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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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The Famous
TRAGEDY
OF THE RICH JEW
OF MALTA.

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.

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

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

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

Tuissimus:

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

The Prologue spoken at Court.

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

Epilogue.

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

The Prologue to the Stage, at the Cockpit.

WE know not how this Play may pass this Stage, But by the best of Poets in that age The Malta-Jew had being, and was made; And He, then by the best of Actors played: In Hero and Leander, one did gain
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.

Epilogue.

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.

THE  
JEW OF  
MALTA.

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

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.

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

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,
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:

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?
Merchant  Of the Speranza, Sir.
Jew.  And saw'st thou not mine Argosy at Alexandria
Thou couldst not come from Egypt, or by Caire
But at the entry there into the sea,
Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main,
Thou needs must sail by Alexandria.
Merchant  I neither saw them, nor enquired of them.
But this we heard some of our seamen say,
They wondered how you durst with so much wealth
Trust such a crazed Vessel, and so far.
Jew.  Tush; they are wise, I know her and her strength:
By go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy Ship,
And bid my Factor bring his loading in.
And yet I wonder at this Argosy,

Enter a second Merchant.

2 Merchant  Thine Argosy from Alexandria,
Know Barabas doth ride in Malta Rhode.
Laden with riches, and exceeding store
Of Persian silks, of gold, and Orient Pearl:
Jew.  How chance you came not with those other ships
That sailed by Egypt?
2 Merchant  Sir we saw 'em not.
Jew.  Belike they coasted round by Candy shore

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

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,

Aside.

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;
With whom they have attempted many times,

But never could effect their Stratagem.

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

2 Jew  But there’s a meeting in the Senate-house,
And all the Jews in Malta must be there.

Jew.  Uhm; All the Jews in Malta must be there?
Ay, like enough, why then let every man
Provide him, and be there for fashion-sake.
If any thing shall there concern our state
Assure yourselves I’ll look unto myself.  aside,

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

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

Jew.  Do so; Farewell Zaareth, farewell Temainte.

And Barabas now search this secret out.
Summon thy senses, call thy wits together:
These silly men mistake the matter clean.
Long to the Turk did Malta contribute;
Which Tribute all in policy, I fear,
The Turks have let increase to such a sum,
As all the wealth of Malta cannot pay;
And now by that advantage thinks, belike,
To seize upon the Town: Ay, that he seeks.
Howe’er the world go, I’ll make sure for one,
And seek in time to intercept the worst,
Warily guarding that which I ha’ got.

Ego mihimet sum semper proximus.
Why let ’em enter, let ’em take the Town.

Enter Governors of Malta, Knights met by

Bassoes of the Turk; Calymath.

Governor  Now Bassoes, what demand you at our hands?

Bashaw  Know Knights of Malta, that we came from Rhodes
From Cyprus, Candy, and those other Isles
That lie betwixt the Mediterranean seas.

Governor  What’s Cyprus, Candy, and those other Isles
To us, or Malta? What at our hands demand ye?

Calymath  The ten years tribute that remains unpaid.

Governor  Alas, my Lord, the sum is overgreat,
I hope your Highness will consider us.

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

Governor  Then give us leave, great Selim-Calymath.

Calymath  Stand all aside, and let the Knights determine,
And send to keep our Galleys under-sail,
For happily we shall not tarry here:
Now Governors how are you resolved?
Exeunt.
Enter Barabas, and three Jews.

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.
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.

Reader Secondly, he that denies to pay, shall straight become
A Christian.

Barabas How a Christian? Hum, what’s here to do?

Reader Lastly, he that denies this, shall absolutely lose all he has.

All 3 Jews. Oh my Lord we will give half.

Barabas Oh earth-mettled villains, and no Hebrews born!

And will you basely thus submit yourselves
To leave your goods to their arbitrament?

Governor Why Barabas wilt thou be christened?
Barabas No, Governor, I will be no convertite.

Governor Then pay thy half.

Barabas Why know you what you did by this device?
Half of my substance is a City’s wealth.
Governor, it was not got so easily;
Nor will I part so slightly therewithal.

Governor Sir, half is the penalty of our decree,
Either pay that, or we will seize on all.

Barabas Corpo di deo; stay, you shall have half,
Let me be used but as my brothers are.

Governor No, Jew, thou hast denied the Articles,
And now it cannot be recalled.

Barabas Will you then steal my goods?
Is theft the ground of your Religion?

Governor No, Jew, we take particularly thine
To save the ruin of a multitude:
And better one want for a common good,
Than many perish for a private man:
Yet Barabas we will not banish thee,
But here in Malta, where thou got’st thy wealth,
Live still; and if thou canst, get more.

Barabas Christians; what, or how can I multiply?
Of naught is nothing made.

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

Barabas What? bring you Scripture to confirm your wrong?

Preach me not out of my possessions.

Some Jews are wicked, as all Christians are:

But say the Tribe that I descended of

Were all in general cast away for sin,

Shall I be tried by their transgression?

The man that dealeth righteously shall live:

And which of you can charge me otherwise?

Governor Out wretched Barabas, shamest thou not thus

To justify thyself, as if we knew not

Thy profession? If thou rely upon thy righteousness,

Be patient and thy riches will increase.

Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness:

And covetousness, o 'tis a monstrous sin.

Barabas Ay, but theft is worse: tush, take not from me then,

For that is theft; and if you rob me thus,

I must be forced to steal and compass more.

I Knight Grave Governors, list not to his exclaims:

Convert his mansion to a Nunnery,

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:

But take it to you i' th' devil's name.
Governor Come, let us in, and gather of these goods 
The money for this tribute of the Turk.

1 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.

1 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?

1 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.

1 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,
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.

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 then 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 exclaims 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?
Barabas    In my house my girl.
Abigall    Then shall they ne’er be seen of Barabas:

For they have seized upon thy house and wares.
Barabas    But they will give me leave once more, I trow,
           To go into my house.
Abigall    That may they not:

For there I left the Governor placing Nuns,
Displacing me; and of thy house they mean
To make a Nunnery, where none but their own sect
Must enter in; men generally barred.
Barabas    My gold, my gold, and all my wealth is gone.

You partial heavens, have I deserved this plague?
What will you thus oppose me, luckless Stars,
To make me desperate in my poverty?

And knowing me impatient in distress
Think me so mad as I will hang myself,
That I may vanish o’er the earth in air,
And leave no memory that e’er I was.
No, I will live; nor loathe I this my life:
And since you leave me in the Ocean thus
To sink or swim, and put me to my shifts,
I’ll rouse my senses, and awake myself.
Daughter, I have it: thou perceivest the plight
Wherein these Christians have oppressed me:
Be ruled by me, for in extremity
We ought to make bar of no policy.
Abigall    Father, whate’er it be to injure them
That have so manifestly wronged us,
What will not Abigall attempt?
Barabas    Why so; then thus, thou toldst me they have turned my house
Into a Nunnery, and some Nuns are there.
Abigall    I did.
Barabas    Then Abigall, there must my girl
Entreat the Abbess to be entertained.
Abigall    How, as a Nun?
Barabas    Ay, Daughter, for Religion
Hides many mischiefs from suspicion.
Abigall    Ay, but father they will suspect me there.
Barabas    Let ’em suspect, but be thou so precise
As they may think it done of Holiness.
Entreat ’em fair, and give them friendly speech,
And seem to them as if thy sins were great,
Till thou hast gotten to be entertained.
Abigall    Thus father shall I much dissemble.
Barabas    Tush, as good dissemble that thou never meanest
As first mean truth, and then dissemble it,
A counterfeit profession is better
Than unseen hypocrisy.
Abigall  Well father, say I be entertained,
What then shall follow?

Barabas  This shall follow then;

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,

And let me lodge where I was wont to lie,
I do not doubt by your divine precepts
And mine own industry, but to profit much.

Barabas  As much I hope as all I hid is worth.  aside.

Abbess  Come daughter, follow us.
Barabas  Why how now Abigall, what mak’st thou
Amongst these hateful Christians?
1 Friar  Hinder her not, thou man of little faith,
For she has mortified herself.
Barabas  How, mortified I!
1 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.
1 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.
\textit{The board is marked thus \dag that covers it},
For I had rather die, then see her thus.
Wilt thou forsake me too in my distress,
Seduced Daughter, \textit{Go forget not.} \hspace{1cm} \textit{aside to her.}
Becomes it Jews to be so credulous,
\textit{Tomorrow early I’ll be at the door.} \hspace{1cm} \textit{aside to her.}
No come not at me, if thou wilt be damned,
Forget me, see me not, and so be gone.
\textit{Farewell, Remember tomorrow morning.} \hspace{1cm} \textit{aside.}
Out, out thou wretch.

\textbf{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.

\textbf{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 \textit{Citherea’s field,}
Cropped from the pleasures of the fruitful earth,
And strangely metamorphized Nun.

Lodowick  But say, What was she?
Mathias  Why the rich Jews daughter.
Lodowick  What Barabas, whose goods were lately seized?

Is she so fair?

Mathias  And matchless beautiful;
As had you seen her 'twould have moved your heart,
Though countermined with walls of brass, to love,

Or at the least to pity.

Lodowick  And if she be so fair as you report,
'Twere time well spent to go and visit her:
How say you, shall we?
Mathias  I must and will, Sir, there's no remedy.
Lodowick  And so will I too, or it shall go hard.

Farewell Mathias.

Mathias  Farewell Lodowick.

Barabas  Thus like the sad presaging Raven that tolls
And in the shadow of the silent night
Thick shake contagion from her sable wings;
Vexed 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.

Enter Abigall above.

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.

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

Actus Secundus.

Enter Barabas with a light.

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;
Vexed 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.

Enter Abigall above.
About the place where Treasure hath been hid:
And now methinks that I am one of those:
For whilst I live, here lives my soul’s sole hope,
And when I die, here shall my spirit walk.

*Abigall*  Now that my father’s fortune were so good

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

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

Who’s there?

*Abigall*  Who’s that?
*Barabas*  Peace, *Abigall,* ’tis I.
*Abigall*  Then father here receive thy happiness.

*Barabas*  Hast thou ’t?
*Abigall*  Here,  *Hugs his bags*

Hast thou ’lt?
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!

*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 Denrith.*  

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

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

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

  1 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 del 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.

  1 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
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 Abigail;
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 Abigail.
  Barabas  Ay, ay, no doubt but she’s at your command.
Lodowick Barabas, thou knowest I am the Governor’s son.

Barabas I would you were his father too, Sir, that’s all the harm

I wish you: the slave looks like a hog’s cheek new singed.

Lodowick Whither walk’st thou Barabas?

Barabas No further: ’tis a custom held with us,

That when we speak with Gentiles like to you,

We turn into the Air to purge ourselves:

For unto us the Promise doth belong.

Lodowick Well, Barabas, canst help me to a Diamond?

Barabas Oh, Sir, your father had my Diamonds.

Yet I have one left that will serve your turn:

I mean my daughter: — but ere he shall have her

I’ll sacrifice her on a pile of wood.

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

Hoping ere long to set the house afire;
For though they do a while increase and multiply,
I’ll have a saying to that Nunnery.
As for the Diamond, Sir, I told you of,
Come home and there’s no price shall make us part,
Even for your Honorable father’s sake.
It shall go hard but I will see your death,

But now I must be gone to buy a slave.

Lodowick     And, Barabas, I’ll bear thee company.
Barabas     Come then, here’s the marketplace; what’s the price

Of this slave, 200 Crowns? Do the Turk weigh so much?
Officer     Sir, that’s his price.
Barabas     What, can he steal that you demand so much?

Belike he has some new trick for a purse;
And if he has, he is worth 300 plots.
So that, being bought, the Town-seal might be got
To keep him for his lifetime from the gallows.
The session’s day is critical to thieves,
And few or none scape but by being purged.

Lodowick     Ratest thou this moor but at 200 plots?
1 Officer     No more, my Lord.
Barabas     Why should this Turk be dearer than that moor?
Officer     Because he is young and has more qualities.
Barabas     What, hast the philosopher’s stone? and thou hast,

Break my head with it, I’ll forgive thee.

Ithamore     No Sir, I can cut and shave.
Barabas     Let me see, sirrah, are you not an old shaver?
Ithamore     Alas, Sir, I am a very youth.
Barabas     A youth? I’ll buy you, and marry you to Lady vanity
If you do well.

Ithamore     I will serve you, Sir.
Barabas     Some wicked trick or other. It may be under color
Of shaving, thou ’lt cut my throat for my goods.
Tell me, hast thou thy health well?

Ithamore     Ay, passing well.
Barabas     So much the worse; I must have one that’s sickly,

And be but for sparing victuals: ’tis not a stone of beef a day

Will maintain you in these chops; let me see one
That’s somewhat leaner.

1 Officer     Here’s a leaner, how like you him?
Barabas     Where was thou born?
Ithamore     In Thrace; brought up in Arabia.
Barabas     So much the better, thou art for my turn,

An hundred Crowns, I’ll have him; there’s the coin.
Enter Mathias, Mater.

Barabas Ay, mark him, you were best, for this is he
That by my help shall do much villany.
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. exeuant

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;
That I may, walking in my Gallery,
See ’em go pinioned along by my door.
Being young I studied Physic, and began
To practice first upon the Italian;
There I enriched the Priests with burials,
And always kept the Sexton’s arms in use
With digging graves and ringing dead men’s knees:
And after that was I an engineer,
And in the wars ’twixt France and Germany,
Under pretence of helping Charles the fifth,
Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems.
Then after that was I an Usurer,
And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
And tricks belonging unto Brokery,
I filled the Jails with Bankrupts in a year,
And with young Orphans planted Hospitals,
And every Moon made some or other mad,
And now and then one hang himself for grief,
Pinning upon his breast a long great Scroll
How I with interest tormented him.
But mark how I am blessed for plagueing them,
I have as much coin as will buy the Town.
But tell me now, How hast thou spent thy time?
   Ithamore    Faith, Master, in setting Christian villages on fire,
Chaining of Eunuchs, binding galley-slaves.
One time I was an ostler in an Inn,
And in the night-time secretly would I steal
To travelers’ Chambers, and there cut their throats:
Once at Jerusalem, where the pilgrims kneeled,
I strewed powder on the Marble stones,
And therewithal their knees would rankle, so
That I have laughed agood to see the cripples
Go limping home to Christendom on stilts.
   Barabas    Why this is something: make account of me
As of thy fellow; we are villains both:
Both circumcised, we hate Christians both:
Be true and secret, thou shalt want no gold.
But stand aside, here comes Don Lodowick.
   Enter Lodowick.

Lodowick    Oh Barabas well met; where is the Diamond
You told me of?
   Barabas    I have it for you, Sir; please you walk in with me:
What, ho, Abigall; open the door I say.
   Enter Abigall.

   Abigall    In good time, father, here are letters come
From Ormus, and the Post stays here within.
   Barabas    Give me the letters, daughter, do you hear?
Entertain Lodowick the Governor’s son
With all the courtesy you can afford; 
Provided, that you keep your Maidenhead. 
Use him as if he were a Philistine. 

Dissemble, swear, protest, vow to love him, 
He is not of the seed of Abraham. 
I am a little busy, Sir, pray pardon me. 
Abigail, bid him welcome for my sake.

    Abigail  For your sake and his own he’s welcome hither.

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

    Abigail  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 Abigail;
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 Abigail?
    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 Abigail:
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 Abigail.

Mathias  I’ll rouse him thence.
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.

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,

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

Actus Tertius.

Enter a Courtesan.

\[\text{Abigail}\] I will have Don Mathias, he is my love.
\[\text{Barabas}\] Yes, you shall have him: Go put her in.
\[\text{Ithamore}\] Ay, I’l put her in.
\[\text{Barabas}\] Now tell me, Ithamore, how lik’st thou this?
\[\text{Ithamore}\] Faith Master, I think by this
You purchase both their lives; is it not so?
\[\text{Barabas}\] True; and it shall be cunningly performed.
\[\text{Ithamore}\] Oh, master, that I might have a hand in this.
\[\text{Barabas}\] 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.
\[\text{Ithamore}\] ’Tis poisoned, is it not?
\[\text{Barabas}\] No, no, and yet it might be done that way:
It is a challenge feigned from Lodowick.
\[\text{Ithamore}\] Fear not, I’ll so set his heart afire, that he

Shall verily think it comes from him.
\[\text{Barabas}\] I cannot choose but like thy readiness:
Yet be not rash, but do it cunningly.
\[\text{Ithamore}\] As I behave myself in this, employ me hereafter.
\[\text{Barabas}\] Away then.
So, now will I go in to Lodowick,
And like a cunning spirit feign some lie,
Till I have set ’em both at enmity.

Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Enter a Courtesan.

\[\text{Pilia-Borza}\] Hold thee, wench, there’s something for thee to spend.
\[\text{Courtesan}\] ’Tis silver, I disdain it.
\[\text{Pilia-Borza}\] Ay, but the Jew has gold,
And I will have it or it shall go hard.
\[\text{Courtesan}\] Tell me, how cam’st thou by this?
Enter Ithamore.

Exit.

Enter Mathias.

Enter Lodowick reading.

Fight: Enter Barabas above.

Enter Governor. Mater.

Pilia-borza  Faith, walking the back lanes through the Gardens
I chanced to cast mine eye up to the Jews countinghouse
Where I saw some bags of money, and in the night I
Clambered up with my hooks, and as I was taking
My choice, I heard a rumbling in the house; so I took

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

Enter Ithamore.

Courtesan  Hide the bag.

Pilia-borza  Look not towards him, let’s away:
Zounds what a looking thou keepest,
Thou ’lt betray’s anon.

Ithamore  O the sweetest face that ever I beheld! I know she is
A Courtesan by her attire: now would I give a hundred
Of the Jew’s Crowns that I had such a Concubine.
Well, I have delivered the challenge in such sort,
As meet they will, and fighting die; brave sport.

Enter Mathias.

Mathias  This is the place, now Abigall shall see
Whether Mathias holds her dear or no.

Enter Lodowick reading.

Mathias  What, dares the villain write in such base terms?
Lodowick  I did it, and revenge it if thou dar’st.

Fight: Enter Barabas above.

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

Now Lodowick, now Mathias, so;
So now they have showed themselves to be tall fellows.

Within,  Part ’em, part ’em.

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

Enter Governor. Mater.

Governor  What sight is this? my Lodowick slain!
These arms of mine shall be thy Sepulcher.

Mater,  Who is this? my son Mathias slain!

Governor  Oh Lodowick! hadst thou perished by the Turk,
Wretched Fernze might have venged thy death.

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

Governor  Look, Katherine, look, thy son gave mine these wounds
Mater  O leave to grieve me, I am grieved enough.

Governor  Oh that my sighs could turn to lively breath;
And these my tears to blood, that he might live.

Mater.  Who made them enemies?

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

Mater  My son loved thine.

Governor  And so did Lodowick him.
Mater    Lend me that weapon that did kill my son,
And it shall murder me.
Governor    Nay Madam stay, that weapon was my son’s,
And on that rather should Ferneze die.
Mater    Hold, let’s inquire the causers of their deaths,
That we may venge their blood upon their heads.
Governor    Then take them up, and let them be interred
Within one sacred monument of stone;
Upon which Altar I will offer up
My daily sacrifice of sighs and tears,
And with my prayers pierce impartial heavens,
Till they the causers of our smarts,
Which forced their hands divide united hearts:
Come, Katherina, our losses equal are,
Then of true grief let us take equal share.

Exeunt.

Enter Ithamore.

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

Enter Abigall.

Abigall    Why how now Ithamore, why laughest thou so?
Ithamore    Oh, Mistress, ha ha ha.
Abigall    Why what ailest thou?
Ithamore    Oh my master.
Abigall    Ha.
Ithamore    Oh Mistress! I have the bravest, gravest, secret, subtle
Bottle-nosed knave to my Master, that ever Gentleman had
Abigall    Say, knave, why railest upon my father thus?
Ithamore    Oh, my master has the bravest policy.
Abigall    Wherein?
Ithamore    Why, know you not?
Abigall    Why no.
Ithamore    Know you not of Mathia and Don Lodowick disaster?

Abigall    No, what was it?
Ithamore    Why the devil invented a challenge, my Master writ it,
And I carried it, first to Lodowick, and imprimis to Mathia.
And then they met, as the story says,
In doleful wise they ended both their days.
Abigall    And was my father furtherer of their deaths?
Ithamore    Am I Ithamore?
Abigall    Yes.
Ithamore    So sure did your father write, and I carry the challenge.
Abigall    Well, Ithamore, let me request thee this,
Go to the new-made Nunnery, and inquire
For any of the Friars of St. Jaynes,
And say, I pray them come and speak with me.
Ithamore    I pray, mistress, will you answer me to one question?
Abigall

Ithamore

Well, sirrah, what is ’t?
A very feeling one; have not the Nuns fine sport
With the Friars now and then?
Go to, sirrah sauce, is this your question? get ye gone
I will forsooth, Mistress. Exit

Ithamore

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 Ithimore: begone,

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.
Friar  Come, shall we go?
Abigail  My duty waits on you.  

Exeunt.

Enter Barabas reading a letter.

Barabas  What, Abigail 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 Abigail?

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 Abigail a Nun.
Ithamore  That's no lie, for she sent me for him.
Barabas  Oh unhappy day,
False, credulous, inconstant Abigail!
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 hastest 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;
Here take my keys, I’ll give ’em thee anon:

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

_Ithamore_ I hold my head my master’s hungry: I go Sir.

Exit:

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

_Enter Ithamore with the pot._

_Ithamore_ Here ’tis, Master.
_Barabas_ Well said, _Ithamore_; what hast thou brought
The Ladle with thee too?

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

_Barabas_ Very well, _Ithamore_, then now be secret;
And for thy sake, whom I so dear love,
Now shalt thou see the death of _Abigall_,
That thou mayst freely live to be my heir.

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

_Barabas_ Ay but _Ithamore_ seest thou this?
It is a precious powder that I bought
Of an _Italian_ in _Ancona_ once,
Whose operation is to bind, infect,
And poison deeply: yet not appear
In forty hours after it is ta’en.

_Ithamore_ How master?

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

_Ithamore_ How so?

_Barabas_ Belike there is some Ceremony in ’t.

There _Ithamore_ must thou go place this plot:
Stay, let me spice it first.

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

_Barabas_ prithee do: what sayest thou now?

_Ithamore_ Troth Master I’m loath such a pot of pottage should be spoiled.
Barabas  Peace, Ithamore, ’tis better so than spared.
Assure thyself thou shalt have broth by the eye.
My purse, my 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.
    Barabas  I’ll pay thee with a vengeance Ithimore.
    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
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:
Abigall  To work my peace, this I confess to thee:
Reveal it not, for then my father dies.

2 Friar    Know that Confession must not be revealed,
The Canon Law forbids it, and the Priest
That makes it known, being degraded first,
Shall be condemned, and then sent to the fire,

Abigall    So I have heard; pray therefore keep it close,
Death seizeth on my heart, ah gentle friar

Convert my father that he may be saved,
And witness that I die a Christian.

2 Friar    Ay, and a Virgin too, that grieves me most:
But I must to the Jew and exclaim on him,
And make him stand in fear of me.

Enter 1 Friar.

1 Friar    Oh brother, all the Nuns are dead, let’s bury them.
2 Friar    First help to bury this, then go with me
And help me to exclaim against the Jew.

1 Friar    Why? what has he done?
2 Friar    A thing that makes me tremble to unfold.

1 Friar    What has he crucified a child?
2 Friar    No, but a worse thing: ’twas told me in shrift,
Thou knowest ’tis death and if it be revealed.

Come let’s away.        Exeunt.


Actus Quartus.

Enter Barabas. Ithamore. Bells within.

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,

They’ll die with grief.
Enter the two Friars.

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,

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,
Whole Chests of Gold, in *Bullion*, and in Coin,
Besides I know not how much weight in Pearl
Orient and round, have I within my house;
At *Alexandria*, Merchandise unsold:
But yesterday two ships went from this Town,
Their voyage will be worth ten thousand Crowns.
In *Florence*, *Venice*, *Antwerp*, *London*, *Seville*,
*Frankfurt*, *Lubeck*, *Moscow*, and where not,
Have I debts owing; and in most of these,
Great sums of money lying in the banco;
All this I’ll give to some religious house
So I may be baptised and live therein.

1 Friar Oh good *Barabas* come to our house.
2 Friar Oh no, good *Barabas* come to our house.

And *Barabas*, you know —

*Barabas* I know that I have highly sinned,
You shall convert me, you shall have all my wealth.

1 Friar Oh *Barabas*, their Laws are strict.
*Barabas* I know they are, and I will be with you.
1 Friar They wear no shirts, and they go barefoot too.
*Barabas* Then ’tis not for me; and I am resolved
You shall confess me, and have all my goods.

1 Friar Good *Barabas* come to me.
*Barabas* You see I answer him, and yet he stays;
Rid him away, and go you home with me.

2 Friar I’ll be with you tonight.
*Barabas* Come to my house at one o’clock this night.
1 Friar You hear your answer, and you may be gone.
2 Friar Why go get you away.
1 Friar I will not go for thee.
2 Friar Not, then I’ll make thee go.
1 Friar How, dost call me rogue?

*Ithamore* Part ’em, master, part ’em.
*Barabas* This is mere frailty, brothers, be content.

Friar *Bernadine* go you with *Ithamore*.

*Ithamore* You know my mind, let me alone with him;
Why does he go to thy house, let him begone.

*Barabas* I’ll give him something and so stop his mouth.

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 *Abigail*;
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.

*Barabas* Marry the *Turk* shall be one of my godfathers,
But not a word to any of your Convent.

   Friar    I warrant thee, Barabas.

   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,

   Friar    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.
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

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 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.

Jacomo Why how now Jacomo, what hast thou done?
Barabas Why stricken him that would have stroke at me.

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.

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.

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.
Enter Ithamore.

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.
Courtesan Though woman’s modesty should hale me back, I can withhold no longer; welcome sweet love.
Ithamore Now am I clean, or rather fouly 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:

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:

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.

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;
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 groat, 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!
Enter Pilia-borza.

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?
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  Knavely 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.
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.
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.

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.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Governor. Knights. Martin Del Bosco.

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?

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.
Exit.

Enter Mater.

Enter Officer.

Exeunt.

Enter Calymath, Bashaws, Turks.

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 wrote 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.
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
Exeunt.

Enter Governor with a guard.

The ruined Town, and see the wrack we made:
Farewell brave Jew, farewell great Barabas.  

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.

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

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

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

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

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

And I will warrant Malta free for ever.

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

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

Governor Then will I, Barabas, about this coin,
And bring it with me to thee in the evening.
Barabas  Do so, but fail not; now farewell Ferneze:
And thus far roundly goes the business:
Thus loving neither, will I live with both,
Making a profit of my policy;
And he from whom my most advantage comes,
Shall be my friend.
This is the life we Jews are used to lead;
And reason too, for Christians do the like:
Well, now about effecting this device:
First to surprise great Selim’s soldiers,
And then to make provision for the feast,
That at one instant all things may be done,
My policy detests prevention:
To what event my secret purpose drives,
I know; and they shall witness with their lives.     Exit.

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;
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.*

*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.

1 _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.
Enter Governor.

Governor With free consent a hundred thousand pounds.

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

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

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

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

Enter Calymath and Bashaws.

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

Barabas Welcome great Calymath.

Governor How the slave jeers at him?

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

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

Nay rather, Christians, let me go to Turkey,
In person there to meditate your peace;
To keep me here will naught advantage you.

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.
Textual Notes

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