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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, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, 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
Theater 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,

img: 3-b
sig: A4r

Tuissimus:

In 0032

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

wln 0001

The Prologue spoken at Court.

wln 0002

*GRacious and Great, that we so boldly dare,
(**'Mongst** other Plays that now in fashion are)*

wln 0003

To present this; writ many years agone,

wln 0004

And in that Age, thought second unto none;

wln 0005

*We humbly **crave** your pardon: we pursue*

wln 0006

The story of a rich and famous Jew

wln 0007

Who lived in Malta: you shall find him still,

wln 0008

*In all his **projects**, a sound Machevil;*

wln 0009

And that's his Character: He that hath passed

wln 0010

So many Censures, is now come at last

wln 0011

To have your princely Ears, grace you him; than

wln 0012

You crown the Action, and renown the pen.

wln 0013

wln 0014

Epilogue.

wln 0015

IT is our fear (dread Sovereign) we have been

wln 0016

Too tedious; neither can 't be less than sin

wln 0017

To wrong your Princely patience: If we have,

wln 0018

(Thus low dejected) we your pardon crave:

wln 0019

And if aught here offend your ear or sight,

wln 0020

We only Act, and Speak, what others write.

img: 4-a

sig: A4v

wln 0021

The Prologue to the Stage, at
the Cockpit.

wln 0022

wln 0023

WE know not how this Play may pass this Stage,

wln 0024

Marlowe.

But by the best of Poets in that age

wln 0025

The Malta-Jew had being, and was made;

wln 0026

Alleyn.

And He, then by the best of Actors played:

wln 0027

In Hero and Leander, one did gain

wln 0028
wln 0029
wln 0030
wln 0031
wln 0032
wln 0033
wln 0034
wln 0035
wln 0036
wln 0037
wln 0038
wln 0039
wln 0040

Perkins.

*A lasting memory: in Tamburlaine,
This Jew, with others many: th' other man
The Attribute of peerless, being a man
Whom we may rank with (doing no one wrong)
Proteus for shapes, and Roseius for a tongue,
So could he speak, so vary; nor is 't hate
To merit: in him who doth personate
Our Jew this day, nor is it his ambition
To exceed, or equal, being of condition
More modest; this is all that he intends,
(And that too, at the urgency of some friends)
To prove his best, and if none here gainsay it,
The part he hath studied, and intends to play it.*

wln 0041

Epilogue.

wln 0042
wln 0043
wln 0044
wln 0045
wln 0046
wln 0047
wln 0048

*IN Graving, with Pygmalion to contend;
Or Painting, with Apelles; doubtless the end
Must be disgrace: our Actor did not so,
He only aimed to go, but not outgo.
Nor think that this day any prize was played,
Here were no bets at all, no wagers laid;
All the ambition that his mind doth swell,
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
wln 0065
wln 0066
wln 0067
wln 0068
wln 0069

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
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;

wln 0070
wln 0071
wln 0072
wln 0073
wln 0074

img: 5-a
sig: B1v

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
wln 0077
wln 0078
wln 0079
wln 0080
wln 0081
wln 0082
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wln 0104
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wln 0106
wln 0107
wln 0108
wln 0109
wln 0110
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 favors 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 groat,
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 labor 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 mold;
The wealth *moor*, that in the *Eastern* rocks

img: 5-b
sig: B2r

wln 0112
wln 0113
wln 0114

Without control can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones:
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight,

wln 0115
wln 0116
wln 0117
wln 0118
wln 0119
wln 0120
wln 0121
wln 0122
wln 0123
wln 0124
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wln 0146
wln 0147
wln 0148

Bags of fiery *Opals*, *Sapphires*, *Amethysts*,
Jacinths, hard *Topaz*, grass-green *Emeralds*,
Beauteous *Rubies*, sparkling *Diamonds*,
And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
As one of them indifferently rated,
And of a Carat of this quantity,
May serve in peril of calamity
To ransom great Kings from captivity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth:
And thus methinks should men of judgement frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And as their wealth increaseth, so enclose
Infinite riches in a little room.
But now how stands the wind?
Into what corner peers my *Halcyon's* bill?
Ha, to the *East*? yes: See how stands the Vanes?
East and by-*South*: why then I hope my ships
I sent for *Egypt* and the bordering Isles
Are gotten up by *Nilus'* winding banks:
Mine Argosy from *Alexandria*,
Loaden with Spice and Silks, now under sail,
Are smoothly gliding down by *Candy* shore
To *Malta*, through our Mediterranean sea.
But who comes hear? How now.

Enter a Merchant.

Merchant *Barabas*, thy ships are safe,
Riding in *Malta* Rhode: And all the Merchants
With other Merchandise are safe arrived,
And have sent me to know whether yourself
Will come and custom them.

Jew. The ships are safe thou sayest, and richly fraught.

Merchant They are.

Jew. Why then go bid them come ashore,
And bring with them their bills of entry:

img: 6-a
sig: B2v

wln 0149
wln 0150
wln 0151
wln 0152
wln 0153
wln 0154
wln 0155
wln 0156
wln 0157
wln 0158
wln 0159
wln 0160
wln 0161
wln 0162

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

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wln 0164
wln 0165
wln 0166
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wln 0184
wln 0185

img: 6-b
sig: B3r

wln 0186
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wln 0208
wln 0209
wln 0210

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.

Exit.

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?
Or who is honored 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,

wln 0211
wln 0212
wln 0213
wln 0214
wln 0215
wln 0216
wln 0217
wln 0218
wln 0219
wln 0220
wln 0221
wln 0222

img: 7-a
sig: B3v

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 scambled 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:

wln 0223
wln 0224
wln 0225
wln 0226
wln 0227
wln 0228
wln 0229
wln 0230
wln 0231
wln 0232
wln 0233
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wln 0256
wln 0257
wln 0258

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?
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*;

Aside.

wln 0259

img: 7-b
sig: B4r

With whom they have attempted many times,

wln 0260

But never could effect their Stratagem.

wln 0261

3 Jew And very wisely said, it may be so.

wln 0262

2 Jew But there's a meeting in the Senate-house,

wln 0263

And all the Jews in *Malta* must be there.

wln 0264

Jew. Umh; All the Jews in *Malta* must be there?

wln 0265

Ay, like enough, why then let every man

wln 0266

Provide him, and be there for fashion-sake.

wln 0267

If any thing shall there concern our state

wln 0268

Assure yourselves I'll look unto myself.

aside,

wln 0269

1 Jew I know you will; well brethren let us go.

wln 0270

2 Jew Let's take our leaves; Farewell good *Barabas*.

wln 0271

Jew. Do so; Farewell *Zaareth*, farewell *Temainte*.

wln 0272

And *Barabas* now search this secret out.

wln 0273

Summon thy senses, call thy wits together:

wln 0274

These silly men mistake the matter clean.

wln 0275

Long to the *Turk* did *Malta* contribute;

wln 0276

Which Tribute all in policy, I fear,

wln 0277

The *Turks* have let increase to such a sum,

wln 0278

As all the wealth of *Malta* cannot pay;

wln 0279

And now by that advantage thinks, belike,

wln 0280

To seize upon the Town: Ay, that he seeks.

wln 0281

Howe'er the world go, I'll make sure for one,

wln 0282

And seek in time to intercept the worst,

wln 0283

Warily guarding that which I ha' got.

wln 0284

Ego mihimet sum semper proximus.

wln 0285

Why let 'em enter, let 'em take the Town.

wln 0286

Enter Governors of Malta, Knights met by

wln 0287

Bassoos of the Turk; Calymath.

wln 0288

Governor Now Bassoos, what demand you at our hands?

wln 0289

Bashaw Know Knights of Malta, that we came from *Rhodes*

wln 0290

From *Cyprus*, *Candy*, and those other Isles

wln 0291

That lie betwixt the Mediterranean seas.

wln 0292

Governor What's *Cyprus*, *Candy*, and those other Isles

wln 0293

To us, or *Malta*? What at our hands demand ye?

wln 0294

Calymath The ten years tribute that remains unpaid.

wln 0295

Governor Alas, my Lord, the sum is overgreat,

I hope your Highness will consider us.

img: 8-a

sig: B4v

wln 0297

Calymath I wish, grave Governors 'twere in my power

wln 0298

To favor you, but 'tis my father's cause,

wln 0299

Wherein I may not, nay I dare not dally.

wln 0300

Governor Then give us leave, great *Selim-Calymath*.

wln 0301

Calymath Stand all aside, and let the Knights determine,

wln 0302

And send to keep our Galleys under-sail,

wln 0303

For happily we shall not tarry here:

wln 0304

Now Governors how are you resolved?

wln 0305
wln 0306
wln 0307
wln 0308
wln 0309
wln 0310
wln 0311
wln 0312
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wln 0332
wln 0333

img: 8-b
sig: C1r

wln 0334
wln 0335
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wln 0337
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wln 0340
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wln 0343
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wln 0349
wln 0350
wln 0351
wln 0352

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.

1 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?

1 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,

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.

wln 0353
wln 0354
wln 0355
wln 0356
wln 0357
wln 0358
wln 0359
wln 0360
wln 0361
wln 0362
wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368
wln 0369
wln 0370

img: 9-a
sig: C1v

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!

wln 0371
wln 0372
wln 0373
wln 0374
wln 0375
wln 0376
wln 0377
wln 0378
wln 0379
wln 0380
wln 0381
wln 0382
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wln 0395
wln 0396
wln 0397
wln 0398
wln 0399
wln 0400

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?
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,

wln 0401
wln 0402
wln 0403
wln 0404
wln 0405
wln 0406
wln 0407

img: 9-b
sig: C2r

'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?

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

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 harbor 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 labor 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.
Barabas Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong:

img: 10-a
sig: C2v

wln 0445

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

wln 0446
wln 0447
wln 0448
wln 0449
wln 0450
wln 0451
wln 0452
wln 0453
wln 0454
wln 0455
wln 0456
wln 0457
wln 0458
wln 0459
wln 0460
wln 0461
wln 0462
wln 0463
wln 0464
wln 0465
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wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472
wln 0473
wln 0474
wln 0475
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
wln 0489
wln 0490
wln 0491
wln 0492
wln 0493

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 laboring 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,
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,

wln 0494
wln 0495
wln 0496
wln 0497
wln 0498
wln 0499
wln 0500
wln 0501
wln 0502
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img: 11-a
sig: C3v

wln 0519
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wln 0539
wln 0540
wln 0541

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 mold 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.
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?

wln 0542
wln 0543
wln 0544
wln 0545
wln 0546
wln 0547
wln 0548
wln 0549
wln 0550
wln 0551
wln 0552
wln 0553
wln 0554
wln 0555

img: 11-b
sig: C4r

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?

wln 0556
wln 0557
wln 0558
wln 0559
wln 0560
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wln 0587
wln 0588
wln 0589

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.
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.

wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592

img: 12-a
sig: C4v

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

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 laboring 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

wln 0630
wln 0631
wln 0632
wln 0633
wln 0634

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.

wln 0635
wln 0636
wln 0637
wln 0638
wln 0639
wln 0640
wln 0641
wln 0642
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wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666

img: 13-a
sig: D1v

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

wln 0673
wln 0674
wln 0675
wln 0676
wln 0677
wln 0678
wln 0679
wln 0680
wln 0681

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!

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,

The board is marked thus that covers it.

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.*

Becomes it Jews to be so credulous,

Tomorrow early I'll be at the door.

No come not at me, if thou wilt be damned,

Forget me, see me not, and so be gone.

Farewell, Remember tomorrow morning.

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

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.

Lodowick Why how now Don *Mathias*, in a dump?

Mathias Believe me, Noble *Lodowick*, I have seen
The strangest sight, in my opinion,
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,

*Whispers
to her.*

aside to her.

aside to her.

aside.

wln 0682
wln 0683
wln 0684
wln 0685
wln 0686
wln 0687
wln 0688
wln 0689
wln 0690
wln 0691
wln 0692
wln 0693
wln 0694
wln 0695
wln 0696
wln 0697

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
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings;
Waxed and tormented runs poor *Barabas*
With fatal curses towards these Christians.
The incertain pleasures of swift-footed time
Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair;
And of my former riches rests no more
But bare remembrance; like a soldier's scar,
That has no further comfort for his maim.
Oh thou that with a fiery pillar led'st
The sons of *Israel* through the dismal shades,
Light *Abraham's* offspring; and direct the hand
Of *Abigall* this night; or let the day
Turn to eternal darkness after this:
No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes,
Nor quiet enter my distempered thoughts,
Till I have answer of my *Abigall*.

wln 0719

Enter Abigall above.

wln 0720

Abigall Now have I happily espied a time
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.

wln 0721

wln 0722

wln 0723

wln 0724

wln 0725

wln 0726

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

wln 0727
wln 0728
wln 0729
wln 0730
wln 0731

img: 14-a
sig: D2v

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

wln 0732
wln 0733
wln 0734
wln 0735
wln 0736
wln 0737
wln 0738
wln 0739
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wln 0767
wln 0768

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 'It?
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 practice 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

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?

wln 0772
wln 0773
wln 0774
wln 0775
wln 0776
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wln 0805

img: 15-a
sig: D3v

wln 0806
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wln 0818
wln 0819

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 honor'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.

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;
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

wln 0820
wln 0821
wln 0822
wln 0823
wln 0824
wln 0825
wln 0826
wln 0827
wln 0828
wln 0829
wln 0830
wln 0831
wln 0832
wln 0833
wln 0834
wln 0835
wln 0836
wln 0837
wln 0838
wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842

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
wln 0862
wln 0863
wln 0864
wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867

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,
Honor 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:

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,
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.

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

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

wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882
wln 0883
wln 0884
wln 0885
wln 0886
wln 0887
wln 0888
wln 0889
wln 0890
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wln 0910
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wln 0912
wln 0913
wln 0914
wln 0915

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 honor — 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
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.

wln 0916

img: 16-b
sig: E1r

Barabas No, but I do it through a burning zeal,

wln 0917

*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.

wln 0919

wln 0920

As for the Diamond, Sir, I told you of,
Come home and there's no price shall make us part,
Even for your Honorable father's sake.

wln 0921

wln 0922

wln 0923

It shall go hard but I will see your death, aside.

wln 0924

But now I must be gone to buy a slave.

wln 0925

Lodowick And, *Barabas*, I'll bear thee company.

wln 0926

Barabas Come then, here's the marketplace; what's the price
Of this slave, 200 Crowns? Do the *Turk* weigh so much?

wln 0927

wln 0928

Officer Sir, that's his price.

wln 0929

Barabas What, can he steal that you demand so much?

wln 0930

Belike he has some new trick for a purse;

wln 0931

And if he has, he is worth 300 plots.

wln 0932

So that, being bought, the Town-seal might be got

wln 0933

To keep him for his lifetime from the gallows.

wln 0934

The session's day is critical to thieves,

wln 0935

And few or none scape but by being purged.

wln 0936

Lodowick Ratest thou this *moor* but at 200 plots?

wln 0937

I Officer No more, my Lord.

wln 0938

Barabas Why should this *Turk* be dearer than that *moor*?

wln 0939

Officer Because he is young and has more qualities.

wln 0940

Barabas What, hast the philosopher's stone? and thou hast,
Break my head with it, I'll forgive thee.

wln 0941

Ithamore No Sir, I can cut and shave.

wln 0942

Barabas Let me see, sirrah, are you not an old shaver?

wln 0943

Ithamore Alas, Sir, I am a very youth.

wln 0944

Barabas A youth? I'll buy you, and marry you to Lady vanity
If you do well.

wln 0945

Ithamore I will serve you, Sir.

wln 0946

Barabas Some wicked trick or other. It may be under color
Of shaving, thou 'lt cut my throat for my goods.

wln 0947

Tell me, hast thou thy health well?

wln 0948

Ithamore Ay, passing well.

wln 0949

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 0950

wln 0951

wln 0952

wln 0953

img: 17-a
sig: E1v

wln 0954

Will maintain you in these chops; let me see one

wln 0955

That's somewhat leaner.

wln 0956

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

wln 0957

Barabas Where was thou born?

wln 0958

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

wln 0959

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

wln 0960

wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963
wln 0964
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wln 0984
wln 0985
wln 0986
wln 0987
wln 0988
wln 0989
wln 0990

img: 17-b
sig: E2r

wln 0991
wln 0992
wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995
wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
wln 1002
wln 1003
wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006
wln 1007
wln 1008

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.

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;

wln 1009 That I may, walking in my Gallery,
wln 1010 See 'em go pinioned along by my door.
wln 1011 Being young I studied Physic, and began
wln 1012 To practice first upon the *Italian*;
wln 1013 There I enriched the Priests with burials,
wln 1014 And always kept the Sexton's arms in ure
wln 1015 With digging graves and ringing dead men's knees:
wln 1016 And after that was I an engineer,
wln 1017 And in the wars 'twixt *France* and *Germany*,
wln 1018 Under pretence of helping *Charles* the fifth,
wln 1019 Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems.
wln 1020 Then after that was I an Usurer,
wln 1021 And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
wln 1022 And tricks belonging unto Brokery,
wln 1023 I filled the Jails with Bankrupts in a year,
wln 1024 And with young Orphans planted Hospitals,
wln 1025 And every Moon made some or other mad,
wln 1026 And now and then one hang himself for grief,
wln 1027 Pinning upon his breast a long great Scroll

img: 18-a
sig: E2v

wln 1028 How I with interest tormented him.
wln 1029 But mark how I am blessed for plaguing them,
wln 1030 I have as much coin as will buy the Town.
wln 1031 But tell me now, How hast thou spent thy time?
wln 1032 *Ithamore* Faith, Master, in setting Christian villages on fire,
wln 1033 Chaining of Eunuchs, binding galley-slaves.
wln 1034 One time I was an ostler in an Inn,
wln 1035 And in the night-time secretly would I steal
wln 1036 To travelers' Chambers, and there cut their throats:
wln 1037 Once at *Jerusalem*, where the pilgrims kneeled,
wln 1038 I strewed powder on the Marble stones,
wln 1039 And therewithal their knees would rankle, so
wln 1040 That I have laughed agood to see the cripples
wln 1041 Go limping home to Christendom on stilts.
wln 1042 *Barabas* Why this is something: make account of me
wln 1043 As of thy fellow; we are villains both:
wln 1044 Both circumcised, we hate Christians both:
wln 1045 Be true and secret, thou shalt want no gold.
wln 1046 But stand aside, here comes Don *Lodowick*.
wln 1047 *Enter Lodowick.*
wln 1048 *Lodowick* Oh *Barabas* well met; where is the Diamond
wln 1049 You told me of?
wln 1050 *Barabas* I have it for you, Sir; please you walk in with me:
wln 1051 What, ho, *Abigall*; open the door I say.
wln 1052 *Enter Abigall.*
wln 1053 *Abigall* In good time, father, here are letters come
wln 1054 From *Ormus*, and the Post stays here within.
wln 1055 *Barabas* Give me the letters, daughter, do you hear?
wln 1056 Entertain *Lodowick* the Governor's son

wln 1057
wln 1058
wln 1059
wln 1060
wln 1061
wln 1062
wln 1063
wln 1064

img: 18-b
sig: E3r

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.

wln 1065
wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072
wln 1073
wln 1074
wln 1075
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wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101

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*!
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.

img: 19-a
sig: E3v

wln 1102
wln 1103
wln 1104
wln 1105
wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115
wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122

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.

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
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148

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*?
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.

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

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
wln 1191
wln 1192
wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196

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 color 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.
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:
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?

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

Abigail 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

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

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*

wln 1220

Actus Tertius.

wln 1221

Enter a Courtesan.

wln 1222
wln 1223
wln 1224
wln 1225
wln 1226
wln 1227
wln 1228
wln 1229
wln 1230
wln 1231
wln 1232
wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236
wln 1237
wln 1238

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;
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?

wln 1239
wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243

img: 21-a
sig: F1v

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

wln 1244

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

wln 1245

Enter Ithamore.

wln 1246

Courtesan Hide the bag.

wln 1247

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

wln 1248

Zounds what a looking thou keepest,

wln 1249

Thou 'lt betray's anon.

wln 1250

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

wln 1251

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

wln 1252

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

wln 1253

Well, I have delivered the challenge in such sort,

wln 1254

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

wln 1255

Exit.

wln 1256

Enter Mathias.

wln 1257

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

wln 1258

Whether *Mathias* holds her dear or no.

wln 1259

Enter Lodowick reading.

wln 1260

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

wln 1261

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

wln 1262

Fight: Enter Barabas above.

wln 1263

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

wln 1264

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

wln 1265

So now they have showed themselves to be tall fellows.

wln 1266

Within, Part 'em, part 'em.

wln 1267

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

wln 1268

Exit.

wln 1269

Enter Governor. Mater.

wln 1270

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

wln 1271

These arms of mine shall be thy Sepulcher.

wln 1272

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

wln 1273

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

wln 1274

Wretched *Ferneze* might have venged thy death.

wln 1275

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

wln 1276

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

wln 1277

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

wln 1278

Governor Oh that my sighs could turn to lively breath;

wln 1279

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

wln 1280

Mater. Who made them enemies?

img: 21-b
sig: F2r

wln 1281

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

wln 1282

Mater My son loved thine.

wln 1283

Governor And so did *Lodowick* him.

wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
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wln 1314
wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317

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?

img: 22-a
sig: F2v

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*?

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?

wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331

wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
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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
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379

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 favor severally,
That by my favor they should both be slain?
Admit thou lov'dst 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 labor 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.
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.

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
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wln 1419
wln 1420
wln 1421
wln 1422
wln 1423
wln 1424
wln 1425
wln 1426
wln 1427

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.
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;

wln 1428

img: 23-b
sig: F4r

Here take my keys, I'll give 'em thee anon:

wln 1429

Go buy thee garments: but thou shalt not want:

wln 1430

Only know this, that thus thou art to do:

wln 1431

But first go fetch me in the pot of Rice

wln 1432

That for our supper stands upon the fire.

wln 1433

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

wln 1434

Exit:

wln 1435

Barabas Thus every villain ambles after wealth

wln 1436

Although he ne'er be richer than in hope:

wln 1437

But hush 't.

wln 1438

Enter Ithamore with the pot.

wln 1439

Ithamore Here 'tis, Master.

wln 1440

Barabas Well said, *Ithamore*; what hast thou brought

wln 1441

The Ladle with thee too?

wln 1442

Ithamore Yes, Sir, the proverb says, he that eats with the devil

wln 1443

Had need of a long spoon, I have brought you a Ladle.

wln 1444

Barabas Very well, *Ithamore*, then now be secret;

wln 1445

And for thy sake, whom I so dear love,

wln 1446

Now shalt thou see the death of *Abigall*,

wln 1447

That thou mayst freely live to be my heir.

wln 1448

Ithamore Why, master, will you poison her with a mess of rice

wln 1449

Porridge that will preserve life, make her round and plump,

wln 1450

And batten more than you are aware.

wln 1451

Barabas Ay but *Ithamore* seest thou this?

wln 1452

It is a precious powder that I bought

wln 1453

Of an *Italian* in *Ancona* once,

wln 1454

Whose operation is to bind, infect,

wln 1455

And poison deeply: yet not appear

wln 1456

In forty hours after it is ta'en.

wln 1457

Ithamore How master?

wln 1458

Barabas Thus *Ithamore*:

wln 1459

This Even they use in *Malta* here ('tis called

wln 1460

Saint *Jaques*' Even) and then I say they use

wln 1461

To send their Alms unto the Nunneries:

wln 1462

Among the rest bear this, and set it there;

wln 1463

There's a dark entry where they take it in,

wln 1464

Where they must neither see the messenger,

wln 1465

Nor make enquiry who hath sent it them.

img: 24-a
sig: F4v

wln 1466

Ithamore How so?

wln 1467

Barabas Belike there is some Ceremony in 't.

wln 1468

There *Ithamore* must thou go place this plot:

wln 1469

Stay, let me spice it first.

wln 1470

Ithamore Pray do, and let me help you Master Pray let me taste first.

wln 1471

Barabas prithee do: what sayest thou now?

wln 1472

Ithamore Troth Master I'm loath such a pot of pottage should be spoiled.

wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475
wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478
wln 1479
wln 1480
wln 1481
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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
wln 1513
wln 1514
wln 1515
wln 1516
wln 1517
wln 1518
wln 1519

Barabas Peace, *Ithamore*, 'tis better so than spared.
Assure thyself thou shalt have broth by the eye.
My purse, my Coffer, 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:
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 refluence.

Bashaw Well, Governor, since thou hast broke the league

wln 1520
wln 1521
wln 1522
wln 1523
wln 1524
wln 1525
wln 1526
wln 1527
wln 1528
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
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wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566
wln 1567

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 offense 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;
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:

wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571
wln 1572
wln 1573
wln 1574
wln 1575

img: 25-b
sig: G2r

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

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

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
wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606

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.
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,

img: 26-a
sig: G2v

wln 1607

They'll die with grief.

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

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 diabole.*
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
wln 1648
wln 1649
wln 1650
wln 1651
wln 1652
wln 1653
wln 1654
wln 1655

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?
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,

wln 1656
wln 1657
wln 1658
wln 1659
wln 1660
wln 1661
wln 1662
wln 1663
wln 1664
wln 1665
wln 1666
wln 1667
wln 1668
wln 1669
wln 1670
wln 1671
wln 1672
wln 1673
wln 1674
wln 1675
wln 1676
wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680

img: 27-a
sig: G3v

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
wln 1696
wln 1697
wln 1698
wln 1699
wln 1700
wln 1701
wln 1702
wln 1703

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 —
1 *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.
1 *Barabas* I know they are, and I will be with you.
1 *Friar* They wear no shirts, and they go barefoot too.
1 *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.
1 *Barabas* You see I answer him, and yet he stays;
Rid him away, and go you home with me.

2 *Friar* I'll be with you tonight.
1 *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?
1 *Ithamore* Part 'em, master, part 'em.
1 *Barabas* This is mere frailty, brothers, be content.
1 *Friar Bernadine* go you with *Ithamore*.
1 *Ithamore* You know my mind, let me alone with him;
Why does he go to thy house, let him begone.
1 *Barabas* I'll give him something and so stop his mouth.

Fight.

Exit.

I never heard of any man but he
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.
1 *Friar* But *Barabas* who shall be your godfathers,
For presently you shall be shrived.
1 *Barabas* Marry the *Turk* shall be one of my godfathers,

wln 1704
wln 1705
wln 1706
wln 1707
wln 1708
wln 1709
wln 1710
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
wln 1727
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wln 1742
wln 1743
wln 1744
wln 1745
wln 1746

wln 1747
wln 1748
wln 1749
wln 1750

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.

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.

Barabas Who would not think but that this Friar lived?
What time a night is 't now, sweet *Ithamore*?

Ithamore Towards one.

Enter Jacomo.

wln 1751

wln 1752

wln 1753

img: 28-a
sig: G4v

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

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

wln 1778

wln 1779

wln 1780

wln 1781

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
sig: H1r

wln 1790

wln 1791

wln 1792

wln 1793

wln 1794

wln 1795

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.

wln 1796
wln 1797
wln 1798
wln 1799
wln 1800
wln 1801
wln 1802
wln 1803
wln 1804
wln 1805
wln 1806
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wln 1818
wln 1819
wln 1820
wln 1821
wln 1822
wln 1823
wln 1824
wln 1825
wln 1826

img: 29-a
sig: H1v

wln 1827
wln 1828
wln 1829
wln 1830
wln 1831
wln 1832
wln 1833
wln 1834
wln 1835
wln 1836
wln 1837
wln 1838
wln 1839
wln 1840
wln 1841
wln 1842
wln 1843

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

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.
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.

wln 1844
wln 1845
wln 1846
wln 1847
wln 1848
wln 1849
wln 1850
wln 1851
wln 1852
wln 1853
wln 1854

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
wln 1883
wln 1884
wln 1885
wln 1886
wln 1887
wln 1888
wln 1889
wln 1890

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.
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 jeweler 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;

wln 1891
wln 1892
wln 1893
wln 1894
wln 1895
wln 1896
wln 1897
wln 1898
wln 1899

img: 30-a
sig: H2v

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*?

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 gray 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,
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*!

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
wln 1957
wln 1958
wln 1959
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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
wln 1976
wln 1977
wln 1978
wln 1979
wln 1980
wln 1981
wln 1982
wln 1983

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,
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?

wln 1984
wln 1985
wln 1986
wln 1987
wln 1988
wln 1989
wln 1990
wln 1991
wln 1992
wln 1993
wln 1994
wln 1995
wln 1996
wln 1997
wln 1998
wln 1999
wln 2000
wln 2001
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
wln 2024
wln 2025
wln 2026
wln 2027
wln 2028
wln 2029
wln 2030
wln 2031

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 KnaveIy 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.

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.

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

wln 2048
wln 2049
wln 2050
wln 2051

wln 2052
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wln 2055
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wln 2068
wln 2069
wln 2070
wln 2071

wln 2072
wln 2073
wln 2074

wln 2075
wln 2076
wln 2077

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

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.*

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

When he hanged himself.

Barabas 'Twas sent me for a present from the great *Cham*. *aside*

Pilia-borza A masty slave he is;

Whither now, Fiddler?

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

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

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

wln 2078
wln 2079
wln 2080
wln 2081
wln 2082

img: 32-b
sig: 11r

Ithamore No, I'll send by word of mouth now;
Bid him deliver thee a thousand Crowns, by the same
Token, that the Nuns loved Rice, that friar *Bernardine*
Slept in his own clothes,
Any of 'em will do it.

wln 2083
wln 2084
wln 2085

Pilia-borza Let me alone to urge it now I know the meaning.
Ithamore The meaning has a meaning; come let's in:
To undo a Jew is charity, and not sin. *Exeunt.*

wln 2086

Actus Quintus.

wln 2087

Enter Governor. Knights. Martin Del Bosco.

wln 2088
wln 2089
wln 2090
wln 2091
wln 2092
wln 2093
wln 2094
wln 2095
wln 2096
wln 2097
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wln 2109
wln 2110
wln 2111
wln 2112

Governor NOW, Gentlemen, betake you to your Arms,
And see that *Malta* be well fortified;
And it behoves you to be resolute;
For *Calymath* having hovered here so long,
Will win the Town, or die before the walls.
Knight And die he shall, for we will never yield.
Enter Courtesan, Pilia-borza.
Courtesan Oh bring us to the Governor.
Governor Away with her, she is a Courtesan.
Courtesan Whate'er I am, yet Governor hear me speak;
I bring thee news by whom thy son was slain:
Mathias did it not, it was the Jew.
Pilia-borza Who, besides the slaughter of these Gentlemen,
Poisoned his own daughter and the Nuns,
Strangled a Friar, and I know not what
Mischief beside.
Governor Had we but proof of this.
Courtesan Strong proof, my Lord, his man's now at my
Lodging that was his Agent, he'll confess it all.
Governor Go fetch him straight, I always feared that Jew.
Enter Jew, Ithamore.
Barabas I'll go alone, dogs do not hale me thus.
Ithamore Nor me neither, I cannot outrun you Constable, o my belly.
Barabas One dram of powder more had made all sure,
What a damned slave was I?

img: 33-a
sig: 11v

wln 2113
wln 2114
wln 2115
wln 2116

Governor Make fires, heat irons, let the rack be fetched.
Knight Nay stay, my Lord, 't may be he will confess.
Barabas Confess; what mean you, Lords, who should confess?
Governor Thou and thy Turk; 'twas you that slew my son.

wln 2117
wln 2118
wln 2119
wln 2120
wln 2121
wln 2122
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wln 2146
wln 2147
wln 2148

img: 33-b
sig: I2r

Ithamore Guilty, my Lord, I confess; your son and *Mathias*
Were both contracted unto *Abigall*,
Forged a counterfeit challenge.

Jew. Who carried that challenge?

Ithamore I carried it, I confess, but who writ it?
Marry even he that strangled *Bernardine*, poisoned the
Nuns, and his own daughter.

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

Barabas For what, you men of *Malta*, hear me speak;
She is a Courtesan and he a thief,
And he my bondman, let me have law,
For none of this can prejudice my life:

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

Barabas devils do your worst, I live in spite of you.
As these have spoke so be it to their souls:
I hope the poisoned flowers will work anon.

Exit.

Enter Mater.

Mater. Was my *Mathias* murdered by the Jew?
Ferneze, 'twas thy son that murdered him.

Governor Be patient, gentle Madam, it was he,
He forged the daring challenge made them fight.

Mater Where is the Jew, where is that murderer?

Governor In prison till the Law has passed on him.

Enter Officer.

Officer My Lord, the Courtesan and her man are dead;
So is the Turk, and *Barabas* the Jew.

Governor Dead?

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

Bosco. This sudden death of his is very strange.

Governor Wonder not at it, Sir, the heavens are just:
Their deaths were like their lives, then think not of 'em
Since they are dead, let them be buried.

For the Jew's body, throw that o'er the walls,
To be a prey for Vultures and wild beasts.
So, now away and fortify the Town.

Exeunt.

Barabas What, all alone? well fare sleepy drink.
I'll be revenged on this accursed Town;
For by my means *Calymath* shall enter in.
I'll help to slay their children and their wives,
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.

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wln 2150
wln 2151
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wln 2185

img: 34-a
sig: I2v

wln 2186
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wln 2210
wln 2211
wln 2212

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,

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,
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

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
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wln 2255
wln 2256
wln 2257
wln 2258
wln 2259

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 labors 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,
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:

img: 35-a

wln 2260 And as for *Malta's* ruin, think you not
 wln 2261 'Twere slender policy for *Barabas*
 wln 2262 To dispossess himself of such a place?
 wln 2263 For sith, as once you said, within this I'll
 wln 2264 In *Malta* here, that I have got my goods,
 wln 2265 And in this City still have had success,
 wln 2266 And now at length am grown your Governor,
 wln 2267 Yourselves shall see it shall not be forgot:
 wln 2268 For as a friend not known, but in distress,
 wln 2269 I'll rear up *Malta* now remediless.
 wln 2270 *Governor* Will *Barabas* recover *Malta's* loss?
 wln 2271 Will *Barabas* be good to Christians?
 wln 2272 *Barabas* What wilt thou give me, Governor, to procure
 wln 2273 A dissolution of the slavish Bands
 wln 2274 Wherein the Turk hath yoked your land and you?
 wln 2275 What will you give me if I render you
 wln 2276 The life of *Calymath*, surprise his men,
 wln 2277 And in an outhouse of the City shut
 wln 2278 His soldiers, till I have consumed 'em all with fire?
 wln 2279 What will you give him that procureth this?
 wln 2280 *Governor* Do but bring this to pass which thou pretendest,
 wln 2281 Deal truly with us as thou intimatest,
 wln 2282 And I will send amongst the Citizens
 wln 2283 And by my letters privately procure
 wln 2284 Great sums of money for thy recompense:
 wln 2285 Nay more, do this, and live thou Governor still.
 wln 2286 *Barabas* Nay, do thou this, *Ferneze*, and be free;
 wln 2287 Governor, I enlarge thee, live with me,
 wln 2288 Go walk about the City, see thy friends:
 wln 2289 Tush, send not letters to 'em, go thyself,
 wln 2290 And let me see what money thou canst make;
 wln 2291 Here is my hand that I'll set *Malta* free:
 wln 2292 And thus we cast it: To a solemn feast
 wln 2293 I will invite young *Selim-Calymath*,
 wln 2294 Where be thou present only to perform
 wln 2295 One stratagem that I'll impart to thee,
 wln 2296 Wherein no danger shall betide thy life,

wln 2297 And I will warrant *Malta* free for ever.
 wln 2298 *Governor* Here is my hand, believe me, *Barabas*,
 wln 2299 I will be there, and do as thou desirest;
 wln 2300 When is the time?
 wln 2301 *Barabas* Governor, presently.
 wln 2302 For *Calymath*, when he hath viewed the Town,
 wln 2303 Will take his leave and sail toward, *Ottoman*,
 wln 2304 *Governor* Then will I, *Barabas*, about this coin,
 wln 2305 And bring it with me to thee in the evening.

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wln 2352
wln 2353

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,
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;

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wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366
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wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370

img: 36-b
sig: K1r

wln 2371
wln 2372
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wln 2401

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
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.

wln 2402
wln 2403
wln 2404
wln 2405
wln 2406
wln 2407

img: 37-a
sig: K1v

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wln 2439
wln 2440
wln 2441
wln 2442
wln 2443
wln 2444

img: 37-b
sig: K2r

wln 2445
wln 2446

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 kindly 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?

Barabas Will 't please thee, mighty *Selim-Calymath*,
To ascend our homely stairs?

Calymath Ay, *Barabas*, come Bashaws, attend.

Governor Stay, *Calymath*;

For I will show thee greater courtesy
Than *Barabas* would have afforded thee.

wln 2447 *Knight* Sound a charge there. *A charge, the cable cut,*
wln 2448 *Calymath* How now, what means this *A Cauldron discovered.*
wln 2449 *Barabas* Help, help me, Christians, help.
wln 2450 *Governor* See *Calymath*, this was devised for thee.
wln 2451 *Calymath* Treason, treason Bashaws, fly.
wln 2452 *Governor* No, *Selim*, do not fly;
wln 2453 See his end first, and fly then if thou canst.
wln 2454 *Barabas* Oh help me, *Selim*, help me, Christians.
wln 2455 Governor, why stand you all so pitiless?
wln 2456 *Governor* Should I in pity of thy complaints or thee,
wln 2457 Accursed *Barabas*; base Jew relent:
wln 2458 No, thus I'll see thy treachery repaid,
wln 2459 But wish thou hadst behaved thee otherwise.
wln 2460 *Barabas* You will not help me then?
wln 2461 *Governor* No, villain, no.
wln 2462 *Barabas* And villains, know you cannot help me now.
wln 2463 Then *Barabas* breathe forth thy latest fate,
wln 2464 And in the fury of thy torments, strive
wln 2465 To end thy life with resolution:
wln 2466 Know, Governor, 'twas I that slew thy son;
wln 2467 I framed the challenge that did make them meet:
wln 2468 Know, *Calymath*, I aimed thy overthrow,
wln 2469 And had I but escaped this stratagem,
wln 2470 I would have brought confusion on you all,
wln 2471 Damned Christians, dogs, and Turkish Infidels;
wln 2472 But now begins the extremity of heat
wln 2473 To pinch me with intolerable pangs:
wln 2474 Die life, fly soul, tongue curse thy fill and die:
wln 2475 *Calymath* Tell me, you Christians, what doth this portend?
wln 2476 *Governor* This train he laid to have entrapped thy life;
wln 2477 Now *Selim* note the unhallowed deeds of Jews:
wln 2478 Thus he determined to have handled thee,
wln 2479 But I have rather chose to save thy life.
wln 2480 *Calymath* Was this the banquet he prepared for us?
wln 2481 Let's hence, lest further mischief be pretended.

img: 38-a
sig: K2v

wln 2482 *Governor* Nay, *Selim*, stay, for since we have thee here,
wln 2483 We will not let thee part so suddenly:
wln 2484 Besides, if we should let thee go, all's one,
wln 2485 For with thy Galleys couldst thou not get hence,
wln 2486 Without fresh men to rig and furnish them.
wln 2487 *Calymath* Tush, Governor, take thou no care for that,
wln 2488 My men are all aboard,
wln 2489 And do attend my coming there by this.
wln 2490 *Governor* Why heard'st thou not the trumpet sound a charge?
wln 2491 *Calymath* Yes, what of that?
wln 2492 *Governor* Why then the house was fired,
wln 2493 Blown up, and all thy soldiers massacred.
wln 2494 *Calymath* Oh monstrous treason!

wln 2495
wln 2496
wln 2497
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wln 2506
wln 2507
wln 2508
wln 2509
wln 2510
wln 2511

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.

FINIS.

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

Textual Notes

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