

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

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

Written by **CHRISTOPHER MARLO.**



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



TO  
**MY VVORTHY**  
**FRIEND, Mr. THOMAS**  
**HAMMON, OF GRAYES**  
 IN NE, &c.



His 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  
 vther'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  
 Ignorance

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

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

*This smm:*

THO. HEYWOOD.

The



*The Prologue spoken at Court.*

**G**racious and Great, that wasse boldly dare,  
(Amongst other Playes that now in fashion are)  
To present this, was many yeares agoe,  
And in that Age, thought second unto none;  
We humbly crave your pardon: we pursue  
The story of a rich and famous Jew  
Who liu'd in Malta: you shall find him still,  
In all his piect's, a sound Macheuill;  
And that's his Character: He that hath past  
So many Cesures, is now come at last  
To haue your princely Eares, grace you him; then  
You crown the Action, and remove the pen.

*Epilogue.*

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

The

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

\* Marlo. **W**hen first we saw the Stage,  
But by the best of \* Poets in that age  
The Malta Jew had being, and was made;  
\* Allin. And He, then by the best of \* Actors play'd;  
In Hero and Alexander, one did game  
A lasting memorie in Tamberlaine,  
This Jew, with others many, the other man  
The Attribute of peerelesse, being a man  
Whom we may ranke with (doing no one wrong)  
Proteus for shapes, and Rolcius for a tongue,  
So could he speake, so vary, nor as it hat:  
\* Perkins. To merit: in \* him who doth personate  
Our Jew this day, nor is it his ambition  
To exceed, or equall, being of condition  
More modest; this is all that he intends,  
(And that too, at the vengeance of some friends)  
To proue his best, and if none here gaine-say it,  
The part he hath studied, and intends to play it.

Epilogue.

**I**n Graving, with Pigmalion to contend;  
Or Painting, with Apelles, doubtlesse the end  
Must be disgrace: our Actor did not so,  
He onely aym'd to goe, but not w<sup>th</sup> goe:  
Nor thinke that this day any prize was plaid,  
Here were no betts at all, no wagers laid,  
Allsbe ambition that his mind doth swell,  
Is but to heare from you, (by me) 'twas well.



THE  
JEW OF  
MALTA.

Macheuil.

**W**Hbeit the world thinke Macheuil 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 Macheuil,  
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 Cesar to the Empire?  
Might first made Kings, and Lawes were then most sure;  
When like the Dracm they were writ in blood.

B

Hence

*The Jew of Malta:*

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

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

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

Without

*The Jew of Malta.*

Without controule can picke his riches vp,  
And in his house heape pearle like pibble-stones:  
Receiue them free, and sell them by the weight,  
Bags of fiery *Opals*, *Saphires*, *Amasists*,  
*Jacints*, hard *Topas*, grasse-greene *Emeralds*,  
Beauteous *Rubys*, sparkling *Diamonds*,  
And seildene costly stones of so great price,  
As one of them indifferently rated,  
And of a Carrect of this quantity,  
May serue in perill of calamity  
To ransom great Kings from captiuitie.  
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth:  
And thus me thinkes should men of iudgement frame  
Their meanes of traffique from the vulgar trade,  
And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose  
Infinite riches in a little roome.  
But now how stands the wind?  
Into what corner peeres my *Halcions* bill?  
Ha, to the East? yes: See how stands the Vane?  
East and by-South: why then I hope my ships  
I sent for *Egypt* and the bordering *Iles*  
Are gotten vp by *Nilus* winding bankes:  
Mine *Argosie* from *Alexandria*,  
Loaden with Spice and Silkes, now vnder saile,  
Are smoothly gliding downe by *Candie* shoare  
To *Malta*, through our *Mediterranean* sea.  
But who comes heare? How now.

*Enter a Merchant.*

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

*Jew.* The ships are safe thou saist, and richly fraught.

*Merch.* They are.

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

B 2

I

*The Jew of Malta:*

I hope our credit in the Custome-house  
Will serue as well as I were present there.  
Goe send 'vm threecore 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.

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

*Merch.* I goe.

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

*Merch.* Of the *Speranza*, Sir.

*Jew.* 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.

*Jew.* 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:

*Jew.* How chance you came not with those other ship:  
That sail'd by *Egypt*?

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

*Jew.* Belike they coasted round by *Candie* shoare.

I

About

*The Jew of Malta:*

About their Oyles, or other business.  
But 'twas ill done of you to come so farre  
Without the ayd or conduct of their ships.

*1. Merch.* Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish Fleet  
That neuer leit vs till within a league,  
That had the Gallies of the *Turke* in chase.

*Jew.* Oh they were going vp to *Sicily*: well, goe  
And bid the Merchants and my men dispatch  
And come ashore, and see the fraught discharg'd.

*Merch.* I goe. *Exit.*

*Jew.* Thus throwles our fortune in by land and Sea,  
And thus are wee on enery side enrich'd:  
These are the Blessings promis'd to the Jewes,

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 successfull blasts?  
Who hateth me but for my happinesse?  
Or who is honour'd now but for his wealth?

Rather had I a Jew be hated thus,  
Then pittied in a Christian pouerty:  
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,  
But malice, falshood, and excessive 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 *Kirriab Iairim*, the great Jew of *Greece*,  
*Obed'in Bairseib*, *Noues* 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:

B 3

That's

*The Jew of Malta:*

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

*Enter three Jewes.*

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

*Jew.* Why how now Countrymen?  
Why flocke you thus to me in multitudes?  
What accident's betided to the Jewes?

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

*Jew.* 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.

*Jew.* 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.

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

But

*The Jew of Malta:*

But neuer could effect their Stratagem:

3. And very wisely sayd, it may be so.
2. But there's a meeting in the Senate-houfe,  
And all the Jewes in *Malta* must be there.

*Jew.* Vmh; All the Jewes 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*.

*Jew.* Doe so; Farewell *Zanob*, farewell *Temas*.  
And *Barabas* now search this secret out.

Summon thy sences, call thy wits together:  
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 hee seeks:  
How ere the world goe, I'll make sure for one,  
And seeke in time to intercept the worst,  
Warily garding that which I haue got.

*Ego mihi sem sum semper proximas.*

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

*Enter Governours of Malta, Knights met by  
Bassoes of the Turke; Calymarb.*

*Gouer.* Now Bassoes, what demand you at our hands?  
*Bass.* Know Knights of Malta, that we came from *Rhodes*  
From *Cyprus*, *Candy*, and those other Iles  
That lye betwixt the Mediterranean seas.

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

*Calim.* The ten yeares tribute that remains vnpaid.  
Alas, my Lord, the summe is ouergreat,  
I hope your Highnesse will consider vs.

*Calim.*

*The Jew of Malta:*

*Calim.* I wish, graue Governours '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 Governours how are you resolu'd?

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

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

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

*Gov.* But a month.

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

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

*Gov.* Yes, giue me leaue, and *Hebrewes* now come neare.  
From the Emperour of *Turkey* is arriu'd  
Great *Selim-Calymath*, his Highnesse sonne,  
To leaue 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 Jew of Malta.*

Your Lordship shall doe well to let them haue it.

*Gov.* Soft *Barabas*, there's more longs too't than I  
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 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'ae,  
And therefore thus we are determin'd;  
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.

*Reader.* Secondly, hee that denies to pay, shall straight be-  
A Christian. (come

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

*Reader.* Lastly, he that denies this, shall absolutely lose al he

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

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

C



*The Jew of Malta.*

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

*Gov.* Why *Barabas* wilt thou be christned?

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

*Gov.* Then pay thy halfe.

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

Halfe of my substance is a *Cities* wealth.

*Gouernour*, it was not got so easly;

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, *Jew*, 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, *Jew*, we take particularly thise  
To saue the ruine of a multitude:

And better one want for a common good,

Then many perish for a private man:

Yet *Barabas* we will not banish thee,

But here in *Malta*, where thou gotst thy wealth,  
Lie still; and if thou canst get more.

*Bar.* Christians; what, or how can I multiply?  
Of nought is nothing made.

*Knight.* From nought at first thou camst to little wealth,

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?

Breach me not out of my possessions.

Some *Jewes* 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

*The Jew of Malta.*

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

*Gov.* Out wretched *Barabas*, shame it thou not thus  
To iustifie thy selfe, as if we knew not  
Thy profession? If thou rely vpon thy righteousness,  
Be patient and thy riches will increase.

Excesse of wealth is cause of covetousnesse:  
And covetousnesse, oh 'tis a monstrous sinne.

*Bar.* I, but there 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 compass more.

*Kni.* Graue *Gouernours*, 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 enjoy'd;

And hauing all, you can request no more;

Vnlesse your vnrelenting flinty hearts

Suppress all pittie in your stony breasts,

And now shall move you to bereave my life.

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

*Bar.* Why I esteeme the iniury farre lesse,

To take the liues of miserable men,

Then be the causers of their misery,

You haue my wealth the labour of my life,

The comfort of mine age, my childrens hope,

And therefore ne're distinguish of the wrong.

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

*Bar.* Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong:

C 2

But

*The Jew of Malta.*

But take it to you i'th devils name.

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

*1 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 simplicitie, as they suggest.  
The plagues of *Egypt*, and the curse of heauen,  
Earths barrennesse, and all mens hatred  
Inflia 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:

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

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

*1 Jew.* 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.

*1 Jew.* Yet brother *Barabas* remember *Iob*:

*Bar.* What tell you me of *Iob*? I wor his wealth  
Was written thus: he had seuen thousand sheepe,  
Three thousand Camels, and two hundred yoaके  
Of labouring Oxen, and five hundred  
Shee Asses: but for every 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 beafts and him,  
And yet haue kept enough to liue vpon;

So,

*The Jew of Malta.*

So that nor he, but I may curse the day,  
Thy fatall birth-day, forlorne *Barabas*;  
And henceforth wish for an eternaall night,  
That clouds of darkenesse may inclose my flesh,  
And hide these extreme sorrowes from raine eyes:  
For onely I haue toy'd to inherit here  
The months of vanity and losse of time,  
And painefull nights haue bin appointed me.

*2 Jew.* Good *Barabas* be patient.

*Bar.* I, I pray leave me in my patience.  
You that were ne're possesst of weath, 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 Jew.* Come, let vs leave him in his irefull mood,  
Our words will but increase his extasse.

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

*Exeunt.*

*Bar.* I, fare you well.  
See the simplicitie of these base slaues,  
Who for the villaines haue no wit themselves,  
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 *Abigail*?

*Enter Abigail the Jewes daughter.*

Oh what has made my lovely daughter sad?

C 3

What?

*The Jew of Malta:*

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

*Abig.* Not for my selfe, but aged *Barabias*:  
Father, for thee lamenteth *Abigails*:  
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 recovery  
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 nor all so fond  
As negligently to forgoe so much  
Without prouision for thy selfe and me.  
Ten thousand *Portagms*, 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 scene of *Barabias*:  
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 Governour 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 poverty?

And

*The Jew of Malta:*

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 sink or swim, and put me to my shifts,  
I'll rouse my senses, and awake my selfe.  
Daughter, I haue it: thou perceiust the plight  
Wherein these Christians haue oppress'd 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?

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

*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 mischiefs from suspicion.

*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 vnscene hypocrisie.

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

*Bar.* This shall follow then;

There

*The Jew of Malta.*

There haue I hid close underneath the plancke  
That runs along the vpper chamber floore,  
The gold and Jewels 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,  
Pity the state of a distressed Maid.

*Abb.* What art thou daughter?

*Abig.* The hopelesse daughter of a haplesse Jew,  
The Jew 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 feelles,  
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 straight lawes,

A

*The Jew of Malta.*

And let me lodge where I was wont to lye,  
I doe not doubt by your diuine 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?

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

*Bar.* How, mortified!

*1 Fry.* And is admitted to the Sister-hood.

*Bar.* Child of pordition, 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 herefic.

*Abig.* Father giue me —

*Bar.* Nay backe, *Abigall*,

And thinke vpon the Jewels and the gold,

The boord is marked thus that couers it. *Whispers*

Away accursed from thy fathers sight. *See her.*

*1 Fry.* *Barabas*, although thou art in mis-belief,  
And wilt not see thine owne afflictions,

Yet let thy daughter be no longer blinde.

*Bar.* Blind, Fryer, I wreake not thy persuasions.

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 not.

Becomes it Jewes to be so credulous,  
To morrow early I'll be at the doore.

No come not at me, if thou wilt be damnd,  
Forget me, see me nor, and (to the gate) *aside.*

Firewall, Remember to morrow morning.

Out, out thou wretch.

*Enter Mathias.*

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

(D)

*The Jew of Malta.*

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

*Enter Lodowicke.*

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

*Math.* Beleeue me, Noble *Lodowicke*, I haue scene  
The strange fight, 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 *Ciberea'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 scene her 'twould haue mou'd your heart,  
Tho countermin'd with walls of brasse, to loue,  
Or at the least to pittie.

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

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

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

*Math.* Farewell *Lodowicke*.

[*Exit*]

*The Jew of Malta.*

*Actus Secundus.*

*Enter Barabas with a light.*

*Bar.* Thus like the sad presaging Raven that rolls  
The sicke mans passeport in her hollow beake,  
And in the shadow of the silent night  
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings;  
Vex'd and tormentted runnes poore *Barabas*  
With fatall curses towards these Christians.  
The incertaine pleasures of swift-footed time  
Haue tane their flight, and left me in despaire;  
And of my former riches rests no more  
But bare remembrance; like a souldiers skarre,  
That has no further comfort for his maim.  
Oh thou that with a fiery pillar led'st  
The sounes of *Israel* through the dismall shades,  
Light *Abrahams* off-spring; and direct the hand  
Of *Abigall* this night; or let the day  
Turne to eternall darkenesse after this:  
No sleepe can fasten on my watchfull eyes,  
Nor quiet enter my disemper'd thoughts,  
Till I haue answer of my *Abigall*.

*Enter Abigall alone.*

*Abig.* Now haue I happily espy'd a time  
To search the plaucke my father did appoint;  
And here behold (vnscene) where I haue found  
The gold, the perles, and Jewels which he hid.

*Bar.* Now I remember those old womens words,  
Who in my wealth wud tell me winters tales,  
And speake of spirits and ghosts that glide by night  
About the place where Treasures hath bin hid:  
And now me thinks that I am one of those:  
For whilst I liue, here lyes my soules sole hope,  
And when I dye, here shall my spirit walke.

*Abig.* Now that my fathers fortune were so good

*The Jew of Malta*

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,  
Gi ve charge to *Morphew* 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 *Abigail*.  
Who's there ?

*Abig.* Who's that ?

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

*Abig.* Then father here receiue thy happinesse.

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

*Abig.* Here,

Hast thou't?

There's more, and more, and more.

*Bar.* Oh my girl,

My gold, my fortune, my felicity ;  
Strength to my soule, death to mine enemy ;

Welcome the first beginner of my blisse :

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

Then my desires were fully satisfied,

But I will practise thy enlargement thence :

Oh girl, oh gold, oh beauty, oh my blisse ! *bug's his bag*

*Abig.* Father, it draweth towards midnight now,

And 'bout this time the Nuns begin to wake ;

To shunn 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 *Phobus* open the eye-lids of the day,

And for the Raven wake the morning Lark,

That I may houer with her in the Ayre ;

Singing ore these, as she does ore her young

*Herrings Piece, de les Demireb.*

*Exeunt*

*Enter*

*The Jew of Malta.*

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

*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 leave ?

*Bosc.* Governor of *Malta*, hither am I bound ;  
My Ship, the flying *Dragon*, is of *Spain*,

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 *Corfica*,

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

Their creeping Gallies had vs in the chafe :

But suddenly the wind began to rise,

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

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

But one amongst the rest became our prize :

The Captaine'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 Governour against the *Turkes* ;

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 *Enrop's* shame,

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

Was lately lost, and you were staid 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.

*Bosco*

*The Jew of Malta:*

*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'll write unto his Majesty 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 furuiu'd  
Tobring the haplesse newes to Christendome.

*Gov.* So will we fight it out; come, let's away:  
Proud-daring *Calymath*, instead of gold,  
We'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. *Exunt*

*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 Jew, 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,  
(Vncholen Nation, neuer circumciz'd;  
Such as poore villaines were ne're thought vpon  
Till *Timu* 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 Governors;  
And there in spite of *Malta* will I dwell:

Hauing

*The Jew of Malta:*

Hauing *Fernexes* hand, whose heart I'll haue;  
I, and his sonnes too, or it shall goe hard.  
I am not of the Tribe of *Levy*, I,  
That can so loone forget an iniury.  
We Jewes can fawne like Spaniels when we please;  
And when we grin we bite, yet are our looks  
As innocent and harmlesse as a Lambes.  
I leara'd in *Florence* how to kisse my hand,  
Heave vp my shoulders when they call me dogge,  
And ducke as low as any bare-foot Fryar,  
Hoping to see them starue vpon a stall,  
Or else be gather'd for in our Synagogue;  
That when the offering-Bason comes to me,  
Euen for charity I may spit intoo't.  
Here comes Don *Lodowicke* the Governour's sonne,  
One that I loue for his good fathers sake.

*Enter Lodowicke.*

*Lod.* I heare the wealthy Jew walked this way;  
I'll seeke him out, and so insinuate,  
That I may haue a sight of *Abigall*;  
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 Jew, now for faire *Abigall*.

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

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

*Bar.* I wud you were his father too, Sir, that's al the harm  
I wish you: the slaue looks lik e a hogs cheek new find'g'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 vato 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 serue your turne:  
I meane my daughter: — but e're he shall haue her

I'll

*The Jew of Malta.*

I'll sacrifice her on a pile of wood. *aside.*  
I ha the poyson of the City for him, and the  
White leprofie.

*Lod.* What sparkle does it give without a foile?

*Bar.* The Diamond that I talke of, ne'r was foild:  
But when he touches it, it will be foild:

Lord *Lodowicke*, it sparkles bright and faire.

*Lod.* Is it square or pointed, pray let me know.

*Bar.* Pointed it is, good Sir, — but not for you. *aside*

*Lod.* I like it much the better.

*Brr.* So doe I too.

*Lod.* How shoves it by night?

*Brr.* Outshines *Cimbia's* rayes: *aside.*  
You'll like it better farre a nights than dayes.

*Lod.* And what's the price?

*Bar.* Your life and if you haue it. — Oh my Lord  
We will not larre about the price; come to my houle  
And I will giu't your honour — with a vengeance. *aside*

*Lod.* No, *Barabas*, I will deserue it first.

*Bar.* Good Sir, your father has deseru'd it at my hands,  
Who of meere charity and Christian ruth,

To bring me to religious purity,  
And as it were in Catechising sort,

To make me mindfull of my mortall finnes,  
Against my will, and whether I would or no,

Seiz'd all I had, and thrust me out a doores,  
And made my house a place for Nuns most chaste.

*Lod.* No doubt your soule shall reape the fruit of it,

*Bar.* I, but my Lord, the harvest is farre off:  
And yet I know the prayers of those Nuns  
And holy Fryers, hauing mony for their paines,  
Are wondrous; and indeed doe no man good: *aside.*  
And seeing they ate not idle, but still doing,  
'Tis likely they in time may reape some fruit,  
I meane in fulnesse of perfection.

*Lod.* Good *Barabas* glance not at our holy Nuns.

*Bar.* No, but I doe it through a burning zeale, *Hoping*

*The Jew of Malta.*

*Hoping ere long to set the house a fire;*  
*For though they doe a while increase and multiply,* *aside.*  
*I'll haue a saying to that Nunnery.*

As for the Diamond, Sir, I told you of,  
Come home and there's no price shall make vs part,

Euen for your Honourable fathers sake.  
*It shall goe hard but I will see your death.* *aside.*

But now I must be gone to buy a slaue.

*Lod.* Anſ, *Barabas*, I'll beare thee company.

*Bar.* Come then, here's the market place; whats the price  
Of this slaue, 200 Crowns? Do the *Turke* weigh so much?

*Off.* Sir, that's his price.

*Bar.* What can he steale that you demand so much?  
Belike he has some new tricke for a purse;

And if he has, he is worth 300 plats.

So that, being bought, the Towne-scale might be got  
To keepe him for his life time from the gallows.

The Sessions day is criticall to theeyes,  
And few or none scape but by being purg'd.

*Lod.* Rateſt thou this *Moore* but at 200 plats?

*Off.* No more, my Lord.

*Bar.* Why should this *Turke* be dearer then that *Moore*?

*Off.* Because he is young and has more qualities.

*Bar.* What, hast the Philosophers stone? and thou hast,  
Breake my head with it, I'll forgiue thee!

*Ish.* No Sir, I can cut and shaue.

*Bar.* Let me see, firra, are you not an old shauer?

*Ish.* Alas, Sir, I am a very youth.

*Bar.* A youth? I'll buy you, and marry you to Lady va-  
nity *(nity*  
if you doe well.

*Ish.* I will serue you, Sir.

*Bar.* Some wicked trick or other. It may be vnder colour  
Of shauing, thou'lt cut my throat for my goods.  
Tell me, hast thou thy health well?

*Ish.* I, passing well.

*Bar.* So much the worse; I must haue one that's sickly,  
And be but for sparing vittles: 'tis not a stone of beef a day  
Will



*The Jew of Malta.*

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

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

*Bar.* Where was thou borne?

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

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

*1 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 Matthias, Mater.*

*Matth.* What makes the Jew and *Lodowicke* so private?  
I feare me, 'tis about faire *Abigail*.

*Bar.* Yonder comes Don *Matthias*, 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 — Governour.

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

*Matth.* 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.

*Matth.* But wherefore talk'd Don *Lodowicke* with you?

*Bar.* Tuth man, we talk'd of Diamonds, not of *Abigail*.

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

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

*Matth.* 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. *exiunt*

*Matth.* Sirra, Jew, remember the booke.

*Bar.*

*The Jew of Malta.*

*Bar.* Marry will I, Sir.

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

*Bar.* Now let me know thy name, and therewithall  
Thy birth, condition, and profession.

*Ibsa.* Faith, Sir, my birth is but meane, my name's *Ishimer*,  
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.

*Ibsa.* Oh braue, master, I worship your nose for this.

*Bar.* As for my seife, I walke abroad a nights  
And kill sicke people groaning under walls:

Sometimes I goe about and poylon wells;  
And now and then, to cherish Christian theeves,

I am content to lose some of my Crownes;  
That I may, walking in my Gallery,

See 'em goe pinion'd along by my daore.  
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 vrc  
With digging graues and ringing dead mens knels:

And after that was I an Engineere,  
And in the warres 'twixt *France* and *Germanie*,

Vnder pretence of helping *Charles* the fifth,  
Slew friend and enemy with my stratagemes.

Then after that was I an Vsurer,  
And with extorting, cozening, forsaithing,

And tricks belonging vnto Brokery,  
I fill'd the Ialles 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 him selfe for griefe,  
Pinning vpon his breast a long great Scrowle

*The Jew of Malta.*

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?  
*Ish.* Faith, Master, in setting Christian villages on fire,  
Chaining of Eunuches, binding gilly-flaues.  
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 stayer here within.

*Bar.* Giue me the letters, daughter, doe you heare?  
Entertaine *Lodowicke* the Governours sonne  
With all the curtesie you can afford;  
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 Jew of Malta.*

*Bar.* Daughter, a word more; kisse him, speake him faire,  
And like a cunning Jew so cast about,  
That ye be both made sure e're you come out.

*Abig.* Oh father, Don *Mathias* is my loue.

*Bar.* I know it: yet I say make loue to him;  
Doe, it is requisite it should be so.  
Nay on my life it is my Factors hand,  
But goe you in, I'll thinke vpon the account:  
The account is made, for *Lodowicke* dyes.  
My Factor sends me word a Merchant's fled  
That owes me for a hundred Tun of Wine:  
I weigh it thus much; I haue wealth enough.  
For now by this has he kist *Abigall*;  
And shee vowes loue to him, and hee to her.  
As sure as heauen rain'd *Manna* for the *Iewes*,  
So sure shall he and Don *Mathias* dye:  
His father was my chiefest enemy.  
Whither goes Don *Mathias*? stay a while.

*Enter Mathias.*

*Math.* Whither but to my faire loue *Abigall*?

*Bar.* Thou know'st, and heauen can witnesse it is true,  
That I intend my daughter shall be thine.

*Math.* I, *Barabas*, or else thou wrong'st me much:

*Bar.* Oh heauen forbid I should haue such a thought:  
Pardon me though I weepe; the Governours sonne  
Will, whether I will or no, haue *Abigall*:  
He sends her letters, bracelets, jewels, rings.

*Math.* Does she receiue them?

*Bar.* Shee? No, *Mathias*, no, but sends them backe,  
And when he comes, shee lockes her selfe vp fast;  
Yet through the key-hole will he talke to her,  
While shee runs to the window looking out  
When you should come and hale him from the doore.

*Math.* Oh treacherous *Lodowicke*!

*Bar.* Even now as I came home, hee slipt me in,  
And I am sure he is with *Abigall*.

*Math.* I'll rouze him thence.

E 3

*Bar.*

*The Jew of Malta:*

*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'll giue him such a warning e're he goes  
As he shall haue small hopes of *Abigail*.  
Away, for here they come,

*Enter Lodowicke, Abigail.*

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

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

*Matb.* 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 girl.

*Lod.* Why loues she *Don Matbias*?

*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 miade.

*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 disdaine

To marry with the daughter of a Jew:

And yet I'll 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 *Iobnsita*

That neuer tasted of the *Passouer*,

Nor e're shall see the land of *Canaan*,

Not

*The Jew of Malta*

*aside.*

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

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

*Bar.* It's no sinne to deceiue a Christian;

For they them selfes hold it a principle,

Faith is not to be held with Heretickes:

But all are Heretickes that are not Iewes;

This folloves well, and therefore daughter feare not.

I haue intreated her, and she will grant.

*Lod.* Then gentle *Abigail* 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 *Abigail*, 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 caskeome, then I am resolu'd:

But rathe let the bright some heavens be dim,

And Natures beauty choake with stifeling clouds,

Then my faire *Abigail* should frowne on me.

There comes the villaine, now I'll be reueng'd.

*Enter Matbias.*

*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 dores

You had bin stab'd, but not a word on't now;

Here must no speeches passe, nor swords be drawne.

*Matb.*

*The Jew of Malta.*

*Math.* Suffer me, *Barabau*, 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'll haue his heart.  
*Bar.* Doe so; loe here I giue thee *Abigail*.  
*Math.* What greater gift can poore *Masias* haue?  
Shall *Lodowicke* rob me of so faire a loue?  
My life is not so deare as *Abigail*.  
*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,  
She'll dye with grieft. *Exit.*  
*Abig.* I cannot take my leaue of him for teares?  
Father, why haue you thus incens'd them both?  
*Bar.* What's that to thee?  
*Abig.* I'll 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 *Masias*, he is my loue.  
*Bar.* Yes, you shall haue him; Goe put her in.  
*Ith.* I, I'll put her in.  
*Bar.* Now tell me, *Ishimore*, 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 *Masias* freight,  
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'll so set his heart a fire, that he

Shall

*The Jew of Malta.*

Shall verily thinke it comes from him.  
*Bar.* I cannot choote but like thy readinesse:  
Yet be not rash, but doe it cunningly.  
*Ith.* As I behaue my selfe in this, imploy me hereafter.  
*Bar.* Away then. *Exit.*  
So, now will I goe in to *Lodowicke*,  
And like a cunning spirit feigne some lye,  
Till I haue fet 'em both at carnitic. *Exit.*

*Actus Tertius.*

*Enter a Curtezano.*

Since this Towne was besieg'd, my gaine growes cold:  
The time has bin, that but for one bare night  
A hundred Duckets haue bin freely giuen:  
But now against my will I must be chaste.  
And yet I know my beauty doth not faile.  
From *Venice* Merchants, and from *Padua*,  
Were wont to come rare witted Gentlemen,  
Schollers I meane, learned and liberall;  
And now, saue *Pilia-borza*, comes there none;  
And he is very seldome from my house;  
And here he comes.

*Enter Pilia-borza.*

*Pilia.* Hold thee, wench, there's something for thee to  
*Cur.* 'Tis silver, I disdaine it. *(spead.)*  
*Pilia.* I, but the Iew has gold,  
And I will haue it or it shall goe hard.  
*Cur.* Tell me, how cam'st thou by this? *(dens)*  
*Pilia.* Faith, walking the backe lanes through the Gar-  
I chanc'd to cast mine eye vp to the Iewes counting-house  
Where I saw some bags of mony, and in the night I  
Clamber'd vp with my hooks, and as I was taking  
My choyce, I heard a rumbling in the house; so Iooke  
Onely

*The Jew of Malta.*

Onely this, and runne my way : but here's the Jew's man.  
*Enter Ishimore.*

*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.

*Ish.* O the sweetest face that euer I beheld! I know she is  
A Cartezane by her attire : now would I giue a hundred  
Of the Jewes 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 *Abigail* 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 alone.*

*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 Governour. Mater.*

*Gov.* What fight 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 *Fernex* might haue veng'd thy death.

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

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

*Mat.* O leaue to grine me, I am gric'd enough. (wounds)

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

*Mater.* Who made them enemies?  
*Gov.*

*The Jew of Malta.*

*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 *Fernex* 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 sighs and teares,  
And with my prayers pierce impartiall heauens,  
Till they the causers of our smartts,  
Which forc'd their hands diuide vnited hearts :  
Come, *Katherina*, our losses equall are,  
Then of true grieue let vs take equall share.  
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Ishimore.*

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

*Enter Abigail.*

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

*Ish.* Oh, Mistresse, ha ha ha.

*Abig.* Why what say'st thou?

*Ish.* Oh my master.

*Abig.* Ha.

*Ish.* 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?

*Ish.* Oh, my master has the brauest policy.

*Abig.* Whercin?

*Ish.* Why, know you not?

*Abig.* Why no.

*Ish.* Know you not of *Mathias* & *Don Lodowick* disafer?  
*Abig.*

The Jew of Malta

Abig. No, what was it?

Ith. Why the devil inuonted a challenge, my Mr. writ it,  
And I carried it, first to Lodowicke, and imprimis to Mathias,  
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, will you answer me to one question?

Abig. Well, sirra, what is't?

Ith. A very feeling one; haue not the Nans 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 feuerally,  
That by my fauour they should both be flaine?

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 dispossest thee once,

And couldst not venge it, but vpon his sonne,

Nor on his sonne, but by Mathias meane;

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; Ithimore begon.

Exit  
KNOW

The Jew of Malta.

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

Fry. Wherein?

Abig. To get me be admitted for a Nun.

Fry. Why Abigail it is not yet long, since  
That I did labour thy admission.

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, purchas'd 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 eternal life.

Fry. Who taught thee this?

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

Oh therefore, Iacobi, let me be one,  
Although unworthy of that Sister-hood.

Fry. Abigail 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 deseru'st hardly at my hands,

Yet neuer shall these lips bewray thy life.

Fry. Come, shall we get?

Abig. My duty waits on you.

Enter Barabas reading a letter.

Bar. What, Abigail become a Nunne againe?

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

And all vnknowne, and vnconstrain'd of me, art thou  
Art thou againe got to the Nunnery?

Now here she writes, and wils me to repent  
Repentance? Spurcat what pretenderh this?

I feare she knowes ('tis so) of my denice  
In Don Mathias and Lodowicke's deaths:

If so, 'tis time that she be scenc into  
R 3

For

*The Jew of Malta*

For she that varies from me in beleefe  
Gives great presumption that she loves me not;  
Or loving, doth dislike of something done;  
But who comes here? Oh *Ishimore* come neere;  
Come neere my love, come neere thy masters life,  
My trusty servant, nay, my second life;  
For I have now no hope but euen in thee;  
And on that hope my happinesse is built:  
When saw'st thou *Abigall*?

*Ith.* Today.

*Bar.* With whom?

*Ith.* A Fryar.

*Bar.* A Fryar? false villaine, he hath done the deed.

*Ith.* How, Sir?

*Bar.* Why made mine *Abigall* a Nunne.

*Ith.* That's no lye, for she sent me for him.

*Brr.* Oh vnhappy day,

False, credulous, inconstant *Abigall*!

But let 'em goe: And *Ishimore*, from hence

Ne're shall she grieue me more with her disgrace;

Ne're shall she liue to inherit ought of mine,

Be blest of me, nor come within my gates,

But perish vnderneath my bitter curse

Like *Cain* by *Adam*, for his brother's death.

*Ith.* Oh master.

*Bar.* *Ishimore*, intreat not for her, I am mou'd,

And she is hatefull to my soule and me:

And least thou yeeld to this that I intreat,

I cannot thinke but that thou hast my life.

*Ith.* Who I, master? Why I'le run to some rock and

Throw my selfe headlong into the sea; why I'le doe any

Thing for your sweet sake.

*Bar.* Oh trusty *Ishimore*; no seruant, but my friend.

I here adopt thee for mine onely heire,

All that I haue is thine when I am dead,

And whilst I liue vsfoll; spend as my selfe;

Here take my keyes, I'le giue 'em thee anon:

Goe

*The Jew of Malta*

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 Ishimore with the pot:*

*Ith.* Here 'tis, Master.

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

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

*Bar.* Very well, *Ishimore*, then now be secret  
And for thy sake, whom I so dearly 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 *Ishimore* seest thou this?

It is a precious powder that I bought  
Of an *Italian* in *Andonia* baye;

Whose operation is to binde; infect,  
And poyson deeply: yet not appeare  
In forty houres after it is taue!

*Ith.* How, master?

*Bar.* Thus *Ishimore*: This *Euen* day vpon *Malta* here ('tis call'd  
Saint *Iagnes Euen*) and then I say they vsf

To send their Almes vnto the Nunneries:  
Among the rost beate this, and set it there;

There's a darke entry, where they take it in,  
Where they must needs see the messenger,

Nor make enquiry who hath sent it them.

*Ith.*

The Jew of Malta

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 Mr. Pray let me taste

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

Ith. Troth Mr. 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 Coffer, and my selfe is thine.

Ith. Well, master, I goe.

Bar. Stay, first let me stirre it Ithimore.  
As fatal be it to her as the draught  
Of which great Alexander drunke, and dyed:  
And with her let it worke like Borgias wine,  
Wherof his fire, the Pope, was poyson'd.  
In few, the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane;  
The iouyce of Heben, and Cocitus breath,  
And all the poysons of the Stygian pool  
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 giue? was euer pot of  
Rice porredge so sanct? 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 dreach to poyson a whole stable of  
Flanders mares: I'll 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 Ithimore.

Exit.

Enter Governour, Rafeo, Knights, Bashaw.

Gov. Welcome great Bashaws, how likes Calymath?  
What wind drives you thus into Malta the do

Bash.

The Jew of Malta

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 brieft, shalt haue no tribute here,  
Nor shall the Heathens lye vpon our spoyle:  
First will we race the City wals our selues,  
Lay waste the land, hew the Temples downe,  
And shipping of our goods to Sicily,  
Open an entrance for the warfull sea,  
Whose billowes bearing the resistlesse bankes,  
Shall ouerflow it with their refluxence.

Bash. Well, Governour, 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 Selun-Calymath shall come himselfe,  
And with brasse-bullets batter downe your Towers,  
And turne proud Malta to a wilderacrife  
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 in the league,  
And neught is to be look'd for now but warres.

And nought to vs more welcome is then warre.

Exit

Enter two Fryers and Abigail.

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

2 Fry



*The Jew of Malta.*

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'lle to her lodging ; hereabouts she lyes. Exit.

*Enter Abigail.*

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

*Abig.* And I shall dye too, for I feele death comming.  
Where is the Fryar that conuert 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 forrowing for my sinnes,  
But e're I came —

2 Fry. What then ?

*Abig.* I did offend high heauen so grieuoufly,  
As I am almost desperate for my sinnes :  
And one offence torments me more then all.  
You knew *Masbias* 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 ;  
*Masbias* 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 iealous of my loue, enuied each other :  
And by my father's practise, 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 ;  
Reuale 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 Jew of Malta.*

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

2 Fry. I, and a Virgin too, that grieues me most :  
But I must to the Jew 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 Jewe

1 Fry. Why ? what has he done ?

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

1 Fry. What has he crucified a child ?

2 Fry. No, but a worse thing : 'twas told me in shrift ;  
Theu know'st 'tis death and if it be reueal'd.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus Quartus.*

*Enter Barabas, Isha.*

*Bell: nubin.*

*Bar.* T Here is no musicke to a Christians knell ;  
How sweet the Bells ring now the Nuns are dead  
That sound at other times like Tinkers pans ?  
I was afraid the poyton had not wrought ;  
Or though it wrought, it would haue done no good,  
For euery yeare they swell, and yet they lye ;  
Now all are dead, not one remains a liue.

*Ish.* That's braue, M<sup>r</sup>. but think you it will not be know'd

*Bar.* How can it if we two be secret.

*Ish.* For my part feare you not.

*Bar.* I'd cut thy throat if I did.

*Ish.* 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,  
They'll

*The Jew of Malta*

They'll dye with griefe.  
*Ith.* Doe you not sorrow for your daughters death?  
*Bar.* No; but I grudge because she liu'd so long an Hebrew  
 Borne, and would become a Christian. *Castro diabolus.*

*Enter the two Fryars.*

*Ith.* Look, look, Mr. here come two religious Caterpil-  
*Bar.* I smelt 'em ere they came. (lers.)

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

*2 Fry.* Stay wicked Jew, 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 Jew.

*2. Thy daughter* —

*1. I,* thy daughter, —

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

*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 Welch 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 confess'd, and we are both vndone;

My bolome 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 coustous wretch,

That

*The Jew of Malta.*

That would for Lucars sake haue sold my soule.  
 A hundred for a hundred I haue rane;  
 And now for store of wealth may I compare  
 With all the Iewes in *Malta*; but what is wealth?  
 I am a Jew, and therefore am I lost.  
 Would penance serue for this my sinne,  
 I could afford to whip my selfe to death.

*Ith.* And so could I; but penance will not serue.

*Bar.* To fast, to pray, and weare a shirt of haire,  
 And on my knees creepe to *Jerusalem*,  
 Cellers of Wine, and Sollers full of Wheat,  
 Ware-houses stuff with spices and with drugs,  
 Whole Chests of Gold, in *Bulloine*, and in *Coyne*,  
 Besides I know not how much weight in Pearle  
 Orient and round, haue I within my house;  
 At *Alexandria*, Merchandize vsold;  
 But yesterday two ships went from this Towne,  
 Their voyage will be worth ten thousand Crownes.  
 In *Florence*, *Venice*, *Antwerpe*, *London*, *Cinill*,  
*Frankesford*, *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'll 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 Jew of Malta:*

2. I'll 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'll 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 *Ishimore*.

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

*Bar.* I'll 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 beleue his words?  
Why Brother you conuerted *Abigail*;

And I am bound in charitie to requite it,  
And so I will, oh *Iocoma*, 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 marder'd him e're *Iocoma* comes?

Now I haue such a plot for both their liues,  
As neuer Jew 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'll none of that.

Now Fryar *Barnardine* I come to you,

I'll

*The Jew of Malta:*

I'll 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.

*Ishimore*, tell me, is the Fryar asleepe?

*Enter Ishimore.*

*Ith.* Yes; and I know not what the reason is:  
Doe what I can he will not strip himselfe,  
Nor goe to bed, but sleepe in his owne clothe.  
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 hanfom  
Fryar awake. (noise;)

*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<sup>r</sup>. 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 right is't now, sweet *Ishimore*?

*Ith.* Towards onc.

*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

*As.*

*The Jew of Malta.*

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 Jew; *Bernardine*;  
Wilt thou not speake? thou think'st I see thee no;  
Away, I de with 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?

*Ioc.* 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 Jew;

Heauen bleffe me; what, a Fryar a murderer?

When shall you see a Jew commit the like?

*Ith.* Why a Turke could ha done no more.

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

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

*Ioco.*

*The Jew of Malta.*

*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 Curtezant, and Pilia-borza.*

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

*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 should  
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  
proverb, *Elidie tibi, or as mihi*, and so I left him to the mercy  
Of the Hangman: but the Exercise being done, see where  
He comes.

*Enter Ishimore.*

*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

*Gauc*

*The Jew of Malta.*

Gaue me a letter from one Madam *Bellamira*,  
Saluting me in such sort as if he had meant to make  
Cleave 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 require such  
Loue? *Ith.* 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'll be gone.

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

*Ith.* Aye, 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'll 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  
(like:

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

*Ith.* If't were above 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 Jew of Malta.*

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

*Ith.* I, and such as — Goe to, no more,  
I'll make him send me half he has, & glad he escapes so too:  
Pea and Inke:

I'll write vnto him, we'll haue mony frait.

*Pil.* Send for a hundred Crownes at least.

*He writes.*

*Ith.* Ten hundred thousand crownes, — *Mr. Barabas.*

*Pil.* Write not so submissiue, but threatening him.

*Ith.* Sirra *Barabas*, leade 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'll confesse all, vanish and returne in a  
Twinkle.

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

*Ith.* Hang him Iew.

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

Where are my Maids? prouide a running Banquet;  
Send to the Merchant, bid him bring me silkes,

Shall *Ishimore* my loue goe in such rags?

*Ith.* And bid the Ieweller come hither too.

*Curt.* I haue no husband, sweet, I'll marry thee.

*Ith.* Content, but we will leaue this paltry land,

And saile from hence to Greece, to louely Greece,

I'll be thy *Iason*, thou my golden Fleece;

Where painted Carpets o're the meads are hurld,

And *Bacchus* vineyards ore-spread the world:

Where Woods and Forrests goe in goodly greene,

I'll 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 *Disaboue*,

Shalt liue with me and be my loue.

*Curt.* Whither will I not goe with gentle *Ishimore*?

Enter

H 2

The Jew of Malta.

Enter Pilis-barza.

Ish. How now? hast thou the gold?

Pil. Yes.

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

Aside, Iooke him by the sterd, & look'd vpon him thus; Told him he were best to fend it, then he hug'd & imbrac'd

Ish. Rather for feare then loue.

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

Ish. 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.

Ish. But ten? I'll 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.

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

Pil. I warrant your worship shall hau't.

Ish. 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.

Ish. 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. —

Ish. That kisse againe; she runs diuision of my lips. What an eye she casts on me?

It twinkles like a Starre.

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

Ish. 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 sleepe.

Enter Barabas reading a letter.

Bar. Barabas send me 300 Crownes.

Plaine Barabas: oh that wicked Curseane!

He

The Jew of Malta.

He was not wont to call me Barabas.

Or else I will confesse: I, there it goes:

But if I get him Coupe de Gorge, for that

He sent a shaggy torter'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, grants like a hog, and looks

Like one that is employ'd in Catzerie,

And crosbiring such a Rogue

As is the husband to a hundred whores:

And I by him must fend three hundred crownes.

Well, my hope is, he will not stay there still;

And when he comes: Oh that he were but here!

Enter Pilis-barza.

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'll rather —

Pil. Oh good words, Sir, and fend it you were best; see,

There's his letter.

Bar. Might he not as well come as fend; pray bid him

Come & fetch it, what hee writes for you, ye shall haue

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

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 vpto my Counting-house window:

You know my meaning.

Pil. I know enough, and therefore talke not to me of your

Counting-house, the gold, or know Iew it is in my power

Bar. I am betraid. (to hang thee.

'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 *Ishimore*?

*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 wold see thee hang'd; oh, loue stops my breath:*  
Neuer sou'd man seruant as I doe *Ishimore*.

*Pil.* I know it, Sir.

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

*Pil.* Soone enough to your cost, Sir:

Fare you well.

*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 flauie,

And how the villaine reuels with my gold. *Exit.*

*Enter Curtezane, Ishimore, Pilia-borza.*

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

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

*Curt.* Goe to, it shall be so.

*Ish.* Of that condition I wil drinke it vp; here's to thee.

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

*Ish.* There, if thou sou'st me doe not leaue a drop.

*Curt.* Loue thee, fill me three glasses.

*Ish.* Three and fifty dozen, I'le pledge thee,

*Pil.*

*The Iew of Malaga*

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

*Ish.* Hey *Ruso Cassiliano*, a man's a man.

*Curt.* Now to the Iew.

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

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

*Ish.* Doe nothing; but I know what I know,

He's a murderer.

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

*Ish.* You knew *Matbias* and the Governours son, he and  
I kild 'em both, and yet neuer touch'd 'em.

*Pil.* Oh brauely done.

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

*Curt.* You two alone.

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

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

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

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

*Enter Barabas with a Lute, disguis'd.*

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

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

*Ish.* Wilt drinke French-man, here's to thee with a  
Pox on this drunken hick-vp.

*Bar.* Gramercy Mounfier.

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

*Pil.* Sirra, you must giue my mistris your pocy.

*Bar.* *A vostre commandemento Madam.*

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

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

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

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

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

*Ish.* Play, Fidler, or I'le cut your cats guts into chitterlins

*Bar.*

*The Jew of Malta.*

Pardona moy, be no in tune yet; so now, now all be in.  
*Ith.* Give him a crowne, and fill me out more wine.  
*Pil.* There's two crownes for thee, play.  
*Bar.* How liberally the villain gives 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 Jew, one *Barabas*?  
*Bar.* Very much, Mounfier, 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 Jew, he liues vpon  
Pickled Grasshoppers, and sauc'd Mushrooms.

*Bar.* What a flauc's this? *aside.*  
The Governour feeds not as I doe.  
*Ith.* He neuer put on cleane shirt since he was circumcis'd  
*Bar.* Oh raskall I I change my selfe twice a day. *aside*  
*Ith.* The Hat he weares, *Judas* left vnder the Elder  
When he hang'd himselfe.

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

*Pil.* A mastie flauc he is;  
Whether now, Fidler?  
*Bar.* Pardona moy, Mounfier, we be no well. *Exit.*  
*Pil.* Farewell Fidler: One letter more to the Jew.  
*Curt.* Prethe sweet loue, one more, and write it sharp.  
*Ith.* No, I'll 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 Jew of Malta.*

*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 Jew is charity, and not sinne' *Exeunt*

*Actus Quintus.*

*Enter Governour, Knights. Martin Del-Bo'co.*

*Gov.* **N**OW, 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 Curtizano, Pilia-berza.*

*Curt.* Oh bring vs to the Governour.

*Gov.* Away with her, she is a Curtezane.

*Curt.* What e're I am, yet Governour heare me speake;  
I bring thee newes by whom thy sonne was slaine:  
*Mathias* did it not, it was the Jew.

*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 Jew.  
*Enter Jew, Ishimore.*

*Bar.* I'll 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 flauc was I?

I

*Gov.*



*The Jew of Malta.*

Gov. Make fires, heat irons, let the racke be fetch'd.

Kni. Nay stay, my Lord, 't may be he will confesse.

Bar. Confesse; what meane you, Lords, who should  
(confesse?)

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

Ith. Guilty, my Lord, I confesse; your sonne and *Matthias*  
were both contracted vnto *Abigail*,  
forg'd a counterfeit challenge.

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.

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

Bar. For what, you men of *Malta*, heare me speake;  
Shce is a Curtezane and he a theefe,  
And he my bondman, let me haue law,  
For none of this can preiudice my life:

Gov. Once more away with him; you shall haue law.

Bar. Devils doe your worst, I linc in spite of you.  
As these haue spoke so be it to their soules:  
I hope the poyson'd flowers will worke anon. *Exit.*

*Enter Mater.*

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

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

Mater. Where is the Iew, where is that murderer?

Gov. In prison till the Law has past on him.

*Enter Officer.*

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

Gov. Dead?

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

Busco. This sudden death of his is very strange.

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 Jew of Malta.*

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

Bar. What, all alone? well fare sleepe drinke.  
I'll be reueng'd on this accurst Towne;  
For by my meanes *Calymath* shall enter in.  
I'll 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, Basbowes, 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 escap'd their hands.

Caly. Didst breake prison?

Bar. No, no:  
I dranke of Poppy and cold mandrake iuyce;  
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 channells of the City.  
Now whilst you giue assault vnto the wals,  
I'll lead 500 souldiers through the Vault,  
And rise with them i'th middle of the Towne.

I 2

Open

*The Jew of Malta*

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

*Caly.* If this be true, I'll make thee Governour.

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

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

*Exeunt.*

*Alarmes.* Enter *Turkes, Barabas, Governour,*  
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 *Spainc*?  
*Fernexc,* speake, had it not bene 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 Governour,  
Vle them at thy discretion.

*Bar.* Thankes, my Lord.

*Gov.* Oh fatall day to fall into the hands  
Of such a Traitor and unhallowed Jew!  
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 Jew, farewell great *Barabas.*

*Exeunt.*

*Bar.* May all good fortune follow *Calymath.*  
And now, as entrance to our safety,  
To prison with the Governour 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 Jew of Malta.*

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

Enter Governour with a guard.

*Gov.* My Lord?

*Bar.* I, Lord, thus haues 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 plainly 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:

I 3

And

*The Jew of Malta:*

And as for *Malta's* ruine, thinke you not:  
Twere slender policy for *Barabas*  
To dispossesse him selfe 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'll reare vp *Malta* now remediless.

*Gov.* Will *Barabas* recover *Malta's* losse?

Will *Barabas* be good to Christians?

*Bar.* What wilt thou giue me, Governour, to procure  
A dissolution of the slauiish Bands  
Wherein the Turke hath yoked your land and you?

What will you giue me if I render you  
The life of *Calymath*, surprize his men,  
And in an out-houfe 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  
Great summes of mony for thy recompence:  
Nay more, doe this, and liue thou Governour still.

*Bar.* Nay, doe thou this, *Fernex*, and be free;  
Governour, 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'll 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'll impart to thee,  
Wherein no danger shall betide thy life,

And

*The Jew of Malta:*

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.* Governour, presently.

For *Calymath*, 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 saile not; now farewell *Fernex*:  
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 detels preuention:

To what euent my secret purpose driues,  
I know; and they shall witnesse with their liues.

*Enter Calymath, Bassawes.*

*Caly.* Thus haue we view'd the City, seen'd 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*

Enter a messenger.

Mess. From Barabas, Malta's Governour, I bring  
A message vnto mighty Calymath;  
Hearing his Soueraigne was bound for Sea,  
To saile to Turkey, to great Ottoman,  
He humbly would intreat your Maiesty  
To come and see his homely Citadell,  
And banquet with him e're thou leaue 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 Governour,  
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 Governour we grant his suite,  
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 Governours great feast.

Exeunt.

Enter Governour, Knights, Dal-bojco.

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

Till

Till you shall heare a Culueria 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.

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

Gov. On then, begone.

Kni. Farewell graue Governour.

Enter with a Hammar above, very busie.

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

Serv. All fast.

Bar. Leau 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 Governours pelfe,  
And see he brings it: Now, Governour, the summe.

Enter Governour.

Gov. With free consent a hundred thousand pounds.

Bar. Pounds saist thou, Governour, 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 Governour, now partake my policy:

K

Exit

*The Jew of Malta*

First for his Army, they are sent before,  
Enter'd the Monastery, and vnderneath  
In seuerall places are field-pieces pitch'd,  
Bombards, whole Barrells 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 consoers,  
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 recovery.

Here, hold that knife, and when thou seest he comes,  
And with his Bashawes shall be blithely ser,  
A warning-peece shall be shor 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, *Gouernor*, I'll satisfie thee first,

Thou shalt not lue 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 sunne,  
If greater falshood euer has bin done.

*Enter Calymath and Bashawes.*

*Caly.* Come, my Companion-Bashawes, see I pray

How busie *Barabas* is there aboute

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 *Selims-Calymath*,

To ascend our homely stayres?

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

*Gov.* Stay, *Calymath*;

For

*The Jew of Malta*

For I will shew thee greater curtesie  
Then *Barabas* would haue afforded thee:

*Gov.* Sound a charge there. *A charge, the cable cut,*

*Cal.* How now, what meansthis? *A Caldron discovered.*

*Bar.* Helpe, helpe me, Christians, helpe.

*Gov.* See *Calymath*, this was deuic'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 pittilesse?

*Gov.* Should I in pittie of thy plaints or thee,  
Accursed *Barabas*; base Iew relent;

No; thus I'll 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, *Gouernour*, 'twas I that slew thy sonne;

I fram'd the challenge that did make them meet:

Know, *Calymath*, I ayra'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 vnhalloved 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.

K 2

*Gov.*

*The Jew of Malta*  
*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 Gallies couldst thou not get hence,  
Without fresh men to rigge and furnish them.

*Cal.* Tush, *Gouernor*, take thou no care for that,  
My men are all aboard,  
And doe attend my coming there by this.

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

*Cal.* Yes, what of that?

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

*Cal.* Oh monstrous treason!

*Gov.* A Iewe scurlesic:

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 *Ottomen*.

*Cal.* 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 lide in *Malta* prisoner; for come what he world

To rescue thee, so will we guard vs now,  
So 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 Fortune, but to Heauen.



FINIS.