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img: 1-b
sig: A2r

ln 0001
ln 0002
ln 0003
ln 0004

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

ln 0005
ln 0006
ln 0007
ln 0008
ln 0009
ln 0010

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

ln 0011
ln 0012
ln 0013
ln 0014

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

img: 2-a
sig: A2v

ln 0001
ln 0002
ln 0003
ln 0004
ln 0005

TO
MY VVORTHY
FRIEND, M^r. THOMAS
HAMMON, OF GRAYES
INN, &c.

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

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

A3

Ignorance

img: 3-a
sig: A3v

ln 0022

ln 0023

ln 0024

ln 0025

ln 0026

ln 0027

ln 0028

ln 0029

ln 0030

The Epistle Dedicatory:

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

ln 0031

Tuissmus:

ln 0032

THO. HEYVWOOD.

The

wln 0001

The Prologue spoken at Court.

wln 0002

*GRacious and Great, that we so boldly dare,
('Mo[·]gst other Playes that now in fashion are)
To present this; writ many yeares agoe,
And in that Age, thought second vnto none;
We humbly c[·]ave your pardon: we pursue
The story of a rich and famous Jew
Who liu'd in Malta: you shall find him still,
In all his p[·]oiects, a sound Macheuill;
And that's his Character: He that hath past
So many Censures, is now come at last
To haue your princely Eares, grace you him; then
You crowne the Action, and renowne the pen.*

wln 0003

wln 0004

wln 0005

wln 0006

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

wln 0014

Epilogue.

wln 0015

*IT is our feare (dread Soueraigne) we haue bin
Too tedious; neither can't be lesse than sinne
To wrong your Princely patience: If we haue,
(Thus low deiected) we your pardon craue:
And if ought here offend your eare or sight,
We onely Act, and Speake, what others write.*

wln 0016

wln 0017

wln 0018

wln 0019

wln 0020

The

wln 0021

wln 0022

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

wln 0023

wln 0024

*Marlo.

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

wln 0025

The Malta-Jew had being, and was made;

wln 0026

*Allin.

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

wln 0027

In Hero and Leander, one did gaine

wln 0028

A lasting memorie: in Tamberlaine,

wln 0029

This Jew, with others many: th' other man

wln 0030

The Attribute of peerelesse, being a man

wln 0031

Whom we may ranke with (doing no one wrong)

wln 0032

Proteus for shapes, and Roseius for a tongue,

wln 0033

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

wln 0034

*Perkins.

*To merit: in * him who doth personate*

wln 0035

Our Jew this day, nor is it his ambition

wln 0036

To exceed, or equall, being of condition

wln 0037

More modest; this is all that he intends,

wln 0038

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

wln 0039

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

wln 0040

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

wln 0041

Epilogue.

wln 0042

IN Graving, with Pigmalion to contend;

wln 0043

Or Painting, with Apelles; doubtlesse the end

wln 0044

Must be disgrace: our Actor did not so,

wln 0045

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

wln 0046

Nor thinke that this day any prize was plaid,

wln 0047

Here were no betts at all, no wagers laid;

wln 0048

All the ambition that his mind doth swell,

wln 0049

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

wln 0050
wln 0051
wln 0052

THE
IEW OF
MALTA.

wln 0053
wln 0054
wln 0055
wln 0056
wln 0057
wln 0058
wln 0059
wln 0060
wln 0061
wln 0062
wln 0063
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wln 0071
wln 0072
wln 0073
wln 0074

Macheuil.

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

B

Hence

The Iew of Malta.

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

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

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

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0112 Without controule can picke his riches vp,
wln 0113 And in his house heape pearle like pibble-stones:
wln 0114 Receiue them free, and sell them by the weight,
wln 0115 Bags of fiery *Opals*, *Saphires*, *Amatists*,
wln 0116 *Iacints*, hard *Topas*, grasse-greene *Emeraulds*,
wln 0117 Beauteous *Rubyes*, sparkling *Diamonds*,
wln 0118 And seildsene costly stones of so great price,
wln 0119 As one of them indifferently rated,
wln 0120 And of a Carrect of this quantity,
wln 0121 May serue in perill of calamity
wln 0122 To ransome great Kings from captiuity.
wln 0123 This is the ware wherein consists my wealth:
wln 0124 And thus me thinkes should men of iudgement frame
wln 0125 Their meanes of traffique from the vulgar trade,
wln 0126 And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
wln 0127 Infinite riches in a little roome.
wln 0128 But now how stands the wind?
wln 0129 Into what corner peeres my *Halcions* bill?
wln 0130 Ha, to the *East*? yes: See how stands the *Vanes*?
wln 0131 *East* and by-*South*: why then I hope my ships
wln 0132 I sent for *Egypt* and the bordering *Iles*
wln 0133 Are gotten vp by *Nilus* winding bankes:
wln 0134 Mine *Argosie* from *Alexandria*,
wln 0135 Loaden with *Spice* and *Silkes*, now vnder saile,
wln 0136 Are smoothly gliding downe by *Candie* shoare
wln 0137 To *Malta*, through our *Mediterranean* sea.
wln 0138 But who comes heare? How now.

Enter a Merchant.

wln 0140 *Merch.* *Barabas*, thy ships are safe,
wln 0141 Riding in *Malta* Rhode: And all the Merchants
wln 0142 With other Merchandize are safe arriu'd,
wln 0143 And haue sent me to know whether your selfe
wln 0144 Will come and custome them.

Iew. The ships are safe thou saist, and richly fraught.

Merch. They are.

wln 0147 *Iew.* VVhy then goe bid them come ashore,
wln 0148 And bring with them their bills of entry:

The Iew of Malta.

I hope our credit in the Custome-house
Will serue as well as I were present there.
Goe send 'vm threescore Camels, thirty Mules,
And twenty Waggons to bring vp the ware.
But art thou master in a ship of mine,
And is thy credit not enough for that?

Merch. The very Custome barely comes to more
Then many Merchants of the Towne are worth,
And therefore farre exceeds my credit, Sir.

Iew. Goe tell 'em the Iew of *Malta* sent thee, man.
Tush, who amongst 'em knowes not *Barrabas*?

Merch. I goe.

Iew. So then, there's somewhat come.
Sirra, which of my ships art thou Master off?

Merch. Of the *Speranza*, Sir.

Iew. And saw'st thou not mine Argosie at *Alexandria*
Thou couldst not come from *Egypt*, or by *Caire*
But at the entry there into the sea,
Where *Nilus* payes his tribute to the maine,
Thou needs must saile by *Alexandria*.

Merch. I neither saw them, nor inquir'd of them.
But this we heard some of our sea-men say,
They wondred how you durst with so much wealth
Trust such a crazed Vessell, and so farre.

Iew. Tush; they are wise, I know her and her strength:
By goe, goe thou thy wayes, discharge thy Ship,
And bid my Factor bring his loading in.
And yet I wonder at this Argosie,

Enter a second Merchant.

2. *Merch.* Thine Argosie from *Alexandria*,
Know *Barabas* doth ride in *Malta Rhode*.
Laden with riches, and exceeding store
Of *Persian* silkes, of gold, and Orient Perle:

Iew. How chance you came not with those other ships
That sail'd by *Egypt*?

2 *Merch.* Sir we saw 'em not.

Iew. Belike they coasted round by *Candie* shoare

The Iew of Malta.

About their Oyles, or other businesses.

But 'twas ill done of you to come so farre

Without the ayd or conduct of their ships.

2. *Merch.* Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish Fleet

That neuer left vs till within a league,

That had the Gallies of the *Turke* in chase.

Iew. Oh they were going vp to *Sicily*: well, goe

And bid the Merchants and my men dispatch

And come ashore, and see the fraught discharg'd.

Merch. I goe.

Exit.

Iew. Thus trowles our fortune in by land and Sea,

And thus are wee on euery side inrich'd:

These are the Blessings promis'd to the Iewes,

And herein was old *Abrams* happinesse:

What more may Heaven doe for earthly man

Then thus to powre out plenty in their laps,

Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,

Making the Sea their seruants, and the winds

To driue their substance with successefull blasts?

Who hateth me but for my happinesse?

Or who is honour'd now but for his wealth?

Rather had I a Iew be hated thus,

Then pittied in a Christian pouerty:

For I can see no fruits in all their faith,

But malice, falshood, and excessiue pride,

Which me thinkes fits not their profession.

Happily some haplesse man hath conscience,

And for his conscience liues in beggery.

They say we are a scatter'd Nation:

I cannot tell, but we haue scambled vp

More wealth by farre then those that brag of faith.

There's *Kirriah Iairim*, the great Iew of *Greece*,

Obed in *Bairseth*, *Nones* in *Portugall*,

My selfe in *Malta*, some in *Italy*,

Many in *France*, and wealthy euery one:

I, wealthier farre then any Christian.

I must confesse we come not to be Kings:

wln 0186

wln 0187

wln 0188

wln 0189

wln 0190

wln 0191

wln 0192

wln 0193

wln 0194

wln 0195

wln 0196

wln 0197

wln 0198

wln 0199

wln 0200

wln 0201

wln 0202

wln 0203

wln 0204

wln 0205

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wln 0207

wln 0208

wln 0209

wln 0210

wln 0211

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wln 0258
wln 0259

The Iew of Malta.

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

Enter three Iewes.

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

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

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

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

Aside.

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

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

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

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

But

The Iew of Malta.

But neuer could effect their Stratagem.

3. And very wisely sayd, it may be so.

2. But there's a meeting in the Senate-house,
And all the Iewes in *Malta* must be there.

Iew. Vmh; All the Iewes in *Malta* must be there?

I, like enough, why then let euery man
Prouide him, and be there for fashion-sake.

If any thing shall there concerne our state
Assure your selues I'le looke vnto my selfe.

aside,

1. I know you will; well brethren let vs goe.

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

Iew. Doe so; Farewell *Zaareth*, farewell *Temainte*.

And *Barabas* now search this secret out.

Summon thy sences, call thy wits togethre:

These silly men mistake the matter cleane.

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

Which Tribute all in policie, I feare,

The *Turkes* haue let increase to such a summe,

As all the wealth of *Malta* cannot pay;

And now by that aduantage thinkes, belike,

To seize vpon the Towne: I, that he seekes.

How ere the world goe, I'le make sure for one,

And seeke in time to intercept the worst,

Warily garding that which I ha got.

Ego mihimet sum semper proximas.

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

Enter Gouernors of Malta, Knights met by

Bassoos of the Turke; Calymath.

Gouer. Now Bassoos, what demand you at our hands?

Bass. Know Knights of Malta, that we came from *Rhodes*
From *Cyprus*, *Candy*, and those other Iles
That lye betwixt the Mediterranean seas.

Gov. What's *Cyprus*, *Candy*, and those other Iles
To vs, or *Malta*? What at our hands demand ye?

Calim. The ten yeares tribute that remains vnpaid.

Gov. Alas, my Lord, the summe is ouergreat,
I hope your Highnesse will consider vs.

Calim.

wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265
wln 0266
wln 0267
wln 0268
wln 0269
wln 0270
wln 0271
wln 0272
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wln 0291
wln 0292
wln 0293
wln 0294
wln 0295
wln 0296

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0297
wln 0298
wln 0299
wln 0300
wln 0301
wln 0302
wln 0303
wln 0304
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wln 0330
wln 0331
wln 0332
wln 0333

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gov. But a month.

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

Exeunt.

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

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

Enter Barabas, and three Iewes.

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

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

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

Your

wln 0334
wln 0335
wln 0336
wln 0337
wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340
wln 0341
wln 0342
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wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368
wln 0369
wln 0370

The Iew of Malta.

Your Lordship shall doe well to let them haue it.

Gov. Soft *Barabas*, there's more longs too't than so.

To what this ten yeares tribute will amount

That we haue cast, but cannot compasse it

By reason of the warres, that robb'd our store;

And therefore are we to request your ayd.

Bar. Alas, my Lord, we are no souldiers:

And what's our aid against so great a Prince?

I Kni. Tut, Iew, we know thou art no souldier;

Thou art a Merchant, and a monied man,

And 'tis thy mony, *Barabas*, we seeke.

Bar. How, my Lord, my mony?

Gov. Thine and the rest.

For to be short, amongst you 'tmust be had,

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

Gov. Then let the rich increase your portions:

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

2 Kni. Haue strangers leaue with vs to get their wealth?

Then let them with vs contribute.

Bar. How, equally?

Gov. No, Iew, like infidels.

For through our sufferance of your hatefull liues,

Who stand accursed in the sight of heauen,

These taxes and afflictions are befall'ne,

And therefore thus we are determined;

Reade there the Articles of our decrees.

Reader. First, the tribute mony of the *Turkes* shall all be

Leuyed amongst the *Iewes*, and each of them to pay one

Halfe of his estate.

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

Gov. Read on.

Read. Secondly, hee that denies to pay, shal straight be-

A Christian. (come

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

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

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

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

The Iew of Malta.

And will you basely thus submit your selues
To leaue your goods to their arbitrament?

Gov. Why *Barabas* wilt thou be christned[·]

Bar. No, *Gouernour*, I will be no conuertite.

Gov. Then pay thy halfe.

Bar. Why know you what you did by this deuice?

Halfe of my substance is a Cities wealth.

Gouernour, it was not got so easily;

Nor will I part so slightly therewithall.

Gov. Sir, halfe is the penalty of our decree,

Either pay that, or we will seize on all.

Bar. *Corpo di deo*; stay, you shall haue halfe,

Let me be vs'd but as my brethren are.

Gov. No, *Iew*, thou hast denied the Articles,

And now it cannot be recall'd.

Bar. Will you then steale my goods?

Is theft the ground of your Religion?

Gov. No, *Iew*, we take particularly thine

To saue the ruine of a multitude:

And better one want for a common good,

Then many perish for a priuate man:

Yet *Barrabas* we will not banish thee,

But here in *Malta*, where thou gotst thy wealth,

Liue still; and if thou canst, get more.

Bar. Christians; what, or how can I multiply?

Of nought is nothing made.

I Knight. From nought at first thou camst to little welth,

From little vnto more, from more to most:

If your first curse fall heauy on thy head,

And make thee poore and scorn[*]d of all the world,

'Tis not our fault, but thy inherent sinne.

Bar. What? bring you Scripture to confirm your wronge?

Preach me not out of my possessions.

Some *Iewes* are wicked, as all Christians are:

But say the Tribe that I descended of

Were all in generall cast away for sinne,

Shall I be tryed by their transgression?

The Iew of Malta.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bar. Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong:

The Iew of Malta.

But take it to you i'th deuils name.

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

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

Exeunt,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

So,

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wln 0446
wln 0447
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wln 0474
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wln 0476
wln 0477
wln 0478
wln 0479
wln 0480
wln 0481

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0482 So that not he, but I may curse the day,
wln 0483 Thy fatall birth-day, forlorne *Barabas*;
wln 0484 And henceforth wish for an eternall night,
wln 0485 That clouds of darknesse may inclose my flesh,
wln 0486 And hide these extreme sorrowes from mine eyes:
wln 0487 For onely I haue toyl'd to inherit here
wln 0488 The months of vanity and losse of time,
wln 0489 And painefull nights haue bin appointed me.

wln 0490 *2 Iew.* Good *Barabas* be patient.

wln 0491 *Bar.* I, I pray leave me in my patience.

wln 0492 You that were ne're possest of wealth, are pleas'd with
wln 0493 But giue him liberty at least to mourne, (want.
wln 0494 That in a field amidst his enemies,
wln 0495 Doth see his souldiers slaine, himselfe disarm'd,
wln 0496 And knowes no meanes of his recouerie:
wln 0497 I, let me sorrow for this sudden chance,
wln 0498 'Tis in the trouble of my spirit I speake;
wln 0499 Great iniuries are not so soone forgot.

wln 0500 *1 Iew.* Come, let vs leaue him in his irefull mood,
wln 0501 Our words will but increase his extasie.

wln 0502 *2 Iew.* On then: but trust me 'tis a misery
wln 0503 To see a man in such affliction:
wln 0504 Farewell *Barabas*. *Exeunt.*

wln 0505 *Bar.* I, fare you well.
wln 0506 See the simplicitie of these base slaues,
wln 0507 Who for the villaines haue no wit themselues,
wln 0508 Thinke me to be a senselesse lumpe of clay
wln 0509 That will with euery water wash to dirt:
wln 0510 No, *Barabas* is borne to better chance,
wln 0511 And fram'd of finer mold then common men,
wln 0512 That measure nought but by the present time.
wln 0513 A reaching thought will search his deepest wits,
wln 0514 And cast with cunning for the time to come:
wln 0515 For euils are apt to happen euery day
wln 0516 But whither wends my beauteous *Abigall*?

wln 0517 *Enter Ahigall the Iewes daughter.*

wln 0518 Oh what has made my louely daughter sad?

The Iew of Malta.

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

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

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

Abig. Where father?

Bar. In my house my girle.

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

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

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

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

And

The Jew of Malta.

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wln 0557
wln 0558
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wln 0560
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wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592

And knowing me impatient in distresse
Thinke me so mad as I will hang my selfe,
That I may vanish ore the earth in ayre,
And leaue no memory that e're I was.
No, I will liue; nor loath I this my life:
And since you leaue me in the Ocean thus
To sinke or swim, and put me to my shifts,
I'le rouse my senses, and awake my selfe.
Daughter, I haue it: thou perceiu'st the plight
Wherein these Christians haue oppressed me:
Be rul'd by me, for in extremitie
We ought to make barre of no policie.

Abig. Father, what e're it be to iniure them
That haue so manifestly wronged vs,
What will not *Abigall* attempt?

(my house

Bar. Why so; then thus, thou toldst me they haue turn'd
Into a Nunnery, and some Nuns are there.

Abig. I did.

Bar. Then *Abigall*, there must my girle
Intreat the Abbasse to be entertain'd.

Abig. How, as a Nunne?

Bar. I, Daughter, for Religion
Hides many mischiefes from suspition.

Abig. I, but father they will suspect me there.

Bar. Let 'em suspect, but be thou so precise
As they may thinke it done of Holinesse.
Intreat 'em faire, and giue them friendly speech,
And seeme to them as if thy sinnes were great,
Till thou hast gotten to be entertain'd.

Abig. Thus father shall I much dissemble.

Bar. Tush, as good dissemble that thou neuer mean'st
As first meane truth, and then dissemble it,
A counterfet profession is better
Then vnseene hypocrisie.

Abig. Well father, say I be entertain'd,
What then shall follow?

Bar. This shall follow then;

There

The Iew of Malta.

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

Abig. Then father goe with me.

Bar. No, *Abigall*, in this

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

Enter three Fryars and two Nuns.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Abb. What art thou daughter?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Jew of Malta.

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

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

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

aside.

Abb. Come daughter, follow vs.

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

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

Bar. How, mortified!

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

Bar. Child of perdition, and thy fathers shame,
What wilt thou doe among these hatefull fiends?
I charge thee on my blessing that thou leaue
These diuels, and their damned heresie.

Abig. Father giue me —

Bar. Nay backe, *Abigall*,

And thinke vpon the Iewels and the gold,
The boord is marked thus that couers it.
Away accursed from thy fathers sight.

*{Whispers
to her.*

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

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

The boord is marked thus † that couers it,
For I had rather dye, then see her thus.
Wilt thou forsake mee too in my distresse,
Seduced Daughter, *Goe forget net.*

aside to her.

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

aside to her.

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

Farewell, Remember to morrow morning.

aside.

Out, out thou wretch.

Enter Mathias.

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

(ter

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

The Iew of Malta.

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

wln 0673
wln 0674
wln 0675
wln 0676
wln 0677
wln 0678
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wln 0680
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wln 0697

Enter Lodowicke.

Lod. Why how now Don *Mathias*, in a dump?

Math. Beleeue me, Noble *Lodowicke*, I haue seene
The strangest sight, in my opinion,
That euer I beheld.

Lod. What wast I prethe?

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

Lod. But say, What was she?

Math. Why the rich Iewes daughter.

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

Math. And matchlesse beautifull;
As had you seene her 'twould haue mou'd your heart,
Tho countermin'd with walls of brasse, to loue,
Or at the least to pittie.

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

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

Lod. And so will I too, or it shall goe hard.

Farewell *Mathias*.

Mat. Farewell *Lodowicke*.

Exeunt.

Actus

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0698

Actus Secundus.

wln 0699

Enter Barabas with a light.

wln 0700

Bar. THus like the sad presaging Rauen that tolls

wln 0701

The sicke mans passeport in her hollow beake,

wln 0702

And in the shadow of the silent night

wln 0703

Doth shake contagion from her sable wings;

wln 0704

Vex'd and tormented runnes poore *Barabas*

wln 0705

With fatall curses towards these Christians.

wln 0706

The incertaine pleasures of swift-footed time

wln 0707

Haue tane their flight, and left me in despaire;

wln 0708

And of my former riches rests no more

wln 0709

But bare remembrance; like a souldiers skarre,

wln 0710

That has no further comfort for his maime.

wln 0711

Oh thou that with a fiery piller led'st

wln 0712

The sonnes of *Israel* through the dismall shades,

wln 0713

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

wln 0714

Of *Abigall* this night; or let the day

wln 0715

Turne to eternall darkenesse after this:

wln 0716

No sleepe can fasten on my watchfull eyes,

wln 0717

Nor quiet enter my distemper'd thoughts,

wln 0718

Till I haue answer of my *Abigall*.

wln 0719

Enter Abigall aboue.

wln 0720

Abig. Now haue I happily espy'd a time

wln 0721

To search the plancke my father did appoint;

wln 0722

And here behold (vnseene) where I haue found

wln 0723

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

wln 0724

Bar. Now I remember those old womens words,

wln 0725

Who in my wealth wud tell me winters tales,

wln 0726

And speake of spirits and ghosts that glide by night

wln 0727

About the place where Treasure hath bin hid:

wln 0728

And now me thinkes that I am one of those:

wln 0729

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

wln 0730

And when I dye, here shall my spirit walke.

wln 0731

Abig. Now that my fathers fortune were so good

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0732
wln 0733
wln 0734
wln 0735
wln 0736
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wln 0765
wln 0766
wln 0767
wln 0768

As but to be about this happy place;
'Tis not so happy: yet when we parted last,
He said he wud attend me in the morne.
Then, gentle sleepe, where e're his bodie rests,
Give charge to *Morpheus* that he may dreame
A golden dreame, and of the sudden walke,
Come and receiue the Treasure I haue found.

Bar. *Birn para todos, my ganada no er:*

As good goe on, as fit so sadly thus.
But stay, what starre shines yonder in the *East*?
The Loadstarre of my life, if *Abigall*.

Who's there?

Abig. Who's that?

Bar. Peace, *Abigal*, 'tis I.

Abig. Then father here receiue thy happinesse.

Bar. Hast thou't? *Throwes downe bags,*

Abig. Here,

Hast thou't?

There's more, and more, and more.

Bar. Oh my girle,

My gold, my fortune, my felicity;
Strength to my soule, death to mine enemy;
Welcome the first beginner of my blisse:
Oh *Aigal*, *Abigal*, that I had thee here too,
Then my desires were fully satisfied,
But I will practise thy enlargement thence:
Oh girle, oh gold, oh beauty, oh my blisse!

hugs his bags

Abig. Father, it draweth towards midnight now,

And 'bout this time the Nuns begin to wake;
To shun suspition, therefore, let vs part.

Bar. Farewell my ioy, and by my fingers take

A kisse from him that sends it from his soule.
Now *Phæbus* ope the eye-lids of the day,
And for the Rauen wake the morning Larke,
That I may houer with her in the Ayre;
Singing ore these, as she does ore her young.

Hermoso Piarer, de les Denireh.

Exeunt.

Enter

The Iew of Malta.

Enter Governor, Martin del Bosco, the knights.

wln 0769
wln 0770 Gov. Now Captaine tell vs whither thou art bound?

wln 0771 Whence is thy ship that anchors in our Rhoad?

wln 0772 And why thou cam'st ashore without our leaue?

wln 0773 *Bosc.* Governor of *Malta*, hither am I bound;

wln 0774 My Ship, *the flying Dragon*, is of *Spaine*,

wln 0775 And so am I, *Delbosco* is my name;

wln 0776 Vizadmirall vnto the Catholike King.

wln 0777 *I Kni.* 'Tis true, my Lord, therefore intreat him well.

wln 0778 *Bosc.* Our fraught is *Grecians*, *Turks*, and *Africk Moores*.

wln 0779 For late vpon the coast of *Corsica*,

wln 0780 Because we vail'd not to the *Spanish Fleet*,

wln 0781 Their creeping Gallyes had vs in the chase:

wln 0782 But suddenly the wind began to rise,

wln 0783 And then we left, and tooke, and fought at ease:

wln 0784 Some haue we fir'd, and many haue we sunke;

wln 0785 But one amongst the rest became our prize:

wln 0786 The Captain's slaine, the rest remaine our slaues,

wln 0787 Of whom we would make sale in *Malta* here.

wln 0788 *Gov.* *Martin del Bosco*, I haue heard of thee;

wln 0789 Welcome to *Malta*, and to all of vs;

wln 0790 But to admit a sale of these thy *Turkes*

wln 0791 We may not, nay we dare not giue consent

wln 0792 By reason of a Tributary league.

wln 0793 *I Kni.* *Delbosco*, as thou louest and honour'st vs,

wln 0794 Perswade our Gouvernor against the *Turke*;

wln 0795 This truce we haue is but in hope of gold,

wln 0796 And with that summe he craues might we wage warre.

wln 0797 *Bosc.* Will Knights of *Malta* be in league with *Turkes*,

wln 0798 And buy it basely too for summes of gold?

wln 0799 My Lord, Remember that to *Europ's* shame,

wln 0800 The Christian Ile of *Rhodes*, from whence you came,

wln 0801 Was lately lost, and you were stated here

wln 0802 To be at deadly enmity with *Turkes*

wln 0803 *Gov.* Captaine we know it, but our force is small:

wln 0804 *Bosc.* What is the summe that *Calymath* requires?

wln 0805 *Gov.* A hundred thousand Crownes.

The Iew of Malta.

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

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

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

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

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

Extunt

wln 0826 *Enter Officers with slaues.*

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

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

Ent. Bar.

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

wln 0833 *Enter Barabas.*

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

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

Hauing

The Iew of Malta.

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

Enter Lodowicke.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

wln 0872 *Bar.* No further: 'tis a custome held with vs,
wln 0873 That when we speake with *Gentiles* like to you,
wln 0874 We turne into the Ayre to purge our selues:
wln 0875 For vnto vs the Promise doth belong.

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

wln 0877 *Bar.* Oh, Sir, your father had my Diamonds.
wln 0878 Yet I haue one left that will serve your turne:
wln 0879 I meane my daughter: — but e're he shall haue her

The Jew of Malta.

wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882
wln 0883
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wln 0913
wln 0914
wln 0915
wln 0916

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

Hoping

img: 16-b
sig: E1r

The Jew of Malta.

wln 0917
wln 0918
wln 0919
wln 0920
wln 0921
wln 0922
wln 0923
wln 0924
wln 0925
wln 0926
wln 0927
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wln 0945
wln 0946
wln 0947
wln 0948
wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953

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

The Iew of Malta.

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

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

Bar. Where was thou borne?

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

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

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

Bar. I, marke him, you were best, for this is he
That by my helpe shall doe much villanie.
My Lord farewell: Come Sirra you are mine.
As for the Diamond it shall be yours;
I pray, Sir, be no stranger at my house,
All that I haue shall be at your command.

Enter Mathias, Mater.

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

Bar. Yonder comes Don *Mathias*, let vs stay;
He loues my daughter, and she holds him deare:
But I haue sworne to frustrate both their hopes,
And be reveng'd upon the — Gouvernor.

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

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

Bar. Seeme not to know me here before your mother
Lest she mistrust the match that is in hand:
When you haue brought her home, come to my house;
Thinke of me as thy father; Sonne farewell.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Math. Sirra, Iew, remember the booke.

Bar.

The Jew of Malta.

wln 0991
wln 0992
wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995
wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
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wln 1024
wln 1025
wln 1026
wln 1027

Bar. Marry will I, Sir.

Off. Come, I haue made a reasonable market, let's away.

Bar. Now let me know thy name, and there withall
Thy birth, condition, and profession.

Ithi. Faith, Sir, my birth is but meane, my name's *Ithimer*,
My profession what you please.

Bar. Hast thou no Trade? then listen to my words,
And I will teach that shall sticke by thee:
First be thou voyd of these affections,
Compassion, loue, vaine hope, and hartlesse feare,
Be mou'd at nothing, see thou pittie none,
But to [*]hy selfe smile when the Christians moane.

Ithi. Oh braue, master, I worship your nose for this.

Bar. As for my selfe, I walke abroad a nights
And kill sicke people groaning under walls:
Sometimes I goe about and poyson wells;
And now and then, to cherish Christian theeues,
I am content to lose some of my Crownes;
That I may, walking in my Gallery,
See 'em goe pinion'd along by my doore.
Being young I studied Physicke, and began
To practise first vpon the *Italian*;
There I enric'd the Priests with burials,
And alwayes kept the Sexton's armes in vre
With digging graues and ringing dead mens knels:
And after that was I an Engineere,
And in the warres 'twixt *France* and *Germanie*,
Vnder pretence of helping *Charles* the fifth,
Slew friend and enemy with my stratagemes.
Then after that was I an Vsurer,
And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
And tricks belonging vnto Brokery,
I fill'd the Iailes with Bankrouts in a yeare,
And with young Orphans planted Hospitals,
And euery Moone made some or other mad,
And now and then one hang himselfe for grieffe,
Pinning vpon his breast a long great Scrowle

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1028
wln 1029
wln 1030
wln 1031
wln 1032
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wln 1035
wln 1036
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wln 1062
wln 1063
wln 1064

How I with interest tormented him.
But marke how I am blest for plaguing them,
I haue as much coyne as will buy the Towne.
But tell me now, How hast thou spent thy time?
Ithi. Faith, Master, in setting Christian villages on fire,
Chaining of Eunuches, binding gally-slaues.
One time I was an Hostler in an Inne,
And in the night time secretly would I steale
To trauellers Chambers, and there cut their throats:
Once at *Ierusalem*, where the pilgrims kneel'd,
I strowed powder on the Marble stones,
And therewithall their knees would ranckle, so
That I haue laugh'd agood to see the cripples
Goe limping home to Christendome on stilts.
Bar. Why this is something: make account of me
As of thy fellow; we are villaines both:
Both circumcized, we hate Christians both:
Be true and secret, thou shalt want no gold.
But stand aside, here comes Don *Lodowicke*.

Enter Lodowicke.

Lod. Oh *Barabas* well met; where is the Diamond
You told me of?

Bar. I haue it for you, Sir; please you walke in with me:
What, ho, *Abigall*; open the doore I say.

Enter Abigall.

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

Bar. Giue me the letters, daughter, doe you heare?
Entertaine *Lodowicke* the Gouvernors sonne
With all the curtesie you can affoord;
Prouided, that you keepe your Maiden-head.
Vse him as if he were a *Philistine*.

aside.

*Dissemble, sweare, protest, vow to loue him,
He is not of the seed of Abraham.*

I am a little busie, Sir, pray pardon me.
Abigall, bid him welcome for my sake.

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

Bar.

The Iew of Malta.

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

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

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

Enter Lodowicke, Abigall.

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

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

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

Exit.

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

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

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

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

Lod. Why loues she Don *Mathias*?

Bar. Doth she not with her smiling answer you?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nor

The Jew of Malta.

wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
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wln 1150
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wln 1157
wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
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wln 1165
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wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174

Nor our *Messias* that is yet to come, *aside.*
This gentle Magot *Lodowicke* I meane,
Must be deluded: let him haue thy hand,
But keepe thy heart till Don *Mathias* comes.
Abig. What shall I be betroth'd to *Lodowicke*?
Bar. It's no sinne to deceiue a Christian;
For they them selues hold it a principle,
Faith is not to be held with Heretickes;
But all are Hereticks that are not Iewes;
This followes well, and therefore daughter feare not.
I haue intreated her, and she will grant.
Lod. Then gentle *Abigal* plight thy faith to me.
Abig. I cannot chuse, seeing my father bids:
Nothing but death shall part my loue and me.
Lod. Now haue I that for which my soule hath long'd.
Bar. So haue not I, but yet I hope I shall. *aside.*
Abig. Oh wretched *Abigal*, what hast thee done?
Lod. Why on the sudden is your colour chang'd?
Abig. I know not, but farewell, I must be gone.
Bar. Stay her, but let her not speake one word more.
Lod. Mute a the sudden; here's a sudden change.
Bar. Oh muse not at it, 'tis the *Hebrewes* guize,
That maidens new betroth'd should weepe a while:
Trouble her not, sweet *Lodowicke* depart:
Shee is thy wife, and thou shalt be mine heire.
Lod. Oh, is't the custome, then I am resolu'd:
But rathe let the brightsome heauens be dim,
And Natures beauty choake with stifeling clouds,
Then my faire *Abigal* should frowne on me.
There comes the villaine, now I'le be reueng'd.
Enter Mathias.
Bar. Be quiet *Lodowicke*, it is enough
That I haue made thee sure to *Abigal*.
Lod. Well, let him goe. *Exit.*
Bar. Well, but for me, as you went in at dores
You had bin stab'd, but not a word on't now;
Here must no speeches passe, nor swords be drawne.

Math.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1175

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

wln 1176

Bar. No; so shall I, if any hurt be done,

wln 1177

Be made an accessory of your deeds;

wln 1178

Reuenge it on him when you meet him next.

wln 1179

Math. For this I'le haue his heart.

wln 1180

Bar. Doe so; loe here I giue thee *Abigall*.

wln 1181

Math. What greater gift can poore *Mathias* haue?

wln 1182

Shall *Lodowicke* rob me of so faire a loue?

wln 1183

My life is not so deare as *Abigall*.

wln 1184

Bar. My heart misgiues me, that to crosse your loue,

wln 1185

Hee's with your mother, therefore after him.

wln 1186

Math. What, is he gone vnto my mother?

wln 1187

Bar. Nay, if you will, stay till she comes her selfe.

wln 1188

Math. I cannot stay; for if my mother come,

wln 1189

Shee'll dye with griefe.

Exit.

wln 1190

Abig. I cannot take my leaue of him for teares:

wln 1191

Father, why haue you thus incenst them both?

wln 1192

Bar. What's that to thee?

wln 1193

Abig. I'le make 'em friends againe.

wln 1194

Bar. You'll make 'em friends? are there not Iewes

wln 1195

Enow in *Malta*.

wln 1196

But thou must dote vpon a Christian?

wln 1197

Abig. I will haue Don *Mathias*, he is my loue.

wln 1198

Bar. Yes, you shall haue him: Goe put her in.

wln 1199

Ith. I, I'le put her in.

wln 1200

Bar. Now tell me, *Ithimore*, how lik'st thou this?

wln 1201

Ith. Faith Master, I thinke by this

wln 1202

You purchase both their liues; is it not so?

wln 1203

Bar. True; and it shall be cunningly perform'd.

wln 1204

Ith. Oh, master, that I might haue a hand in this.

wln 1205

Bar. I, so thou shalt, 'tis thou must doe the deed:

wln 1206

Take this and beare it to *Mathias* streight,

wln 1207

And tell him that it comes from *Lodowicke*.

wln 1208

Ith. 'Tis poyson'd, is it not?

wln 1209

Bar. No, no, and yet it might be done that way:

wln 1210

It is a challenge feign'd from *Lodowicke*.

wln 1211

Ith. Feare not, I'le so set his heart a fire, that he

Shall

The Iew of Malta.

Shall verily thinke it comes from him.

Bar. I cannot choose but like thy readinesse:

Yet be not rash, but doe it cunningly.

Ith. As I behaue my selfe in this, imploy me hereafter.

Bar. Away then.

Exit.

So, now will I goe in to *Lodowicke*,

And like a cunning spirit feigne some lye,

Till I haue set 'em both at enmitie.

Exit

wln 1220

Actus Tertius.

wln 1221

Enter a Curtezane.

wln 1222

Since this Towne was besieg'd, my gaine growes cold

wln 1223

The time has bin, that but for one bare night

wln 1224

A hundred Duckets haue bin freely giuen:

wln 1225

But now against my will I must be chast.

wln 1226

And yet I know my beauty doth not faile.

wln 1227

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

wln 1228

Were wont to come rare witted Gentlemen,

wln 1229

Schollers I meane, learned and liberall;

wln 1230

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

wln 1231

And he is very seldome from my house;

wln 1232

And here he comes.

wln 1233

Enter Pilia-borza.

wln 1234

Pilia. Hold thee, wench, there's something for thee to

wln 1235

Curt. 'Tis siluer, I disdaine it. (spend.

wln 1236

Pilia. I, but the Iew has gold,

wln 1237

And I will haue it or it shall goe hard.

wln 1238

Curt. Tell me, how cam'st thou by this? (dens

wln 1239

Pilia. Faith, walking the backe lanes through the Gar-

wln 1240

I chanc'd to cast mine eye vp to the Iewes counting-house

wln 1241

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

wln 1242

Clamber'd vp with my hooks, and as I was taking

wln 1243

My choyce, I heard a rumbling in the house; so I tooke

wln 1244
wln 1245
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wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280

The Iew of Malta.

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

Enter Ithimore.

Curt. Hide the bagge.

Pilia. Looke not towards him, let's away:
Zoon's what a looking thou keep'st,
Thou'lt betraye's anon.

Ith. O the sweetest face that euer I beheld! I know she is
A Curtezane by her attire: now would I giue a hundred
Of the Iewes Crownes that I had such a Concubine.
Well, I haue deliuer'd the challenge in such sort,
As meet they will, and fighting dye; braue sport.

Exit.

Enter Mathias.

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

Enter Lodow. reading.

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

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

Fight: Enter Barabas aboute.

Bar. Oh brauely fought, and yet they thrust not home.
Now *Lodowicke*, now *Mathias*, so;
So now they haue shew'd themselues to be tall fellowes.

Within, Part 'em, part 'em.

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

Exit.

Enter Gouvernor. Mater.

Gov. What sight is this? my *Lodowicke* slaine!
These armes of mine shall be thy Sepulchre.

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

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

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

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

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

Gov. Oh that my sighs could turne to liuely breath;
And these my teares to blood, that he might liue.

Mater. Who made them enemies?

Gov.

The Jew of Malta.

wln 1281

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

wln 1282

Mat. My sonne lou'd thine.

wln 1283

Gov. And so did *Lodowicke* him.

wln 1284

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

wln 1285

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

wln 1286

wln 1287

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

wln 1288

wln 1289

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

wln 1290

wln 1291

Vpon which Altar I will offer vp

wln 1292

My daily sacrifice of sighes and teares,

wln 1293

And with my prayers pierce impartiall heauens,

wln 1294

Till they the causers of our smart,

wln 1295

Which forc'd their hands diuide vnited hearts:

wln 1296

Come, *Katherina*, our losses equall are,

wln 1297

Then of true grieffe let vs take equall share.

wln 1298

wln 1299

Exeunt.

wln 1300

Enter Ithimore.

wln 1301

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

wln 1302

wln 1303

Enter Abigall.

wln 1304

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

wln 1305

Ith. Oh, Mistresse, ha ha ha.

wln 1306

Abig. Why what ayl'st thou?

wln 1307

Ith. Oh my master.

wln 1308

Abig. Ha.

wln 1309

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

wln 1310

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

wln 1311

Ith. Oh, my master has the brauest policy.

wln 1312

Abig. Wherein?

wln 1313

Ith. Why, know you not?

wln 1314

Abig. Why no.

wln 1315

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

wln 1316

wln 1317

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1318

Abig. No, what was it?

wln 1319

Ith. Why the deuil inuented a challenge, my M^r. writ it,
And I carried it, first to *Lodowicke*, and *imprimis* to *Mathia*.
And then they met, as the story sayes,
In dolefull wise they ended both their dayes.

wln 1320

wln 1321

wln 1322

wln 1323

Abig. And was my father furtherer of their deaths?

wln 1324

Ith. Am I *Ithimore*?

wln 1325

Abig. Yes.

wln 1326

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

wln 1327

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

wln 1328

Goe to the new made Nunnery, and inquire

wln 1329

For any of the Fryars of St. Iaynes,

wln 1330

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

wln 1331

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

wln 1332

Abig. Well, sirra, what is't?

wln 1333

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

wln 1334

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

wln 1336

Ith. I will forsooth, Mistris.

Exit

wln 1337

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

wln 1338

Was this the pursuit of thy policie?

wln 1339

To make me shew them fauour seuerally,

wln 1340

That by my fauour they should both be slaine?

wln 1341

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

wln 1342

Yet Don *Mathias* ne're offended thee:

wln 1343

But thou wert set vpon extreme reuenge,

wln 1344

Because the Pryor dispossesst thee once,

wln 1345

And couldst not venge it, but vpon his sonne,

wln 1346

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

wln 1347

Nor on *Mathias*, but by murdering me.

wln 1348

But I perceiue there is no loue on earth,

wln 1349

Pitty in Iewes, nor piety in Turkes.

wln 1350

But here Comes cursed *Ithimore* with the Fryar.

wln 1351

Enter Ithimore. Fryar.

wln 1352

Fry. *Virgo, salve.*

wln 1353

Ith. When ducke you?

wln 1354

Abig. Welcome graue Fryar *Ithamore*: begon,

Exit

Know

The Iew of Malta.

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

Fry. Wherein?

Abig. To get me be admitted for a Nun.

Fry. Why *Abigal* it is not yet long since
That I did labour thy admition,

And then thou didst not like that holy life.

Abig. Then were my thoughts so fraile & vnconfirm'd,
And I was chain'd to follies of the world:

But now experience, purchased with grieffe,

Has made me see the difference of things.

My sinfull soule, alas, hath pac'd too long

The fatall Labyrinth of misbeleefe,

Farre from the Sonne that giues eternall life.

Fry. Who taught thee this?

Abig. The Abbasse of the house,
Whose zealous admonition I embrace:

Oh therefore, *Iacomi*, let me be one,

Although unworthy of that Sister-hood.

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

Abig. That was my father's fault.

Fry. Thy father's, how?

Abig. Nay, you shall pardon me: oh *Barabas*,
Though thou deseruest hardly at my hands,

Yet neuer shall these lips bewray thy life.

Fry. Come, shall we goe?

Abig. My duty waits on you.

Exeunt.

Enter Barabas reading a letter.

Bar. What, *Abigall* become a Nunne againe?
False, and vnkinde; what hast thou lost thy father?

And all vnknowne, and vnconstrain'd of me,

Art thou againe got to the Nunnery?

Now here she writes, and wils me to repent.

Repentance? *Spurca*: what pretendeth this?

I feare she knowes ('tis so) of my deuce

In Don *Mathias* and *Lodovicoes* deaths:

If so, 'tis time that it be seene into:

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
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wln 1420
wln 1421
wln 1422
wln 1423
wln 1424
wln 1425
wln 1426
wln 1427
wln 1428

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

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1429 Goe buy thee garments: but thou shalt not want:
wln 1430 Onely know this, that thus thou art to doe:
wln 1431 But first goe fetch me in the pot of Rice
wln 1432 That for our supper stands vpon the fire.

wln 1433 *Ith.* I hold my head my master's hungry: I goe Sir.

Exit:

wln 1434
wln 1435 *Bar.* Thus euery villaine ambles after wealth
wln 1436 Although he ne're be richer then in hope:
wln 1437 But hush't.

Enter Ithimore with the pot.

wln 1438
wln 1439 *Ith.* Here 'tis, Master.

wln 1440 *Bar.* Well said, *Ithimore*; what hast thou brought
wln 1441 The Ladle with thee too?

wln 1442 *Ith.* Yes, Sir, the prouerb saies, he that eats with the deuil
wln 1443 Had need of a long spoone, I haue brought you a Ladle.

wln 1444 *Bar.* Very well, *Ithimore*, then now be secret;
wln 1445 And for thy sake, whom I so dearely loue,
wln 1446 Now shalt thou see the death of *Abigall*,
wln 1447 That thou mayst freely liue to be my heire.

wln 1448 *Ith.* Why, master, wil you poison her with a messe of rice
wln 1449 Porredge that wil preserue life, make her round & plump,
wln 1450 And batten more then you are aware.

wln 1451 *Bar.* I but *Ithimore* seest thou this?
wln 1452 It is a precious powder that I bought
wln 1453 Of an *Italian* in *Ancona* once,
wln 1454 Whose operation is to binde, infect,
wln 1455 And poyson deeply: yet not appeare
wln 1456 In forty houres after it is tane.

wln 1457 *Ith.* How master?

wln 1458 *Bar.* Thus *Ithimore*:
wln 1459 This Euen they vse in *Malta* here ('tis call'd
wln 1460 Saint *Iagues* Euen) and then I say they vse
wln 1461 To send their Almes vnto the Nunneries:
wln 1462 Among the rest beare this, and set it there;
wln 1463 There's a darke entry where they take it in,
wln 1464 Where they must neither see the messenger,
wln 1465 Nor make enquiry who hath sent it them.

Ith.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1466

Ith. How so?

wln 1467

Bar. Belike there is some Ceremony in't.

wln 1468

There *Ithimore* must thou goe place this plot:

wln 1469

Stay, let me spice it first.

wln 1470

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

wln 1471

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

wln 1472

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

wln 1473

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

wln 1474

Assure thy selfe thou shalt haue broth by the eye.

wln 1475

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

wln 1476

Ith. Well, master, I goe.

wln 1477

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

wln 1478

As fatall be it to her as the draught

wln 1479

Of which great *Alexander* drunke, and dyed:

wln 1480

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

wln 1481

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

wln 1482

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

wln 1483

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

wln 1484

And all the poysons of the Stygian poole

wln 1485

Breake from the fiery kingdome; and in this

wln 1486

Vomit your venome, and inuenome her

wln 1487

That like a fiend hath left her father thus.

wln 1488

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

wln 1489

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

wln 1490

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

wln 1491

And come againe so soone as thou hast done,

wln 1492

For I haue other businesse for thee.

wln 1493

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

wln 1494

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

wln 1495

Bar. And the horse pestilence to boot; away.

wln 1496

Ith. I am gone.

wln 1497

Pay me my wages for my worke is done.

Exit.

wln 1498

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

Exit.

wln 1499

Enter Govern. Bosco. Knights. Bashaw.

wln 1500

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

wln 1501

What wind drives you thus into *Malta* rhode?

Bash.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1502 *Bash.* The wind that bloweth all the world besides,
wln 1503 Desire of gold.

wln 1504 *Gov.* Desire of gold, great Sir?
wln 1505 That's to be gotten in the *Westerne Inde*:
wln 1506 In *Malta* are no golden Minerals.

wln 1507 *Bash.* To you of *Malta* thus saith *Calymath*:
wln 1508 The time you tooke for respite, is at hand,
wln 1509 For the performance of your promise past;
wln 1510 And for the Tribute-mony I am sent.

wln 1511 *Gov.* *Bashaw*, in briefe, shalt haue no tribute here,
wln 1512 Nor shall the Heathens liue vpon our spoyle:
wln 1513 First will we race the City wals our selues,
wln 1514 Lay waste the Iland, hew the Temples downe,
wln 1515 And shipping of our goods to *Sicily*,
wln 1516 Open an entrance for the wastfull sea,
wln 1517 Whose billowes beating the resistlesse bankes,
wln 1518 Shall ouerflow it with their refluence.

wln 1519 *Bash.* Well, *Gouernor*, since thou hast broke the league
wln 1520 By flat denyall of the promis'd Tribute,
wln 1521 Talke not of racing downe your City wals,
wln 1522 You shall not need trouble your selues so farre,
wln 1523 For *Selim-Calymath* shall come himselfe,
wln 1524 And with brasse-bullets batter downe your Towers,
wln 1525 And turne proud *Malta* to a wilderness
wln 1526 For these intolerable wrongs of yours; And so farewell.

wln 1527 *Gov.* Farewell:
wln 1528 And now you men of *Malta* looke about,
wln 1529 And let's prouide to welcome *Calymath*:
wln 1530 Close your Port-cullise, charge your Basiliskes,
wln 1531 And as you profitably take vp Armes,
wln 1532 So now couragiously encounter them;
wln 1533 For by this Answer, broken is the league,
wln 1534 And nought is to be look'd for now but warres,
wln 1535 And nought to vs more welcome is then wars.

Exeunt

Enter two Fryars and Abigall.

wln 1537 *I Fry.* Oh brother, brother, all the Nuns are sicke,
wln 1538 And Physicke will not helpe them, they must dye.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1539
wln 1540
wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543
wln 1544
wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547
wln 1548
wln 1549
wln 1550
wln 1551
wln 1552
wln 1553
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wln 1566
wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571
wln 1572
wln 1573
wln 1574
wln 1575

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

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

Exit.

Enter Abigall.

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

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

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

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

2 *Fry.* What then?

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

2 *Fry.* Yes, what of them?

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

2 *Fry.* So, say how was their end?

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

2 *Fry.* Oh monstrous villany:

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

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

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

Conuert

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

The Iew of Malta.

Conuert my father that he may be sau'd,
And wisse that I dye a Christian.

2 Fry. I, and a Virgin too, that grieues me most:
But I must to the Iew and exclaime on him,
And make him stand in feare of me.

Enter 1 Fryar.

1 Fry. Oh brother, all the Nuns are dead, let's bury them.

2 Fry. First helpe to bury this, then goe with me
And helpe me to exclaime against the Iew.

1 Fry. Why? what has he done?

2 Fry. A thing that makes me tremble to vnfold.

1 Fry. What haa he crucified a child?

2 Fry. No, but a worse thing: 'twas told me in shrift,
Thou know'st 'tis death and if it be reueal'd.
Come let's away.

Exeunt.

wln 1591

Actus Quartus.

wln 1592

Enter Barabas. Itha. Bells within.

wln 1593

Bar. There is no musicke to a Christians knell:

wln 1594

How sweet the Bels ring now the Nuns are dead

wln 1595

That sound at other times like Tinkers pans?

wln 1596

I was afraid the poyson had not wrought;

wln 1597

Or though it wrought, it would haue done no good,

wln 1598

For euery yeare they swell, and yet they liue;

wln 1599

Now all are dead, not one remains aliue.

wln 1600

Ith. That's braue, M^r. but think you it wil not be known

wln 1601

Bar. How can it if we two be secret.

wln 1602

Ith. For my part feare you not.

wln 1603

Bar. I'de cut thy throat if I did.

wln 1604

Ith. And reason too; but here's a royall Monastery hard

wln 1605

By, good master let me poyson all the Monks.

wln 1606

Bar. Thou shalt not need, for now the Nuns are dead,

The Iew of Malta.

They'll dye with grieffe.

Ith. Doe you not sorrow for your daughters death?

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

Enter the two Fryars.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

2. Barabas, thou hast —

1. I, that thou hast —

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

2. Thou art a —

1. I, that thou art a —

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

2. Thy daughter —

1. I, thy daughter, —

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

2. Remember that —

1. I, remember that —

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

2. Thou hast committed —

Bar. Fornication? but that was in another Country:

And besides, the Wench is dead.

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

Bar. Why, what of them?

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

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

My bosome inmates, *but I must dissemble.*

aside.

Oh holy Fryars, the burthen of my sinnes

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

Is't not too late now to turne Christian?

I haue beene zealous in the Iewish faith,

Hard harted to the poore, a couetous wretch,

That

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1644
wln 1645
wln 1646
wln 1647
wln 1648
wln 1649
wln 1650
wln 1651
wln 1652
wln 1653
wln 1654
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wln 1675
wln 1676
wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680

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

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1681

2. I'le be with you to night.

wln 1682

Bar. Come to my house at one a clocke this night.

wln 1683

1. You heare your answer, and you may be gone.

wln 1684

2, Why goe get you away.

wln 1685

1. I will not goe for thee.

wln 1686

2. Not, then I'le make thee goe.

wln 1687

1. How, dost call me rogue?

Fight.

wln 1688

Ith. Part 'em, master, part 'em.

wln 1689

Bar. This is meere frailty, brethren, be content.

wln 1690

Fryar *Barnardine* goe you with *Ithimore*.

wln 1691

Ith. You know my mind, let me alone with him;

wln 1692

Why does he goe to thy house, let him begone.

wln 1693

Bar. I'le giue him something and so stop his mouth.

Exit.

wln 1694

wln 1695

I neuer heard of any man but he

wln 1696

Malign'd the order of the *Iacobines*:

wln 1697

But doe you thinke that I beleeeue his words?

wln 1698

Why Brother you conuerted *Abigall*;

wln 1699

And I am bound in charitie to requite it,

wln 1700

And so I will, oh *Iocome*, faile not but come.

wln 1701

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

wln 1702

For presently you shall be shriu'd.

wln 1703

Bar. Marry the *Turke* shall be one of my godfathers,

wln 1704

But not a word to any of your Couent.

wln 1705

Fry. I warrant thee, *Barabas*.

Exit

wln 1706

Bar. So now the feare is past, and I am safe:

wln 1707

For he that shriu'd her is within my house,

wln 1708

What if I murder'd him e're *Iocoma* comes?

wln 1709

Now I haue such a plot for both their liues,

wln 1710

As neuer Iew nor Christian knew the like:

wln 1711

One turn'd my daughter, therefore he shall dye;

wln 1712

The other knowes enough to haue my life,

wln 1713

Therefore 'tis not requisite he should liue.

wln 1714

But are not both these wise men to suppose

wln 1715

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

wln 1716

To fast and be well whipt; I'le none of that.

wln 1717

Now Fryar *Bernardine* I come to you,

I'le

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1718 I'le feast you, lodge you, giue you faire words,
wln 1719 And after that, I and my trusty Turke —
wln 1720 No more but so: it must and shall be done.
wln 1721 *Ithimore*, tell me, is the Fryar asleepe?
wln 1722

Enter Ithimore.

wln 1723 *Ith.* Yes; and I know not what the reason is.
wln 1724 Doe what I can he will not strip himselfe,
wln 1725 Nor goe to bed, but sleepes in his owne clothes;
wln 1726 I feare me he mistrusts what we intend.

wln 1727 *Bar.* No, 'tis an order which the Fryars vse:
wln 1728 Yet if he knew our meanings, could he scape?

wln 1729 *Ith.* No, none can heare him, cry he ne're so loud.

wln 1730 *Bar.* Why true, therefore did I place him there:
wln 1731 The other Chambers open towards the street.

wln 1732 *Ith.* You loyter, master, wherefore stay we thus?
wln 1733 Oh how I long to see him shake his heeles.

wln 1734 *Bar.* Come on, sirra, off with your girdle, make a hansom
wln 1735 Fryar awake. (noose;

wln 1736 *Fry.* What doe you meane to strangle me?

wln 1737 *Ith.* Yes, 'cause you vse to confesse.

wln 1738 *Bar.* Blame not vs but the prouerb, Confes & be hang'd
wln 1739 Pull hard.

wln 1740 *Fry.* What, will you saue my life?

wln 1741 *Bar.* Pull hard, I say, you would haue had my goods.

wln 1742 *Ith.* I, and our liues too. therefore pull amaine.
wln 1743 'Tis neatly done, Sir, here's no print at all.

wln 1744 *Bar.* Then is it as it should be, take him vp.

wln 1745 *Ith.* Nay, M^r. be rul'd by me a little; so, let him leane
wln 1746 Vpon his staffe; excellent, he stands as if he were begging
(of Bacon.

wln 1747 *Bar.* Who would not thinke but that this Fryar liu'd?
wln 1748 What time a night is't now, sweet *Ithimore*?

wln 1749 *Ith.* Towards one.

wln 1750 *Enter Iocoma.*

wln 1751 *Bar.* Then will not *Iocoma* be long from hence.

wln 1752 *Ioco.* This is the houre wherein I shall proceed;
wln 1753 Oh happy houre, wherein I shall conuert

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1754

An Infidell, and bring his gold into our treasury.

wln 1755

But soft, is not this *Bernardine*? it is;

wln 1756

And vnderstanding I should come this way,

wln 1757

Stands here a purpose, meaning me some wrong,

wln 1758

And intercept my going to the Iew; *Bernardine*;

wln 1759

Wilt thou not speake? thou think'st I see thee not;

wln 1760

Away, I'de wish thee, and let me goe by:

wln 1761

No, wilt thou not? nay then I'le force my way;

wln 1762

And see, a staffe stands ready for the purpose:

wln 1763

As thou lik'st that, stop me another time.

wln 1764

Strike him, he fals. Enter Barabas.

wln 1765

Bar. Why how now *Iocoma*, what hast thou done?

wln 1766

Ioco. Why stricken him that would haue stroke at me.

wln 1767

Bar. Who is it *Bernardine*? now out alas, he is slaine.

wln 1768

Ith. I, Mr. he's slain; look how his brains drop out on's
(nose.)

wln 1769

Ioco. Good sirs I haue don't, but nobody knowes it but
You two, I may escape.

wln 1770

Bar. So might my man and I hang with you for com-

wln 1771

Ith. No, let vs beare him to the Magistrates. (pany.)

wln 1772

Ioco. Good *Barabas* let me goe.

wln 1773

Bar. No, pardon me, the Law must haue his course.

wln 1774

I must be forc'd to giue in euidence,
That being importun'd by this *Bernardine*

wln 1775

To be a Christian, I shut him out,
And there he sate: now I to keepe my word,
And giue my goods and substance to your house,

wln 1776

Was vp thus early; with intent to goe

wln 1777

Vnto your Friery, because you staid.

wln 1778

Ith. Fie vpon 'em, Mr. will you turne Christian, when
Holy Friars turne deuils and murder one another.

wln 1779

Bar. No, for this example I'le remaine a Iew:

wln 1780

Heauen blesse me; what, a Fryar a murderer?

wln 1781

When shall you see a Iew commit the like?

wln 1782

Ith. Why a Turke could ha done no more.

wln 1783

Bar. To morrow is the Sessions; you shall to it.

wln 1784

Come *Ithimore*, let's helpe to take him hence.

wln 1785

Ioco.

wln 1786

wln 1787

wln 1788

wln 1789

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1790
wln 1791
wln 1792
wln 1793
wln 1794
wln 1795
wln 1796
wln 1797
wln 1798
wln 1799
wln 1800
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wln 1817
wln 1818
wln 1819
wln 1820
wln 1821
wln 1822
wln 1823
wln 1824
wln 1825
wln 1826

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

Bar. The Law shall touch you, we'll but lead you, we.
'Las I could weepe at your calamity.

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

Law wils that each particular be knowne.

Exeunt.

Enter Curtezzant, and Pilia-borza.

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

Pil. I did.

Curt. And didst thou deliuer my letter?

Pil. I did.

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

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

Curt. Why so?

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

Curt. And what said he?

Pil. Not a wise word, only gaue me a nod, as who shold
say, Is it euen so; and so I left him, being driuen to a
Non-plus at the critical aspect of my terrible countenance.

Curt. And where didst meet him?

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

Enter Ithimore.

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

The Jew of Malta.

wln 1827

Gaue me a letter from one Madam *Bellamira*,
Saluting me in such sort as if he had meant to make
Cleane 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
My selfe: for she writes further, that she loues me
Euer since she saw me, and who would not requite such
Loue? here's her house, and here she comes, and now
Would I were gone, I am not worthy to looke vpon her.

wln 1828

wln 1829

wln 1830

wln 1831

wln 1832

wln 1833

wln 1834

wln 1835

wln 1836

Pilia. This is the Gentleman you writ to.

wln 1837

Ith. Gentleman, he flouts me, what gentry can be in a
Poore Turke of ten pence? I'le be gone.

wln 1838

wln 1839

Curt. Is't not a sweet fac'd youth, *Pilia*?

wln 1840

Ith. Agen, sweet youth; did not you, Sir, bring the sweet
Youth a letter?

wln 1841

wln 1842

Pilia. I did Sir, and from this Gentlewoman, who as my
Selfe, & the rest of the family, stand or fall at your seruice.

wln 1843

wln 1844

Curt. Though womans modesty should hale me backe,
I can with-hold no longer; welcome sweet loue.

wln 1845

wln 1846

Ith. Now am I cleane, or rather fouly out of the way.

wln 1847

Curt. Whither so soone?

wln 1848

Ith. I'le goe steale some mony from my Master to
Make me handsome:

wln 1849

Pray pardon me, I must goe see a ship discharg'd.

wln 1850

Curt. Canst thou be so vnkind to leaue me thus?

wln 1851

Pilia. And ye did but know how she loues you, Sir.

wln 1852

wln 1853

Ith. Nay, I care not how much she loues me;
Sweet *Allamira*, would I had my Masters wealth for thy

wln 1854

(sake:

wln 1855

Pilia. And you can haue it, Sir, and if you please.

wln 1856

Ith. If 'twere aboue ground I could, and would haue it;
But hee hides and buries it vp as Partridges doe
Their egges, vnder the earth.

wln 1857

wln 1858

Pil. And is't not possible to find it out?

wln 1859

Ith. By no meanes possible.

wln 1860

Curt. What shall we doe with this base villaine then?

wln 1861

wln 1862

Pil. Let me alone, doe but you speake him faire:

But

The Iew of Malta.

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

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

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

Pil. Send for a hundred Crownes at least.

He writes.

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

Pil. Write not so submissiue, but threatning him.

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

Pil. Put in two hundred at least.

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

Pil. Tell him you will confesse.

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

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

Ith. Hang him Iew.

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

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

Ith. And bid the Ieweller come hither too.

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

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

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

The Iew of Malta.

Enter Pilea-borza.

wln 1900

Ith. How now? hast thou the gold?

wln 1901

Pil. Yes. (freely?)

wln 1902

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

wln 1903

Pil. At reading of the letter, he star'd & stamp'd, & turnd

wln 1904

Aside, I tooke him by the sterd, & look'd vpon him thus;

wln 1905

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

wln 1906

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

wln 1907

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

wln 1908

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

wln 1909

Here's goodly 'parrell, is there not?

wln 1910

Pil. To conclude, he gaue me ten crownes.

wln 1911

Ith. But ten? I'le not leaue him worth a gray groat, giue

wln 1912

Me a Reame of paper, we'll haue a kingdome of gold for't.

wln 1913

Pil. Write for 500 Crownes.

wln 1914

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

wln 1915

Pil. I warrant your worship shall hau't.

wln 1916

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

wln 1917

I scorne to write a line vnder a hundred crownes.

wln 1918

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

wln 1919

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

wln 1920

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

wln 1921

Thus *Bellamira* esteemes of gold;

wln 1922

But thus of thee. — *Kisse him.* —

wln 1923

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

wln 1924

What an eye she casts on me?

wln 1925

It twinckles like a Starre.

wln 1926

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

wln 1927

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

wln 1928

That wee might sleepe seuen yeeres together afore

wln 1929

We wake.

wln 1930

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

wln 1931

Enter Barabas reading a letter.

wln 1932

Bar. *Barabas* send me 300 Crownes.

wln 1933

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

wln 1934

wln 1935

wln 1936

He

wln 1937
wln 1938
wln 1939
wln 1940
wln 1941
wln 1942
wln 1943
wln 1944
wln 1945
wln 1946
wln 1947
wln 1948
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wln 1966
wln 1967
wln 1968
wln 1969
wln 1970
wln 1971
wln 1972
wln 1973

The Iew of Malta.

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

Enter Pilia-borza.

Pil. Iew, I must ha more gold.

Bar. Why wantst thou any of thy tale?

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

Bar. Not serue his turne, Sir?

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

Bar. I'le rather —

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bar. I am betraid. (to hang thee.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1974
wln 1975
wln 1976
wln 1977
wln 1978
wln 1979
wln 1980
wln 1981
wln 1982
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wln 2007
wln 2008
wln 2009
wln 2010

'Tis not 500 Crownes that I esteeme,
I am not mou'd at that: this angers me,
That he who knowes I loue him as my selfe
Should write in this imperious vaine? why Sir,
You know I haue no childe, and vnto whom
Should I leaue all but vnto *Ithimore*?

Pil. Here's many words but no crownes; the crownes.

Bar. Commend me to him, Sir, most humbly,
And vnto your good mistris as vnknowne.

Pil. Speake, shall I haue 'vm, Sir?

Bar. Sir here they are.

Oh that I should part with so much gold!
Here take 'em, fellow, with as good a will —
— *As I wud see thee hang'd*; oh, loue stops my breath:
Neuer lou'd man seruant as I doe *Ithimore*.

Pil. I know it, Sir.

Bar. Pray when, Sir, shall I see you at my house?

Pil. Soone enough to your cost, Sir:

Fare you well.

Exit.

Bar. Nay to thine owne cost, villaine, if thou com'st.
Was euer Iew tormented as I am?
To haue a shag-rag knaue to come
300 Crownes, and then 500 Crownes?
Well, I must seeke a meanes to rid 'em all,
And presently: for in his villany
He will tell all he knowes and I shall dye for't. I haue it.
I will in some disguise goe see the slaue,
And how the villaine reuels with my gold.

Exit.

Enter Curtezane. Ithimore. Pilia-borza.

Curt. I'le pledge thee, loue, and therefore drinke it off.

Ith. Saist thou me so? haue at it; and doe you heare?

Curt. Goe to, it shall be so.

Ith. Of that condition I wil drink it vp; here's to thee.

Pil. Nay, I'le haue all or none.

Ith. There, if thou lou'st me doe not leaue a drop.

Curt. Loue thee, fill me three glasses.

Ith. Three and fifty dozen, I'le pledge thee,

Pil.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2011

Pil. Knauely spoke, and like a Knight at Armes.

wln 2012

Ith. Hey *Riuo Castiliano*, a man's a man.

wln 2013

Curt. Now to the Iew.

wln 2014

Ith. Ha to the Iew, and send me mony you were best.

wln 2015

Pil. What wudst thou doe if he should send thee none?

wln 2016

Ith. Doe nothing; but I know what I know,

wln 2017

He's a murderer.

wln 2018

Curt. I had not thought he had been so braue a man.

wln 2019

Ith. You knew *Mathias* and the *Gouernors* son, he and
I kild 'em both, and yet neuer touch'd 'em.

wln 2020

Pil. Oh brauely done.

wln 2021

Ith. I carried the broth that poyson'd the Nuns, and he
And I snicle hand too fast, strangled a Fryar.

wln 2022

Curt. You two alone.

wln 2023

Ith. We two, and 'twas neuer knowne, nor neuer shall
Be for me.

wln 2024

Pil. This shall with me vnto the *Gouernor*.

wln 2025

Curt. And fit it should: but first let's ha more gold:
Come gentle *Ithimore*, lye in my lap.

wln 2026

Ith. Loue me little, loue me long, let musicke rumble,
Whilst I in thy *incoomy* lap doe tumble.

wln 2027

Enter Barabas with a Lute, disguis'd.

wln 2028

Curt. A French Musician, come let's heare your skill?

wln 2029

Bar. Must tuna my Lute for sound, twang twang first.

wln 2030

Ith. Wilt drinke French-man, here's to thee with a —

wln 2031

Pox on this drunken hick-vp.

wln 2032

Bar. Gramercy Mounsier.

wln 2033

Curt. Prethe, *Pilia-borza*, bid the Fidler giue me
The posey in his hat there.

wln 2034

Pil. Sirra, you must giue my mistris your posey.

wln 2035

Bar. *A voustre commandement Madam.*

wln 2036

Curt. How sweet, my *Ithimore*, the flowers smell.

wln 2037

Ith. Like thy breath, sweet-hart, no violet like 'em.

wln 2038

Pil. Foh, me thinkes they stinke like a Holly-Hoke.

wln 2039

Bar. So, now I am reueng'd vpon 'em all.

wln 2040

The scent thereof was death, I poyson'd it.

wln 2041

Ith. Play, Fidler, or I'll cut your cats guts into chitterlins

wln 2042

wln 2043

wln 2044

wln 2045

wln 2046

wln 2047

Bar.

The Iew of Malta.

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

aside.
wln 2052 *Pil.* Me thinkes he fingers very well.
wln 2053 *Bar.* So did you when you stole my gold. *aside*
wln 2054 *Pil.* How swift he runnes.
wln 2055 *Bar.* You run swifter when you threw my gold out of
wln 2056 My Window. *aside.*
wln 2057 *Curt.* Musician, hast beene in *Malta* long?
wln 2058 *Bar.* Two, three, foure month Madam.
wln 2059 *Ith.* Dost not know a Iew, one *Barabas*?
wln 2060 *Bar.* Very mush, Mounsier, you no be his man.
wln 2061 *Pil.* His man?
wln 2062 *Ith.* I scorne the Peasant, tell him so.
wln 2063 *Bar.* He knowes it already.
wln 2064 *Ith.* 'Tis a strange thing of that Iew, he liues vpon
wln 2065 Pickled Grashoppers, and sauc'd Mushrums.
wln 2066 *Bar.* What a slaue's this?
wln 2067 The Gouvernour feeds not as I doe. *aside.*
wln 2068 *Ith.* He neuer put on cleane shirt since he was circumcis'd
wln 2069 *Bar.* Oh raskall! I change my selfe twice a day. *aside*
wln 2070 *Ith.* The Hat he weares, *Iudas* left vnder the Elder
wln 2071 When he hang'd himselfe.
wln 2072 *Bar.* 'Twas sent me for a present from the great *Cham*.
aside
wln 2073 *Pil.* A masty slaue he is;
wln 2074 Whether now, Fidler?
wln 2075 *Bar.* Pardona moy, Mounsier, we be no well. *Exit.*
wln 2076 *Pil.* Farewell Fidler: One letter more to the Iew.
wln 2077 *Curt.* Prethe sweet loue, one more, and write it sharp.
wln 2078 *Ith.* No, I'le send by word of mouth now;
wln 2079 Bid him deliuer thee a thousand Crownes, by the same
wln 2080 Token, that the Nuns lou'd Rice, that Fryar *Bernardine*
wln 2081 Slept in his owne clothes,
wln 2082 Any of 'em will doe it.

Pil.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2083

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

wln 2084

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

wln 2085

To vndoe a Iew is charity, and not sinne.

Exeunt.

wln 2086

Actus Quintus.

wln 2087

Enter Gouvernor. Knights. Martin Del-Bosco.

wln 2088

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

wln 2089

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

wln 2090

And it behoues you to be resolute;

wln 2091

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

wln 2092

Will winne the Towne, or dye before the wals.

wln 2093

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

wln 2094

Enter Curtezane, Pilia-borza.

wln 2095

Curt. Oh bring vs to the Gouvernor.

wln 2096

Gov. Away with her, she is a Curtezane.

wln 2097

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

wln 2098

I bring thee newes by whom thy sonne was slaine:

wln 2099

Mathias did it not, it was the Iew.

wln 2100

Pil. Who, besides the slaughter of these Gentlemen,

wln 2101

Poyson'd his owne daughter and the Nuns,

wln 2102

Strangled a Fryar, and I know not what

wln 2103

Mischiefe beside.

wln 2104

Gov. Had we but prooffe of this.

wln 2105

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

wln 2106

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

wln 2107

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

wln 2108

Enter Iew, Ithimore.

wln 2109

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

wln 2110

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

wln 2111

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

wln 2112

What a damn'd slaue was I?

The Iew of Malta.

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

Exeunt.

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

Enter Calymath, Bashawes, Turkes.

Caly. Whom haue we there, a spy?

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

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

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

Caly. Didst breake prison?

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

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

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

The Iew of Malta.

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

Caly. If this be true, I'le make thee Gouvernor.

Iew. And if it be not true, then let me dye.

Caly. Thou'st doom'd thy selfe, assault it presently.

Exeunt.

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

Caly. Now vaile your pride you captiue Christians,
And kneele for mercy to your conquering foe:
Now where's the hope you had of haughty *Spaine*?
Ferneze, speake, had it not beene much better
To kept thy promise then be thus surpriz'd?

Gov. What should I say, we are captiues and must yeeld.

Caly. I, villains, you must yeeld, and vnder Turkish yokes
Shall groning beare the burthen of our ire;
And *Barabas*, as erst we promis'd thee,
For thy desert we make the Gouvernor,
Vse them at thy discretion.

Bar. Thankes, my Lord.

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

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

Exeunt.

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

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

Exeunt.

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

No

wln 2223
wln 2224
wln 2225
wln 2226
wln 2227
wln 2228
wln 2229
wln 2230
wln 2231
wln 2232
wln 2233
wln 2234
wln 2235
wln 2236
wln 2237
wln 2238
wln 2239
wln 2240
wln 2241
wln 2242
wln 2243
wln 2244
wln 2245
wln 2246
wln 2247
wln 2248
wln 2249
wln 2250
wln 2251
wln 2252
wln 2253
wln 2254
wln 2255
wln 2256
wln 2257
wln 2258
wln 2259

The Iew of Malta.

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

Enter Governour with a guard.

Gov. My Lord?

Bar. I, Lord, thus slaues will learne.

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

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

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

The Iew of Malta.

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

And as for *Malta's* ruine, thinke you not
'Twere slender policy for *Barabas*
To dispossesse himselfe of such a place?
For sith, as once you said, within this Ile
In *Malta* here, that I haue got my goods,
And in this City still haue had successe,
And now at length am growne your Governor,
Your selues shall see it shall not be forgot:
For as a friend not knowne, but in distresse,
I'le reare vp *Malta* now remedillesse.

Gov. Will *Barabas* recouer *Malta's* losse?
Will *Barabas* be good to Christians?

Bar. What wilt thou giue me, Gouvernor, to procure
A dissolution of the slauish Bands
Wherein the Turke hath yoak'd your land and you?
What will you giue me if I render you
The life of *Calymath*, surprize his men,
And in an out-house of the City shut
His souldiers, till I haue consum'd 'em all with fire?
What will you giue him that procureth this?

Gov. Doe but bring this to passe which thou pretendest,
Deale truly with vs as thou intimatest,
And I will send amongst the Citizens
And by my letters priuately procure
Great summes of mony for thy recompence:
Nay more, doe this, and liue thou Gouvernor still.

Bar. Nay, doe thou this, *Ferneze*, and be free;
Gouvernor, I enlarge thee, liue with me,
Goe walke about the City, see thy friends:
Tush, send not letters to 'em, goe thy selfe,
And let me see what mony thou canst make;
Here is my hand that I'le set *Malta* free:
And thus we cast it: To a solemne feast
I will inuite young *Selim-Calymath*,
Where be thou present onely to performe
One stratagem that I'le impart to thee,
Wherein no danger shall betide thy life,

And

wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299
wln 2300
wln 2301
wln 2302
wln 2303
wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306
wln 2307
wln 2308
wln 2309
wln 2310
wln 2311
wln 2312
wln 2313
wln 2314
wln 2315
wln 2316
wln 2317
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wln 2320
wln 2321
wln 2322
wln 2323
wln 2324
wln 2325
wln 2326
wln 2327
wln 2328
wln 2329
wln 2330
wln 2331
wln 2332
wln 2333

The Iew of Malta.

And I will warrant *Malta* free for euer.

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

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

Gov. Then will I, *Barabas*, about this coyne,
And bring it with me to thee in the euening.

Bar. Doe so, but faile not; now farewell *Ferneze*:
And thus farre roundly goes the businesse:
Thus louing neither, will I liue with both,
Making a profit of my policie;
And he from whom my most aduantage comes,
Shall be my friend.

This is the life we Iewes are vs'd to lead;
And reason too, for Christians doe the like:
Well, now about effecting this deuce:
First to surprize great *Selims* souldiers,
And then to make prouision for the feast,
That at one instant all things may be done,
My policie detests preuention:
To what euent my secret purpose driues,
I know; and they shall witness with their liues.

Exit.

Enter Calymath, Bashawes.

Caly. Thus haue we view'd the City, seene the sacke,
And caus'd the ruines to be new repair'd,
Which with our Bombards shot and Basiliske,
We rent in sunder at our entry:
And now I see the Scituation,
And how secure this conquer'd Iland stands
Inuiron'd with the mediterranean Sea,
Strong contermin'd with other petty Iles;
And toward *Calabria* back'd by *Sicily*,
Two lofty Turrets that command the Towne.
When *Siracusan Dionisius* reign'd;
I wonder how it could be conquer'd thus?

Enter

The Iew of Malta.

Enter a messenger.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mess. I shall, my Lord,

Exit.

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

Exeunt.

Enter Gouvernor, Knights, Del-bosco.

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

Till

wln 2371
wln 2372
wln 2373
wln 2374
wln 2375
wln 2376
wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380
wln 2381
wln 2382
wln 2383
wln 2384
wln 2385
wln 2386
wln 2387
wln 2388
wln 2389
wln 2390
wln 2391
wln 2392
wln 2393
wln 2394
wln 2395
wln 2396
wln 2397
wln 2398
wln 2399
wln 2400
wln 2401
wln 2402
wln 2403
wln 2404
wln 2405
wln 2406
wln 2407

The Iew of Malta.

Till you shall heare a Culuerin discharg'd
By him that beares the Linstocke, kindled thus;
Then issue out and come to rescue me,
For happily I shall be in distresse,
Or you released of this seruitude.

I Kni. Rather then thus to liue as Turkish thrals,
What will we not aduenture?

Gov. On then, begone.

Kni: Farewell graue Gouvernor.

Enter with a Hammar aboue, very busie.

Bar. How stand the cords? How hang these hinges, fast?
Are all the Cranes and Pulleyes sure?

Serv. All fast.

Bar. Leaue nothing loose, all leueld to my mind.
Why now I see that you haue Art indeed.
There, Carpenters, diuide that gold amongst you:
Goe swill in bowles of Sacke and Muscadine:
Downe to the Celler, taste of all my wines.

Carp. We shall, my Lord, and thanke you: *Exeunt.*

Bar. And if you like them, drinke your fill and dye:
For so I liue, perish may all the world.
Now *Selim-Calymath* returne me word
That thou wilt come, and I am satisfied.
Now sirra, what, will he come?

Enter Messenger.

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

Bar. Then now are all things as my wish wud haue 'em,
There wanteth nothing but the Gouvernors pelfe,
And see he brings it: Now, Gouvernor, the summe.

Enter Gouvernour.

Gou. With free consent a hundred thousand pounds.

Bar. Pounds saist thou, Gouvernor, wel since it is no more
I'le satisfie my selfe with that; nay, keepe it still,
For if I keepe not promise, trust not me.
And Gouvernour, now partake my policy:

The Jew of Malta.

wln 2408
wln 2409
wln 2410
wln 2411
wln 2412
wln 2413
wln 2414
wln 2415
wln 2416
wln 2417
wln 2418
wln 2419
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wln 2434
wln 2435
wln 2436
wln 2437
wln 2438
wln 2439
wln 2440
wln 2441
wln 2442
wln 2443
wln 2444

First for his Army, they are sent before,
Enter'd the Monastery, and vnderneath
In seuerall places are field-pieces pitch'd,
Bombards, whole Barrels full of Gunpowder,
That on the sudden shall disseuer it,
And batter all the stones about their eares,
Whence none can possibly escape aliue:
Now as for *Calymath* and his consorts,
Here haue I made a dainty Gallery,
The floore whereof, this Cable being cut,
Doth fall asunder; so that it doth sinke
Into a deepe pit past recouery.
Here, hold that knife, and when thou seest he comes,
And with his Bashawes shall be blithely set,
A warning-peece shall be shot off from the Tower,
To giue thee knowledge when to cut the cord,
And fire the house; say, will not this be braue?

Gov. Oh excellent! here, hold thee, *Barabas*,
I trust thy word, take what I promis'd thee.

Bar. No, Gouvernor, I'le satisfie thee first,
Thou shalt not liue in doubt of any thing.
Stand close, for here they come: why, is not this
A kingly kinde of trade to purchase Townes
By treachery, and sell 'em by deceit?
Now tell me, worldlings, vnderneath the summe,
If greater falshood euer has bin done.

Enter Calymath and Bashawes.

Caly. Come, my Companion-Bashawes, see I pray
How busie *Barrabas* is there aboue
To entertaine vs in his Gallery;
Let vs salute him, Saue thee, *Barabas*.

Bar. Welcome great *Calymath*.

Gov. How the slaue jeeres at him?

Bar. Will't please thee, mighty *Selim-Calymath*,
To ascend our homely stayres?

Caly. I, *Barabas*, come Bashawes, attend.

Gov. Stay, *Calymath*;

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2445 For I will shew thee greater curtesie
wln 2446 Then *Barabas* would haue affoorded thee.
wln 2447 *Kni.* Sound a charge there. {*A charge, the cable cut,*
wln 2448 *Cal.* How now, what means this *A Caldron discovered.*
wln 2449 *Bar.* Helpe, helpe me, Christians, helpe.
wln 2450 *Gov.* See *Calymath*, this was deuis'd for thee.
wln 2451 *Caly.* Treason, treason Bashawes, flye.
wln 2452 *Gov.* No, *Selim*, doe not flye;
wln 2453 See his end first, and flye then if thou canst.
wln 2454 *Bar.* Oh helpe me, *Selim*, helpe me, Christians.
wln 2455 Gouvernour, why stand you all so pittillesse?
wln 2456 *Gov.* Should I in pittie of thy plaints or thee,
wln 2457 Accursed *Barabas*; base Iew relent:
wln 2458 No, thus I'le see thy treachery repaid,
wln 2459 But wish thou hadst behau'd thee otherwise.
wln 2460 *Bar.* You will not helpe me then?
wln 2461 *Gov.* No, villaine, no.
wln 2462 *Bar.* And villaines, know you cannot helpe me now.
wln 2463 Then *Barabas* breath forth thy latest fate,
wln 2464 And in the fury of thy torments, striue
wln 2465 To end thy life with resolution:
wln 2466 Know, Gouvernor, 'twas I that slew thy sonne;
wln 2467 I fram'd the challenge that did make them meet:
wln 2468 Know, *Calymath*, I aym'd thy ouerthrow,
wln 2469 And had I but escap'd this stratagem,
wln 2470 I would haue brought confusion on you all,
wln 2471 Damn'd Christians, dogges, and Turkish Infidels;
wln 2472 But now begins the extremity of heat
wln 2473 To pinch me with intolerable pangs:
wln 2474 Dye life, flye soule, tongue curse thy fill and dye:
wln 2475 *Caly.* Tell me, you Christians, what doth this portend?
wln 2476 *Gov.* This traine he laid to haue intrap'd thy life;
wln 2477 Now *Selim* note the vnhallowed deeds of Iewes:
wln 2478 Thus he determin'd to haue handled thee,
wln 2479 But I haue rather chose to saue thy life.
wln 2480 *Caly.* Was this the banquet he prepar'd for vs?
wln 2481 Let's hence, lest further mischiefe be pretended.

The Iew of Malta.

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

wln 2512

FINIS.

img: 38-b
sig: