*Mater* My son loved thine.

*Governor* And so did *Lodowick* him.

*Mater* Lend me that weapon that did kill my son,  
And it shall murder me.

*Governor* Nay Madam stay, that weapon was my son's,  
And on that rather should *Ferneze* die.

*Mater* Hold, let's inquire the causers of their deaths,  
That we may venge their blood upon their heads.

*Governor* Then take them up, and let them be interred  
Within one sacred monument of stone;  
Upon which Altar I will offer up  
My daily sacrifice of sighs and tears,  
And with my prayers pierce impartial heavens,  
Till they the causers of our smarts,  
Which forced their hands divide united hearts:  
Come, *Katherina*, our losses equal are,  
Then of true grief let us take equal share.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Ithamore.*

*Ithamore* Why was there ever seen such villainy, so neatly  
Plotted, and so well performed? both held in hand, and  
Flatly both beguiled.

*Enter Abigall.*

*Abigall* Why how now *Ithamore*, why laughest thou so?

*Ithamore* Oh, Mistress, ha ha ha.

*Abigall* Why what ailest thou?

*Ithamore* Oh my master.

*Abigall* Ha.

*Ithamore* Oh Mistress! I have the bravest, gravest, secret, subtle  
Bottle-nosed knave to my Master, that ever Gentleman had

*Abigall* Say, knave, why railest upon my father thus?

*Ithamore* Oh, my master has the bravest policy.

*Abigall* Wherein?

*Ithamore* Why, know you not?

*Abigall* Why no.

*Ithamore* Know you not of *Mathia* and Don *Lodowick* disaster?

*Abigall* No, what was it?

*Ithamore* Why the devil invented a challenge, my Master writ it,  
And I carried it, first to *Lodowick*, and *imprimis* to *Mathia*.  
And then they met, as the story says,  
In doleful wise they ended both their days.

*Abigall* And was my father furtherer of their deaths?

*Ithamore* Am I *Ithamore*?

wln 1325  
wln 1326  
wln 1327  
wln 1328  
wln 1329  
wln 1330  
wln 1331  
wln 1332  
wln 1333  
wln 1334  
wln 1335  
wln 1336  
wln 1337  
wln 1338  
wln 1339  
wln 1340  
wln 1341  
wln 1342  
wln 1343  
wln 1344  
wln 1345  
wln 1346  
wln 1347  
wln 1348  
wln 1349  
wln 1350  
wln 1351  
wln 1352  
wln 1353  
wln 1354

img: 22-b  
sig: F3r

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

*Abigall* Yes.

*Ithamore* So sure did your father write, and I carry the challenge.

*Abigall* Well, *Ithamore*, let me request thee this,  
Go to the new-made Nunnery, and inquire  
For any of the Friars of St. Jaynes,  
And say, I pray them come and speak with me.

*Ithamore* I pray, mistress, will you answer me to one question?

*Abigall* Well, sirrah, what is't?

*Ithamore* A very feeling one; have not the Nuns fine sport  
With the Friars now and then?

*Abigall* Go to, sirrah sauce, is this your question? get ye gone

*Ithamore* I will forsooth, Mistress. *Exit*

*Abigall* Hard-hearted Father, unkind *Barabas*,  
Was this the pursuit of thy policy?

To make me show them favour severally,  
That by my favour they should both be slain?

Admit thou lov'st not *Lodowick* for his sin,

Yet Don *Mathias* ne'er offended thee:

But thou wert set upon extreme revenge,

Because the Prior dispossessed thee once,

And couldst not venge it, but upon his son,

Nor on his son, but by *Mathias* means;

Nor on *Mathias*, but by murdering me.

But I perceive there is no love on earth,

Pity in Jews, nor piety in Turks.

But here Comes cursed *Ithamore* with the Friar.

*Enter Ithamore. Friar.*

*Friar* *Virgo, salve.*

*Ithamore* When duck you?

*Abigall* Welcome grave Friar *Ithamore*: begone, *Exit*

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

*Friar* Wherein?

*Abigall* To get me be admitted for a Nun.

*Friar* Why *Abigall* it is not yet long since  
That I did labour thy admission,  
And then thou didst not like that holy life.

*Abigall* Then were my thoughts so frail and unconfirmed,  
And I was chained to follies of the world:  
But now experience, purchased with grief,  
Has made me see the difference of things.  
My sinful soul, alas, hath paced too long  
The fatal Labyrinth of misbelief,  
Far from the Son that gives eternal life.

*Friar* Who taught thee this?

*Abigall* The Abbess of the house,  
Whose zealous admonition I embrace:  
Oh therefore, *Jacomi*, let me be one,  
Although unworthy of that Sisterhood.



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

img: 23-a  
sig: F3v

wln 1392  
wln 1393  
wln 1394  
wln 1395  
wln 1396  
wln 1397  
wln 1398  
wln 1399  
wln 1400  
wln 1401  
wln 1402  
wln 1403  
wln 1404  
wln 1405  
wln 1406  
wln 1407  
wln 1408  
wln 1409  
wln 1410  
wln 1411  
wln 1412  
wln 1413  
wln 1414  
wln 1415  
wln 1416  
wln 1417  
wln 1418  
wln 1419  
wln 1420

*Friar* *Abigall* I will, but see, thou change no more,  
For that will be most heavy to thy soul.

*Abigall* That was my father's fault.

*Friar* Thy father's, how?

*Abigall* Nay, you shall pardon me: o *Barabas*,  
Though thou deservest hardly at my hands,  
Yet never shall these lips bewray thy life.

*Friar* Come, shall we go?

*Abigall* My duty waits on you.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Barabas reading a letter.*

*Barabas* What, *Abigall* become a Nun again?  
False, and unkind; what hast thou lost thy father?  
And all unknown, and unconstrained of me,  
Art thou again got to the Nunnery?  
Now here she writes, and wills me to repent.  
Repentance? *Spurca*: what pretendeth this?  
I fear she knows ('tis so) of my device  
In Don *Mathias*' and *Lodovico*'s deaths:  
If so, 'tis time that it be seen into:

For she that varies from me in belief  
Gives great presumption that she loves me not;  
Or loving, doth dislike of something done:  
But who comes here? Oh *Ithamore* come near;  
Come near my love, come near thy master's life,  
My trusty servant, nay, my second life;  
For I have now no hope but even in thee;  
And on that hope my happiness is built:  
When sawest thou *Abigall*?

*Ithamore* Today.

*Barabas* With whom?

*Ithamore* A Friar.

*Barabas* A Friar? false villain, he hath done the deed.

*Ithamore* How, Sir?

*Barabas* Why made mine *Abigall* a Nun.

*Ithamore* That's no lie, for she sent me for him.

*Barabas* Oh unhappy day,

False, credulous, inconstant *Abigall*!

But let 'em go: And *Ithamore*, from hence  
Ne'er shall she grieve me more with her disgrace;  
Ne'er shall she live to inherit aught of mine,  
Be blessed of me, nor come within my gates,  
But perish underneath my bitter curse  
Like *Cain* by *Adam*, for his brother's death.

*Ithamore* Oh master.

*Barabas* *Ithamore*, entreat not for her, I am moved,  
And she is hateful to my soul and me:  
And lest thou yield to this that I entreat,  
I cannot think but that thou hatest my life.

wln 1421  
wln 1422  
wln 1423  
wln 1424  
wln 1425  
wln 1426  
wln 1427  
wln 1428

img: 23-b  
sig: F4r

*Ithamore* Who I, master? Why I'll run to some rock and  
Throw myself headlong into the sea; why I'll do anything  
for your sweet sake.

*Barabas* Oh trusty *Ithamore*; no servant, but my friend;  
I here adopt thee for mine only heir,  
All that I have is thine when I am dead,  
And whilst I live use half; spend as myself;  
Here take my keys, I'll give 'em thee anon

wln 1429  
wln 1430  
wln 1431  
wln 1432  
wln 1433  
wln 1434  
wln 1435  
wln 1436  
wln 1437  
wln 1438  
wln 1439  
wln 1440  
wln 1441  
wln 1442  
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wln 1460  
wln 1461  
wln 1462  
wln 1463  
wln 1464  
wln 1465

Go buy thee garments: but thou shalt not want:  
Only know this, that thus thou art to do:  
But first go fetch me in the pot of Rice  
That for our supper stands upon the fire.

*Ithamore* I hold my head my master's hungry: I go Sir.

*Exit:*

*Barabas* Thus every villain ambles after wealth  
Although he ne'er be richer than in hope:  
But hush't.

*Enter Ithamore with the pot.*

*Ithamore* Here 'tis, Master.

*Barabas* Well said, *Ithamore*; what hast thou brought  
The Ladle with thee too?

*Ithamore* Yes, Sir, the proverb says, he that eats with the devil  
Had need of a long spoon, I have brought you a Ladle.

*Barabas* Very well, *Ithamore*, then now be secret  
And for thy sake, whom I so dear love,  
Now shalt thou see the death of *Abigall*,  
That thou mayst freely live to be my heir.

*Ithamore* Why, master, will you poison her with a mess of rice  
Porridge that will preserve life, make her round and plump,  
And batten more than you are aware.

*Barabas* Ay but *Ithamore* seest thou this?  
It is a precious powder that I bought  
Of an *Italian* in *Ancona* once,  
Whose operation is to bind infect,  
And poison deeply: yet not appear  
In forty hours after it is ta'en.

*Ithamore* How master?

*Barabas* Thus *Ithamore*:  
This Even they use in *Malta* here ('tis called  
Saint *Jaques* ' Even) and then I say they use  
To send their Alms unto the Nunneries:  
Among the rest bear this, and set it there;  
There's a dark entry where they take it in,  
Where they must neither see the messenger,  
Nor make enquiry who hath sent it them.

img: 24-a  
sig: F4v

wln 1466  
wln 1467  
wln 1468  
wln 1469  
wln 1470  
wln 1471  
wln 1472  
  
wln 1473  
wln 1474  
wln 1475  
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wln 1490  
wln 1491  
wln 1492  
wln 1493  
wln 1494  
wln 1495  
wln 1496  
wln 1497  
wln 1498  
wln 1499  
wln 1500  
wln 1501

img: 24-b  
sig: G1r

wln 1502  
wln 1503  
wln 1504  
wln 1505  
wln 1506  
wln 1507  
wln 1508  
wln 1509  
wln 1510  
wln 1511  
wln 1512

*Ithamore* How so?  
*Barabas* Belike there is some Ceremony in't.  
There *Ithamore* must thou go place this plot:  
Stay, let me spice it first.  
*Ithamore* Pray do, and let me help you Master Pray let me taste first.  
*Barabas* prithe do: what sayest thou now?  
*Ithamore* Troth Master I'm loath such a pot of pottage should be spoiled.

*Barabas* Peace, *Ithamore*, 'tis better so than spared.  
Assure thyself thou shalt have broth by the eye.  
My purse, my Coffers, and myself is thine.  
*Ithamore* Well, master, I go.  
*Barabas* Stay, first let me stir it *Ithamore*.  
As fatal be it to her as the draught  
Of which great *Alexander* drunk, and died:  
And with her let it work like *Borgia's* wine,  
Whereof his sire, the Pope, was poisoned.  
In few, the blood of *Hydra*, Lerna's bane;  
The juice of *Hebon*, and *Cocytus'* breath,  
And all the poisons of the Stygian pool  
Break from the fiery kingdom; and in this  
Vomit your venom, and envenom her  
That like a fiend hath left her father thus.  
*Ithamore* What a blessing has he given't? was ever pot of  
Rice porridge so sauced? what shall I do with it?  
*Barabas* Oh my sweet *Ithamore* go set it down  
And come again so soon as thou hast done,  
For I have other business for thee.  
*Ithamore* Here's a drench to poison a whole stable of  
Flanders mares: I'll carry't to the Nuns with a powder.  
*Barabas* And the horse pestilence to boot; away.  
*Ithamore* I am gone.  
Pay me my wages for my work is done. *Exit.*  
*Barabas* I'll pay thee with a vengeance *Ithamore*. *Exit.*  
*Enter Governor. Bosco. Knights. Bashaw.*  
*Governor* Welcome great *Bashaws*, how fares *Calymath*,  
What wind drives you thus into *Malta* road?

*Bashaw* The wind that bloweth all the world besides,  
Desire of gold.  
*Governor* Desire of gold, great Sir?  
That's to be gotten in the Western *Inde*:  
In *Malta* are no golden Minerals.  
*Bashaw* To you of *Malta* thus saith *Calymath*:  
The time you took for respite, is at hand,  
For the performance of your promise past;  
And for the Tribute-money I am sent.  
*Governor* *Bashaw*, in brief, shalt have no tribute here,  
Nor shall the Heathens live upon our spoil:

wln 1513  
wln 1514  
wln 1515  
wln 1516  
wln 1517  
wln 1518  
wln 1519  
wln 1520  
wln 1521  
wln 1522  
wln 1523  
wln 1524  
wln 1525  
wln 1526  
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wln 1529  
wln 1530  
wln 1531  
wln 1532  
wln 1533  
wln 1534  
wln 1535  
wln 1536  
wln 1537  
wln 1538

img: 25-a  
sig: G1v

wln 1539  
wln 1540  
wln 1541  
wln 1542  
wln 1543  
wln 1544  
wln 1545  
wln 1546  
wln 1547  
wln 1548  
wln 1549  
wln 1550  
wln 1551  
wln 1552  
wln 1553  
wln 1554  
wln 1555  
wln 1556  
wln 1557  
wln 1558  
wln 1559  
wln 1560

First will we raze the City walls ourselves,  
Lay waste the Island, hew the Temples down,  
And shipping of our goods to *Sicily*,  
Open an entrance for the wasteful sea,  
Whose billows beating the resistless banks,  
Shall overflow it with their reflucence.

*Bashaw* Well, Governor, since thou hast broke the league  
By flat denial of the promised Tribute,  
Talk not of razing down your City walls,  
You shall not need trouble yourselves so far,  
For *Selim-Calymath* shall come himself,  
And with brass-bullets batter down your Towers,  
And turn proud *Malta* to a wilderness  
For these intolerable wrongs of yours; And so farewell.

*Governor* Farewell:  
And now you men of *Malta* look about,  
And let's provide to welcome *Calymath*:  
Close your portcullis, charge your Basilisks,  
And as you profitably take up Arms,  
So now courageously encounter them;  
For by this Answer, broken is the league,  
And naught is to be looked for now but wars,  
And naught to us more welcome is then wars.

*Exeunt*

*Enter two Friars and Abigall.*  
*1 Friar* Oh brother, brother, all the Nuns are sick,  
And Physic will not help them, they must die.

*2 Friar* The Abbess sent for me to be confessed:  
Oh what a sad confession will there be?

*1 Friar* And so did fair *Maria* send for me:  
I'll to her lodging; hereabouts she lies.

*Exit.*

*Enter Abigall.*

*2 Friar* What, all dead save only *Abigall*?  
*Abigall* And I shall die too, for I feel death coming.  
Where is the Friar that conversed with me?

*2 Friar* Oh he is gone to see the other Nuns.

*Abigall* I sent for him, but seeing you are come  
Be you my ghostly father; and first know,  
That in this house I lived religiously,  
Chaste, and devout, much sorrowing for my sins,  
But ere I came —

*2 Friar* What then?

*Abigall* I did offend high heaven so grievously,  
As I am almost desperate for my sins:  
And one offence torments me more than all.  
You knew *Mathias* and *Don Lodowick*?

*2 Friar* Yes, what of them?

*Abigall* My father did contract me to 'em both:  
First to *Don Lodowick*, him I never loved;

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

img: 25-b  
sig: G2r

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

*Mathias* was the man that I held dear,  
And for his sake did I become a Nun.  
    *2 Friar* So, say how was their end?  
    *Abigall* Both jealous of my love, envied each other:  
And by my father's practice, which is there  
Set down at large, the Gallants were both slain.  
    *2 Friar* Oh monstrous villainy:  
    *Abigall* To work my peace, this I confess to thee:  
Reveal it not, for then my father dies.  
    *2 Friar* Know that Confession must not be revealed,  
The Canon Law forbids it, and the Priest  
That makes it known, being degraded first,  
Shall be condemned, and then sent to the fire,  
    *Abigall* So I have heard; pray therefore keep it close,  
Death seizeth on my heart, ah gentle friar

Convert my father that he may be saved,  
And witness that I die a Christian.  
    *2 Friar* Ay, and a Virgin too, that grieves me most:  
But I must to the Jew and exclaim on him,  
And make him stand in fear of me.

*Enter 1 Friar.*

*1 Friar* Oh brother, all the Nuns are dead, let's bury them.  
    *2 Friar* First help to bury this, then go with me  
And help me to exclaim against the Jew.  
    *1 Friar* Why? what has he done?  
    *2 Friar* A thing that makes me tremble to unfold.  
    *1 Friar* What has he crucified a child?  
    *2 Friar* No, but a worse thing: 'twas told me in shrift,  
Thou knowest 'tis death and if it be revealed.  
Come let's away. *Exeunt.*

wln 1591

*Actus Quartus.*

wln 1592

*Enter Barabas. Ithamore. Bells within.*

wln 1593  
wln 1594  
wln 1595  
wln 1596  
wln 1597  
wln 1598  
wln 1599  
wln 1600  
wln 1601  
wln 1602

*Barabas* There is no music to a Christian's knell:  
How sweet the Bells ring now the Nuns are dead  
That sound at other times like Tinkers' pans?  
I was afraid the poison had not wrought;  
Or though it wrought, it would have done no good,  
For every year they swell, and yet they live;  
Now all are dead not one remains alive.  
    *Ithamore* That's brave Master but think you it will not be known  
    *Barabas* How can it if we two be secret.  
    *Ithamore* For my part fear you not.

wln 1603  
wln 1604  
wln 1605  
wln 1606

img: 26-a  
sig: G2v

*Barabas* I'd cut thy throat if I did.  
*Ithamore* And reason too; but here's a royal Monastery hard  
By, good master let me poison all the Monks.  
*Barabas* Thou shalt not need, for now the Nuns are dead,

wln 1607  
wln 1608  
wln 1609  
wln 1610  
wln 1611  
wln 1612  
wln 1613  
wln 1614  
wln 1615  
wln 1616  
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wln 1634  
wln 1635  
wln 1636  
wln 1637  
wln 1638  
wln 1639  
wln 1640  
wln 1641  
wln 1642  
wln 1643

They'll die with grief.  
*Ithamore* Do you not sorrow for your daughter's death?  
*Barabas* No, but I **grieve** because she lived so long an *Hebrew*  
Born, and would become a Christian. *Cazzo diavole*.  
*Enter the two Friars*.  
*Ithamore* Look, look, Master here come two religious Caterpillars.  
*Barabas* I smelt 'em ere they came.  
*Ithamore* God-a-mercy nose; come let's begone.  
*2 Friar* Stay wicked Jew, repent, I say, and stay.  
*1 Friar* Thou hast offended, therefore must be damned.  
*Barabas* I fear they know we sent the poisoned broth.  
*Ithamore* And so do I, master, therefore speak 'em fair.  
*2 Friar* *Barabas*, thou hast —  
*1 Friar* Ay, that thou hast —  
*Barabas* True, I have money, what though I have?  
*2 Friar* Thou art a —  
*1 Friar* Ay, that thou art a —  
*Barabas* What needs all this? I know I am a Jew.  
*2 Friar* Thy daughter —  
*1 Friar* Ay, thy daughter, —  
*Barabas* Oh speak not of her, than I die with grief.  
*2 Friar* Remember that —  
*1 Friar* Ay, remember that —  
*Barabas* I must needs say that I have been a great usurer.  
*2 Friar* Thou hast committed —  
*Barabas* Fornication? but that was in another Country:  
And besides, the Wench is dead.  
*2 Friar* Ay, but *Barabas* remember *Mathias* and *Don Lodowick*.  
*Barabas* Why, what of them?  
*2 Friar* I will not say that by a forged challenge they met.  
*Barabas* She has confessed, and we are both undone;  
My bosom inmates, *but I must dissemble*. *aside*.  
Oh holy Friars, the burden of my sins  
Lie heavy on my soul; then pray you tell me,  
Is't not too late now to turn Christian?  
I have been zealous in the Jewish faith,  
Hard hearted to the poor, a covetous wretch,

img: 26-b  
sig: G3r

wln 1644  
wln 1645  
wln 1646  
wln 1647

That would for lucre's sake have sold my soul.  
A hundred for a hundred I have ta'en;  
And now for store of wealth may I compare  
With all the Jews in *Malta*; but what is wealth?

wln 1648  
wln 1649  
wln 1650  
wln 1651  
wln 1652  
wln 1653  
wln 1654  
wln 1655  
wln 1656  
wln 1657  
wln 1658  
wln 1659  
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wln 1674  
wln 1675  
wln 1676  
wln 1677  
wln 1678  
wln 1679  
wln 1680

img: 27-a  
sig: G3v

I am a Jew, and therefore am I lost.  
Would penance serve for this my sin,  
I could afford to whip myself to death.  
*Ithamore* And so could I; but penance will not serve.  
*Barabas* To fast, to pray, and wear a shirt of hair,  
And on my knees creep to *jerusalem*,  
Cellars of Wine, and Sollers full of Wheat,  
Warehouses stuffed with spices and with drugs,  
Whole Chests of Gold, in *Bullion*, and in Coin,  
Besides I know not how much weight in Pearl  
Orient and round, have I within my house;  
At *Alexandria*, Merchandise unsold:  
But yesterday two ships went from this Town,  
Their voyage will be worth ten thousand Crowns.  
In *Florence*, *Venice*, *Antwerp*, *London*, *Seville*,  
*Frankfurt*, *Lubeck*, *Moscow*, and where not,  
Have I debts owing; and in most of these,  
Great sums of money lying in the banco;  
All this I'll give to some religious house  
So I may be baptised and live therein.  
*1 Friar* Oh good *Barabas* come to our house.  
*2 Friar* Oh no, good *Barabas* come to our house.  
And *Barabas*, you know —  
*Barabas* I know that I have highly sinned,  
You shall convert me, you shall have all my wealth.  
*1 Friar* Oh *Barabas*, their Laws are strict.  
*Barabas* I know they are, and I will be with you.  
*1 Friar* They wear no shirts, and they go barefoot too.  
*Barabas* Then 'tis not for me; and I am resolved  
You shall confess me, and have all my goods.  
*1 Friar* Good *Barabas* come to me.  
*Barabas* You see I answer him, and yet he stays;  
Rid him away, and go you home with me.

wln 1681  
wln 1682  
wln 1683  
wln 1684  
wln 1685  
wln 1686  
wln 1687  
wln 1688  
wln 1689  
wln 1690  
wln 1691  
wln 1692  
wln 1693  
wln 1694  
wln 1695

*2 Friar* I'll be with you tonight.  
*Barabas* Come to my house at one o'clock this night.  
*1 Friar* You hear your answer, and you may be gone.  
*2 Friar* Why go get you away.  
*1 Friar* I will not go for thee.  
*2 Friar* Not, then I'll make thee go.  
*1 Friar* How, dost call me rogue?  
*Ithamore* Part 'em, master, part 'em.  
*Barabas* This is mere frailty, brothers, be content.  
*Friar Bernadine* go you with *Ithamore*.  
*Ithamore* You know my mind, let me alone with him;  
Why does he go to thy house, let him begone.  
*Barabas* I'll give him something and so stop his mouth.

*Fight.*

*Exit.*

I never heard of any man but he

wln 1696  
wln 1697  
wln 1698  
wln 1699  
wln 1700  
wln 1701  
wln 1702  
wln 1703  
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wln 1711  
wln 1712  
wln 1713  
wln 1714  
wln 1715  
wln 1716  
wln 1717

img: 27-b  
sig: G4r

wln 1718  
wln 1719  
wln 1720  
wln 1721  
wln 1722  
wln 1723  
wln 1724  
wln 1725  
wln 1726  
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wln 1736  
wln 1737  
wln 1738  
wln 1739  
wln 1740  
wln 1741  
wln 1742  
wln 1743

Maligned the order of the *Jacobines*:

But do you think that I believe his words?

Why Brother you converted *Abigall*;

And I am bound in charity to requite it,

And so I will, o *Jacomo*, fail not but come.

*Friar* But *Barabas* who shall be your godfathers,

For presently you shall be shrived.

*Barabas* Marry the *Turk* shall be one of my godfathers,

But not a word to any of your Convent.

*Friar* I warrant thee, *Barabas*.

*Exit*

*Barabas* So now the fear is past, and I am safe:

For he that shrived her is within my house,

What if I murdered him ere *Jacomo* comes?

Now I have such a plot for both their lives,

As never Jew nor Christian knew the like:

One turned my daughter, therefore he shall die;

The other knows enough to have my life,

Therefore 'tis not requisite he should live.

But are not both these wise men to suppose

That I will leave my house, my goods, and all,

To fast and be well whipped; I'll none of that.

Now friar *Bernardine* I come to you,

I'll feast you, lodge you, give you fair words,

And after that, I and my trusty Turk —

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

*Ithamore*, tell me, is the Friar asleep?

*Enter Ithamore.*

*Ithamore* Yes; and I know not what the reason is

Do what I can he will not strip himself,

Nor go to bed, but sleeps in his own clothes

I fear me he mistrusts what we intend.

*Barabas* No, 'tis an order which the friar's use:

Yet if he knew our meanings, could he scape?

*Ithamore* No, none can hear him, cry he ne'er so loud.

*Barabas* Why true, therefore did I place him there:

The other Chambers open towards the street.

*Ithamore* You loiter, master, wherefore stay we thus?

Oh how I long to see him shake his heels.

*Barabas* Come on, sirrah, off with your girdle, make a handsome noose;  
friar awake.

*Friar* What do you mean to strangle me?

*Ithamore* Yes, 'cause you use to confess.

*Barabas* Blame not us but the proverb, Confess and be hanged  
Pull hard.

*Friar* What, will you save my life?

*Barabas* Pull hard, I say, you would have had my goods.

*Ithamore* Ay, and our lives too therefore pull amain.

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



wln 1744  
wln 1745  
wln 1746

*Barabas* Then is it as it should be, take him up.  
*Ithamore* Nay, Master be ruled by me a little; so, let him lean  
Upon his staff; excellent, he stands as if he were begging of Bacon.

wln 1747  
wln 1748  
wln 1749  
wln 1750  
wln 1751  
wln 1752  
wln 1753

*Barabas* Who would not think but that this Friar lived?  
What time a night is't now, sweet *Ithamore*?  
*Ithamore* Towards one.  
*Enter Jacomo.*  
*Barabas* Then will not *Jacomo* be long from hence.  
*Jacomo* This is the hour wherein I shall proceed;  
Oh happy hour, wherein I shall convert

img: 28-a  
sig: G4v

wln 1754  
wln 1755  
wln 1756  
wln 1757  
wln 1758  
wln 1759  
wln 1760  
wln 1761  
wln 1762  
wln 1763  
wln 1764  
wln 1765  
wln 1766  
wln 1767  
wln 1768

An Infidel, and bring his gold into our treasury.  
But soft, is not this *Bernardine*? it is;  
And understanding I should come this way,  
Stands here a purpose, meaning me some wrong,  
And intercept my going to the Jew; *Bernardine*;  
Wilt thou not speak? thou think'st I see thee not;  
Away I'd wish thee, and let me go by:  
No, wilt thou not? nay then I'll force my way;  
And see a staff stands ready for the purpose:  
As thou likest that, stop me another time.

*Strike him, he falls. Enter Barabas.*

*Barabas* Why how now *Jacomo*, what hast thou done?  
*Jacomo* Why stricken him that would have stroke at me.  
*Barabas* Who is it *Bernardine*? now out alas, he is slain.  
*Ithamore* Ay, Master he's slain; look how his brains drop out on's nose.

wln 1769  
wln 1770  
wln 1771  
wln 1772  
wln 1773  
wln 1774  
wln 1775  
wln 1776  
wln 1777  
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wln 1782  
wln 1783  
wln 1784  
wln 1785  
wln 1786  
wln 1787  
wln 1788

*Jacomo* Good sirs I have done't, but nobody knows it but  
You two, I may escape.  
*Barabas* So might my man and I hang with you for company.  
*Ithamore* No, let us bear him to the Magistrates.  
*Jacomo* Good *Barabas* let me go.  
*Barabas* No, pardon me, the Law must have his course.  
I must be forced to give in evidence,  
That being importuned by this *Bernardine*  
To be a Christian, I shut him out,  
And there he sat: now I to keep my word,  
And give my goods and substance to your house,  
Was up thus early; with intent to go  
Unto your Friary, because you stayed.  
*Ithamore* Fie upon 'em, Master will you turn Christian, when  
Holy Friars turn devils and murder one another.  
*Barabas* No, for this example I'll remain a Jew:  
Heaven bless me; what, a Friar a murderer?  
When shall you see a Jew commit the like?  
*Ithamore* Why a Turk could ha' done no more.  
*Barabas* Tomorrow is the Sessions; you shall to it.  
Come *Ithamore*, let's help to take him hence.

img: 28-b

wln 1790  
wln 1791  
wln 1792  
wln 1793  
wln 1794  
wln 1795  
wln 1796  
wln 1797  
wln 1798  
wln 1799  
wln 1800  
wln 1801  
wln 1802  
wln 1803  
wln 1804  
wln 1805  
wln 1806  
wln 1807  
wln 1808  
wln 1809  
wln 1810  
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

*Jacomo* villains, I am a sacred person, touch me not.  
*Barabas* The Law shall touch you, we'll but lead you, we  
'Las I could weep at your calamity.  
Take in the staff too, for that must be shown:  
Law wills that each particular be known. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter Courtesan, and Pilia-borza.*  
*Courtesan* *Pilia-borza*, didst thou meet with *Ithamore*?  
*Pilia-borza* I did.  
*Courtesan* And didst thou deliver my letter?  
*Pilia-borza* I did.  
*Courtesan* And what think'st thou, will he come?  
*Pilia-borza* I think so, and yet I cannot tell, for at the reading of  
The letter, he looked like a man of another world.  
*Courtesan* Why so?  
*Pilia-borza* That such a base slave as he should be saluted by such  
A tall man as I am, from such a beautiful dame as you.  
*Courtesan* And what said he?  
*Pilia-borza* Not a wise word, only gave me a nod, as who should  
say, Is it even so; and so I left him, being driven to a  
*Nonplus* at the critical aspect of my terrible countenance.  
*Courtesan* And where didst meet him?  
*Pilia-borza* Upon mine own freehold within 40 foot of the  
Gallows, conning his neck-verse I take it, looking of a  
Friar's Execution, whom I saluted with an old hempen  
proverb, *Hodie tibi, cras mihi*, and so I left him to the mercy  
Of the Hangman: but the Exercise being done, see where  
He comes.

*Enter Ithamore.*

*Ithamore* I never knew a man take his death so patiently as  
This Friar; he was ready to leap off ere the halter was  
About his neck; and when the Hangman had put on his  
Hempen Tippet, he made such haste to his prayers, as if  
He had had another Cure to serve; well, go whither  
He will, I'll be none of his followers in haste:  
And now I think on't, going to the execution, a fellow  
Met me with a muschatoes like a Raven's wing, and  
A Dagger with a hilt like a warming-pan, and he

wln 1827  
wln 1828  
wln 1829  
wln 1830  
wln 1831  
wln 1832  
wln 1833  
wln 1834  
wln 1835

Gave me a letter from one Madam *Bellamira*,  
Saluting me in such sort as if he had meant to make  
Clean my Boots with his lips; the effect was, that  
I should come to her house, I wonder what the reason is;  
It may be she sees more in me than I can find in  
Myself: for she writes further, that she loves me  
Ever since she saw me, and who would not requite such  
Love here's her house, and here she comes, and now  
Would I were gone, I am not worthy to look upon her.

wln 1836  
wln 1837  
wln 1838  
wln 1839  
wln 1840  
wln 1841  
wln 1842  
wln 1843  
wln 1844  
wln 1845  
wln 1846  
wln 1847  
wln 1848  
wln 1849  
wln 1850  
wln 1851  
wln 1852  
wln 1853  
wln 1854

*Pilia-borza* This is the Gentleman you writ to.  
*Ithamore* Gentleman, he flouts me, what gentry can be in a  
Poor Turk of ten pence? I'll be gone.  
*Courtesan* Is't not a sweet faced youth, *Pilia*?  
*Ithamore* Again, sweet youth; did not you, Sir, bring the sweet  
Youth a letter?  
*Pilia-borza* I did Sir, and from this Gentlewoman, who as my  
Self, and the rest of the family, stand or fall at your service.  
*Courtesan* Though woman's modesty should hale me back,  
I can withhold no longer; welcome sweet love.  
*Ithamore* Now am I clean, or rather foully out of the way.  
*Courtesan* Whither so soon?  
*Ithamore* I'll go steal some money from my Master to  
Make me handsome:  
Pray pardon me, I must go see a ship discharged.  
*Courtesan* Canst thou be so unkind to leave me thus?  
*Pilia-borza* And ye did but know how she loves you, Sir.  
*Ithamore* Nay, I care not how much she loves me;  
Sweet *Allamira*, would I had my Master's wealth for thy sake:

wln 1855  
wln 1856  
wln 1857  
wln 1858  
wln 1859  
wln 1860  
wln 1861  
wln 1862

*Pilia-borza* And you can have it, Sir, and if you please.  
*Ithamore* If 'twere above ground I could, and would have it;  
But he hides and buries it up as Partridges do  
Their eggs, under the earth.  
*Pilia-borza* And is't not possible to find it out?  
*Ithamore* By no means possible.  
*Courtesan* What shall we do with this base villain then?  
*Pilia-borza* Let me alone, do but you speak him fair:

img: 29-b  
sig: H2r

wln 1863  
wln 1864  
wln 1865  
wln 1866  
wln 1867  
wln 1868  
wln 1869  
wln 1870  
wln 1871  
wln 1872  
wln 1873  
wln 1874  
wln 1875  
wln 1876  
wln 1877  
wln 1878  
wln 1879  
wln 1880  
wln 1881  
wln 1882

But you know some secrets of the Jew, which if they were  
Revealed, would do him harm.  
*Ithamore* Ay, and such as — Go to, no more,  
I'll make him send me half he has, and glad he 'scapes so too.  
Pen and Ink:  
I'll write unto him, we'll have money straight.  
*Pilia-borza* Send for a hundred Crowns at least.  
*He writes.*  
*Ithamore* Ten hundred thousand crowns, — Master *Barabas*.  
*Pilia-borza* Write not so submissively, but threatening him.  
*Ithamore* Sirrah *Barabas*, send me a hundred crowns.  
*Pilia-borza* Put in two hundred at least.  
*Ithamore* I charge thee send me 300 by this bearer, and this  
Shall be your warrant; if you do not, no more but so.  
*Pilia-borza* Tell him you will confess.  
*Ithamore* Otherwise I'll confess all, vanish and return in a  
Twinkle.  
*Pilia-borza* Let me alone, I'll use him in his kind.  
*Ithamore* Hang him Jew.  
*Courtesan* Now, gentle *Ithamore*, lie in my lap.

wln 1883  
wln 1884  
wln 1885  
wln 1886  
wln 1887  
wln 1888  
wln 1889  
wln 1890  
wln 1891  
wln 1892  
wln 1893  
wln 1894  
wln 1895  
wln 1896  
wln 1897  
wln 1898  
wln 1899

Where are my Maids? provide a running Banquet;  
Send to the Merchant, bid him bring me silks,  
Shall *Ithamore* my love go in such rags?  
*Ithamore* And bid the jeweller come hither too.  
*Courtesan* I have no husband, sweet, I'll marry thee.  
*Ithamore* Content, but we will leave this paltry land,  
And sail from hence to *Greece*, to lovely *Greece*,  
I'll be thy *Jason*, thou my golden Fleece;  
Where painted Carpets o'er the meads are hurled,  
And *Bacchus*' vineyards o'erspread the world:  
Where Woods and Forests go in goodly green,  
I'll be *Adonis*, thou shalt be Love's Queen.  
The Meads, the Orchards, and the Primrose lanes,  
Instead of Sedge and Reed, bear Sugar Canes:  
Thou in those Groves, by *Dis* above,  
Shalt live with me and be my love.  
*Courtesan* **Whither** will I not go with gentle *Ithamore*?

img: 30-a  
sig: H2v

wln 1900  
wln 1901  
wln 1902  
wln 1903  
wln 1904  
wln 1905  
wln 1906  
wln 1907  
wln 1908  
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wln 1921  
wln 1922  
wln 1923  
wln 1924  
wln 1925  
wln 1926  
wln 1927  
wln 1928  
wln 1929  
wln 1930

*Enter Pilia-borza.*

*Ithamore* How now? hast thou the gold?  
*Pilia-borza* Yes.  
*Ithamore* But came it freely, did the Cow give down her milk freely?  
*Pilia-borza* At reading of the letter, he stared and stamped, and turned  
Aside, I took him by the sterd, and looked upon him thus;  
Told him he were best to send it, than he hugged and embraced me  
*Ithamore* Rather for fear then love.  
*Pilia-borza* Then like a Jew he laughed and jeered, and told me he  
loved me for your sake, and said what a faithful servant you had been.  
*Ithamore* The more villain he to keep me thus:  
Here's goodly 'parel, is there not?  
*Pilia-borza* To conclude, he gave me ten crowns.  
*Ithamore* But ten? I'll not leave him worth a grey goate, give  
Me a Ream of paper, we'll have a kingdom of gold for't.  
*Pilia-borza* Write for 500 Crowns.  
*Ithamore* Sirrah Jew, as you love your life send me 500 crowns,  
And give the Bearer 100. Tell him I must have't.  
*Pilia-borza* I warrant your worship shall have't.  
*Ithamore* And if he ask why I demand so much, tell him,  
I scorn to write a line under a hundred crowns.  
*Pilia-borza* You'd make a rich Poet, Sir. I am gone. *Exit.*  
*Ithamore* Take thou the money, spend it for my sake.  
*Courtesan* 'Tis not thy money, but thyself I weigh:  
Thus *Bellamira* esteems of gold;  
But thus of thee. — *Kiss him.* —  
*Ithamore* That kiss again; she runs division of my lips.  
What an eye she casts on me?  
It twinkles like a Star.  
*Courtesan* Come my dear love, let's in and sleep together.  
*Ithamore* Oh that ten thousand nights were put in one,

wln 1931  
wln 1932  
wln 1933  
wln 1934  
wln 1935  
wln 1936

img: 30-b  
sig: H3r

wln 1937  
wln 1938  
wln 1939  
wln 1940  
wln 1941  
wln 1942  
wln 1943  
wln 1944  
wln 1945  
wln 1946  
wln 1947  
wln 1948  
wln 1949  
wln 1950  
wln 1951  
wln 1952  
wln 1953  
wln 1954  
wln 1955  
wln 1956  
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wln 1959  
wln 1960  
wln 1961  
wln 1962  
wln 1963  
wln 1964  
wln 1965  
wln 1966  
wln 1967  
wln 1968  
wln 1969  
wln 1970  
wln 1971  
wln 1972  
wln 1973

img: 31-a  
sig: H3v

wln 1974  
wln 1975

That we might sleep seven years together afore  
We wake.

*Courtesan* Come Amorous wag, first banquet and then sleep.  
*Enter Barabas reading a letter.*

*Barabas* Barabas send me 300 Crowns.  
Plain *Barabas*: o that wicked *Courtesan*!

He was not wont to call me *Barabas*.  
Or else I will confess: Ay, there it goes:  
But if I get him *Coupe de Gorge*, for that  
He sent a shaggy tottered staring slave,  
That when he speaks, draws out his grisly beard,  
And winds it twice or thrice about his ear;  
Whose face has been a grindstone for men's swords,  
His hands are hacked, some fingers cut quite off,  
Who when he speaks, grunts like a hog, and looks  
Like one that is employed in *Catzerie*,  
And crossbiting such a Rogue  
As is the husband to a hundred whores:  
And I by him must send three hundred crowns.  
Well, my hope is, he will not stay there still;  
And when he comes: Oh that he were but here!

*Enter Pilia-borza.*

*Pilia-borza* Jew, I must ha' more gold.

*Barabas* Why want'st thou any of thy tale?

*Pilia-borza* No; but 300 will not serve his turn.

*Barabas* Not serve his turn, Sir?

*Pilia-borza* No Sir; and therefore I must have 500 more.

*Barabas* I'll rather —

*Pilia-borza* Oh good words, Sir, and send it you were best see,  
There's his letter.

*Barabas* Might he not as well come as send; pray bid him  
Come and fetch it, what he writes for you, ye shall have straight.

*Pilia-borza* Ay, and the rest too, or else —

*Barabas* I must make this villain away: please you dine  
With me, Sir, and you shall be most heartily poisoned. *aside*

*Pilia-borza* No god-a-mercy, shall I have these crowns?

*Barabas* I cannot do it, I have lost my keys.

*Pilia-borza* Oh, if that be all, I can pick ope your locks.

*Barabas* Or climb up to my Countinghouse window:  
You know my meaning.

*Pilia-borza* I know enough, and therefore talk not to me of your  
Countinghouse, the gold, or know Jew it is in my power to hang thee

*Barabas* I am betrayed.

'Tis not 500 Crowns that I esteem,  
I am not moved at that: this angers me,

wln 1976  
wln 1977  
wln 1978  
wln 1979  
wln 1980  
wln 1981  
wln 1982  
wln 1983  
wln 1984  
wln 1985  
wln 1986  
wln 1987  
wln 1988  
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wln 2002  
wln 2003  
wln 2004  
wln 2005  
wln 2006  
wln 2007  
wln 2008  
wln 2009  
wln 2010

img: 31-b  
sig: H4r

wln 2011  
wln 2012  
wln 2013  
wln 2014  
wln 2015  
wln 2016  
wln 2017  
wln 2018  
wln 2019  
wln 2020  
wln 2021  
wln 2022  
wln 2023

That he who knows I love him as myself  
Should write in this imperious vain? why Sir,  
You know I have no child, and unto whom  
Should I leave all but unto *Ithamore*?

*Pilia-borza* Here's many words but no crowns; the crowns.

*Barabas* Commend me to him, Sir, most humbly,  
And unto your good mistress as unknown.

*Pilia-borza* Speak, shall I have 'em, Sir?

*Barabas* Sir here they are.

Oh that I should part with so much gold!  
Here take 'em, fellow, with as good a will —  
— *As I would see thee hanged*; o, love stops my breath:  
Never loved man servant as I do *Ithamore*.

*Pilia-borza* I know it, Sir.

*Barabas* Pray when, Sir, shall I see you at my house?

*Pilia-borza* Soon enough to your cost, Sir:

Fare you well. *Exit.*

*Barabas* Nay to thine own cost, villain, if thou com'st.  
Was ever Jew tormented as I am?

To have a shag-rag knave to come  
300 Crowns, and then 500 Crowns?

Well, I must seek a means to rid 'em all,  
And presently: for in his villainy  
He will tell all he knows and I shall die for't. I have it.

I will in some disguise go see the slave,  
And how the villain revels with my gold. *Exit.*

*Enter Courtesan. Ithamore. Pilia-borza.*

*Courtesan* I'll pledge thee, love, and therefore drink it off.

*Ithamore* Sayest thou me so? have at it; and do you hear?

*Courtesan* Go to, it shall be so.

*Ithamore* Of that condition I will drink it up; here's to thee.

*Pilia-borza* Nay, I'll have all or none.

*Ithamore* There, if thou lovest me do not leave a drop.

*Courtesan* Love thee, fill me three glasses.

*Ithamore* Three and fifty dozen, I'll pledge thee,

*Pilia-borza* Knavelly spoke, and like a Knight at Arms.

*Ithamore* Hey *Rivo Castiliano*, a man's a man.

*Courtesan* Now to the Jew.

*Ithamore* Ha to the Jew, and send me money you were best.

*Pilia-borza* What wouldst thou do if he should send thee none?

*Ithamore* Do nothing; but I know what I know,  
He's a murderer.

*Courtesan* I had not thought he had been so brave a man.

*Ithamore* You knew *Mathias* and the Governor's son, he and  
I killed 'em both, and yet never touched 'em.

*Pilia-borza* Oh bravely done.

*Ithamore* I carried the broth that poisoned the Nuns, and he  
And I snickle hand too fast, strangled a Friar.

wln 2024  
wln 2025  
wln 2026  
wln 2027  
wln 2028  
wln 2029  
wln 2030  
wln 2031  
wln 2032  
wln 2033  
wln 2034  
wln 2035  
wln 2036  
wln 2037  
wln 2038  
wln 2039  
wln 2040  
wln 2041  
wln 2042  
wln 2043  
wln 2044  
wln 2045  
wln 2046  
wln 2047

img: 32-a  
sig: H4v

*Courtesan* You two alone.  
*Ithamore* We two, and 'twas never known, nor never shall  
Be for me.  
*Pilia-borza* This shall with me unto the Governor.  
*Courtesan* And fit it should: but first let's ha' more gold  
Come gentle *Ithamore*, lie in my lap.  
*Ithamore* Love me little, love me long, let music rumble,  
Whilst I in thy *incony* lap do tumble.  
*Enter Barabas with a Lute, disguised.*  
*Courtesan* A French Musician, come let's hear your skill?  
*Barabas* Must tuna my Lute for sound, twang twang first.  
*Ithamore* Wilt drink Frenchman, here's to thee with a —  
Pox on this drunken hiccup.  
*Barabas* Gramercy Monsieur.  
*Courtesan* Prithee, *Pilia-borza*, bid the Fiddler give me  
The posy in his hat there.  
*Pilia-borza* Sirrah, you must give my mistress your posy.  
*Barabas* *A vôtre commandement Madame.*  
*Courtesan* How sweet, my *Ithamore*, the flowers smell.  
*Ithamore* Like thy breath, sweetheart, no violet like 'em.  
*Pilia-borza* Foh, methinks they stink like a Hollyhock.  
*Barabas* So, now I am revenged upon 'em all.  
The scent thereof was death, I poisoned it.  
*Ithamore* Play, Fiddler, or I'll cut your cat's guts into chitterlings

wln 2048  
wln 2049  
wln 2050  
wln 2051

Pardonnez moi, be no in tune yet; so now, now all be in.  
*Ithamore* Give him a crown, and fill me out more wine.  
*Pilia-borza* There's two crowns for thee, play.  
*Barabas* How liberally the villain gives me mine own gold. *aside.*

wln 2052  
wln 2053  
wln 2054  
wln 2055  
wln 2056  
wln 2057  
wln 2058  
wln 2059  
wln 2060  
wln 2061  
wln 2062  
wln 2063  
wln 2064  
wln 2065  
wln 2066  
wln 2067  
wln 2068  
wln 2069  
wln 2070

*Pilia-borza* Methinks he fingers very well.  
*Barabas* So did you when you stole my gold. *aside*  
*Pilia-borza* How swift he runs.  
*Barabas* You run swifter when you threw my gold out of  
My Window. *aside.*  
*Courtesan* Musician, hast been in *Malta* long?  
*Barabas* Two, three, four month Madame.  
*Ithamore* Dost not know a Jew, one *Barabas*?  
*Barabas* Very mush, Monsieur, you no be his man.  
*Pilia-borza* His man?  
*Ithamore* I scorn the Peasant, tell him so.  
*Barabas* He knows it already.  
*Ithamore* 'Tis a strange thing of that Jew, he lives upon  
Pickled Grasshoppers, and sauced Mushrooms.  
*Barabas* What a slave's this?  
The Governor feeds not as I do. *aside.*  
*Ithamore* He never put on clean shirt since he was circumcised  
*Barabas* Oh rascal! I change myself twice a day. *aside*  
*Ithamore* The Hat he wears, *Judas* left under the Elder

wln 2071  
wln 2072

When he hanged himself.  
*Barabas* 'Twas sent me for a present from the great *Cham. aside*

wln 2073  
wln 2074

*Pilia-borza* A masty slave he is;  
Whither now, Fiddler?

wln 2075

*Barabas* Pardonnez moi, Monsieur, we be no well. *Exit.*

wln 2076

*Pilia-borza* Farewell Fiddler: One letter more to the Jew.

wln 2077

*Courtesan* Prithee sweet love, one more, and write it sharp.

wln 2078

*Ithamore* No, I'll send by word of mouth now;

wln 2079

Bid him deliver thee a thousand Crowns, by the same

wln 2080

Token, that the Nuns loved Rice, that friar *Bernardine*

wln 2081

Slept in his own clothes,

wln 2082

Any of 'em will do it.

img: 32-b  
sig: 11r

wln 2083

*Pilia-borza* Let me alone to urge it now I know the meaning.

wln 2084

*Ithamore* The meaning has a meaning; come let's in:

wln 2085

To undo a Jew is charity, and not sin *Exeunt.*

wln 2086

*Actus Quintus.*

wln 2087

*Enter Governor Knights. Martin Del Bosco.*

wln 2088

*Governor* NOW, Gentlemen, betake you to your Arms,

wln 2089

And see that *Malta* be well fortified;

wln 2090

And it behoves you to be resolute;

wln 2091

For *Calymath* having hovered here so long,

wln 2092

Will win the Town, or die before the walls.

wln 2093

*Knight* And die he shall, for we will never yield.

wln 2094

*Enter Courtesan, Pilia-borza.*

wln 2095

*Courtesan* Oh bring us to the Governor.

wln 2096

*Governor* Away with her, she is a Courtesan.

wln 2097

*Courtesan* Whate'er I am, yet Governor hear me speak;

wln 2098

I bring thee news by whom thy son was slain:

wln 2099

*Mathias* did it not, it was the Jew.

wln 2100

*Pilia-borza* Who, besides the slaughter of these Gentlemen,

wln 2101

Poisoned his own daughter and the Nuns,

wln 2102

Strangled a Friar, and I know not what

wln 2103

Mischief beside.

wln 2104

*Governor* Had we but proof of this.

wln 2105

*Courtesan* Strong proof, my Lord, his man's now at my

wln 2106

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

wln 2107

*Governor* Go fetch him straight, I always feared that Jew.

wln 2108

*Enter Jew, Ithamore.*

wln 2109

*Barabas* I'll go alone, dogs do not hale me thus.

wln 2110

*Ithamore* Nor me neither, I cannot outrun you Constable, o my belly.

wln 2111

*Barabas* One dram of powder more had made all sure,



wln 2112

img: 33-a  
sig: 11v

What a damned slave was I?

wln 2113

*Governor* Make fires, heat irons, let the rack be fetched.

wln 2114

*Knight* Nay stay, my Lord, 't may be he will confess.

wln 2115

*Barabas* Confess; what mean you, Lords, who should confess?

wln 2116

*Governor* Thou and thy Turk; 'twas you that slew my son.

wln 2117

*Ithamore* Guilty, my Lord, I confess; your son and *Mathias*

wln 2118

Were both contracted unto *Abigall*,

wln 2119

Forged a counterfeit challenge.

wln 2120

*Jew.* Who carried that challenge?

wln 2121

*Ithamore* I carried it, I confess, but who writ it?

wln 2122

Marry even he that strangled *Bernardine*, poisoned the

wln 2123

Nuns, and his own daughter.

wln 2124

*Governor* Away with him, his sight is death to me.

wln 2125

*Barabas* For what, you men of *Malta*, hear me speak;

wln 2126

She is a Courtesan and he a thief,

wln 2127

And he my bondman, let me have law,

wln 2128

For none of this can prejudice my life:

wln 2129

*Governor* Once more away with him; you shall have law.

wln 2130

*Barabas* devils do your worst, I live in spite of you.

wln 2131

As these have spoke so be it to their souls:

wln 2132

I hope the poisoned flowers will work anon.

*Exit.*

wln 2133

*Enter Mater.*

wln 2134

*Mater.* Was my *Mathias* murdered by the Jew?

wln 2135

*Ferneze*, 'twas thy son that murdered him.

wln 2136

*Governor* Be patient, gentle Madam, it was he,

wln 2137

He forged the daring challenge made them fight.

wln 2138

*Mater* Where is the Jew, where is that murderer?

wln 2139

*Governor* In prison till the Law has passed on him.

wln 2140

*Enter Officer.*

wln 2141

*Officer* My Lord, the Courtesan and her man are dead;

wln 2142

So is the Turk, and *Barabas* the Jew.

wln 2143

*Governor* Dead?

wln 2144

*Officer* Dead, my Lord, and here they bring his body.

wln 2145

*Bosco.* This sudden death of his is very strange.

wln 2146

*Governor* Wonder not at it, Sir, the heavens are just

wln 2147

Their deaths were like their lives, then think not of 'em

wln 2148

Since they are dead, let them be buried.

img: 33-b  
sig: 12r

wln 2149

For the Jew's body, throw that o'er the walls,

wln 2150

To be a prey for Vultures and wild beasts.

wln 2151

So, now away and fortify the Town.

*Exeunt.*

wln 2152

*Barabas* What, all alone? well fare sleepy drink.

wln 2153

I'll be revenged on this accursed Town;

wln 2154

For by my means *Calymath* shall enter in.

wln 2155

I'll help to slay their children and their wives,

wln 2156  
wln 2157  
wln 2158  
wln 2159  
wln 2160  
wln 2161  
wln 2162  
wln 2163  
wln 2164  
wln 2165  
wln 2166  
wln 2167  
wln 2168  
wln 2169  
wln 2170  
wln 2171  
wln 2172  
wln 2173  
wln 2174  
wln 2175  
wln 2176  
wln 2177  
wln 2178  
wln 2179  
wln 2180  
wln 2181  
wln 2182  
wln 2183  
wln 2184  
wln 2185

To fire the Churches, pull their houses down,  
Take my goods too, and seize upon my lands:  
I hope to see the Governor a slave,  
And, rowing in a Galley, whipped to death.

*Enter Calymath, Bashaws, Turks.*

*Calymath* Whom have we there, a spy?

*Barabas* Yes, my good Lord, one that can spy a place  
Where you may enter, and surprise the Town:

My name is *Barabas*; I am a Jew.

*Calymath* Art thou that Jew whose goods we heard were sold  
For Tribute-money?

*Barabas* The very same, my Lord:  
And since that time they have hired a slave my man  
To accuse me of a thousand villainies:  
I was imprisoned, but scaped their hands.

*Calymath* Didst break prison?

*Barabas* No, no:

I drank of Poppy and cold mandrake juice;  
And being asleep, belike they thought me dead,  
And threw me o'er the walls so, or how else,  
The Jew is here, and rests at your command.

*Calymath* 'Twas bravely done: but tell me, *Barabas*,  
Canst thou, as thou reportest, make *Malta* ours?

*Barabas* Fear not, my Lord, for here against the Truce,  
The rock is hollow, and of purpose digged,  
To make a passage for the running streams  
And common channels of the City.  
Now whilst you give assault unto the walls,  
I'll lead 500 soldiers through the Vault,  
And rise with them i'th' middle of the Town,

img: 34-a  
sig: I2v

Open the gates for you to enter in,  
And by this means the City is your own.

*Calymath* If this be true, I'll make thee Governor.

*Jew.* And if it be not true, then let me die.

*Calymath* Thou'st doomed thyself, assault it presently.

*Exeunt.*

*Alarms. Enter Turks, Barabas, Governor,  
and Knights prisoners.*

*Calymath* Now vail your pride you captive Christians,  
And kneel for mercy to your conquering foe:

Now where's the hope you had of haughty *Spain*?

*Ferneze*, speak, had it not been much better

To kept thy promise than be thus surprised?

*Governor* What should I say, we are captives and must yield.

*Calymath* Ay, villains, you must yield, and under Turkish yokes  
Shall groaning bear the burden of our ire;  
And *Barabas*, as erst we promised thee,  
For thy desert we make thee Governor,

wln 2186  
wln 2187  
wln 2188  
wln 2189  
wln 2190  
wln 2191  
wln 2192  
wln 2193  
wln 2194  
wln 2195  
wln 2196  
wln 2197  
wln 2198  
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wln 2210  
wln 2211  
wln 2212  
wln 2213  
wln 2214  
wln 2215  
wln 2216  
wln 2217  
wln 2218  
wln 2219  
wln 2220  
wln 2221  
wln 2222

img: 34-b  
sig: I3r

wln 2223  
wln 2224  
wln 2225  
wln 2226  
wln 2227  
wln 2228  
wln 2229  
wln 2230  
wln 2231  
wln 2232  
wln 2233  
wln 2234  
wln 2235  
wln 2236  
wln 2237  
wln 2238  
wln 2239  
wln 2240  
wln 2241  
wln 2242  
wln 2243  
wln 2244  
wln 2245  
wln 2246  
wln 2247  
wln 2248  
wln 2249  
wln 2250  
wln 2251

Use them at thy discretion.

*Barabas* Thanks, my Lord.

*Governor* Oh fatal day to fall into the hands  
Of such a Traitor and unhallowed Jew!

What greater misery could heaven inflict?

*Calymath* 'Tis our command: and *Barabas*, we give  
To guard thy person, these our Janissaries:

Entreat them well, as we have used thee.

And now, brave Bashaws, come, we'll walk about  
The ruined Town, and see the wrack we made:

Farewell brave Jew, farewell great *Barabas*.

*Exeunt.*

*Barabas* May all good fortune follow *Calymath*.

And now, as entrance to our safety,

To prison with the Governor and these  
Captains, his consorts and confederates.

*Governor* Oh villain, Heaven will be revenged on thee.

*Exeunt.*

*Barabas* Away, no more, let him not trouble me.  
Thus hast thou gotten, by thy policy,

No simple place, no small authority,  
I now am Governor of *Malta*; true,  
But *Malta* hates me, and in hating me  
My life's in danger, and what boots it thee  
Poor *Barabas*, to be the Governor,  
When as thy life shall be at their command?  
No, *Barabas*, this must be looked into;  
And since by wrong thou got'st Authority,  
Maintain it bravely by firm policy,  
At least unprofitably lose it not:  
For he that liveth in Authority,  
And neither gets him friends, nor fills his bags,  
Lives like the Ass that *Aesop* speaketh of,  
That labours with a load of bread and wine,  
And leaves it off to snap on Thistle tops:  
But *Barabas* will be more circumspect.  
Begin betimes, Occasion's bald behind,  
Slip not thine opportunity, for fear too late  
Thou seek'st for much, but canst not compass it  
Within here.

*Enter Governor with a guard.*

*Governor* My Lord?

*Barabas* Ay, Lord, thus slaves will learn  
Now Governor stand by there, wait within,  
This is the reason that I sent for thee;  
Thou seest thy life, and *Malta's* happiness,  
Are at my Arbitrament; and *Barabas*  
At his discretion may dispose of both:  
Now tell me, Governor, and plainly too,

wln 2252  
wln 2253  
wln 2254  
wln 2255  
wln 2256  
wln 2257  
wln 2258  
wln 2259

img: 35-a  
sig: I3v

wln 2260  
wln 2261  
wln 2262  
wln 2263  
wln 2264  
wln 2265  
wln 2266  
wln 2267  
wln 2268  
wln 2269  
wln 2270  
wln 2271  
wln 2272  
wln 2273  
wln 2274  
wln 2275  
wln 2276  
wln 2277  
wln 2278  
wln 2279  
wln 2280  
wln 2281  
wln 2282  
wln 2283  
wln 2284  
wln 2285  
wln 2286  
wln 2287  
wln 2288  
wln 2289  
wln 2290  
wln 2291  
wln 2292  
wln 2293  
wln 2294  
wln 2295  
wln 2296

img: 35-b  
sig: I4r

What thinkst thou shall become of it and thee?

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

*Barabas* Governor, good words, be not so furious;  
'Tis not thy life which can avail me aught,  
Yet you do live, and live for me you shall:

And as for *Malta's* ruin, think you not  
'Twere slender policy for *Barabas*  
To dispossess himself of such a place?  
For sith, as once you said, within this I'll  
In *Malta* here, that I have got my goods,  
And in this City still have had success,  
And now at length am grown your Governor,  
Yourselves shall see it shall not be forgot:  
For as a friend not known, but in distress,  
I'll rear up *Malta* now remediless.

*Governor* Will *Barabas* recover *Malta's* loss?  
Will *Barabas* be good to Christians?

*Barabas* What wilt thou give me, Governor, to procure  
A dissolution of the slavish Bands  
Wherein the Turk hath yoked your land and you?  
What will you give me if I render you  
The life of *Calymath*, surprise his men,  
And in an outhouse of the City shut  
His soldiers, till I have consumed 'em all with fire?  
What will you give him that procureth this?

*Governor* Do but bring this to pass which thou pretendest,  
Deal truly with us as thou intimatest,  
And I will send amongst the Citizens  
And by my letters privately procure  
Great sums of money for thy recompense:  
Nay more, do this, and live thou Governor still.

*Barabas* Nay, do thou this, *Ferneze*, and be free;  
Governor, I enlarge thee, live with me,  
Go walk about the City, see thy friends:  
Tush, send not letters to 'em, go thyself,  
And let me see what money thou canst make;  
Here is my hand that I'll set *Malta* free:  
And thus we cast it: To a solemn feast  
I will invite young *Selim-Calymath*,  
Where be thou present only to perform  
One stratagem that I'll impart to thee,  
Wherein no danger shall betide thy life,

wln 2297  
wln 2298  
wln 2299  
wln 2300  
wln 2301  
wln 2302  
wln 2303  
wln 2304  
wln 2305  
wln 2306  
wln 2307  
wln 2308  
wln 2309  
wln 2310  
wln 2311  
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wln 2324  
wln 2325  
wln 2326  
wln 2327  
wln 2328  
wln 2329  
wln 2330  
wln 2331  
wln 2332  
wln 2333

img: 36-a  
sig: 14v

wln 2334  
wln 2335  
wln 2336  
wln 2337  
wln 2338  
wln 2339  
wln 2340  
wln 2341  
wln 2342  
wln 2343  
wln 2344

And I will warrant *Malta* free for ever.

*Governor* Here is my hand, believe me, *Barabas*,  
I will be there, and do as thou desirest;  
When is the time?

*Barabas* Governor, presently.  
For *Calymath*, when he hath viewed the Town,  
Will take his leave and sail toward, *Ottoman*,

*Governor* Then will I, *Barabas*, about this coin,  
And bring it with me to thee in the evening.

*Barabas* Do so, but fail not; now farewell *Ferneze*  
And thus far roundly goes the business:  
Thus loving neither, will I live with both,  
Making a profit of my policy;  
And he from whom my most advantage comes,  
Shall be my friend.

This is the life we Jews are used to lead;  
And reason too, for Christians do the like:

Well, now about effecting this device:  
First to surprise great *Selim's* soldiers,  
And then to make provision for the feast,  
That at one instant all things may be done,  
My policy detests prevention:

To what event my secret purpose drives,  
I know; and they shall witness with their lives.

*Exit.*

*Enter Calymath, Bashaws.*

*Calymath* Thus have we viewed the City, seen the sack,  
And caused the ruins to be new repaired,  
Which with our Bombards shot and Basilisk,  
We rent in sunder at our entry:  
And now I see the Situation,  
And how secure this conquered Island stands  
Environed with the mediterranean Sea,  
Strong contermined with other petty Isles;  
And towards *Calabria* backed by *Sicily*,  
Two lofty Turrets that command the Town.  
When *Syracusan Dionysius* reigned;  
I wonder how it could be conquered thus?

*Enter a messenger.*

*Messenger* From *Barabas*, *Malta's* Governor, I bring  
A message unto mighty *Calymath*;  
Hearing his Sovereign was bound for Sea,  
To sail to *Turkey*, to great *Ottoman*,  
He humbly would entreat your Majesty  
To come and see his homely Citadel,  
And banquet with him ere thou leav'st the Isle.

*Calymath* To banquet with him in his Citadel,  
I fear me, Messenger, to feast my train  
Within a Town of war so lately pillaged,

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

img: 36-b  
sig: K1r

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  
wln 2387  
wln 2388  
wln 2389  
wln 2390  
wln 2391  
wln 2392

Will be too costly and too troublesome:

Yet would I gladly visit *Barabas*.

For well has *Barabas* deserved of us.

*Messenger* *Selim*, for that, thus saith the Governor,  
That he hath in store a Pearl so big,  
So precious, and withal so orient,  
As be it valued but indifferently,  
The price thereof will serve to entertain  
*Selim* and all his soldiers for a month  
Therefore he humbly would entreat your Highness  
Not to depart till he has feasted you.

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

*Messenger* Know, *Selim*, that there is a monastery  
Which standeth as an outhouse to the Town;  
There will he banquet them, but thee at home,  
With all thy *Bashaws* and brave followers.

*Calymath* Well, tell the Governor we grant his suit,  
we'll in this Summer Evening feast with him.

*Messenger* I shall, my Lord, *Exit.*

*Calymath* And now, bold *Bashaws*, let us to our Tents,  
And meditate how we may grace us best  
To solemnize our Governor's great feast. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Governor, Knights, Del bosco.*

*Governor* In this, my Countrymen, be ruled by me,  
Have special care that no man sally forth

Till you shall hear a Culverin discharged  
By him that bears the Linstock, kindled thus;  
Then issue out and come to rescue me,  
For happily I shall be in distress,  
Or you released of this servitude.

*I Knight* Rather then thus to live as Turkish thralls,  
What will we not adventure?

*Governor* On then, begone.

*Knight* Farewell grave Governor.

*Enter with a Hammer above, very busy.*

*Barabas* How stand the cords? How hang these hinges, fast?  
Are all the Cranes and Pulleys sure?

*Servant* All fast.

*Barabas* Leave nothing lose, all levelled to my mind.  
Why now I see that you have Art indeed.  
There, Carpenters, divide that gold amongst you:  
Go swill in bowls of Sack and Muscadine:  
Down to the Cellar, taste of all my wines.

*Carpenter* We shall, my Lord, and thank you: *Exeunt.*

*Barabas* And if you like them, drink your fill and die:  
For so I live, perish may all the world.  
Now *Selim-Calymath* return me word

wln 2393  
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

img: 37-a  
sig: K1v

wln 2408  
wln 2409  
wln 2410  
wln 2411  
wln 2412  
wln 2413  
wln 2414  
wln 2415  
wln 2416  
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wln 2433  
wln 2434  
wln 2435  
wln 2436  
wln 2437  
wln 2438  
wln 2439  
wln 2440

That thou wilt come, and I am satisfied.  
Now sirrah, what, will he come?

*Enter Messenger.*

*Messenger* He will; and has commanded all his men  
To come ashore, and march through *Malta* streets,  
That thou mayst feast them in thy Citadel.

*Barabas* Then now are all things as my wish would have 'em,  
There wanteth nothing but the Governor's pelf,  
And see he brings it: Now, Governor, the sum.

*Enter Governor.*

*Governor* With free consent a hundred thousand pounds.

*Barabas* Pounds say'st thou, Governor, well since it is no more  
I'll satisfy myself with that; nay, keep it still,  
For if I keep not promise, trust not me.  
And Governor, now partake my policy:

First for his Army, they are sent before,  
Entered the Monastery, and underneath  
In several places are field-pieces pitched,  
Bombards, whole Barrels full of Gunpowder,  
That on the sudden shall dissever it,  
And batter all the stones about their ears,  
Whence none can possibly escape alive:  
Now as for *Calymath* and his consorts,  
Here have I made a dainty Gallery,  
The floor whereof, this Cable being cut,  
Doth fall asunder; so that it doth sink  
Into a deep pit past recovery.  
Here, hold that knife, and when thou seest he comes,  
And with his Bashaws shall be blithely set,  
A warning-piece shall be shot off from the Tower,  
To give thee knowledge when to cut the cord,  
And fire the house; say, will not this be brave?

*Governor* Oh excellent! here, hold thee, *Barabas*,  
I trust thy word, take what I promised thee.

*Barabas* No, Governor, I'll satisfy thee first,  
Thou shalt not live in doubt of any thing.  
Stand close, for here they come: why, is not this  
A kingly kind of trade to purchase Towns  
By treachery, and sell 'em by deceit?  
Now tell me, worldlings, underneath the sun,  
If greater falsehood ever has been done.

*Enter Calymath and Bashaws.*

*Calymath* Come, my Companion-Bashaws, see I pray  
How busy *Barabas* is there above  
To entertain us in his Gallery;  
Let us salute him, Save thee, *Barabas*.

*Barabas* Welcome great *Calymath*.

*Governor* How the slave jeers at him?

wln 2441  
wln 2442  
wln 2443  
wln 2444

img: 37-b  
sig: K2r

*Barabas* Will't please thee, mighty *Selim-Calymath*,  
To ascend our homely stairs?  
*Calymath* Ay, *Barabas*, come Bashaws, attend.  
*Governor* Stay, *Calymath*;

wln 2445  
wln 2446  
wln 2447  
wln 2448  
wln 2449  
wln 2450  
wln 2451  
wln 2452  
wln 2453  
wln 2454  
wln 2455  
wln 2456  
wln 2457  
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wln 2479  
wln 2480  
wln 2481

For I will show thee greater courtesy  
Than *Barabas* would have afforded thee.  
*Knight* Sound a charge there. *A charge, the cable cut,*  
*Calymath* How now, what means this *A Cauldron discovered.*  
*Barabas* Help, help me, Christians, help.  
*Governor* See *Calymath*, this was devised for thee.  
*Calymath* Treason, treason Bashaws, fly.  
*Governor* No, *Selim*, do not fly;  
See his end first, and fly then if thou canst.  
*Barabas* Oh help me, *Selim*, help me, Christians.  
*Governor*, why stand you all so pitiless?  
*Governor* Should I in pity of thy plaints or thee,  
Accursed *Barabas*; base Jew relent:  
No, thus I'll see thy treachery repaid,  
But wish thou hadst behaved thee otherwise.  
*Barabas* You will not help me then?  
*Governor* No, villain, no.  
*Barabas* And villains, know you cannot help me now.  
Then *Barabas* breathe forth thy latest fate,  
And in the fury of thy torments, strive  
To end thy life with resolution:  
Know, *Governor*, 'twas I that slew thy son;  
I framed the challenge that did make them meet  
Know, *Calymath*, I aimed thy overthrow,  
And had I but escaped this stratagem,  
I would have brought confusion on you all,  
Damned Christians, dogs, and Turkish Infidels;  
But now begins the extremity of heat  
To pinch me with intolerable pangs:  
Die life, fly soul, tongue curse thy fill and die:  
*Calymath* Tell me, you Christians, what doth this portend?  
*Governor* This train he laid to have entrapped thy life;  
Now *Selim* note the unhallowed deeds of Jews:  
Thus he determined to have handled thee,  
But I have rather chose to save thy life.  
*Calymath* Was this the banquet he prepared for us?  
Let's hence, lest further mischief be pretended.

img: 38-a  
sig: K2v

wln 2482  
wln 2483  
wln 2484  
wln 2485

*Governor* Nay, *Selim*, stay, for since we have thee here,  
We will not let thee part so suddenly:  
Besides, if we should let thee go, all's one,  
For with thy Galleys couldst thou not get hence,



wln 2486  
wln 2487  
wln 2488  
wln 2489  
wln 2490  
wln 2491  
wln 2492  
wln 2493  
wln 2494  
wln 2495  
wln 2496  
wln 2497  
wln 2498  
wln 2499  
wln 2500  
wln 2501  
wln 2502  
wln 2503  
wln 2504  
wln 2505  
wln 2506  
wln 2507  
wln 2508  
wln 2509  
wln 2510  
wln 2511

Without fresh men to rig and furnish them.  
*Calymath* Tush, Governor, take thou no care for that,  
My men are all aboard,  
And do attend my coming there by this.  
*Governor* Why heard'st thou not the trumpet sound a charge?  
*Calymath* Yes, what of that?  
*Governor* Why then the house was fired,  
Blown up, and all thy soldiers massacred.  
*Calymath* Oh monstrous treason!  
*Governor* A Jew's courtesy:  
For he that did by treason work our fall,  
By treason hath delivered thee to us:  
Know therefore, till thy father hath made good  
The ruins done to *Malta* and to us,  
Thou canst not part: for *Malta* shall be freed,  
Or *Selim* ne'er return to *Ottoman*.  
*Calymath* Nay rather, Christians, let me go to Turkey  
In person there to meditate your peace;  
To keep me here will naught advantage you.  
*Governor* Content thee, *Calymath*, here thou must stay,  
And live in *Malta* prisoner; for come call the world  
To rescue thee, so will we guard us now  
No sooner shall they drink the Ocean dry,  
Then conquer *Malta*, or endanger us.  
So march away, and let due praise be given  
Neither to Fate nor **Fortune**, but to Heaven.

wln 2512

*FINIS.*

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

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### 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 *'Mo[·]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 *[\*]hy selfe*.
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 *Whiher*.
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*.