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img: 1-a
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ln 0001
ln 0002
ln 0003
ln 0004

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

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

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

[...]**ION**

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

img: 2-a
sig: A2v

ln 0001
ln 0002
ln 0003
ln 0004
ln 0005

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

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

THis Play, composed by so
worthy an Authour as Mr.
Marlo; and the part of the
Jew presented by so vnimi-
table an Actor as Mr. *Allin*,
being in this later Age com-
mended to the Stage: As I
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

The Epistle Dedicatory:

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

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

ln 0031

Tuissmus:

ln 0032

THO. HEYVWOOD.

The

In 0001

The Prologue spoken at Court.

In 0002

GRacious and Great, that we so boldly dare,

In 0003

('Mof·Jgst other Playes that now in fashion are)

In 0004

To present this; writ many yeares agoe,

In 0005

And in that Age, thought second vnto none;

In 0006

We humbly cf·Iave your pardon: we pursue

In 0007

The story of a rich and famous Jew

In 0008

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

In 0009

In all his pf·Joiects, a sound Macheuill;

In 0010

And that's his Character: He that hath past

In 0011

So many Censures, is now come at last

In 0012

To haue your princely Eares, grace you him; then

In 0013

You crowne the Action, and renowne the pen.

In 0014

Epilogue.

In 0015

IT is our feare (dread Soueraigne) we haue bin

In 0016

Too tedious; neither can't be lesse than sinne

In 0017

To wrong your Princely patience: If we haue,

In 0018

(Thus low delected) we your pardon craue:

In 0019

And if ought here offend your eare or sight,

In 0020

We onely Act, and Speake, what others write.

The

ln 0021
ln 0022

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

ln 0023

WE know not how this Play may passe this Stage,

ln 0024

*Marlo. *But by the best of * Poets in that age*

ln 0025

The Malta-Jew had being, and was made;

ln 0026

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

ln 0027

In Hero and Leander, one did gaine

ln 0028

A lasting memorie: in Tamberlaine,

ln 0029

This Jew, with others many: th' other man

ln 0030

The Attribute of peerelesse, being a man

ln 0031

Whom we may ranke with (doing no one wrong)

ln 0032

Proteus for shapes, and Roseius for a tongue,

ln 0033

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

ln 0034

*Perkins. *To merit: in * him who doth personate*

ln 0035

Our Jew this day, nor is it his ambition

ln 0036

To exceed, or equall, being of condition

ln 0037

More modest; this is all that he intends,

ln 0038

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

ln 0039

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

ln 0040

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

ln 0041

Epilogue.

ln 0042

IN Graving, with Pigmalion to contend;

ln 0043

Or Painting, with Apelles; doubtlesse the end

ln 0044

Must be disgrace: our Actor did not so,

ln 0045

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

ln 0046

Nor thinke that this day any prize was plaid,

ln 0047

Here were no betts at all, no wagers laid;

ln 0048

All the ambition that his mind doth swell,

ln 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
wln 0064
wln 0065
wln 0066
wln 0067
wln 0068
wln 0069
wln 0070
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 climbing followers.
I count Religion but a childish Toy,
And hold there is no sinne but Ignorance.
Birds of the Aire will tell of murders past;
I am asham'd to heare such fooleries:
Many will talke of Title to a Crowne.
What right had *Caesar* to the Empire?
Might first made Kings, and Lawes were then most sure
When like the *Drancus* they were writ in blood.

B

Hence

The Iew of Malta.

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

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

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

Without

The Iew of Malta.

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

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.

wln 0149
wln 0150
wln 0151
wln 0152
wln 0153
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wln 0184
wln 0185

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

The Iew of Malta.

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

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

Exit.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0223
wln 0224
wln 0225
wln 0226
wln 0227
wln 0228
wln 0229
wln 0230
wln 0231
wln 0232
wln 0233
wln 0234
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wln 0258
wln 0259

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

Enter three Iewes.

1. Tush, tell not me 'twas done of policie.
2. Come therefore let vs goe to *Barrabas*;

For he can counsell best in these affaires;
And here he comes.

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

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

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

Aside.

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

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

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

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

But

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265
wln 0266
wln 0267
wln 0268
wln 0269
wln 0270
wln 0271
wln 0272
wln 0273
wln 0274
wln 0275
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wln 0294
wln 0295
wln 0296

But neuer could effect their Stratagem.

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

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

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

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

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

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'll make sure for one,

And seeke in time to intercept the worst,

Warily garding that which I ha got.

Ego mihimet sum semper proximas.

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

*Enter Gouernors of Malta, Knights met by
Bassoos of the Turke; Calymath.*

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

Bass. Know Knights of Malta, that we came from *Rhodes*
From *Cyprus*, *Candy*, and those other Iles

That lye betwixt the Mediterranean seas.

Gov. What's *Cyprus*, *Candy*, and those other Iles

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

Calim. The ten yeares tribute that remaines vnpaid.

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

Calim.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0297
wln 0298
wln 0299
wln 0300
wln 0301
wln 0302
wln 0303
wln 0304
wln 0305
wln 0306
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wln 0325
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wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331
wln 0332
wln 0333

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gov. But a month.

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

Exeunt.

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

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

Enter Barabas, and three Iewes.

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

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

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

Your

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0334
wln 0335
wln 0336
wln 0337
wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340
wln 0341
wln 0342
wln 0343
wln 0344
wln 0345
wln 0346
wln 0347
wln 0348
wln 0349
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wln 0360
wln 0361
wln 0362
wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368
wln 0369
wln 0370

Your Lordship shall doe well to let them haue it.

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

To what this ten yeares tribute will amount
That we haue cast, but cannot compasse it
By reason of the warres, that robb'd our store;
And therefore are we to request your ayd.

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

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

Bar. How, my Lord, my mony?

Gov. Thine and the rest.

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

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

Gov. Then let the rich increase your portions:

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

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

Bar. How, equally?

Gov. No, Iew, like infidels.

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

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

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

Gov. Read on.

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

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

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

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

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

The Iew of Malta.

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

And will you basely thus submit your selues
To leaue your goods to their arbitrament?
Gov. Why *Barabas* wilt thou be christned[.]
Bar. No, Gouvernour, 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.
Gouvernour, 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,
Lieu still; and if thou canst, get more.
Bar. Christians; what, or how can I multiply?
Of nought is nothing made.
I Knight. From nought at first thou camst to little welth,
From little vnto more, from more to most:
If your first curse fall heauy on thy head,
And make thee poore and **scorn[*]d** of all the world,
'Tis not our fault, but thy inherent sinne.
Bar. What? bring you Scripture to confirm your wronge?
Preach me not out of my possessions.
Some Iewes are wicked, as all Christians are:
But say the Tribe that I descended of
Were all in generall cast away for sinne,
Shall I be tryed by their transgression?

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0408
wln 0409
wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412
wln 0413
wln 0414
wln 0415
wln 0416
wln 0417
wln 0418
wln 0419
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wln 0435
wln 0436
wln 0437
wln 0438
wln 0439
wln 0440
wln 0441
wln 0442
wln 0443
wln 0444

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

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

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

I Kni. Graue Gouvernors, list not to his exclames:
Conuert his mansion to a Nunnery, *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
Suppressse all pittie in your stony breasts,
And now shall move you to bereave my life.

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

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

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

Bar. Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong:

The Iew of Malta.

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

But take it to you i'th deuils name.

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

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

Exeunt,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

So,

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0482
wln 0483
wln 0484
wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489
wln 0490
wln 0491
wln 0492
wln 0493
wln 0494
wln 0495
wln 0496
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wln 0510
wln 0511
wln 0512
wln 0513
wln 0514
wln 0515
wln 0516
wln 0517
wln 0518

So that not he, but I may curse the day,
Thy fatall birth-day, forlorne *Barabas*;
And henceforth wish for an eternall night,
That clouds of darknesse may inclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrowes from mine eyes:
For onely I haue toyl'd to inherit here
The months of vanity and losse of time,
And painefull nights haue bin appointed me.
 2 Iew. Good *Barabas* be patient.
 Bar. I, I pray leave me in my patience.
You that were ne're possest of wealth, are pleas'd with
But giue him liberty at least to mourne, (want.
That in a field amidst his enemies,
Doth see his souldiers slaine, himselfe disarm'd,
And knowes no meanes of his recouerie:
I, let me sorrow for this sudden chance,
'Tis in the trouble of my spirit I speake;
Great iniuries are not so soone forgot.
 1 Iew. Come, let vs leaue him in his irefull mood,
Our words will but increase his extasie.
 2 Iew. On then: but trust me 'tis a misery
To see a man in such affliction:
Farewell *Barabas*.
 Bar. I, fare you well.
See the simplicitie of these base slaues,
Who for the villaines haue no wit themselues,
Thinke me to be a senselesse lumpe of clay
That will with euery water wash to dirt:
No, *Barabas* is borne to better chance,
And fram'd of finer mold then common men,
That measure nought but by the present time.
A reaching thought will search his deepest wits,
And cast with cunning for the time to come:
For euils are apt to happen euery day
But whither wends my beauteous *Abigall*?
 Enter Ahigall the Iewes daughter.
Oh what has made my louely daughter sad?

Exeunt.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0519
wln 0520
wln 0521
wln 0522
wln 0523
wln 0524
wln 0525
wln 0526
wln 0527
wln 0528
wln 0529
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wln 0546
wln 0547
wln 0548
wln 0549
wln 0550
wln 0551
wln 0552
wln 0553
wln 0554
wln 0555

What? woman, moane not for a little losse:
Thy father has enough in store for thee.
Abig. Not for my selfe, but aged *Barabas*:
Father, for thee lamenteth *Abigaile*:
But I will learne to leaue these fruitlesse teares.
And vrg'd thereto with my afflictions,
With fierce exclames run to the Senate-house,
And in the Senate reprehend them all,
And rent their hearts with tearing of my haire,
Till they reduce the wrongs done to my father.
Bar. No, *Abigail*, things past recouery
Are hardly cur'd with exclamations.
Be silent, Daughter, sufferance breeds ease,
And time may yeeld vs an occasion
Which on the sudden cannot serue the turne.
Besides, my girle, thinke me not all so fond
As negligently to forgoe so much
Without prouision for thy selfe and me.
Ten thousand *Portagues*, besides great Perles,
Rich costly Iewels, and Stones infinite,
Fearing the worst of this before it fell,
I closely hid.
Abig. Where father?
Bar. In my house my girle.
Abig. Then shall they ne're be seene of *Barrabas*:
For they haue seiz'd vpon thy house and wares.
Bar. But they will giue me leaue once more, I trow,
To goe into my house.
Abig. That may they not:
For there I left the Gouvernour placing Nunnes,
Displacing me; and of thy house they meane
To make a Nunnery, where none but their owne sect
Must enter in; men generally barr'd.
Bar. My gold, my gold, and all my wealth is gone.
You partiall heauens, haue I deseru'd this plague?
What will you thus oppose me, lucklesse Starres,
To make me desperate in my pouerty?

And

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0556
wln 0557
wln 0558
wln 0559
wln 0560
wln 0561
wln 0562
wln 0563
wln 0564
wln 0565
wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
wln 0570
wln 0571
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wln 0582
wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585
wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588
wln 0589
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.

wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596
wln 0597
wln 0598
wln 0599
wln 0600
wln 0601
wln 0602
wln 0603
wln 0604
wln 0605
wln 0606
wln 0607
wln 0608
wln 0609
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wln 0621
wln 0622
wln 0623
wln 0624
wln 0625
wln 0626
wln 0627
wln 0628
wln 0629

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

Abig. Then father goe with me.

Bar. No, *Abigall*, in this

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

Enter three Fryars and two Nuns.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Abb. What art thou daughter?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0630
wln 0631
wln 0632
wln 0633
wln 0634
wln 0635
wln 0636
wln 0637
wln 0638
wln 0639
wln 0640
wln 0641
wln 0642
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wln 0662
wln 0663
wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666

And let me lodge where I was wont to lye,
I doe not doubt by your divine precepts
And mine owne industry, but to profit much.
Bar. As much I hope as all I hid is worth. *aside.*
Abb. Come daughter, follow vs.
Bar. Why how now *Abigall*, what mak'st thou
Amongst these hateful Christians?
I Fry. Hinder her not, thou man of little faith,
For she has mortified her selfe.
Bar. How, mortified!
I 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, *{Whispers*
The boord is marked thus that couers it. *to her.*
Away accursed from thy fathers sight.
I Fry. *Barabas*, although thou art in mis-beleefe,
And wilt not see thine owne afflictions,
Yet let thy daughter be no longer blinde.
Bar. Blind, Fryer, I wrecke not thy perswasions.
The boord is marked thus † that couers it,
For I had rather dye, then see her thus.
Wilt thou forsake mee too in my distresse,
Seduced Daughter, *Goe forget net.* *aside to her.*
Becomes it Iewes to be so credulous,
To morrow early Il'e be at the doore. *aside to her.*
No come not at me, if thou wilt be damn'd,
Forget me, see me not, and so be gone.
Farewell, Remember to morrow morning. *aside.*
Out, out thou wretch.

Enter Mathias.

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

The Iew of Malta.

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

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
wln 0679
wln 0680
wln 0681
wln 0682
wln 0683
wln 0684
wln 0685
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wln 0687
wln 0688
wln 0689
wln 0690
wln 0691
wln 0692
wln 0693
wln 0694
wln 0695
wln 0696
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 pitty.

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.

Actus Secundus.

wln 0698

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 (vnscene) 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
wln 0737
wln 0738
wln 0739
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wln 0763
wln 0764
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 suspicion, 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
wln 0771
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wln 0803
wln 0804
wln 0805

Gov. Now Captaine tell vs whither thou art bound?

Whence is thy ship that anchors in our Rhoad?

And why thou cam'st ashore without our leau?

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

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

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

Vizadmirall vnto the Catholike King.

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

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

For late vpon the coast of *Corsica*,

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

Their creeping Gallyes had vs in the chase:

But suddenly the wind began to rise,

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

Some have we fir'd, and many haue we sunke;

But one amongst the rest became our prize:

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

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

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

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

But to admit a sale of these thy *Turkes*

We may not, nay we dare not giue consent

By reason of a Tributary league.

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

Perswade our Gouvernor against the *Turke*;

This truce we haue is but in hope of gold,

And with that summe he craues might we wage warre.

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

And buy it basely too for summes of gold?

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

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

Was lately lost, and you were stated here

To be at deadly enmity with *Turkes*

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

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

Gov. A hundred thousand Crownes.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0806
wln 0807
wln 0808
wln 0809
wln 0810
wln 0811
wln 0812
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wln 0838
wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842

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

Gov. On this condition shall thy *Turkes* be sold.
Goe Officers and set them straight in shew.
Bosco, thou shalt be *Malta's* Generall;
We and our warlike Knights will follow thee
Against these barbarous mis-beleeuing *Turkes*.

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

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

Extunt

Enter Officers with slaues.

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

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

Ent. Bar.

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

Enter Barabas.

Bar; In spite of these swine-eating Christians,
(Vnchosen Nation, neuer circumciz'd;
Such as poore villaines were ne're thought vpon
Till *Titus* and *Vespasian* conquer'd vs.)
Am I become as wealthy as I was:
They hop'd my daughter would ha bin a Nun;
But she's at home, and I haue bought a house
As great and faire as is the Gouvernors;
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.

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

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

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

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

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

Lod. Whither walk'st thou *Barabas*?

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

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

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

I'le

The Iew of Malta.

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

Hoping

The Jew of Malta.

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

The Iew of Malta.

wln 0954
wln 0955
wln 0956
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wln 0960
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wln 0987
wln 0988
wln 0989
wln 0990

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

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

Bar. Where was thou borne?

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

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

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

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

My Lord farewell: Come Sirra you are mine.

As for the Diamond it shall be yours;

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

All that I haue shall be at your command.

Enter Mathias, Mater.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

exeunt

Math. Sirra, Iew, remember the booke.

Bar.

The Iew of Malta.

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wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995
wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
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wln 1020
wln 1021
wln 1022
wln 1023
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 stratagems.
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
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wln 1036
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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 Gouernors 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
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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 Iew of Malta.

wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
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wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
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wln 1160
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wln 1165
wln 1166
wln 1167
wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174

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

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

Bar. It's no sinne to deceiue a Christian;
For they them selues hold it a principle,
Faith is not to be held with Hereticke;
But all are Hereticke that are not Iewes;
This followes well, and therefore daughter feare not.
I haue intreated her, and she will grant.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Mathias.

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

Lod. Well, let him goe.

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

aside.

aside.

Exit.

Math.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1175
wln 1176
wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187
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wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192
wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196
wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
wln 1205
wln 1206
wln 1207
wln 1208
wln 1209
wln 1210
wln 1211

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

Exit.

Shall

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1212

Shall verily thinke it comes from him.

wln 1213

Bar. I cannot choose but like thy readinesse:

wln 1214

Yet be not rash, but doe it cunningly.

wln 1215

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

wln 1216

Bar. Away then.

Exit.

wln 1217

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

wln 1218

And like a cunning spirit feigne some lye,

wln 1219

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

The Iew of Malta.

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

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

Enter Ithimore.

Curt. Hide the bagge.

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

Zoon's what a looking thou keep'st,

Thou'lt betraye's anon.

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

Exit.

Enter Mathias.

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

Enter Lodow. reading.

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

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

Fight: Enter Barabas aboue.

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

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

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

Within, Part 'em, part 'em.

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

Exit.

Enter Gouvernor. Mater.

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

These armes of mine shall be thy Sepulchre.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mater. Who made them enemies?

Gov.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305
wln 1306
wln 1307
wln 1308
wln 1309
wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312
wln 1313
wln 1314
wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317

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

Mat. My sonne lou'd thine.

Gov. And so did *Lodowicke* him.

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

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

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

Gov. Then take them vp, and let them be interr'd
Within one sacred monument of stone;
Vpon which Altar I will offer vp
My daily sacrifice of sighes and teares,
And with my prayers pierce impartiall heauens,
Till they the causers of our smarts,
Which forc'd their hands diuide vnited hearts:
Come, *Katherina*, our losses equall are,
Then of true grieffe let vs take equall share.

Exeunt.

Enter Ithimore.

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.

Enter Abigall.

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

Ith. Oh, Mistresse, ha ha ha.

Abig. Why what ayl'st thou?

Ith. Oh my master.

Abig. Ha.

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

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

Ith. Oh, my master has the brauest policy.

Abig. Wherein?

Ith. Why, know you not?

Abig. Why no.

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

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354

Abig. No, what was it?

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.

Abig. And was my father furtherer of their deaths?

Ith. Am I *Ithimore*?

Abig. Yes.

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

Abig. Well, *Ithimore*, let me request thee this,
Goe to the new made Nunnery, and inquire
For any of the Fryars of St. Iaynes,
And say, I pray them come and speake with me.

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

Abig. Well, sirra, what is't?

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

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

Ith. I will forsooth, Mistris.

Exit

Abig. Hard-hearted Father, unkind *Barabas*,
Was this the pursuit of thy policie?
To make me shew them fauour seuerally,
That by my fauour they should both be slaine?
Admit thou lou'dst not *Lodowicke* for his sinne,
Yet Don *Mathias* ne're offended thee:
But thou wert set vpon extreme reuenge,
Because the Pryor dispossesst thee once,
And couldst not venge it, but vpon his sonne,
Nor on his sonne, but by *Mathias* meanes;
Nor on *Mathias*, but by murdering me.
But I perceiue there is no loue on earth,
Pitty in Iewes, nor piety in Turkes.
But here Comes cursed *Ithimore* with the Fryar.

Enter Ithimore. Fryar.

Fry. *Virgo, salve.*

Ith. When ducke you?

Abig. Welcome graue Fryar *Ithamore*: begon,

Exit

Know

The Iew of Malta.

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

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

Fry. Wherein?

Abig. To get me be admitted for a Nun.

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

And then thou didst not like that holy life.

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

But now experience, purchased with grieffe,

Has made me see the difference of things.

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

The fatall Labyrinth of misbeleefe,

Farre from the Sonne that giues eternall life.

Fry. Who taught thee this?

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

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

Although unworthy of that Sister-hood.

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

Abig. That was my father's fault.

Fry. Thy father's, how?

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

Yet neuer shall these lips bewray thy life.

Fry. Come, shall we goe?

Abig. My duty waits on you.

Exeunt.

Enter Barabas reading a letter.

Bar. What, *Abigall* become a Nunne againe?

False, and vnkinde; what hast thou lost thy father?

And all vnknowne, and vnconstrain'd of me,

Art thou againe got to the Nunnery?

Now here she writes, and wils me to repent.

Repentance? *Spurca*: what pretendeth this?

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

In Don *Mathias* and *Lodovicoes* deaths:

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

The Iew of Malta.

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

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1429
wln 1430
wln 1431
wln 1432
wln 1433
wln 1434
wln 1435
wln 1436
wln 1437
wln 1438
wln 1439
wln 1440
wln 1441
wln 1442
wln 1443
wln 1444
wln 1445
wln 1446
wln 1447
wln 1448
wln 1449
wln 1450
wln 1451
wln 1452
wln 1453
wln 1454
wln 1455
wln 1456
wln 1457
wln 1458
wln 1459
wln 1460
wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463
wln 1464
wln 1465

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

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

Exit:

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

Enter Ithimore with the pot.

Ith. Here 'tis, Master.

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

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

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

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

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

Ith. How master?

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

Ith.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468
wln 1469
wln 1470
wln 1471
wln 1472

wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475
wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478
wln 1479
wln 1480
wln 1481
wln 1482
wln 1483
wln 1484
wln 1485
wln 1486
wln 1487
wln 1488
wln 1489
wln 1490
wln 1491
wln 1492
wln 1493
wln 1494
wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497
wln 1498
wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501

Ith. How so?
Bar. Belike there is some Ceremony in't.
There *Ithimore* must thou goe place this plot:
Stay, let me spice it first.
Ith. Pray doe, and let me help you M^r. Pray let me taste
Bar. Prethe doe: what saist thou now? (first.
Ith. Troth M^r. I'm loth such a pot of pottage should be
(spoyld.
Bar. Peace, *Ithimore*, 'tis better so then spar'd.
Assure thy selfe thou shalt haue broth by the eye.
My purse, my Coffe, and my selfe is thine.
Ith. Well, master, I goe.
Bar. Stay, first let me stirre it *Ithimore*.
As fatall be it to her as the draught
Of which great *Alexander* drunke, and dyed:
And with her let it worke like *Borgias* wine,
Whereof his sire, the Pope, was poyson'd.
In few, the blood of *Hydra*, Lerna's bane;
The iouyce of *Hebon*, and *Cocitus* breath,
And all the poysons of the Stygian poole
Breake from the fiery kingdome; and in this
Vomit your venome, and inuenome her
That like a fiend hath left her father thus.
Ith. What a blessing has he giu'nt? was euer pot of
Rice porredge so sauc't? what shall I doe with it?
Bar. Oh my sweet *Ithimore* goe set it downe
And come againe so soone as thou hast done,
For I haue other businesse for thee.
Ith. Here's a drench to poyson a whole stable of
Flanders mares: I'le carry't to the Nuns with a powder.
Bar. And the horse pestilence to boot; away.
Ith. I am gone.
Pay me my wages for my worke is done. *Exit.*
Bar. Ile pay thee with a vengeance *Ithamore*. *Exit.*
Enter Govern. Bosco. Knights. Bashaw.
Gov. Welcome great *Bashaws*, how fares *Callymath*,
What wind drives you thus into *Malta* rhode?

Bash.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1502
wln 1503
wln 1504
wln 1505
wln 1506
wln 1507
wln 1508
wln 1509
wln 1510
wln 1511
wln 1512
wln 1513
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wln 1528
wln 1529
wln 1530
wln 1531
wln 1532
wln 1533
wln 1534
wln 1535
wln 1536
wln 1537
wln 1538

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

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

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

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

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

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

Exeunt

Enter two Fryars and Abigall.

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

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
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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

The Iew of Malta.

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

Conuert my father that he may be sau'd,
And 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
wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602
wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606

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

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1607
wln 1608
wln 1609
wln 1610
wln 1611
wln 1612
wln 1613
wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616
wln 1617
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wln 1632
wln 1633
wln 1634
wln 1635
wln 1636
wln 1637
wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640
wln 1641
wln 1642
wln 1643

They'll dye with grieffe.

Ith. Doe you not sorrow for your daughters death?

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

Enter the two Fryars.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

2. Barabas, thou hast —

1. I, that thou hast —

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

2. Thou art a —

1. I, that thou art a —

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

2. Thy daughter —

1. I, thy daughter, —

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

2. Remember that —

1. I, remember that —

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

2. Thou hast committed —

Bar. Fornication? but that was in another Country:

And besides, the Wench is dead.

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

Bar. Why, what of them?

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

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

My bosome inmates, *but I must dissemble.*

aside.

Oh holy Fryars, the burthen of my sinnes

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

Is't not too late now to turne Christian?

I haue beene zealous in the Iewish faith,

Hard harted to the poore, a couetous wretch,

That

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1644
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 1674
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 stuf 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 stayes;
Rid him away, and goe you home with me.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1681
wln 1682
wln 1683
wln 1684
wln 1685
wln 1686
wln 1687
wln 1688
wln 1689
wln 1690
wln 1691
wln 1692
wln 1693
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wln 1713
wln 1714
wln 1715
wln 1716
wln 1717

2. I'le be with you to night.

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

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

2. Why goe get you away.

1. I will not goe for thee.

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

1. How, dost call me rogue?

Fight.

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

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

Fryar *Barnardine* goe you with *Ithimore*.

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

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

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

Exit.

I neuer heard of any man but he

Malign'd the order of the *Iacobines*:

But doe you thinke that I beleeeue his words?

Why Brother you conuerted *Abigall*;

And I am bound in charitie to requite it,

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

Fry. But *Barabas* who shall be your godfathers,
For presently you shall be shriu'd.

Bar. Marry the *Turke* shall be one of my godfathers,
But not a word to any of your Couent.

Fry. I warrant thee, *Barabas*.

Exit

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

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

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

Now I haue such a plot for both their liues,

As neuer Iew nor Christian knew the like:

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

The other knowes enough to haue my life,

Therefore 'tis not requisite he should liue.

But are not both these wise men to suppose

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

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

Now Fryar *Bernardine* I come to you,

I'le

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1718
wln 1719
wln 1720
wln 1721
wln 1722
wln 1723
wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726
wln 1727
wln 1728
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wln 1746

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

I'le feast you, lodge you, giue you faire words,
And after that, I and my trusty Turke —
No more but so: it must and shall be done.

Ithimore, tell me, is the Fryar asleepe?

Enter Ithimore.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fry. What doe you meane to strangle me?

Ith. Yes, 'cause you vse to confesse.

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

Fry. What, will you saue my life?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ith. Towards one.

Enter Iocoma.

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

Ioco. This is the houre wherein I shall proceed;
Oh happy houre, wherein I shall conuert

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756
wln 1757
wln 1758
wln 1759
wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762
wln 1763
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wln 1784
wln 1785
wln 1786
wln 1787
wln 1788
wln 1789

An Infidell, and bring his gold into our treasury.
But soft, is not this *Bernardine*? it is;
And vnderstanding I should come this way,
Stands here a purpose, meaning me some wrong,
And intercept my going to the Iew; *Bernardine*;
Wilt thou not speake? thou think'st I see thee not;
Away, I'de wish thee, and let me goe by:
No, wilt thou not? nay then I'le force my way;
And see, a staffe stands ready for the purpose:
As thou lik'st that, stop me another time.

Strike him, he fals. Enter Barabas.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ioco. Good *Barabas* let me goe.

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

I must be forc'd to giue in euidence,
That being importun'd by this *Bernardine*
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,
Was vp thus early; with intent to goe
Vnto your Friery, because you staid.

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

Bar. No, for this example I'le remaine a Iew:
Heauen blesse me; what, a Fryar a murderer?
When shall you see a Iew commit the like?

Ith. Why a Turke could ha done no more.

Bar. To morrow is the Sessions; you shall to it.
Come *Ithimore*, let's helpe to take him hence.

Ioco.

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
wln 1801
wln 1802
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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 Curtezan, 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'le be none of his followers in haste:
And now I thinke on't, going to the execution, a fellow
Met me with a muschatoes like a Rauens wing, and
A Dagger with a hilt like a warming-pan, and he

H

Gaue

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1827
wln 1828
wln 1829
wln 1830
wln 1831
wln 1832
wln 1833
wln 1834
wln 1835
wln 1836
wln 1837
wln 1838
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wln 1849
wln 1850
wln 1851
wln 1852
wln 1853
wln 1854

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

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.

Pilia. This is the Gentleman you writ to.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Curt. Whither so soone?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

Ith. By no meanes possible.

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

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

But

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865
wln 1866
wln 1867
wln 1868
wln 1869
wln 1870
wln 1871
wln 1872
wln 1873
wln 1874
wln 1875
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wln 1891
wln 1892
wln 1893
wln 1894
wln 1895
wln 1896
wln 1897
wln 1898
wln 1899

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

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

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

Pil. Send for a hundred Crownes at least.

He writes.

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

Pil. Write not so submissiuely, 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
wln 1901
wln 1902
wln 1903
wln 1904
wln 1905
wln 1906
wln 1907
wln 1908
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wln 1933
wln 1934
wln 1935
wln 1936

Ith. How now? hast thou the gold?
Pil. Yes. (freely?)
Ith. But came it freely, did the Cow giue down her milk
Pil. At reading of the letter, he star'd & stamp'd, & turnd
Aside, I tooke him by the sterd, & look'd vpon him thus;
Told him he were best to send it, then he hug'd & imbrac'd
Ith. Rather for feare then loue. (me.
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
Ith. The more villaine he to keep me thus: (had bin.
Here's goodly parrell, is there not?
Pil. To conclude, he gaue me ten crownes.
Ith. But ten? I'le not leaue him worth a gray goate, giue
Me a Reame of paper, we'll haue a kingdome of gold for't.
Pil. Write for 500 Crownes.
Ith. Sirra Iew, as you loue your life send me 500 crowns,
And giue the Bearer 100. Tell him I must hau't.
Pil. I warrant your worship shall hau't.
Ith. And if he aske why I demand so much, tell him,
I scorne to write a line vnder a hundred crownes.
Pil. You'd make a rich Poet, Sir. I am gone. *Exit.*
Ith. Take thou the mony, spend it for my sake.
Curt. 'Tis not thy mony, but thy selfe I weigh:
Thus *Bellamira* esteemes of gold;
But thus of thee. — *Kisse him.* —
Ith. That kisse againe; she runs diuision of my lips.
What an eye she casts on me?
It twinckles like a Starre.
Curt. Come my deare loue, let's in and sleepe together.
Ith. Oh that ten thousand nights were put in one,
That wee might sleepe seuen yeeres together afore
We wake.
Curt. Come Amorous wag, first banquet and then sleep.
Enter Barabas reading a letter.
Bar. *Barabas* send me 300 Crownes.
Plaine Barabas: oh that wicked *Curtezane!*

He

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1937
wln 1938
wln 1939
wln 1940
wln 1941
wln 1942
wln 1943
wln 1944
wln 1945
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wln 1969
wln 1970
wln 1971
wln 1972
wln 1973

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

Enter Pilia-borza.

Pil. Iew, I must ha more gold.

Bar. Why wantst thou any of thy tale?

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

Bar. Not serue his turne, Sir?

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

Bar. I'le rather —

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bar. I am betraid. (to hang thee. 'Tis

The Iew of Malta.

wln 1974
wln 1975
wln 1976
wln 1977
wln 1978
wln 1979
wln 1980
wln 1981
wln 1982
wln 1983
wln 1984
wln 1985
wln 1986
wln 1987
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wln 2003
wln 2004
wln 2005
wln 2006
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 Gouvernors son, he and
wln 2020 I kild 'em both, and yet neuer touch'd 'em.
wln 2021 *Pil.* Oh brauely done.
wln 2022 *Ith.* I carried the broth that poyson'd the Nuns, and he
wln 2023 And I snicle hand too fast, strangled a Fryar.
wln 2024 *Curt.* You two alone.
wln 2025 *Ith.* We two, and 'twas neuer knowne, nor neuer shall
wln 2026 Be for me.
wln 2027 *Pil.* This shall with me vnto the Gouvernor.
wln 2028 *Curt.* And fit it should: but first let's ha more gold:
wln 2029 Come gentle *Ithimore*, lye in my lap.
wln 2030 *Ith.* Loue me little, loue me long, let musicke rumble,
wln 2031 Whilst I in thy *incoomy* lap doe tumble.
wln 2032 *Enter Barabas with a Lute, disguis'd.*
wln 2033 *Curt.* A French Musician, come let's heare your skill?
wln 2034 *Bar.* Must tuna my Lute for sound, twang twang first.
wln 2035 *Ith.* Wilt drinke French-man, here's to thee with a —
wln 2036 Pox on this drunken hick-vp.
wln 2037 *Bar.* Gramercy Mounsier.
wln 2038 *Curt.* Prethe, *Pilia-borza*, bid the Fidler giue me
wln 2039 The posey in his hat there.
wln 2040 *Pil.* Sirra, you must giue my mistris your posey.
wln 2041 *Bar.* *A voustre commandement Madam.*
wln 2042 *Curt.* How sweet, my *Ithimore*, the flowers smell.
wln 2043 *Ith.* Like thy breath, sweet-hart, no violet like 'em.
wln 2044 *Pil.* Foh, me thinkes they stinke like a Holly-Hoke.
wln 2045 *Bar.* So, now I am reueng'd vpon 'em all.
wln 2046 The scent thereof was death, I poyson'd it.
wln 2047 *Ith.* Play, Fidler, or I'le cut your cats guts into chitterlins

Bar.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2048
wln 2049
wln 2050
wln 2051

wln 2052
wln 2053
wln 2054
wln 2055
wln 2056
wln 2057
wln 2058
wln 2059
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wln 2071
wln 2072

wln 2073
wln 2074
wln 2075
wln 2076
wln 2077
wln 2078
wln 2079
wln 2080
wln 2081
wln 2082

Pardona moy, be no in tune yet; so now, now all be in.
Ith. Giue him a crowne, and fill me out more wine.
Pil. There's two crownes for thee, play.
Bar. How liberally the villain giues me mine own gold.
aside.
Pil. Me thinkes he fingers very well.
Bar. So did you when you stole my gold. *aside*
Pil. How swift he runnes.
Bar. You run swifter when you threw my gold out of
My Window. *aside.*
Curt. Musician, hast beene in *Malta* long?
Bar. Two, three, foure month Madam.
Ith. Dost not know a Iew, one *Barabas*?
Bar. Very mush, Mounsier, you no be his man.
Pil. His man?
Ith. I scorne the Peasant, tell him so.
Bar. He knowes it already.
Ith. 'Tis a strange thing of that Iew, he liues vpon
Pickled Grashoppers, and sauc'd Mushrumb.
Bar. What a slaue's this?
The Gouvernour feeds not as I doe. *aside.*
Ith. He neuer put on cleane shirt since he was circumcis'd
Bar. Oh raskall! I change my selfe twice a day. *aside*
Ith. The Hat he weares, *Iudas* left vnder the Elder
When he hang'd himselfe.
Bar. 'Twas sent me for a present from the great *Cham*.
aside
Pil. A masty slaue he is;
Whether now, Fidler?
Bar. Pardona moy, Mounsier, we be no well. *Exit.*
Pil. Farewell Fidler: One letter more to the Iew.
Curt. Prethe sweet loue, one more, and write it sharp.
Ith. No, I'le send by word of mouth now;
Bid him deliuer thee a thousand Crownes, by the same
Token, that the Nuns lou'd Rice, that Fryar *Bernardine*
Slept in his owne clothes,
Any of 'em will doe it.

Pil.

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2083
wln 2084
wln 2085

Pil. Let me alone to vrge it now I know the meaning.
Ith. The meaning has a meaning; come let's in:
To vndoe a Iew is charity, and not sinne. *Exeunt.*

wln 2086

Actus Quintus.

wln 2087

Enter Gouvernor. Knights. Martin Del-Bosco.

wln 2088
wln 2089
wln 2090
wln 2091
wln 2092
wln 2093
wln 2094
wln 2095
wln 2096
wln 2097
wln 2098
wln 2099
wln 2100
wln 2101
wln 2102
wln 2103
wln 2104
wln 2105
wln 2106
wln 2107
wln 2108
wln 2109
wln 2110
wln 2111
wln 2112

Gov. NOw, Gentlemen, betake you to your Armes,
And see that *Malta* be well fortifi'd;
And it behoues you to be resolute;
For *Calymath* hauing houer'd here so long,
Will winne the Towne, or dye before the wals.
Kni. And dye he shall, for we will neuer yeeld.
Enter Curtezane, Pilia-borza.
Curt. Oh bring vs to the Gouvernor.
Gov. Away with her, she is a Curtezane.
Curt. What e're I am, yet Gouvernor heare me speake;
I bring thee newes by whom thy sonne was slaine:
Mathias did it not, it was the Iew.
Pil. Who, besides the slaughter of these Gentlemen,
Poyson'd his owne daughter and the Nuns,
Strangled a Fryar, and I know not what
Mischiefe beside.
Gov. Had we but prooffe of this.
Curt. Strong prooffe, my Lord, his man's now at my
Lodging that was his Agent, he'll confesse it all.
Gov. Goe fetch him straight, I alwayes fear'd that Iew.
Enter Iew, Ithimore.
Bar. I'le goe alone, dogs do not hale me thus. (my belly.
Ith. Nor me neither, I cannot out-run you Constable, oh
Bar. One dram of powder more had made all sure,
What a damn'd slaue was I?

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2113
wln 2114
wln 2115

Gov. Make fires, heat irons, let the racke be fetch'd.
Kni. Nay stay, my Lord, 'tmay be he will confesse.
Bar. Confesse; what meane you, Lords, who should
(confesse?)

wln 2116
wln 2117
wln 2118

Gov. Thou and thy Turk; 'twas you that slew my son.
Ith. Gilty, my Lord, I confesse; your sonne and *Mathias*
Were both contracted vnto *Abigall*,
Forg'd a counterfeit challenge.

wln 2119
wln 2120
wln 2121

Iew. Who carried that challenge?
Ith. I carried it, I confesse, but who writ it?
Marry euen he that strangled *Bernardine*, poyson'd the
Nuns, and his owne daughter.

wln 2122
wln 2123
wln 2124

Gov. Away with him, his sight is death to me.
Bar. For what, you men of *Malta*, heare me speake;

wln 2125
wln 2126
wln 2127

Shee is a Curtezane and he a theefe,
And he my bondman, let me haue law,
For none of this can preiudice my life:

wln 2128
wln 2129
wln 2130

Gov. Once more away with him; you shall haue law.
Bar. Deuils doe your worst, I liue in spite of you.

wln 2131
wln 2132
wln 2133

As these haue spoke so be it to their soules:
I hope the poyson'd flowers will worke anon.

Exit.

Enter Mater.

wln 2134
wln 2135
wln 2136

Mater. Was my *Mathias* murder'd by the Iew?
Ferneze, 'twas thy sonne that murder'd him.

wln 2137
wln 2138
wln 2139

Gov. Be patient, gentle Madam, it was he,
He forged the daring challenge made them fight.
Mat. Where is the Iew, where is that murderer?
Gov. In prison till the Law has past on him.

wln 2140
wln 2141
wln 2142

Enter Officer.
Offi. My Lord, the Curtezane and her man are dead;
So is the Turke, and *Barabas* the Iew.

wln 2143
wln 2144
wln 2145

Gov. Dead?
Offi. Dead, my Lord, and here they bring his body.
Bosco. This sudden death of his is very strange.

wln 2146
wln 2147
wln 2148

Gov. Wonder not at it, Sir, the heauens are iust:
Their deaths were like their liues, then think not of 'em
Since they are dead, let them be buried.

For

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2149
wln 2150
wln 2151
wln 2152
wln 2153
wln 2154
wln 2155
wln 2156
wln 2157
wln 2158
wln 2159
wln 2160
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wln 2180
wln 2181
wln 2182
wln 2183
wln 2184
wln 2185

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

Exeunt.

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

Enter Calymath, Bashawes, Turkes.

Caly. Whom haue we there, a spy?

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

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

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

Caly. Didst breake prison?

Bar. No, no:
I dranke of Poppy and cold mandrake 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.

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

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

Exeunt.

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

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

Bar. Thankes, my Lord.

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

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

Exeunt.

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

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

Exeunt.

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

No

The Iew of Malta.

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

Enter 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 Governour,
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, Gouvernour, 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 Gouvernour still.
Bar. Nay, doe thou this, *Ferneze*, and be free;
Gouvernour, 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

The Iew of Malta.

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

And I will warrant *Malta* free for euer.

Gov. Here is my hand, belecue 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 deuice:
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 witnesse 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 2334
wln 2335
wln 2336
wln 2337
wln 2338
wln 2339
wln 2340
wln 2341
wln 2342
wln 2343
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wln 2345
wln 2346
wln 2347
wln 2348
wln 2349
wln 2350
wln 2351
wln 2352
wln 2353
wln 2354
wln 2355
wln 2356
wln 2357
wln 2358
wln 2359
wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366
wln 2367
wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370

The Iew of Malta.

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

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

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

Gov. On then, begone.

Kni: Farewell graue Gouvernor.

Enter with a Hammar aboue, very busie.

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

Serv. All fast.

Bar. Leaue nothing loose, all leueld to my mind.
Why now I see that you haue Art indeed.

There, Carpenters, diuide that gold amongst you:
Goe swill in bowles of Sacke and Muscadine:
Downe to the Celler, taste of all my wines.

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

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 Iew of Malta.

wln 2408
wln 2409
wln 2410
wln 2411
wln 2412
wln 2413
wln 2414
wln 2415
wln 2416
wln 2417
wln 2418
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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*;

For

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2445
wln 2446
wln 2447
wln 2448
wln 2449
wln 2450
wln 2451
wln 2452
wln 2453
wln 2454
wln 2455
wln 2456
wln 2457
wln 2458
wln 2459
wln 2460
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wln 2477
wln 2478
wln 2479
wln 2480
wln 2481

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

The Iew of Malta.

wln 2482
wln 2483
wln 2484
wln 2485
wln 2486
wln 2487
wln 2488
wln 2489
wln 2490
wln 2491
wln 2492
wln 2493
wln 2494
wln 2495
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wln 2505
wln 2506
wln 2507
wln 2508
wln 2509
wln 2510
wln 2511

Gov. Nay, *Selim*, stay, for since we haue thee here,
We will not let thee part so suddenly:
Besides, if we should let thee goe, all's one,
For with thy Gallyes couldst thou not get hence,
Without fresh men to rigge and furnish them.

Caly. Tush, Gouvernor, take thou no care for that,
My men are all aboard,
And doe attend my comming there by this.

Gov. Why hardst thou not the trumpet sound a charge?

Caly. Yes, what of that?

Gov. Why then the house was fir'd,
Blowne vp, and all thy souldiers massacred.

Caly. Oh monstrous treason!

Gov. A Iewes curtesie:
For he that did by treason worke our fall,
By treason hath deliuered thee to vs:
Know therefore, till thy father hath made good
The ruines done to *Malta* and to vs,
Thou canst not part: for *Malta* shall be freed,
Or *Selim* ne're returne to *Ottamen*.

Caly. Nay rather, Christians, let me goe to Turkey,
In person there to meditate your peace;
To keepe me here will nought aduantage you.

Gov. Content thee, *Calymath*, here thou must stay,
And liue in *Malta* prisoner; for come call the world
To rescue thee, so will we guard vs now
No sooner shall they drinke the Ocean dry,
Then conquer *Malta*, or endanger vs.
So march away, and let due praise be giuen
Neither to Fate nor **Fottune**, but to Heauen.

wln 2512

FINIS.

Textual Notes

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