

The Famous Tragedy of the Rich

JEW OF MALTA

By Christopher Marlowe

AS IT WAS PLAYED
BEFORE THE KING AND
QUEEN, IN HIS MAJESTIES
Theatre at White-Hall by her Majesties
Servants at the Cock-pit

The Prologue

MACHEVILL Albeit the world think Machevill is dead,
Yet was his soul but flown beyond the Alps,
And now the Guise is dead, is come from France
To view this land, and frolic with his friends.
To some perhaps my name is odious,
But such as love me, guard me from their tongues,
And let them know that I am Machevill,
And weigh not men, and therefore not men's words.
Admired I am of those that hate me most.
Though some speak openly against my books,
Yet will they read me, and thereby attain
To Peter's chair: And when they cast me off,
Are poisoned by my climbing followers.
I count religion but a childish toy,
And hold there is no sin but ignorance.
Birds of the air will tell of murders past?
I am ashamed to hear such fooleries.
Many will talk of title to a crown.
What right had Caesar to the emyery?
Might first made kings, and laws were then most sure
When like the Draco's they were writ in blood.
Hence comes it, that a strong built citadel
Commands much more than letters can import:
Which maxima had Phalaris observed,
H' had never bellowed in a brazen bull
Of great ones' envy; o' th' poor petty wits,
Let me be envied and not pitied!
But whither am I bound, I come not, I,
To read a lecture here in Britanie,
But to present the tragedy of a Jew,
Who smiles to see how full his bags are crammed,
Which money was not got without my means.
I crave but this, Grace him as he deserves,

And let him not be entertained the worse
Because he favours me.

Exit

Act 1

Scene 1

Enter BARABAS in his Counting-house, with heaps of gold before him

Barabas So that of thus much that return was made:
And of the third part of the Persian ships,
There was the venture summed and satisfied.
As for those Samnites, and the men of Uz,
That bought my Spanish oils, and wines of Greece,
Here have I pursed their paltry silverlings.
Fie, what a trouble 'tis to count this trash!
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
Whereof a man may easily in a day
Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
The needy groom that never fingered groat,
Would make a miracle of thus much coin:
But he whose steel-barred coffers are crammed full,
And all his life-time hath been tired,
Wearing his fingers' ends with telling it,
Would in his age be loath to labour so,
And for a pound to sweat himself to death:
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mould;
The wealthy Moor, that in the Eastern rocks
Without control can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones,
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;
Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
As one of them indifferently rated,
And of a caract of this quantity,
May serve in peril of calamity
To ransom great kings from captivity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth:
And thus methinks should men of judgement frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little room.
But now how stands the wind?

Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?
Ha, to the East? Yes: See how stands the vanes?
East and by South: why then I hope my ships
I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles
Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks:
Mine argosy from Alexandria,
Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore
To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.
But who comes here? How now.

Enter a MERCHANT

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

Barabas The ships are safe thou say'st, and richly fraught?

Merchant They are.

Barabas Why then go bid them come ashore,
And bring with them their bills of entry:
I hope our credit in the Custom-house
Will serve as well as I were present there.
Go send 'em threescore camels, thirty mules,
And twenty waggons to bring up the ware.
But art thou master in a ship of mine,
And is thy credit not enough for that?

Merchant The very custom barely comes to more
Than many merchants of the town are worth,
And therefore far exceeds my credit, sir.

Barabas Go tell 'em the Jew of Malta sent thee, man:
Tush, who amongst 'em knows not Barabas?

Merchant I go.

Barabas So then, there's somewhat come.
[Calling] Sirrah, which of my ships art thou master of?

Merchant Of the Speranza, sir.

Barabas And saw'st thou not
Mine argosy at Alexandria?
Thou couldst not come from Egypt, or by Caire,
But at the entry there into the sea,

Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main,
Thou needs must sail by Alexandria.

Merchant I neither saw them, nor inquired of them.
But this we heard some of our seamen say,
They wondered how you durst with so much wealth
Trust such a crazed vessel, and so far.

Barabas Tush; they are wise, I know her and her strength:
But go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy ship,
And bid my factor bring his loading in.

Exit MERCHANT

And yet I wonder at this argosy.

Enter a second MERCHANT

2nd Merchant Thine argosy from Alexandria,
Know Barabas doth ride in Malta road,
Laden with riches, and exceeding store
Of Persian silks, of gold, and orient pearl.

Barabas How chance you came not with those other ships
That sailed by Egypt?

2nd Merchant Sir, we saw 'em not.

Barabas Belike they coasted round by Candy shore
About their oils, or other businesses.
But 'twas ill done of you to come so far
Without the aid or conduct of their ships.

2nd Merchant Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish fleet
That never left us till within a league,
That had the galleys of the Turk in chase.

Barabas Oh, they were going up to Sicily: well, go
And bid the merchants and my men dispatch
And come ashore, and see the fraught discharged.

2nd Merchant I go.

Exit

Barabas Thus trowls our fortune in by land and sea,
And thus are we on every side enriched:
These are the blessings promised to the Jews,
And herein was old Abram's happiness:
What more may heaven do for earthly men

Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
Making the sea their servant, and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts?
Who hateth me but for my happiness?
Or who is honoured now but for his wealth?
Rather had I a Jew be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty:
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,
Which methinks fits not their profession.
Happily some hapless man hath conscience,
And for his conscience lives in beggary.
They say we are a scattered nation:
I cannot tell, but we have scrambled up
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith.
There's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal,
Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France, and wealthy every one:
Ay, wealthier far than any Christian.
I must confess we come not to be kings:
That's not our fault: Alas, our number's few,
And crowns come either by succession
Or urged by force; and nothing violent,
Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.
Give us a peaceful rule, make Christians kings,
That thirst so much for principality.
I have no charge, nor many children,
But one sole daughter, whom I hold as dear
As Agamemnon did his Iphigen:
And all I have is hers. But who comes here?

Enter three JEWS

1st Jew Tush, tell not me, 'twas done of policy.

2nd Jew Come therefore let us go to Barabas;
For he can counsel best in these affairs;
And here he comes.

Barabas Why how now countrymen?
Why flock you thus to me in multitudes?
What accident's betided to the Jews?

1st Jew A fleet of warlike galleys, Barabas,
Are come from Turkey, and lie in our road:
And they this day sit in the Council-house
To entertain them and their embassy.

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

1st Jew Were it for confirmation of a league,
They would not come in warlike manner thus.

2nd Jew I fear their coming will afflict us all.

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

Jew Why, Barabas, they come for peace or war.

Barabas Haply for neither, but to pass along
Towards Venice by the Adriatic Sea;
With whom they have attempted many times,
But never could effect their stratagem.

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

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

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

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

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

Barabas Do so; Farewell Zaareth, farewell Temainte.

Exeunt the JEWS

And Barabas now search this secret out.
Summon thy senses, call thy wits together:
These silly men mistake the matter clean.
Long to the Turk did Malta contribute;
Which tribute all in policy, I fear,
The Turks have let increase to such a sum
As all the wealth of Malta cannot pay;
And now by that advantage thinks, belike,
To seize upon the town: Ay, that he seeks.

Howe'er the world go, I'll make sure for one,
And seek in time to intercept the worst,
Warily guarding that which I ha' got.
Ego mihimet sum semper proximus.
Why, let 'em enter, let 'em take the town.

Exit

Scene 2

Enter GOVERNOR of Malta, KNIGHTS, and OFFICERS, met by BASSOES of the Turk;

CALYMATH

Governor Now bassoes, what demand you at our hands?

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

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

Calymath The ten years' tribute that remains unpaid.

Governor Alas, my lord, the sum is over-great,
I hope your highness will consider us.

Calymath I wish, grave Governor, 'twere in my power
To favour you, but 'tis my father's cause,
Wherein I may not, nay, I dare not dally.

Governor Then give us leave, great Selim-Calymath.

Calymath Stand all aside, and let the knights determine,
And send to keep our galleys under sail,
For happily we shall not tarry here:
Now Governor, how are you resolved?

Governor Thus: Since your hard conditions are such
That you will needs have ten years' tribute past,
We may have time to make collection
Amongst the inhabitants of Malta for't.

Basso That's more than is in our commission.

Calymath What Callapine, a little courtesy!
Let's know their time, perhaps it is not long;
And 'tis more kingly to obtain by peace

Than to enforce conditions by constraint.
What respite ask you Governor?

Governor But a month.

Calymath We grant a month, but see you keep your promise.
Now launch our galleys back again to sea,
Where we'll attend the respite you have ta'en,
And for the money send our messenger.
Farewell great Governor, and brave knights of Malta.

Exeunt CALYMATH and BASSOES

Governor And all good fortune wait on Calymath.
Go one and call those Jews of Malta hither:
Were they not summoned to appear today?

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

Enter BARABAS and three JEWS

1st Knight Have you determined what to say to them?

Governor Yes, give me leave, - and, Hebrews, now come near.
From the Emperor of Turkey is arrived
Great Selim-Calymath, his highness' son,
To levy of us ten years' tribute past;
Now, then, here know that it concerneth us -

Barabas Then, good my lord, to keep your quiet still,
Your lordship shall do well to let them have it.

Governor Soft, Barabas, there's more 'longs to't than so.
To what this ten years' tribute will amount,
That we have cast, but cannot compass it
By reason of the wars, that robbed our store;
And therefore are we to request your aid.

Barabas Alas, my lord, we are no soldiers:
And what's our aid against so great a prince?

Knight Tut, Jew, we know thou art no soldier;
Thou art a merchant, and a moneyed man,
And 'tis thy money, Barabas, we seek.

Barabas How, my lord, my money?

Governor Thine and the rest.
For to be short, amongst you 't must be had.

Jew Alas, my lord, the most of us are poor!

Governor Then let the rich increase your portions.

Barabas Are strangers with your tribute to be taxed?

Knight Have strangers leave with us to get their wealth?
Then let them with us contribute.

Barabas How, equally?

Governor No, Jew, like infidels.
For through our sufferance of your hateful lives,
Who stand accursed in the sight of heaven,
These taxes and afflictions are befallen,
And therefore thus we are determined:
Read there the articles of our decrees.

Officer [Reads] First, the tribute money of the Turks shall all be levied
amongst the Jews, and each of them to pay one half of his estate.

Barabas How, half his estate? I hope you mean not mine.

Governor Read on.

Officer [Reads] Secondly, he that denies to pay, shall straight become a
Christian.

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

Officer [Reads] Lastly, he that denies this, shall absolutely lose all he
has.

All 3 Jews Oh, my lord, we will give half.

Barabas Oh, earth-metalled villains, and no Hebrews born!
And will you basely thus submit yourselves
To leave your goods to their arbitrement?

Governor Why, Barabas, wilt thou be christened?

Barabas No, Governor, I will be no convertite.

Governor Then pay thy half.

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

Governor Sir, half is the penalty of our decree,

Either pay that, or we will seize on all.

Exeunt OFFICERS, on a sign from the GOVERNOR

Barabas Corpo di Dio; Stay, you shall have half,
Let me be used but as my brethren are.

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

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

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

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

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

Barabas What? Bring you Scripture to confirm your wrongs?
Preach me not out of my possessions.
Some Jews are wicked, as all Christians are:
But say the tribe that I descended of
Were all in general cast away for sin,
Shall I be tried by their transgression?
The man that dealeth righteously shall live:
And which of you can charge me otherwise?

Governor Out, wretched Barabas,
Sham'st thou not thus to justify thyself,
As if we knew not thy profession?
If thou rely upon thy righteousness,
Be patient and thy riches will increase.
Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness:
And covetousness, oh 'tis a monstrous sin.

Barabas Ay, but theft is worse: tush, take not from me then,
For that is theft; and if you rob me thus,
I must be forced to steal and compass more.

1st Knight Grave Governor, list not to his exclaims:
Convert his mansion to a nunnery,
His house will harbour many holy nuns.

Enter OFFICERS

Governor It shall be so: now, officers, have you done?

Officer Ay, my lord, we have seized upon the goods
And wares of Barabas, which being valued
Amount to more than all the wealth in Malta.
And of the other we have seized half.

Governor Then we'll take order for the residue.

Barabas Well then, my lord, say, are you satisfied?
You have my goods, my money, and my wealth,
My ships, my store, and all that I enjoyed;
And having all, you can request no more;
Unless your unrelenting flinty hearts
Suppress all pity in your stony breasts,
And now shall move you to bereave my life.

Governor No, Barabas, to stain our hands with blood
Is far from us and our profession.

Barabas Why, I esteem the injury far less
To take the lives of miserable men,
Than be the causers of their misery.
You have my wealth, the labour of my life,
The comfort of mine age, my children's hope,
And therefore ne'er distinguish of the wrong.

Governor Content thee, Barabas, thou hast nought but right.

Barabas Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong:
But take it to you i' the devil's name.

Governor Come, let us in, and gather of these goods
The money for this tribute of the Turk.

1st Knight 'Tis necessary that be looked unto:
For if we break our day, we break the league,
And that will prove but simple policy.

Exeunt all except BARABAS and JEWS

Barabas Ay, policy? that's their profession,
And not simplicity, as they suggest.
The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of heaven,

Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred
Inflict upon them, thou great Primus Motor.
And here upon my knees, striking the earth,
I ban their souls to everlasting pains
And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,
That thus have dealt with me in my distress.

1st Jew Oh yet be patient, gentle Barabas.

Barabas Oh silly brethren, born to see this day!
Why stand you thus unmoved with my laments?
Why weep you not to think upon my wrongs?
Why, pine not I, and die in this distress?

1st Jew Why, Barabas, as hardly can we brook
The cruel handling of ourselves in this:
Thou seest they have taken half our goods.

Barabas Why did you yield to their extortion?
You were a multitude, and I but one,
And of me only have they taken all.

1st Jew Yet, brother Barabas, remember Job.

Barabas What tell you me of Job? I wot his wealth
Was written thus: He had seven thousand sheep,
Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke
Of labouring oxen, and five hundred
She-asses: but for every one of those,
Had they been valued at indifferent rate,
I had at home, and in mine argosy
And other ships that came from Egypt last,
As much as would have bought his beasts and him,
And yet have kept enough to live upon;
So that not he, but I may curse the day,
Thy fatal birth-day, forlorn Barabas;
And henceforth wish for an eternal night,
That clouds of darkness may enclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes:
For only I have toiled to inherit here
The months of vanity and loss of time,
And painful nights have been appointed me.

2nd Jew Good Barabas, be patient.

Barabas Ay, I pray leave me in my patience.
You that were ne'er possessed of wealth, are pleased with want.
But give him liberty at least to mourn,
That in a field amidst his enemies,
Doth see his soldiers slain, himself disarmed,

And knows no means of his recovery:
Ay, let me sorrow for this sudden chance;
'Tis in the trouble of my spirit I speak;
Great injuries are not so soon forgot.

1st Jew Come, let us leave him in his ireful mood,
Our words will but increase his ecstasy.

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

Exeunt JEWS

Barabas Ay, fare you well.
See the simplicity of these base slaves,
Who, for the villains have no wit themselves,
Think me to be a senseless lump of clay
That will with every water wash to dirt:
No, Barabas is born to better chance,
And framed of finer mould than 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 evils are apt to happen every day.
But whither wends my beauteous Abigail?

Enter ABIGAIL the Jew's daughter

Oh what has made my lovely daughter sad?
What? woman, moan not for a little loss:
Thy father has enough in store for thee.

Abigail Not for my self, but aged Barabas:
Father, for thee lamenteth Abigail:
But I will learn to leave these fruitless tears,
And urged thereto with my afflictions,
With fierce exclams run to the Senate-house,
And in the Senate reprehend them all,
And rent their hearts with tearing of my hair,
Till they reduce the wrongs done to my father.

Barabas No, Abigail, things past recovery
Are hardly cured with exclamations.
Be silent, daughter, sufferance breeds ease,
And time may yield us an occasion,
Which on the sudden cannot serve the turn.
Besides, my girl, think me not all so fond
As negligently to forgo so much
Without provision for thyself and me.

Ten thousand portagues, besides great pearls,
Rich costly jewels, and stones infinite,
Fearing the worst of this before it fell,
I closely hid.

Abigail Where father?

Barabas In my house my girl.

Abigail Then shall they ne'er be seen of Barabas:
For they have seized upon thy house and wares.

Barabas But they will give me leave once more, I trow,
To go into my house.

Abigail That may they not:
For there I left the Governor placing nuns,
Displacing me; and of thy house they mean
To make a nunnery, where none but their own sect
Must enter in; men generally barred.

Barabas My gold, my gold, and all my wealth is gone.
You partial heavens, have I deserved this plague?
What, will you thus oppose me, luckless stars,
To make me desperate in my poverty?
And knowing me impatient in distress,
Think me so mad as I will hang myself,
That I may vanish o'er the earth in air,
And leave no memory that e'er I was?
No, I will live; nor loathe I this my life:
And since you leave me in the ocean thus
To sink or swim, and put me to my shifts,
I'll rouse my senses, and awake myself.
Daughter, I have it: thou perceiv'st the plight
Wherein these Christians have oppressed me:
Be ruled by me, for in extremity
We ought to make bar of no policy.

Abigail Father, whate'er it be to injure them
That have so manifestly wronged us,
What will not Abigail attempt?

Barabas Why so;
Then thus, thou told'st me they have turned my house
Into a nunnery, and some nuns are there.

Abigail I did.

Barabas Then, Abigail, there must my girl
Intreat the abbess to be entertained.

Abigail How, as a nun?

Barabas Ay, daughter, for religion
Hides many mischiefs from suspicion.

Abigail Ay, but, father, they will suspect me there.

Barabas Let 'em suspect, but be thou so precise
As they may think it done of holiness.
Intreat 'em fair, and give them friendly speech,
And seem to them as if thy sins were great,
Till thou hast gotten to be entertained.

Abigail Thus, father, shall I much dissemble.

Barabas Tush,
As good dissemble that thou never mean'st
As first mean truth, and then dissemble it,
A counterfeit profession
Is better than unseen hypocrisy.

Abigail Well, father, say I be entertained,
What then shall follow?

Barabas This shall follow then;
There have I hid close underneath the plank
That runs along the upper chamber floor,
The gold and jewels which I kept for thee.
But here they come; be cunning, Abigail.

Abigail Then, father, go with me.

Barabas No, Abigail, in this
It is not necessary I be seen.
For I will seem offended with thee for't.
Be close, my girl, for this must fetch my gold.

Enter two FRIARS and two NUNS

1st Friar Sisters, we now are almost at the new-made nunnery.

1st Nun The better; for we love not to be seen:
'Tis thirty winters long since some of us
Did stray so far amongst the multitude.

1st Friar But, madam, this house
And waters of this new-made nunnery
Will much delight you.

1st Nun It may be so: but who comes here?

Abigail Grave abbess, and yon happy virgin's guide,
Pity the state of a distressed maid.

1st Nun What art thou, daughter?

Abigail The hopeless daughter of a hapless Jew,
The Jew of Malta, wretched Barabas;
Sometimes the owner of a goodly house,
Which they have now turned to a nunnery.

1st Nun Well, daughter, say, what is thy suit with us?

Abigail Fearing the afflictions which my father feels
Proceed from sin, or want of faith in us,
I'd pass away my life in penitence,
And be a novice in your nunnery,
To make atonement for my labouring soul.

1st Friar
No doubt, brother, but this proceedeth of the spirit.

2nd Friar Ay, and of a moving spirit too, brother; but come,
Let us intreat she may be entertained.

1st Nun Well, daughter, we admit you for a nun.

Abigail First let me as a novice learn to frame
My solitary life to your strait laws,
And let me lodge where I was wont to lie;
I do not doubt by your divine precepts
And mine own industry, but to profit much.

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

1st Nun Come daughter, follow us.

Barabas Why how now Abigail,
What mak'st thou amongst these hateful Christians?

1st Friar Hinder her not, thou man of little faith,
For she has mortified herself.

Barabas How, mortified!

1st Friar And is admitted to the sisterhood.

Barabas Child of perdition, and thy father's shame,
What wilt thou do among these hateful fiends?
I charge thee on my blessing that thou leave;
These devils, and their damned heresy.

Abigail Father forgive me -

Barabas [Whispers to her] Nay back, Abigail,
And think upon the jewels and the gold,
The board is marked thus that covers it. -
Away accursed from thy father's sight.

1st Friar Barabas, although thou art in misbelief,
And wilt not see thine own afflictions,
Yet let thy daughter be no longer blind.

Barabas Blind, friar, I reckon not thy persuasions,
- [Aside] The board is marked thus † that covers it -
For I had rather die, than see her thus.
Wilt thou forsake me too in my distress,
Seduced daughter, [Aside to her] Go, forget not. -
Becomes it Jews to be so credulous?
[Aside to her] Tomorrow early I'll be at the door. -
No, come not at me, if thou wilt be damned,
Forget me, see me not, and so be gone.
(Aside) Farewell. Remember tomorrow morning. -
Out, out thou wretch.

Exeunt, on the one side, BARABAS; on the other, FRIARS, NUNS, and ABIGAIL

Enter MATHIAS

Mathias Who's this? Fair Abigail the rich Jew's daughter
Become a nun! Her father's sudden fall
Has humbled her and brought her down to this:
Tut, she were fitter for a tale of love
Than to be tired out with orisons:
And better would she far become a bed
Embraced in a friendly lover's arms,
Than rise at midnight to a solemn mass.

Enter LODOWICK

Lodowick Why, how now, Don Mathias, in adump?

Mathias Believe me, noble Lodowick, I have seen
The strangest sight, in my opinion,
That ever I beheld.

Lodowick What was't, I prithee?

Mathias A fair young maid scarce fourteen years of age,
The sweetest flower in Cytherea's field,
Cropped from the pleasures of the fruitful earth,
And strangely metamorphised to a nun.

Lodowick But say, what was she?

Mathias Why, the rich Jew's daughter.

Lodowick What, Barabas, whose goods were lately seized?
Is she so fair?

Mathias And matchless beautiful;
As had you seen her 'twould have moved your heart,
Though countermured with walls of brass, to love,
Or at the least to pity.

Lodowick And if she be so fair as you report,
'Twere time well spent to go and visit her:
How say you, shall we?

Mathias I must and will, sir, there's no remedy.

Lodowick And so will I too, or it shall go hard.
Farewell, Mathias.

Mathias Farewell, Lodowick.

Exeunt

Act 2

Scene 1

Enter BARABAS with a light

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

Till I have answer of my Abigail.

Enter ABIGAIL above

Abigail Now have I happily espied a time
To search the plank my father did appoint;
And here behold (unseen) where I have found
The gold, the pearls, and jewels which he hid.

Barabas Now I remember those old women's words,
Who in my wealth would tell me winter's tales,
And speak of spirits and ghosts that glide by night
About the place where treasure hath been hid:
And now methinks that I am one of those:
For whilst I live, here lives my soul's sole hope,
And when I die, here shall my spirit walk.

Abigail Now that my father's fortune were so good
As but to be about this happy place;
'Tis not so happy: yet when we parted last,
He said he would attend me in the morn.
Then, gentle sleep, where e'er his body rests,
Give charge to Morpheus that he may dream
A golden dream, and of the sudden wake,
Come and receive the treasure I have found.

Barabas Bien para todos mi ganada no es:
As good go on, as sit so sadly thus.
But stay, what star shines yonder in the East?
The loadstar of my life, if Abigail.
Who's there?

Abigail Who's that?

Barabas Peace, Abigail, 'tis I.

Abigail Then, father, here receive thy happiness.

Throws down bags

Barabas Hast thou 't?

Abigail Here,
Hast thou't?
There's more, and more, and more.

Barabas Oh, my girl,
My gold, my fortune, my felicity;
Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy;
Welcome the first beginner of my bliss:

Oh, Abigail, Abigail, 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 bliss!

Hugs his bags

Abigail Father, it draweth towards midnight now,
And 'bout this time the nuns begin to wake;
To shun suspicion, therefore, let us part.

Barabas Farewell, my joy, and by my fingers take
A kiss from him that sends it from his soul.

Exit ABIGAIL

Now Phoebus ope the eyelids of the day,
And for the raven wake the morning lark,
That I may hover with her in the air,
Singing o'er these, as she does o'er her young.
Hermoso placer de los dineros.

Exit

Scene 2

Enter GOVERNOR, MARTIN DEL BOSCO, the KNIGHTS and OFFICERS

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

Bosco Governor of Malta, hither am I bound;
My ship, the Flying Dragon, is of Spain,
And so am I, Del Bosco is my name;
Vice-admiral unto the Catholic king.

1st Knight 'Tis true, my lord, therefore intreat him well.

Bosco Our fraught is Grecians, Turks, and Afric Moors,
For late upon the coast of Corsica,
Because we vailed not to the Turkish fleet,
Their creeping galleys had us in the chase:
But suddenly the wind began to rise,
And then we luffed, and tacked, and fought at ease:
Some have we fired, and many have we sunk;
But one amongst the rest became our prize:
The captain's slain, the rest remain our slaves,
Of whom we would make sale in Malta here.

Governor Martin del Bosco, I have heard of thee;
Welcome to Malta, and to all of us;
But to admit a sale of these thy Turks
We may not, nay we dare not give consent
By reason of a tributary league.

1st Knight Del Bosco, as thou lov'st and honour'st us,
Persuade our Governor against the Turk;
This truce we have is but in hope of gold,
And with that sum he craves might we wage war.

Bosco Will Knights of Malta be in league with Turks,
And buy it basely too for sums of gold?
My lord, remember that to Europe's shame,
The Christian isle of Rhodes, from whence you came,
Was lately lost, and you were stated here
To be at deadly enmity with Turks.

Governor Captain we know it, but our force is small.

Bosco What is the sum that Calymath requires?

Governor A hundred thousand crowns.

Bosco My lord and king hath title to this isle,
And he means quickly to expel them hence;
Therefore be ruled by me, and keep the gold:
I'll write unto his Majesty for aid,
And not depart until I see you free.

Governor On this condition shall thy Turks be sold.
Go, officers, and set them straight in show.

Exeunt OFFICERS

Bosco, thou shalt be Malta's general;
We and our warlike knights will follow thee
Against these barbarous misbelieving Turks.

Bosco So shall you imitate those you succeed:
For when their hideous force invironed Rhodes,
Small though the number was that kept the town,
They fought it out, and not a man survived
To bring the hapless news to Christendom.

Governor So will we fight it out; come, let's away:
Proud-daring Calymath, instead of gold,
We'll send thee bullets wrapt in smoke and fire:
Claim tribute where thou wilt, we are resolved,
Honour is bought with blood and not with gold

Exeunt

Scene 3

Enter OFFICERS with SLAVES

1st Officer This is the market-place, here let 'em stand:
Fear not their sale, for they'll be quickly bought.

2nd Officer Every one's price is written on his back,
And so much must they yield or not be sold.

Enter BARABAS

Officer Here comes the Jew, had not his goods been seized,
He'd give us present money for them all.

Barabas In spite of these swine-eating Christians
(Unchosen nation, never circumcised;
Such as, poor villains, were ne'er thought upon
Till Titus and Vespasian conquered us),
Am I become as wealthy as I was:
They hoped my daughter would ha' been a nun;
But she's at home, and I have bought a house
As great and fair as is the Governor's;
And there in spite of Malta will I dwell:
Having Ferneze's hand, whose heart I'll have;
Ay, and his son's too, or it shall go hard.
I am not of the tribe of Levy, I,
That can so soon forget an injury.
We Jews can fawn like spaniels when we please;
And when we grin we bite, yet are our looks
As innocent and harmless as a lamb's.
I learned in Florence how to kiss my hand,
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,
And duck as low as any barefoot friar,
Hoping to see them starve upon a stall,
Or else be gathered for in our synagogue;
That when the offering-basin comes to me,
Even for charity I may spit into't.
Here comes Don Lodowick the Governor's son,
One that I love for his good father's sake.

Enter LODOWICK

Lodowick I hear the wealthy Jew walked this way;
I'll seek him out, and so insinuate,
That I may have a sight of Abigail;
For Don Mathias tells me she is fair.

Barabas [Aside] Now will I show myself to have more of the serpent than the dove; that is, more knave than fool.

Lodowick Yond walks the Jew, now for fair Abigail.

Barabas [Aside] Ay, ay, no doubt but she's at your command.

Lodowick Barabas, thou know'st I am the Governor's son.

Barabas I would you were his father too, sir, that's all the harm I wish you. [Aside] The slave looks like a hog's cheek new singed.

Lodowick Whither walk'st thou Barabas?

Barabas No further: 'tis a custom held with us,
That when we speak with Gentiles like to you,
We turn into the air to purge ourselves:
For unto us the promise doth belong.

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

Barabas Oh, sir, your father had my diamonds.
Yet I have one left that will serve your turn:
[Aside] I mean my daughter: - but ere he shall have her
I'll sacrifice her on a pile of wood.
I ha' the poison of the city for him,
And the white leprosy.

Lodowick What sparkle does it give without a foil?

Barabas The diamond that I talk of, ne'er was foiled:
[Aside] But when he touches it, it will be foiled: -
Lord Lodowick, it sparkles bright and fair.

Lodowick Is it square or pointed, pray let me know?

Barabas Pointed it is, good sir, - [aside] but not for you.

Lodowick I like it much the better.

Barabas So do I too.

Lodowick How shows it by night?

Barabas Outshines Cynthia's rays:
You'll like it better far a-nights than days.

Lodowick And what's the price?

Barabas [aside] Your life and if you have it. - O my lord,
We will not jar about the price; come to my house

And I will giv't your honour - [aside] with a vengeance.

Lodowick No, Barabas, I will deserve it first.

Barabas Good sir,
Your father has deserved it at my hands,
Who of mere charity and Christian ruth,
To bring me to religious purity,
And as it were in catechizing sort,
To make me mindful of my mortal sins,
Against my will, and whether I would or no,
Seized all I had, and thrust me out-a-doors,
And made my house a place for nuns most chaste.

Lodowick No doubt your soul shall reap the fruit of it.

Barabas Ay, but my lord, the harvest is far off:
And yet I know the prayers of those nuns
And holy friars, having money for their pains,
Are wondrous: - [aside] and indeed do no man good: -
And seeing they are not idle, but still doing,
'Tis likely they in time may reap some fruit,
I mean in fulness of perfection.

Lodowick Good Barabas, glance not at our holy nuns.

Barabas No, but I do it through a burning zeal,
- [Aside] Hoping ere long to set the house afire;
For though they do awhile increase and multiply,
I'll have a saying to that nunnery. -
As for the diamond, sir, I told you of,
Come home and there's no price shall make us part,
Even for your honourable father's sake.
- [Aside] It shall go hard but I will see your death. -
But now I must be gone to buy a slave.

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

Barabas Come then, here's the market-place; what's the price of this slave,
two hundred crowns? Do the Turks weigh so much?

1st Officer Sir, that's his price.

Barabas What, can he steal that you demand so much?
Belike he has some new trick for a purse;
And if he has, he is worth three hundred plats,
So that, being bought, the town-seal might be got
To keep him for his life-time from the gallows.
The sessions day is critical to thieves,
And few or none scape but by being purged.

Lodowick Ratest thou this Moor but at two hundred plats?

1st Officer No more, my lord.

Barabas Why should this Turk be dearer than that Moor?

1st Officer Because he is young and has more qualities.

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

Slave No sir, I can cut and shave.

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

Slave Alas, sir, I am a very youth.

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

Slave I will serve you, sir.

Barabas Some wicked trick or other. It may be under colour of shaving, thou'lt cut my throat for my goods. Tell me, hast thou thy health well?

Slave Ay, passing well.

Barabas So much the worse; I must have one that's sickly, and 't be but for sparing vittles: 'tis not a stone of beef a day will maintain you in these chops; let me see one that's somewhat leaner.

1st Officer Here's a leaner, how like you him?

Barabas Where wast thou born?

Ithamore In Thrace; brought up in Arabia.

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

1st Officer Then mark him, sir, and take him hence.

Barabas [Aside] Ay, mark him, you were best, for this is he
That by my help shall do much villainy.
My lord, farewell. Come, sirrah, you are mine.
As for the diamond it shall be yours;
I pray, sir, be no stranger at my house,
All that I have shall be at your command.

Enter MATHIAS and his MOTHER

Mathias [Aside] What makes the Jew and Lodowick so private?
I fear me 'tis about fair Abigail.

Barabas Yonder comes Don Mathias, let us stay;
He loves my daughter, and she holds him dear:
But I have sworn to frustrate both their hopes,
And be revenged upon the - [aside] Governor.

Exit LODOWICK

Mother This Moor is comeliest, is he not? speak, son.

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

Barabas Seem not to know me here before your mother,
Lest she mistrust the match that is in hand:
When you have brought her home, come to my house;
Think of me as thy father; son, farewell.

Mathias But wherefore talked Don Lodowick with you?

Barabas Tush man, we talked of diamonds, not of Abigail.

Mother Tell me, Mathias, is not that the Jew?

Barabas As for the comment on the Maccabees,
I have it, sir, and 'tis at your command.

Mathias Yes, madam, and my talk with him was but
About the borrowing of a book or two.

Mother Converse not with him, he is cast off from heaven.
Thou hast thy crowns, fellow, come let's away.

Mathias Sirrah, Jew, remember the book.

Barabas Marry will I, sir.

Exeunt MATHIAS and his MOTHER, with a SLAVE

1st Officer Come, I have made a reasonable market, let's away.

Exeunt OFFICERS with SLAVES

Barabas Now let me know thy name, and therewithal
Thy birth, condition, and profession.

Ithamore Faith, sir, my birth is but mean, my name's Ithamore, my
profession what you please.

Barabas Hast thou no trade? then listen to my words,

And I will teach thee that shall stick by thee:
First be thou void of these affections,
Compassion, love, vain hope, and heartless fear;
Be moved at nothing, see thou pity none,
But to thyself smile when the Christians moan.

Ithamore Oh brave, master, I worship your nose for this.

Barabas As for myself, I walk abroad a-nights,
And kill sick people groaning under walls:
Sometimes I go about and poison wells;
And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,
I am content to lose some of my crowns;
That I may, walking in my gallery,
See 'em go pinioned along by my door.
Being young I studied physic, and began
To practise first upon the Italian;
There I enriched the priests with burials,
And always kept the sexton's arms in ure
With digging graves and ringing dead men's knells:
And after that was I an engineer,
And in the wars 'twixt France and Germany,
Under pretence of helping Charles the Fifth,
Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems.
Then after that was I an usurer,
And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
And tricks belonging unto brokery
I filled the jails with bankrouths in a year,
And with young orphans planted hospitals,
And every moon made some or other mad,
And now and then one hang himself for grief,
Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll
How I with interest tormented him.
But mark how I am blest for plaguing them,
I have as much coin as will buy the town.
But tell me now, how hast thou spent thy time?

Ithamore Faith, master,
In setting Christian villages on fire,
Chaining of eunuchs, binding galley-slaves.
One time I was an hostler in an inn,
And in the night time secretly would I steal
To travellers' chambers, and there cut their throats:
Once at Jerusalem, where the pilgrims kneeled,
I strowed powder on the marble stones,
And therewithal their knees would rankle, so
That I have laughed a-good to see the cripples
Go limping home to Christendom on stilts.

Barabas Why, this is something: make account of me

As of thy fellow; we are villains both:
Both circumcised, we hate Christians both:
Be true and secret, thou shalt want no gold.
But stand aside, here comes Don Lodowick.

Enter LODOWICK

Lodowick Oh, Barabas well met;
Where is the diamond you told me of?

Barabas I have it for you, sir; please you walk in with me:
What, ho, Abigail; open the door I say.

Enter ABIGAIL

Abigail In good time, father, here are letters come
From Ormus, and the post stays here within.

Barabas Give me the letters; daughter, do you hear?
Entertain Lodowick the Governor's son
With all the courtesy you can afford;
Provided that you keep your maidenhead.
Use him as if he were a - [Aside] Philistine.
Dissemble, swear, protest, vow to love him,
He is not of the seed of Abraham. -
I am a little busy, sir, pray pardon me.
Abigail, bid him welcome for my sake.

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

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

Abigail [Aside to him] Oh father, Don Mathias is my love.

Barabas [Aside to her] I know it: yet I say make love to him;
Do, it is requisite it should be so. -
Nay, on my life it is my factor's hand,
But go you in, I'll think upon the account:

Exeunt ABIGAIL and LODOWICK

The account is made, for Lodowick dies.
My factor sends me word a merchant's fled
That owes me for a hundred tun of wine:
I weigh it thus much; I have wealth enough.
For now by this has he kissed Abigail;
And she vows love to him, and he to her.
As sure as heaven rained manna for the Jews,

So sure shall he and Don Mathias die:
His father was my chiefest enemy.

Enter MATHIAS

Whither goes Don Mathias? Stay a while.

Mathias Whither but to my fair love Abigail?

Barabas Thou know'st, and heaven can witness it is true,
That I intend my daughter shall be thine.

Mathias Ay, Barabas, or else thou wrong'st me much.

Barabas Oh heaven forbid I should have such a thought.
Pardon me though I weep; the Governor's son
Will, whether I will or no, have Abigail:
He sends her letters, bracelets, jewels, rings.

Mathias Does she receive them?

Barabas She? No, Mathias, no, but sends them back,
And when he comes, she locks herself up fast;
Yet through the keyhole will he talk to her,
While she runs to the window looking out
When you should come and hale him from the door.

Mathias Oh treacherous Lodowick!

Barabas Even now as I came home, he slipped me in,
And I am sure he is with Abigail.

Mathias I'll rouse him thence.

Barabas Not for all Malta, therefore sheathe your sword;
If you love me, no quarrels in my house;
But steal you in, and seem to see him not;
I'll give him such a warning ere he goes
As he shall have small hopes of Abigail.
Away, for here they come.

Enter LODOWICK, ABIGAIL

Mathias What hand in hand, I cannot suffer this.

Barabas Mathias, as thou lov'st me, not a word.

Mathias Well, let it pass, another time shall serve.

Exit

Lodowick Barabas, is not that the widow's son?

Barabas Ay, and take heed, for he hath sworn your death.

Lodowick My death? What, is the base-born peasant mad?

Barabas No, no, but happily he stands in fear
Of that which you, I think, ne'er dream upon;
My daughter here, a paltry silly girl -

Lodowick Why, loves she Don Mathias?

Barabas Doth she not with her smiling answer you?

Abigail [Aside] He has my heart, I smile against my will.

Lodowick Barabas, thou know'st I have loved thy daughter long.

Barabas And so has she done you, even from a child.

Lodowick And now I can no longer hold my mind.

Barabas Nor I the affection that I bear to you.

Lodowick This is thy diamond, tell me, shall I have it?

Barabas Win it and wear it, it is yet unsoiled.
Oh but I know your lordship would disdain
To marry with the daughter of a Jew:
And yet I'll give her many a golden cross
With Christian posies round about the ring.

Lodowick 'Tis not thy wealth, but her that I esteem;
Yet crave I thy consent.

Barabas And mine you have, yet let me talk to her;
[Aside to her] This offspring of Cain, this Jebusite
That never tasted of the passover,
Nor e'er shall see the land of Canaan,
Nor our Messiah that is yet to come,
This gentle maggot Lodowick I mean,
Must be deluded: let him have thy hand,
But keep thy heart till Don Mathias comes.

Abigail [Aside] What, shall I be betrothed to Lodowick?

Barabas [Aside] It's no sin to deceive a Christian;
For they themselves hold it a principle,
Faith is not to be held with heretics;
But all are heretics that are not Jews;
This follows well, and therefore, daughter, fear not. -

I have intreated her, and she will grant.

Lodowick Then, gentle Abigail, plight thy faith to me.

Abigail I cannot choose, seeing my father bids:
Nothing but death shall part my love and me.

Lodowick Now have I that for which my soul hath longed.

Barabas [Aside] So have not I, but yet I hope I shall.

Abigail [Aside] Oh wretched Abigail, what hast thou done?

Lodowick Why on the sudden is your colour changed?

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

Barabas Stay her, but let her not speak one word more.

Lodowick Mute o' the sudden; here's a sudden change.

Barabas Oh muse not at it, 'tis the Hebrews' guise,
That maidens new betrothed should weep a while:
Trouble her not, sweet Lodowick depart:
She is thy wife, and thou shalt be mine heir.

Lodowick Oh, is't the custom? then I am resolved;
But rather let the brightsome heavens be dim,
And Nature's beauty choke with stifling clouds,
Than my fair Abigail should frown on me.
There comes the villain, now I'll be revenged.

Enter MATHIAS

Barabas Be quiet Lodowick, it is enough
That I have made thee sure to Abigail.

Lodowick Well, let him go.

Exit

Barabas Well, but for me, as you went in at doors
You had been stabbed, but not a word on't now;
Here must no speeches pass, nor swords be drawn.

Mathias Suffer me, Barabas, but to follow him.

Barabas No; so shall I, if any hurt be done,
Be made an accessory of your deeds;
Revenge it on him when you meet him next.

Mathias For this I'll have his heart.

Barabas Do so; lo here I give thee Abigail.

Mathias What greater gift can poor Mathias have?
Shall Lodowick rob me of so fair a love?
My life is not so dear as Abigail.

Barabas My heart misgives me, that to cross your love,
He's with your mother, therefore after him.

Mathias What, is he gone unto my mother?

Barabas Nay, if you will, stay till she comes herself.

Mathias I cannot stay; for if my mother come,
She'll die with grief.

Exit

Abigail I cannot take my leave of him for tears:
Father, why have you thus incensed them both?

Barabas What's that to thee?

Abigail I'll make 'em friends again.

Barabas You'll make 'em friends? Are there not Jews enow in Malta
But thou must dote upon a Christian?

Abigail I will have Don Mathias, he is my love.

Barabas Yes, you shall have him. - Go put her in.

Ithamore Ay, I'll put her in.

ITHAMORE puts ABIGAIL in.

Barabas Now tell me, Ithamore, how lik'st thou this?

Ithamore Faith master, I think by this
You purchase both their lives; is it not so?

Barabas True; and it shall be cunningly performed.

Ithamore Oh, master, that I might have a hand in this.

Barabas Ay, so thou shalt, 'tis thou must do the deed:
Take this and bear it to Mathias straight,
And tell him that it comes from Lodowick.

Ithamore 'Tis poisoned, is it not?

Barabas No, no, and yet it might be done that way:
It is a challenge feigned from Lodowick.

Ithamore Fear not, I'll so set his heart afire
That he shall verily think it comes from him.

Barabas I cannot choose but like thy readiness:
Yet be not rash, but do it cunningly.

Ithamore As I behave myself in this, employ me hereafter.

Barabas Away then.

Exit ITHAMORE

So, now will I go in to Lodowick,
And like a cunning spirit feign some lie,
Till I have set 'em both at enmity.

Exit

Act 3

Scene 1

Enter a COURTESAN

Courtesan Since this town was besieged, my gain grows cold:
The time has been, that but for one bare night
A hundred ducats have been freely given:
But now against my will I must be chaste.
And yet I know my beauty doth not fail.
From Venice merchants, and from Padua,
Were wont to come rare-witted gentlemen,
Scholars I mean, learned and liberal;
And now, save Pilia-Borza, comes there none,
And he is very seldom from my house;
And here he comes.

Enter PILIA-BORZA

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

Shows a bag of silver

Courtesan 'Tis silver, I disdain it.

Pilia-Borza Ay, but the Jew has gold

And I will have it or it shall go hard.

Courtesan Tell me, how cam'st thou by this?

Pilia-Borza Faith, walking the back lanes through the gardens, I chanced to cast mine eye up to the Jew's counting-house, where I saw some bags of money, and in the night I clambered up with my hooks, and as I was taking my choice, I heard a rumbling in the house; so I took only this, and run my way: but here's the Jew's man.

Enter ITHAMORE

Courtesan Hide the bag.

Pilia-Borza Look not towards him, let's away: zoons what a looking thou keep'st, thou'lt betray's anon.

Exeunt COURTESAN and PILIA-BORZA

Ithamore O the sweetest face that ever I beheld! I know she is a courtesan by her attire: now would I give a hundred of the Jew's crowns that I had such a concubine.

Well, I have delivered the challenge in such sort,
As meet they will, and fighting die; brave sport.

Exit

Scene 2

Enter MATHIAS

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

Enter LODOWICK reading

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

Mathias [Thou villain, durst thou court my Abigail?]

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

Fight: Enter BARABAS above

Barabas Oh bravely fought, and yet they thrust not home.
Now Lodowick, now Mathias, so;

Both fall

So, now they have showed themselves to be tall fellows.

Within Part 'em, part 'em.

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

Exit

Enter GOVERNOR and MATHIAS S MOTHER, with CITIZENS

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

Mother Who is this? my son Mathias slain!

Governor Oh Lodowick! had'st thou perished by the Turk,
Wretched Ferneze might have venged thy death.

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

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

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

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

Mother Who made them enemies?

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

Mother My son loved thine.

Governor And so did Lodowick him.

Mother Lend me that weapon that did kill my son,
And it shall murder me.

Governor Nay madam stay, that weapon was my son's,
And on that rather should Ferneze die.

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

Governor Then take them up, and let them be interred
Within one sacred monument of stone;
Upon which altar I will offer up
My daily sacrifice of sighs and tears,
And with my prayers pierce impartial heavens,
Till they disclose the causers of our smarts,
Which forced their hands divide united hearts:
Come, Katherine, our losses equal are,
Then of true grief let us take equal share.

Exeunt with the bodies

Scene 3

Enter ITHAMORE

Ithamore Why, was there ever seen such villainy
So neatly plotted, and so well performed?
Both held in hand, and flatly both beguiled.

Enter ABIGAIL

Abigail Why, how now Ithamore, why laugh'st thou so?

Ithamore Oh, mistress, ha, ha, ha!

Abigail Why, what ail'st thou?

Ithamore Oh my master!

Abigail Ha?

Ithamore Oh mistress! I have the bravest, gravest, secret, subtle bottle-
nosed knave to my master, that ever gentleman had!

Abigail Say, knave, why rail'st upon my father thus?

Ithamore Oh, my master has the bravest policy.

Abigail Wherein?

Ithamore Why, know you not?

Abigail Why no.

Ithamore Know you not of Mathias' and Don Lodowick's disaster?

Abigail No, what was it?

Ithamore Why the devil invented a challenge, my master writ it, and I
carried it, first to Lodowick, and imprimis to Mathias.
And then they met, and as the story says,
In doleful wise they ended both their days.

Abigail And was my father furtherer of their deaths?

Ithamore Am I Ithamore?

Abigail Yes.

Ithamore So sure did your father write, and I carry the challenge.

Abigail Well, Ithamore, let me request thee this,
Go to the new-made nunnery, and inquire
For any of the friars of St. Jaques,
And say, I pray them come and speak with me.

Ithamore I pray, mistress, will you answer me to one question?

Abigail Well, sirrah, what is't?

Ithamore A very feeling one; have not the nuns fine sport with the friars
now and then?

Abigail Go to, sirrah sauce, is this your question? Get ye gone.

Ithamore I will forsooth, mistress.

Exit

Abigail Hard-hearted father, unkind Barabas,
Was this the pursuit of thy policy?
To make me show them favour severally,
That by my favour they should both be slain?
Admit thou lov'dst not Lodowick for his sire,
Yet Don Mathias ne'er offended thee:
But thou wert set upon extreme revenge,
Because the Prior dispossessed thee once,
And couldst not venge it, but upon his son,
Nor on his son, but by Mathias' means;
Nor on Mathias, but by murdering me.
But I perceive there is no love on earth,
Pity in Jews, nor piety in Turks.
But here comes cursed Ithamore with the friar.

Enter ITHAMORE, FRIAR

Friar Virgo, salve.

Ithamore When, duck you?

Abigail Welcome grave friar: Ithamore begone.

Exit ITHAMORE

Know, holy sir, I am bold to solicit thee.

Friar Wherein?

Abigail To get me be admitted for a nun.

Friar Why, Abigail, it is not yet long since
That I did labour thy admission,
And then thou didst not like that holy life.

Abigail Then were my thoughts so frail and unconfirmed,
And I was chained to follies of the world:
But now experience, purchased with grief,
Has made me see the difference of things.
My sinful soul, alas, hath paced too long
The fatal labyrinth of misbelief,
Far from the sun that gives eternal life.

Friar Who taught thee this?

Abigail The abbess of the house,
Whose zealous admonition I embrace:
Oh therefore, Jacomo, let me be one,
Although unworthy, of that sisterhood.

Friar Abigail I will, but see thou change no more,
For that will be most heavy to thy soul.

Abigail That was my father's fault.

Friar Thy father's, how?

Abigail Nay, you shall pardon me - [Aside] oh Barabas,
Though thou deservest hardly at my hands,
Yet never shall these lips bewray thy life.

Friar Come, shall we go?

Abigail My duty waits on you.

Exeunt

Scene 4

Enter BARABAS reading a letter

Barabas What, Abigail become a nun again?
False, and unkind; what, hast thou lost thy father?
And all unknown, and unconstrained of me,
Art thou again got to the nunnery?
Now here she writes, and wills me to repent.
Repentance? Spurca what pretendeth this?
I fear she knows ('tis so) of my device
In Don Mathias' and Lodovico's deaths:
If so, 'tis time that it be seen into:

For she that varies from me in belief
Gives great presumption that she loves me not;
Or loving, doth dislike of something done.
But who comes here?

Enter ITHAMORE

Oh Ithamore, come near;
Come near my love, come near thy master's life,
My trusty servant, nay, my second self;
For I have now no hope but even in thee;
And on that hope my happiness is built:
When saw'st thou Abigail?

Ithamore Today.

Barabas With whom?

Ithamore A friar.

Barabas A friar? false villain, he hath done the deed.

Ithamore How sir?

Barabas Why, made mine Abigail a nun.

Ithamore That's no lie, for she sent me for him.

Barabas O unhappy day,
False, credulous, inconstant Abigail!
But let 'em go: and Ithamore, from hence
Ne'er shall she grieve me more with her disgrace;
Ne'er shall she live to inherit aught of mine,
Be blest of me, nor come within my gates,
But perish underneath my bitter curse,
Like Cain by Adam, for his brother's death.

Ithamore Oh master.

Barabas Ithamore, intreat not for her, I am moved,
And she is hateful to my soul and me:
And less thou yield to this that I intreat,
I cannot think but that thou hat'st my life.

Ithamore Who, I, master? Why I'll run to some rock and throw myself
headlong into the sea; why, I'll do anything for your sweet sake.

Barabas Oh trusty Ithamore; no servant, but my friend;
I here adopt thee for mine only heir,
All that I have is thine when I am dead,

And whilst I live use half; spend as myself;
Here take my keys, I'll give 'em thee anon:
Go buy thee garments: but thou shalt not want:
Only know this, that thus thou art to do:
But first go fetch me in the pot of rice
That for our supper stands upon the fire.

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

Exit

Barabas Thus every villain ambles after wealth
Although he ne'er be richer than in hope:
But husht.

Enter ITHAMORE with the pot

Ithamore Here 'tis, master.

Barabas Well said, Ithamore; what, hast thou brought the ladle with thee too?

Ithamore Yes, sir, the proverb says, he that eats with the devil had need of a long spoon, I have brought you ladle.

Barabas Very well, Ithamore, then now be secret:
And for thy sake, whom I so dearly love,
Now shalt thou see the death of Abigail,
That thou mayst freely live to be my heir.

Ithamore Why, master, will you poison her with a mess of rice porridge that will preserve life, make her round and plump, and batten more than you are aware?

Barabas Ay, but Ithamore seest thou this?
It is a precious powder that I bought
Of an Italian in Ancona once,
Whose operation is to bind, infect,
And poison deeply: yet not appear
In forty hours after it is ta'en.

Ithamore How master?

Barabas Thus Ithamore:
This even they use in Malta here ('tis called
Saint Jaques' even) and then I say they use
To send their alms unto the nunneries:
Among the rest bear this, and set it there;
There's a dark entry where they take it in,
Where they must neither see the messenger,

Nor make inquiry who hath sent it them.

Ithamore How so?

Barabas Belike there is some ceremony in 't.
There, Ithamore, must thou go place this pot:
Stay, let me spice it first.

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

Barabas Prithee do: what say'st thou now?

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

Barabas Peace, Ithamore, 'tis better so than spared.
Assure thyself thou shalt have broth by the eye.
My purse, my coffer, and my self is thine.

Ithamore Well, master, I go.

Barabas Stay, first let me stir it, Ithamore.
As fatal be it to her as the draught
Of which great Alexander drunk, and died:
And with her let it work like Borgia's wine,
Whereof his sire, the Pope, was poisoned.
In few, the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,
The juice of hebon, and Cocytus' breath,
And all the poisons of the Stygian pool,
Break from the fiery kingdom; and in this
Vomit your venom, and invenom her
That like a fiend hath left her father thus.

Ithamore What a blessing has he given 't! Was ever pot of rice porridge so
sauced? What shall I do with it?

Barabas Oh my sweet Ithamore, go set it down,
And come again so soon as thou hast done,
For I have other business for thee.

Ithamore Here's a drench to poison a whole stable of Flanders mares: I'll
carry 't to the nuns with a powder.

Barabas And the horse pestilence to boot; - away.

Ithamore I am gone.
Pay me my wages for my work is done.

Exit

Barabas I'll pay thee with a vengeance, Ithamore.

Exit

Scene 5

Enter GOVERNOR, BOSCO, KNIGHTS, meeting a Basso

Governor Welcome great Basso, how fares Calymath,
What wind drives you thus into Malta road?

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

Governor Desire of gold, great sir?
That's to be gotten in the Western Ind:
In Malta are no golden minerals.

Basso To you of Malta thus saith Calymath:
The time you took for respite, is at hand,
For the performance of your promise past;
And for the tribute-money I am sent.

Governor Basso, in brief, shalt have no tribute here,
Nor shall the heathens live upon our spoil:
First will we race the city walls ourselves,
Lay waste the island, hew the temples down,
And shipping off our goods to Sicily,
Open an entrance for the wasteful sea,
Whose billows beating the resistless banks,
Shall overflow it with their reflucence.

Basso Well, Governor, since thou hast broke the league
By flat denial of the promised tribute,
Talk not of racing down your city walls,
You shall not need trouble yourselves so far,
For Selim-Calymath shall come himself,
And with brass bullets batter down your towers,
And turn proud Malta to a wilderness,
For these intolerable wrongs of yours;
And so farewell.

Exit

Governor Farewell.
And now you men of Malta look about,
And let's provide to welcome Calymath:
Close your portcullis, charge your basilisks,
And as you profitably take up arms,
So now courageously encounter them;
For by this answer, broken is the league,

And nought is to be looked for now but wars,
And nought to us more welcome is than wars.

Exeunt

Scene 6

Enter the TWO FRIARS

1st Friar Oh brother, brother, all the nuns are sick,
And physic will not help them; they must die.

2nd Friar The abbess sent for me to be confessed:
Oh what a sad confession will there be!

1st Friar And so did fair Maria send for me:
I'll to her lodging; hereabouts she lies.

Exit

Enter ABIGAIL

2nd Friar What, all dead save only Abigail?

Abigail And I shall die too, for I feel death coming.
Where is the friar that conversed with me?

2nd Friar Oh he is gone to see the other nuns.

Abigail I sent for him, but seeing you are come,
Be you my ghostly father; and first know
That in this house I lived religiously,
Chaste, and devout, much sorrowing for my sins;
But ere I came -

2nd Friar What then?

Abigail I did offend high heaven so grievously,
As I am almost desperate for my sins:
And one offence torments me more than all.
You knew Mathias and Don Lodowick?

2nd Friar Yes, what of them?

Abigail My father did contract me to 'em both:
First to Don Lodowick, him I never loved;
Mathias was the man that I held dear,
And for his sake did I become a nun.

2nd Friar So, say how was their end?

Abigail Both jealous of my love, envied each other:
And by my father's practice, which is there
Set down at large, the gallants were both slain.

Gives him a paper

2nd Friar Oh monstrous villainy!

Abigail To work my peace, this I confess to thee;
Reveal it not, for then my father dies.

2nd Friar Know that confession must not be revealed,
The canon law forbids it, and the priest
That makes it known, being degraded first,
Shall be condemned, and then sent to the fire.

Abigail So I have heard; pray therefore keep it close.
Death seizeth on my heart, ah gentle friar,
Convert my father that he may be saved,
And witness that I die a Christian.

Dies

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

Enter 1st FRIAR

1st Friar Oh brother, all the nuns are dead, let's bury them.

2nd Friar First help to bury this, then go with me
And help me to exclaim against the Jew.

1st Friar Why? what has he done?

Friar A thing that makes me tremble to unfold.

Friar What, has he crucified a child?

Friar No, but a worse thing: 'twas told me in shrift;
Thou know'st 'tis death and if it be revealed.
Come let's away.

Exeunt with ABIGAIL's body

Act 4

Scene 1

Enter BARABAS, ITHAMORE.
Bells within

Barabas There is no music to a Christian's knell:
How sweet the bells ring now the nuns are dead,
That sound at other times like tinkers' pans!
I was afraid the poison had not wrought;
Or though it wrought, it would have done no good,
For every year they swell, and yet they live;
Now all are dead, not one remains alive.

Ithamore That's brave, master, but think you it will not be known?

Barabas How can it if we two be secret?

Ithamore For my part fear you not.

Barabas I'd cut thy throat if I did.

Ithamore And reason too;
But here's a royal monastery hard by,
Good master, let me poison all the monks.

Barabas Thou shalt not need, for now the nuns are dead,
They'll die with grief.

Ithamore Do you not sorrow for your daughter's death?

Barabas No, but I grieve because she lived so long
An Hebrew born, and would become a Christian.
Catso, diavola!

Enter the TWO FRIARS

Ithamore Look, look, master, here come two religious caterpillars.

Barabas I smelt 'em ere they came.

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

2nd Friar Stay wicked Jew, repent, I say, and stay.

1st Friar Thou hast offended, therefore must be damned.

Barabas I fear they know we sent the poisoned broth.

Ithamore And so do I, master, therefore speak 'em fair.

2nd Friar Barabas, thou hast -

1st Friar Ay, that thou hast -

Barabas True, I have money, what though I have?

2nd Friar Thou art a -

1st Friar Ay, that thou art, a -

Barabas What needs all this? I know I am a Jew.

2nd Friar Thy daughter -

1st Friar Ay, thy daughter -

Barabas Oh speak not of her, then I die with grief.

2nd Friar Remember that -

1st Friar Ay, remember that -

Barabas I must needs say that I have been a great usurer.

2nd Friar Thou hast committed -

Barabas Fornication? but that was in another country: and besides, the wench is dead.

2nd Friar Ay, but, Barabas, remember Mathias and Don Lodowick.

Barabas Why, what of them?

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

Barabas [Aside to ITHAMORE] She has confessed, and we are both undone, My bosom inmate; but I must dissemble. -

Oh holy friars, the burthen of my sins
Lie heavy on my soul; then pray you tell me,
Is't not too late now to turn Christian?
I have been zealous in the Jewish faith,
Hard-hearted to the poor, a covetous wretch
That would for lucre's sake have sold my soul.
A hundred for a hundred I have ta'en;
And now for store of wealth may I compare
With all the Jews in Malta; but what is wealth?
I am a Jew, and therefore am I lost.
Would penance serve t' atone for this my sin,
I could afford to whip myself to death -

Ithamore And so could I; but penance will not serve.

Barabas To fast, to pray, and wear a shirt of hair,
And on my knees creep to Jerusalem.
Cellars of wine, and sollars full of wheat,

Warehouses stuffed with spices and with drugs,
Whole chests of gold, in bullion and in coin,
Besides I know not how much weight in pearl
Orient and round, have I within my house;
At Alexandria, merchandise unsold:
But yesterday two ships went from this town,
Their voyage will be worth ten thousand crowns.
In Florence, Venice, Antwerp, London, Seville,
Frankfort, Lubeck, Moscow, and where not,
Have I debts owing; and in most of these,
Great sums of money lying in the banco;
All this I'll give to some religious house
So I may be baptized and live therein.

1st Friar Oh good Barabas, come to our house.

2nd Friar Oh no, good Barabas, come to our house.
And Barabas, you know -

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

1st Friar Oh Barabas, their laws are strict.

Barabas I know they are, and I will be with you.

2nd Friar They wear no shirts, and they go barefoot too.

Barabas Then 'tis not for me; and I am resolved
You shall confess me, and have all my goods.

1st Friar Good Barabas, come to me.

Barabas You see I answer him, and yet he stays;
Rid him away, and go you home with me.

1st Friar I'll be with you tonight.

Barabas Come to my house at one o'clock this night.

1st Friar You hear your answer, and you may be gone.

2nd Friar Why, go get you away.

1st Friar I will not go for thee.

2nd Friar Not, then I'll make thee, rogue.

1st Friar How, dost call me rogue?

Fight

Ithamore Part 'em, master, part 'em.

Barabas This is mere frailty, brethren, be content.

Friar Barnardine go you with Ithamore.

You know my mind, let me alone with him.

1st Friar Why, does he go to thy house, let him begone.

Barabas I'll give him something, and so stop his mouth.

Exeunt ITHAMORE and 2nd FRIAR

I never heard of any man but he
Maligned the order of the Jacobins:
But do you think that I believe his words?
Why, brother, you converted Abigail;
And I am bound in charity to requite it,
And so I will, oh Jacomo, fail not but come.

1st Friar But Barabas who shall be your godfathers?
For presently you shall be shrived.

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

1st Friar I warrant thee, Barabas.

Exit

Barabas So now the fear is past, and I am safe:
For he that shrived her is within my house.
What if I murdered him ere Jacomo comes?
Now I have such a plot for both their lives,
As never Jew nor Christian knew the like:
One turned my daughter, therefore he shall die;
The other knows enough to have my life,
Therefore 'tis not requisite he should live.
But are not both these wise men to suppose
That I will leave my house, my goods, and all,
To fast and be well whipped; I'll none of that.
Now, Friar Barnardine, I come to you,
I'll feast you, lodge you, give you fair words,
And after that, I and my trusty Turk -
No more but so: it must and shall be done.

Enter ITHAMORE

Ithamore, tell me, is the friar asleep?

Ithamore Yes; and I know not what the reason is:

Do what I can he will not strip himself
Nor go to bed, but sleeps in his own clothes;
I fear me he mistrusts what we intend.

Barabas No, 'tis an order which the friars use:
Yet if he knew our meanings, could he scape?

Ithamore No, none can hear him, cry he ne'er so loud.

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

Ithamore You loiter, master, wherefore stay we thus?
Oh how I long to see him shake his heels.

Barabas Come on, sirrah,
Off with your girdle, make a handsome noose.

Discovers 2nd FRIAR asleep

Friar, awake.

2nd Friar What, do you mean to strangle me?

Ithamore Yes, 'cause you use to confess.

Barabas Blame not us but the proverb, confess and be hanged. - Pull hard.

2nd Friar What, will you have my life?

Barabas Pull hard, I say - you would have had my goods.

Ithamore Ay, and our lives too, therefore pull amain.
'Tis neatly done, sir, here's no print at all.

Barabas Then is it as it should be, take him up.

Ithamore Nay, master, be ruled by me a little. So, let him lean upon his
staff; excellent, he stands as if he were begging of bacon.

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

Ithamore Towards one.

Barabas Then will not Giacomo be long from hence.

Exeunt BARABAS and ITHAMORE
Enter 1st FRIAR

1st Friar This is the hour

Wherein I shall proceed; oh happy hour,
Wherein I shall convert an infidel,
And bring his gold into our treasury.
But soft, is not this Barnardine? It is:
And understanding I should come this way,
Stands here o' purpose, meaning me some wrong,
And intercept my going to the Jew;
Barnardine;
Wilt thou not speak? Thou think'st I see thee not;
Away, I'd wish thee, and let me go by:
No, wilt thou not? Nay, then I'll force my way;
And see, a staff stands ready for the purpose:
As thou lik'st that, stop me another time.

Strike him, he falls.

Enter BARABAS and ITHAMORE

Barabas Why, how now Jacomo, what hast thou done?

1st Friar Why, stricken him that would have struck at me.

Barabas Who is it - Barnardine? Now out alas, he's slain.

Ithamore Ay, master, he's slain; look how his brains drop out on's nose.

1st Friar Good sirs I have done't, but nobody knows it but you two: I may escape.

Barabas So might my man and I hang with you for company.

Ithamore No, let us bear him to the magistrates.

1st Friar Good Barabas, let me go.

Barabas No, pardon me, the law must have his course.
I must be forced to give in evidence,
That being importuned by this Barnardine
To be a Christian, I shut him out,
And there he sate: now I to keep my word,
And give my goods and substance to your house,
Was up thus early; with intent to go
Unto your friary, because you stayed.

Ithamore Fie upon 'em, master, will you turn Christian, when holy friars
turn devils and murder one another?

Barabas No, for this example I'll remain a Jew:
Heaven bless me; what, a friar a murderer?
When shall you see a Jew commit the like?

Ithamore Why, a Turk could ha' done no more.

Barabas Tomorrow is the sessions; you shall to it.
Come, Ithamore, let's help to take him hence.

1st Friar Villains, I am a sacred person, touch me not.

Barabas The law shall touch you, we'll but lead you, we:
'Las I could weep at your calamity.
Take in the staff too, for that must be shown:
Law wills that each particular be known.

Exeunt

Scene 2

Enter COURTESAN and PILIA-BORZA

Courtesan Pilia-Borza, didst thou meet with Ithamore?

Pilia-Borza I did.

Courtesan And didst thou deliver my letter?

Pilia-Borza I did.

Courtesan And what think'st thou, will he come?

Pilia-Borza I think so and yet I cannot tell, for at the reading of the
letter, he looked like a man of another world.

Courtesan Why so?

Pilia-Borza That such a base slave as he should be saluted by such a tall
man as I am, from such a beautiful dame as you.

Courtesan And what said he?

Pilia-Borza Not a wise word, only gave me a nod, as who should say, Is it
even so? And so I left him, being driven to a non-plus at the critical
aspect of my terrible countenance.

Courtesan And where didst meet him?

Pilia-Borza Upon mine own freehold within forty foot of the gallows,
conning his neck-verse I take it, looking of a friar's execution, whom I
saluted with an old hempen proverb, Hodie tibi, Cyas mihi, and so I left
him to the mercy of the hangman: but the exercise being done, see where he
comes.

Enter ITHAMORE

Ithamore I never knew a man take his death so patiently as this friar; he was ready to leap off ere the halter was about his neck: and when the hangman had put on his hempen tippet, he made such haste to his prayers, as if he had had another cure to serve; well, go whither he will, I'll be none of his followers in haste.

And now I think on't, going to the execution, a fellow met me with a muschatoes like a raven's wing, and a dagger with a hilt like a warming-pan, and he gave me a letter from one Madam Bellamira, saluting me in such sort as if he had meant to make clean my boots with his lips. The effect was, that I should come to her house. I wonder what the reason is; it may be she sees more in me than I can find in myself: for she writes further, that she loves me ever since she saw me, and who would not requite such love? Here's her house, and here she comes, and now would I were gone, I am not worthy to look upon her.

Pilia-Borza This is the gentleman you writ to.

Ithamore [Aside] Gentleman, he flouts me, what gentry can be in a poor Turk of ten pence? I'll be gone.

Courtesan Is't not a sweet-faced youth, Pilia-Borza?

Ithamore [Aside] Again, sweet youth; - Did not you, sir, bring the sweet youth a letter?

Pilia-Borza I did, sir, and from this gentlewoman, who as myself, and the rest of the family, stand or fall at your service.

Courtesan Though woman's modesty should hale me back, I can withhold no longer; welcome sweet love.

Ithamore [Aside] Now am I clean, or rather foully out of the way. [Going.]

Courtesan Whither so soon?

Ithamore [Aside] I'll go steal some money from my master to make me handsome. - Pray pardon me, I must go see a ship discharged.

Courtesan Canst thou be so unkind to leave me thus?

Pilia-Borza And ye did but know how she loves you, sir.

Ithamore Nay I care not how much she loves me; sweet Allamira, would I had my master's wealth for thy sake.

Pilia-Borza And you can have it, sir, and if you please.

Ithamore If 'twere above ground I could, and would have it; but he hides

and buries it up as partridges do their eggs, under the earth.

Pilia-Borza And is't not possible to find it out?

Ithamore By no means possible.

Courtesan [Aside to PILIA-BORZA] What shall we do with this base villain then?

Pilia-Borza [Aside to COURTEZAN] Let me alone, do but you speak him fair: - But you know some secrets of the Jew, which if they were revealed, would do him harm.

Ithamore Ay, and such as - Go to, no more, I'll make him send me half he has, and glad he scapes so too. Pen and ink: I'll write unto him, we'll have money straight.

Pilia-Borza Send for a hundred crowns at least.

Ithamore Ten hundred thousand crowns. - [He writes] 'Master Barabas - '

Pilia-Borza Write not so submissively, but threatening him.

Ithamore 'Sirrah Barabas, send me a hundred crowns.'

Pilia-Borza Put in two hundred at least.

Ithamore 'I charge thee send me three hundred by this bearer, and this shall be your warrant; if you do not, no more but so.'

Pilia-Borza Tell him you will confess.

Ithamore 'Otherwise I'll confess all.' Vanish and return in a twinkle.

Pilia-Borza Let me alone, I'll use him in his kind.

Exit

Ithamore Hang him Jew.

Courtesan Now, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.
Where are my maids? Provide a running banquet;
Send to the merchant, bid him bring me silks,
Shall Ithamore my love go in such rags?

Ithamore And bid the jeweller come hither too.

Courtesan I have no husband, sweet, I'll marry thee.

Ithamore Content, but we will leave this paltry land,
And sail from hence to Greece, to lovely Greece,

I'll be thy Jason, thou my golden fleece;
Where painted carpets o'er the meads are hurled,
And Bacchus' vineyards overspread the world:
Where woods and forests go in goodly green,
I'll be Adonis, thou shalt be Love's Queen.
The meads, the orchards, and the primrose lanes,
Instead of sedge and reed, bear sugar canes:
Thou in those groves, by Dis above,
Shalt live with me and be my love.

Courtesan Whither will I not go with gentle Ithamore?

Enter PILIA-BORZA

Ithamore How now? hast thou the gold?

Pilia-Borza Yes.

Ithamore But came it freely, did the cow give down her milk freely?

Pilia-Borza At reading of the letter, he stared and stamped, and turned aside. I took him by the beard, and looked upon him thus; told him he were best to send it, then he hugged and embraced me.

Ithamore Rather for fear than love.

Pilia-Borza Then like a Jew he laughed and jeered, and told me he loved me for your sake, and said what a faithful servant you had been.

Ithamore The more villain he to keep me thus: here's goodly 'parel, is there not?

Pilia-Borza To conclude, he gave me ten crowns.

Ithamore But ten? I'll not leave him worth a grey groat, give me a ream of paper, we'll have a kingdom of gold for't.

Pilia-Borza Write for five hundred crowns.

Ithamore [Writes] 'Sirrah Jew, as you love your life send me five hundred crowns, and give the bearer a hundred.' - Tell him I must have't.

Pilia-Borza I warrant your worship shall have't.

Ithamore And if he ask why I demand so much, tell him, I scorn to write a line under a hundred crowns.

Pilia-Borza You'd make a rich poet, sir. I am gone.

Exit

Ithamore [Giving her the crowns] Take thou the money, spend it for my sake.

Courtesan 'Tis not thy money, but thy self I weigh:
Thus Bellamira esteems of gold;

Throws it aside

But thus of thee.

Kiss him

Ithamore That kiss again, she runs division of my lips. What an eye she casts on me! It twinkles like a star.

Courtesan Come my dear love, let's in and sleep together.

Ithamore Oh that ten thousand nights were put in one, that we might sleep seven years together afore we wake.

Courtesan Come amorous wag, first banquet and then sleep.

Exeunt

Scene 3

Enter BARABAS reading a letter

Barabas 'Barabas send me three hundred crowns.'
Plain Barabas: oh that wicked courtesan!
He was not wont to call me Barabas.
'Or else I will confess': ay, there it goes:
But if I get him, coupe de gorge for that.
He sent a shaggy tottered staring slave,
That when he speaks, draws out his grisly beard,
And winds it twice or thrice about his ear;
Whose face has been a grindstone for men's swords,
His hands are hacked, some fingers cut quite off;
Who when he speaks, grunts like a hog, and looks
Like one that is employed in catzerie,
And cross-biting, such a rogue
As is the husband to a hundred whores:
And I by him must send three hundred crowns.
Well, my hope is, he will not stay there still
And when he comes - Oh that he were but here!

Enter PILIA-BORZA

Pilia-Borza Jew, I must ha' more gold.

Barabas Why, want'st thou any of thy tale?

Pilia-Borza No; but three hundred will not serve his turn.

Barabas Not serve his turn, sir?

Pilia-Borza No sir; and therefore I must have five hundred more.

Barabas I'll rather -

Pilia-Borza Oh good words, sir, and send it you were best; see, there's his letter.

Barabas Might he not as well come as send? Pray bid him come and fetch it; what he writes for you, ye shall have straight.

Pilia-Borza Ay, and the rest too, or else -

Barabas [Aside] I must make this villain away: - Please you dine with me, sir, and you shall be most heartily - [Aside] poisoned.

Pilia-Borza No, god-a-mercy, shall I have these crowns?

Barabas I cannot do it, I have lost my keys.

Pilia-Borza Oh, if that be all, I can pick ope your locks.

Barabas Or climb up to my counting-house window: you know my meaning.

Pilia-Borza I know enough, and therefore talk not to me of your counting-house; the gold, or know, Jew, it is in my power to hang thee.

Barabas [Aside] I am betrayed. -
'Tis not five hundred crowns that I esteem,
I am not moved at that: this angers me,
That he who knows I love him as myself
Should write in this imperious vein. Why, sir,
You know I have no child, and unto whom
Should I leave all but unto Ithamore?

Pilia-Borza Here's many words but no crowns - the crowns

Barabas Commend me to him, sir, most humbly,
And unto your good mistress as unknown.

Pilia-Borza Speak, shall I have 'em, sir?

Barabas Sir here they are.
[Aside] Oh that I should part with so much gold! -
Here take 'em, fellow, with as good a will -
[Aside] As I would see thee hanged; - oh, love stops my breath:
Never loved man servant as I do Ithamore.

Pilia-Borza I know it, sir.

Barabas Pray when, sir, shall I see you at my house?

Pilia-Borza Soon enough to your cost, sir; fare you well.

Exit

Barabas Nay to thine own cost, villain, if thou com'st.
Was ever Jew tormented as I am?
To have a shag-rag knave to come convey
Three hundred crowns, and then five hundred crowns?
Well, I must seek a means to rid 'em all,
And presently: for in his villainy
He will tell all he knows and I shall die for't.
I have it.
I will in some disguise go see the slave,
And how the villain revels with my gold.

Exit

Scene 4

Enter COURTESAN, ITHAMORE, PILIA-BORZA

Courtesan I'll pledge thee, love, and therefore drink it off.

Ithamore Say'st thou me so? Have at it; and do you hear?

Whispers to her

Courtesan Go to, it shall be so.

Ithamore Of that condition I will drink it up; here's to thee.

Courtesan Nay, I'll have all or none.

Ithamore There, if thou lov'st me, do not leave a drop.

Courtesan Love thee, fill me three glasses.

Ithamore Three and fifty dozen, I'll pledge thee.

Pilia-Borza Knavelly spoke, and like a knight at arms.

Ithamore Hey Rivo Castiliano, a man's a man.

Courtesan Now to the Jew.

Ithamore Ha! To the Jew, and send me money you were best.

Pilia-Borza What wouldst thou do if he should send thee none?

Ithamore Do nothing; but I know what I know, he's a murderer.

Courtezan I had not thought he had been so brave a man.

Ithamore You knew Mathias and the Governor's son, he and I killed 'em both, and yet never touched 'em.

Pilia-Borza Oh bravely done.

Ithamore I carried the broth that poisoned the nuns, and he and I - snicle! hand to! fast! - strangled a friar.

Courtezan You two alone.

Ithamore We two, and 'twas never known, nor never shall be for me.

Pilia-Borza [Aside to COURTEZAN] This shall with me unto the Governor.

Courtesan [Aside to PILIA-BORZA] And fit it should: but first let's ha' more gold. -
Come gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.

Ithamore Love me little, love me long, let music rumble,
Whilst I in thy incony lap do tumble.

Enter BARABAS with a lute, disguised

Courtesan A French musician, come let's hear your skill?

Barabas Must tuna my lute for sound - twang twang first.

Ithamore Wilt drink Frenchman, here's to thee with a - Pox on this drunken hiccup.

Barabas Gramercy, monsieur.

Courtesan Prithee, Pilia-Borza, bid the fiddler give me the posy in his hat there.

Pilia-Borza Sirrah, you must give my mistress your posy.

Barabas A votre commandement, madame.

Courtezan How sweet, my Ithamore, the flowers smell.

Ithamore Like thy breath, sweetheart, no violet like 'em.

Pilia-Borza Foh, methinks they stink like a hollyhock.

Barabas [Aside] So, now I am revenged upon 'em all.
The scent thereof was death, I poisoned it.

Ithamore Play, fiddler, or I'll cut your cats'-guts into chitterlings.

Barabas Pardonnez-moi! be no in tune yet; so now, now all be in.

Ithamore Give him a crown, and fill me out more wine.

Pilia-Borza There's two crowns for thee, play.

Barabas [Aside] How liberally the villain gives me mine own gold.

Pilia-Borza Methinks he fingers very well.

Barabas [Aside] So did you when you stole my gold.

Pilia-Borza How swift he runs.

Barabas [Aside] You run swifter when you threw my gold out of my window.

Courtesan Musician, hast been in Malta long?

Barabas Two, three, four month, madame.

Ithamore Dost not know a Jew, one Barabas?

Barabas Very mush, monsieur, you no be his man?

Pilia-Borza His man?

Ithamore I scorn the peasant, tell him so.

Barabas [Aside] He knows it already.

Ithamore 'Tis a strange thing of that Jew, he lives upon pickled grasshoppers and sauced mushrums.

Barabas [Aside] What a slave's this! The Governor feeds not as I do.

Ithamore He never put on clean shirt since he was circumcised.

Barabas [Aside] Oh rascal! I change myself twice a day.

Ithamore The hat he wears, Judas left under the elder when he hanged himself.

Barabas [Aside] 'Twas sent me for a present from the Great Cham.

Pilia-Borza A nasty slave he is; whither now, fiddler?

Barabas Pardonnez-moi, monsieur, me be no well.

Exit

Pilia-Borza Farewell fiddler. One letter more to the Jew.

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

Ithamore No, I'll send by word of mouth now; bid him deliver thee a thousand crowns, by the same token, that the nuns loved rice, that Friar Barnardine slept in his own clothes, any of 'em will do it.

Pilia-Borza Let me alone to urge it, now I know the meaning.

Ithamore The meaning has a meaning; come let's in:
To undo a Jew is charity, and not sin.

Exeunt

Act 5

Scene 1

Enter GOVERNOR, KNIGHTS, MARTIN DEL BOSCO and OFFICERS

Governor Now, gentlemen, betake you to your arms,
And see that Malta be well fortified;
And it behoves you to be resolute;
For Calymath having hovered here so long,
Will win the town, or die before the walls.

Knight And die he shall, for we will never yield.

Enter COURTESAN, PILIA-BORZA

Courtesan Oh bring us to the Governor.

Governor Away with her, she is a courtesan.

Courtesan Whate'er I am, yet Governor hear me speak;
I bring thee news by whom thy son was slain:
Mathias did it not, it was the Jew.

Pilia-Borza Who, besides the slaughter of these gentlemen,
Poisoned his own daughter and the nuns,
Strangled a friar, and I know not what
Mischief beside.

Governor Had we but proof of this.

Courtesan Strong proof, my lord, his man's now at my lodging
That was his agent, he'll confess it all.

Governor Go fetch him straight.

Exeunt OFFICERS

I always feared that Jew.

Enter OFFICERS with BARABAS and ITHAMORE

Barabas I'll go alone, dogs, do not hale me thus.

Ithamore Nor me neither, I cannot outrun you constable - oh my belly.

Barabas [Aside] One dram of powder more had made all sure;
What a damned slave was I!

Governor Make fires, heat irons, let the rack be fetched.

Knight Nay stay, my lord, 't may be he will confess.

Barabas Confess; what mean you, lords, who should confess?

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

Ithamore Guilty, my lord, I confess; your son and Mathias
Were both contracted unto Abigail.
'A forged a counterfeit challenge.

Barabas Who carried that challenge?

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

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

Barabas For what? You men of Malta, hear me speak;
She is a courtesan, and he a thief,
And he my bondman, let me have law,
For none of this can prejudice my life.

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

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

Exeunt OFFICERS with BARABAS, ITHAMORE, COURTESAN and PILIA-BORZA

Enter MATHIAS's MOTHER

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

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

Mother Where is the Jew, where is that murderer?

Governor In prison till the law has passed on him.

Enter OFFICER

Officer My lord, the courtesan and her man are dead;
So is the Turk, and Barabas the Jew.

Governor Dead ?

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

Enter OFFICERS, carrying BARABAS as dead

Bosco This sudden death of his is very strange.

Governor Wonder not at it, sir, the heavens are just.
Their deaths were like their lives, then think not of 'em.
Since they are dead, let them be buried.
For the Jew's body, throw that o'er the walls,
To be a prey for vultures and wild beasts.
So, now away and fortify the town.

Exeunt all, leaving BARABAS alone

Barabas What, all alone? Well fare, sleepy drink.
I'll be revenged on this accursed town;
For by my means Calymath shall enter in.
I'll help to slay their children and their wives,
To fire the churches, pull their houses down,
Take my goods too, and seize upon my lands:
I hope to see the Governor a slave,
And, rowing in a galley, whipped to death.

Enter CALYMIATH, BASSOES, TURKS

Calymath Whom have we there, a spy?

Barabas Yes, my good lord, one that can spy a place
Where you may enter, and surprise the town:
My name is Barabas; I am a Jew.

Calymath Art thou that Jew whose goods we heard were sold
For tribute-money?

Barabas The very same, my lord:
And since that time they have hired a slave my man
To accuse me of a thousand villainies:
I was imprisoned, but scaped their hands.

Calymath Didst break prison?

Barabas No, no:
I drank of poppy and cold mandrake juice;
And being asleep, belike they thought me dead,
And threw me o'er the walls: so, or how else,
The Jew is here, and rests at your command.

Calymath 'Twas bravely done: but tell me, Barabas,
Canst thou, as thou reportest, make Malta ours?

Barabas Fear not, my lord, for here against the sluice,
The rock is hollow, and of purpose digged
To make a passage for the running streams
And common channels of the city.
Now whilst you give assault unto the walls,
I'll lead five hundred soldiers through the vault,
And rise with them i' th' middle of the town,
Open the gates for you to enter in,
And by this means the city is your own.

Calymath If this be true, I'll make thee Governor.

Barabas And if it be not true, then let me die.

Calymath Thou'st doomed thyself, assault it presently.

Exeunt

Scene 2

Alarms.

Enter TURKS, BARABAS: GOVERNOR and KNIGHTS prisoners.

Calymath Now vail your pride you captive Christians,
And kneel for mercy to your conquering foe:
Now where's the hope you had of haughty Spain?
Ferneze, speak, had it not been much better
T'have kept thy promise than be thus surprised?

Governor What should I say, we are captives and must yield.

Calymath Ay, villains, you must yield, and under Turkish yokes
Shall groaning bear the burden of our ire;
And, Barabas, as erst we promised thee,

For thy desert we make thee Governor;
Use them at thy discretion.

Barabas Thanks, my lord.

Governor Oh fatal day to fall into the hands
Of such a traitor and unhallowed Jew!
What greater misery could heaven inflict?

Calymath 'Tis our command: and, Barabas, we give
To guard thy person, these our Janizaries:
Intreat them well, as we have used thee.
And now, brave Bassoos, come, we'll walk about
The ruined town, and see the wrack we made:
Farewell brave Jew, farewell great Barabas.

Exeunt CALYMATH and BASSOES

Barabas May all good fortune follow Calymath.
And now, as entrance to our safety,
To prison with the Governor and these
Captains, his consorts and confederates.

Governor Oh villain, heaven will be revenged on thee.

Exeunt all except BARABAS

Barabas Away, no more, let him not trouble me.
Thus hast thou gotten, by thy policy,
No simple place, no small authority.
I now am Governor of Malta; true,
But Malta hates me, and in hating me
My life's in danger, and what boots it thee
Poor Barabas to be the Governor
Whenas thy life shall be at their command?
No, Barabas, this must be looked into;
And since by wrong thou got'st authority,
Maintain it bravely by firm policy,
At least unprofitably lose it not:
For he that liveth in authority,
And neither gets him friends, nor fills his bags,
Lives like the ass that Aesop speaketh of,
That labours with a load of bread and wine,
And leaves it off to snap on thistle tops:
But Barabas will be more circumspect.
Begin betimes, occasion's bald behind,
Slip not thine opportunity, for fear too late
Thou seek'st for much, but canst not compass it.
Within here!

Enter GOVERNOR with a GUARD

Governor My lord?

Barabas Ay, lord, thus slaves will learn.
Now Governor - Stand by there, wait within -

Exeunt GUARD

This is the reason that I sent for thee;
Thou seest thy life, and Malta's happiness,
Are at my arbitrement; and Barabas
At his discretion may dispose of both:
Now tell me, Governor, and plainly too,
What think'st thou shall become of it and thee?

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

Barabas Governor, good words, be not so furious;
'Tis not thy life which can avail me aught,
Yet you do live, and live for me you shall;
And as for Malta's ruin, think you not
'Twere slender policy for Barabas
To dispossess himself of such a place?
For sith, as once you said, within this isle
In Malta here, that I have got my goods,
And in this city still have had success,
And now at length am grown your Governor,
Yourselves shall see it shall not be forgot:
For as a friend not known but in distress,
I'll rear up Malta now remediless.

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

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

Governor Do but bring this to pass which thou pretendest,
Deal truly with us as thou intimatest,
And I will send amongst the citizens

And by my letters privately procure
Great sums of money for thy recompense:
Nay more, do this, and live thou Governor still.

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

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

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

Governor Then will I, Barabas, about this coin,
And bring it with me to thee in the evening.

Barabas Do so, but fail not; now farewell Ferneze.

Exit GOVERNOR

And thus far roundly goes the business:
Thus loving neither, will I live with both,
Making a profit of my policy;
And he from whom my most advantage comes,
Shall be my friend.
This is the life we Jews are used to lead;
And reason too, for Christians do the like:
Well, now about effecting this device:
First to surprise great Selim's soldiers,
And then to make provision for the feast,
That at one instant all things may be done.
My policy detests prevention:
To what event my secret purpose drives,
I know; and they shall witness with their lives.

Exit

Scene 3

Enter CALYMATH, BASSOES

Calymath Thus have we viewed the city, seen the sack,
And caused the ruins to be new repaired,
Which with our bombards' shot and basilisks',
We rent in sunder at our entry
Two lofty turrets that command the town.
And now I see the situation,
And how secure this conquered island stands
Invironed with the Mediterranean Sea,
Strong countermured with other petty isles;
And toward Calabria backed by Sicily,
Where Syracusian Dionysius reigned;
I wonder how it could be conquered thus.

Enter a MESSENGER

Messenger From Barabas, Malta's Governor, I bring
A message unto mighty Calymath;
Hearing his sovereign was bound for sea,
To sail to Turkey, to great Ottoman,
He humbly would intreat your majesty
To come and see his homely citadel,
And banquet with him ere thou leav'st the isle.

Calymath To banquet with him in his citadel?
I fear me, messenger, to feast my train
Within a town of war so lately pillaged
Will be too costly and too troublesome:
Yet would I gladly visit Barabas,
For well has Barabas deserved of us.

Messenger Selim, for that, thus saith the Governor,
That he hath in store a pearl so big,
So precious, and withal so orient,
As be it valued but indifferently,
The price thereof will serve to entertain
Selim and all his soldiers for a month;
Therefore he humbly would intreat your highness
Not to depart till he has feasted you.

Calymath I cannot feast my men in Malta walls,
Except he place his tables in the streets.

Messenger Know, Selim, that there is a monastery
Which standeth as an out-house to the town;
There will he banquet them, but thee at home,
With all thy bassoes and brave followers.

Calymath Well, tell the Governor we grant his suit;
We'll in this summer evening feast with him.

Messenger I shall, my lord.

Exit

Calymath And now, bold bassoes, let us to our tents,
And meditate how we may grace us best
To solemnize our Governor's great feast.

Exeunt

Scene 4

Enter GOVERNOR, KNIGHTS, DEL BOSCO

Governor In this, my countrymen, be ruled by me,
Have special care that no man sally forth
Till you shall hear a culverin discharged
By him that bears the linstock, kindled thus;
Then issue out and come to rescue me,
For happily I shall be in distress,
Or you released of this servitude.

Knight Rather than thus to live as Turkish thralls,
What will we not adventure?

Governor On then, begone.

Knights Farewell grave Governor.

Exeunt

Scene 5

Enter BARABAS with a hammer above, very busy, with CARPENTERS

Barabas How stand the cords? How hang these hinges, fast?
Are all the cranes and pulleys sure?

Carpenter All fast.

Barabas Leave nothing loose, all levelled to my mind.
Why, now I see that you have art indeed.
There, carpenters, divide that gold amongst you:
Go swill in bowls of sack and muscadine:
Down to the cellar, taste of all my wines.

Carpenters We shall, my lord, and thank you.

Exeunt CARPENTERS

Barabas And if you like them, drink your fill and die:
For so I live, perish may all the world.
Now Selim-Calymath return me word
That thou wilt come, and I am satisfied.

Enter MESSENGER

Now, sirrah, what, will he come?

Messenger He will; and has commanded all his men
To come ashore, and march through Malta streets,
That thou mayst feast them in thy citadel.

Barabas Then now are all things as my wish would have 'em,
There wanteth nothing but the Governor's pelf,
And see, he brings it.

Enter GOVERNOR

Now, Governor, the sum.

Governor With free consent a hundred thousand pounds.

Barabas Pounds, sayst thou, Governor? Well, since it is no more,
I'll satisfy myself with that; nay, keep it still,
For if I keep not promise, trust not me.
And, Governor, now partake my policy:
First for his army they are sent before,
Entered the monastery, and underneath
In several places are field-pieces pitched,
Bombards, whole barrels full of gunpowder,
That on the sudden shall dissever it,
And batter all the stones about their ears,
Whence none can possibly escape alive:
Now as for Calymath and his consorts,
Here have I made a dainty gallery,
The floor whereof, this cable being cut,
Doth fall asunder; so that it doth sink
Into a deep pit past recovery.
Here, hold that knife, and when thou seest he comes,
And with his bassoes shall be blithely set,
A warning-piece shall be shot off from the tower,
To give thee knowledge when to cut the cord
And fire the house; say, will not this be brave?

Governor Oh excellent! Here, hold thee, Barabas,

I trust thy word, take what I promised thee.

Barabas No, Governor, I'll satisfy thee first,
Thou shalt not live in doubt of any thing.
Stand close, for here they come.

GOVERNOR withdraws.

Why, is not this
A kingly kind of trade to purchase towns
By treachery, and sell 'em by deceit?
Now tell me, worldlings, underneath the sun,
If greater falsehood ever has been done.

Enter CALYMATH and BASSOES

Calymath Come, my companion bassoes, see I pray
How busy Barabas is there above
To entertain us in his gallery;
Let us salute him. Save thee, Barabas.

Barabas Welcome great Calymath.

Governor [Aside] How the slave jeers at him!

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

Calymath Ay, Barabas, come bassoes, attend.

Governor [Advancing] Stay, Calymath;
For I will show thee greater courtesy
Than Barabas would have afforded thee.

Knight [Within] Sound a charge there.

A charge, the cable cut, a cauldron discovered into which BARABAS falls
Enter KNIGHTS and MARTIN DEL BOSCO

Calymath How now, what means this?

Barabas Help, help me, Christians, help.

Governor See Calymath, this was devised for thee.

Calymath Treason, treason, bassoes, fly.

Governor No, Selim, do not fly;
See his end first, and fly then if thou canst.

Barabas Oh help me, Selim, help me, Christians.

Governor, why stand you all so pitiless?

Governor Should I in pity of thy complaints or thee,
Accursed Barabas, base Jew, relent?
No, thus I'll see thy treachery repaid,
But wish thou hadst behaved thee otherwise.

Barabas You will not help me then?

Governor No, villain, no.

Barabas And villains, know you cannot help me now.
Then Barabas breathe forth thy latest fate,
And in the fury of thy torments, strive
To end thy life with resolution:
Know, Governor, 'twas I that slew thy son;
I framed the challenge that did make them meet:
Know, Calymath, I aimed thy overthrow,
And had I but escaped this stratagem,
I would have brought confusion on you all,
Damned Christian dogs, and Turkish infidels;
But now begins the extremity of heat
To pinch me with intolerable pangs:
Die life, fly soul, tongue curse thy fill and die.

Dies

Calymath Tell me, you Christians, what doth this portend?

Governor This train he laid to have intrapped thy life;
Now, Selim, note the unhallowed deeds of Jews:
Thus he determined to have handled thee,
But I have rather chose to save thy life.

Calymath Was this the banquet he prepared for us?
Let's hence, lest further mischief be pretended.

Governor Nay, Selim, stay, for since we have thee here,
We will not let thee part so suddenly:
Besides, if we should let thee go, all's one,
For with thy galleys could'st thou not get hence,
Without fresh men to rig and furnish them.

Calymath Tush, Governor, take thou no care for that,
My men are all aboard,
And do attend my coming there by this.

Governor Why, heard'st thou not the trumpet sound a charge?

Calymath Yes, what of that?

Governor Why then the house was fired,
Blown up, and all thy soldiers massacred.

Calymath Oh monstrous treason!

Governor A Jew's courtesy:
For he that did by treason work our fall,
By treason hath delivered thee to us:
Know therefore, till thy father hath made good
The ruins done to Malta and to us,
Thou canst not part: for Malta shall be freed,
Or Selim ne'er return to Ottoman.

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

Governor Content thee, Calymath, here thou must stay,
And live in Malta prisoner; for come all the world
To rescue thee, so will we guard us now,
As sooner shall they drink the ocean dry,
Than conquer Malta, or endanger us.
So march away, and let due praise be given
Neither to fate nor fortune, but to heaven.

Exeunt

FINIS

