

ElizabethanDrama.org

presents
a Theatre Script of

The Jew of Malta

By Christopher Marlowe

Written c. 1589-1590

Earliest Extant Edition: 1633

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The Jew of Malta

By Christopher Marlowe

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Dramatis Personae

Residents of Malta:

BARABAS, a wealthy Jew.
ABIGAIL, daughter to Barabas.
ITHAMORE, a slave to Barabas.
FERNEZE, governor of Malta.
LODOWICK, his son.
MATHIAS, a gentleman.
KATHARINE, mother to Mathias.
JACOMO, a friar.
BARNARDINE, a friar.
ABBESS.
NUN.
BELLAMIRA, a courtesan.
PILIA-BORZA, a bully, attendant to Bellamira.
Two Merchants.
Three Jews.

Other Nationalities:

MACHIAVEL as Prologue speaker.
SELIM CALYMATH, son to the Grand Sultan of Turkey.
MARTIN DEL BOSCO, Vice-Admiral of Spain.

Knights, Bassoes, Officers, Guard, Slaves, Messenger,
and Carpenters

Scene, Malta.

A. The Earliest Extant Edition.

The only edition of *The Jew of Malta* which has survived from the period is a quarto published in 1633, four decades after Christopher Marlowe's death. The play was known to have been performed repeatedly during Marlowe's lifetime, but it is unclear when and if the play was printed in any contemporary quarto.

B. Scene Breaks, Settings, and Stage Directions.

The 1633 quarto divides the play into five Acts, but does not provide individually numbered scenes. Scene breaks have been added by the editor to facilitate reading and performance.

Several of the scenes transition from one setting to another without requiring the characters on stage to exit and then re-enter; we have chosen to begin a new numbered scene whenever a new setting is implied.

The original 1633 quarto does not contain asides or scene settings. We have adopted the play's settings and asides generally following the suggestions of Dyce.³

Finally, as is our normal practice, a good number of the quartos' stage directions have been modified, and others added, usually without comment, to give clarity to the action. Most of these changes are adopted from Dyce.

C. Italics for Asides.

The play contains numerous asides, and the characters frequently alternate rapidly between asides and dialogue meant to be heard by the others on-stage. To facilitate reading, we follow the convention of italicizing all asides.

We also italicize all lines in which a character is reading words from a page or simultaneously reciting and writing words down on paper.

D. Prologues and Epilogues.

The original edition of *The Jew of Malta* contained a pair of brief Prologues and Epilogues, in addition to the primary Prologue recited by the ghost of Machiavelli. The brief Prologues and Epilogues are omitted from this script because (1) they were not written by Marlowe, having been composed for the 1633 revival of the play in London, and (2) they include references to the actors who played the part of Barabas at the time, and would thus not be relevant to a modern performance. These Prologues and Epilogues may be found in the annotated editions of *The Jew of Malta* which may be found on ElizabethanDrama.org.

E. Textual Suggestions.

The text of the Scripts prepared by ElizabethanDrama.org generally lean towards keeping the language of the original quartos. Where obvious errors in typography have occurred, the emendations suggested by early and modern editors are usually accepted. Where words have clearly been accidentally omitted from the original edition, and are absolutely needed for a line to make any sense at all, such additions are made and contained within hard brackets [].

In certain cases, some editors propose changes to wording that other editors reject. We try to choose the best of the options offered where emendation seems necessary. Alternatives are listed below.

The text of this Script may be confidently adopted by a theatre group without further revision; however, we present below a list of additional changes a director may wish to make, if he or she feels any of them would make the language more sensible, etc. Most of these emendations represent suggestions of later editors of the play, and a few represent restoring original language from the quartos. Explanations for all these possible emendations can be found in the annotated edition of this play found on our website.

MACHIAVELLI'S PROLOGUE.

1. line 24: change *maxim* to *maxima*, (or) *had* to *had but*.

ACT I.

1. i.56: change *other* to *all their*.
2. iii.8: change "*what at our hands demand ye?*" to "*what demand ye at our hands?*"
3. iv.137: change *waters* to *cloisters, gardens* or *quarters*.
4. iv.144: change *you* to *yon*.
5. iv.173: omit *but*.
6. iv.212: change *forget not* to *forget it not*.

ACT II.

1. i.38: omit *yet*.
2. i.42: change *walk* to *wake*.
3. i.45: emend the line to *Bueno para todos mi ganado no era*.
4. i.70: delete the second *Abigail*.
5. ii.23: move line 23 to immediately after line 12 above.
6. iii.14: emend the line to "*Poor villains, such as were ne'er thought upon*".
7. iii.79: change *be foiled* to *be soiled*.
8. iii.112: omit *and*.
9. iii.121: change so that only *no man* be an Aside.
10. iii.212-218: have Lodowick exit after line 212, and make lines 215-8 an Aside to Ithamore.

11. iii.241: add either *thus* or *but* to the end of the line.
12. iii.306: omit *I*.
13. iv.18: change *vow to love him* to *vow love to him*.
14. iv.125: change *unsoiled* to *unfoiled*.
15. iv.155: make this line an Aside.

ACT III.

1. ii.4-9: (a) omit reference in line 4 to Lodowick carrying his own letter onto the stage; or (b) assign lines 6-7 to Lodowick and line 9 to Mathias.
2. ii.23: move *Cries within* to before Lodowick and Mathias kill each other
3. ii.69: replace *reveal* with *disclose*.
4. iii.78: change *prior* to *sire*.

ACT IV.

1. i.102: make the line an Aside.
2. i.127: change the second *you shall* to *you'll*, or delete *all*.
3. i.155: change *thee go* to *thee, rogue*.
4. ii.13: change *therefore* to *and therefore*.
5. iv.140: change *running* to *cunning*.
6. v.81: add *e'er* after *I*.
7. vi.41: change *snickle hand too fast* to any of the following:
 - (a) *snickle hard and fast*
 - (b) *two hands snickle-fast*
 - (c) *snickle! hand to! fast!*
8. vi.146: change *nasty* to *musty*.

ACT V.

1. i.29: change *him* to *'em*.
2. iii.5: change *To kept* to *T'ave kept*.
3. iv.50: change *within* to *'tis in*.
4. vii.63: omit *off*.
5. vii.85: change *fate* to *hate*.

PROLOGUE

Enter Machiavel.

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

36

[Exit.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Counting-house of Barabas.

*Barabas discovered in his counting-house,
with heaps of gold before him.*

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

38 But now how stands the wind?
 Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?
 40 Ha! to the east? yes. See how stand the vanes –
 East and by south: why, then, I hope my ships
 42 I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles
 Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks;
 44 Mine argosy from Alexandria,
 Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
 46 Are smoothly gliding down by Candy-shore
 To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea. –
 48 But who comes here?

50 *Enter a Merchant.*

52 How now!

54 **Merch.** Barabas, thy ships are safe,
 Riding in Malta-road; and all the merchants
 56 With other merchandise are safe arrived,
 And have sent me to know whether yourself
 58 Will come and custom them. –

60 **Barab.** The ships are safe thou say'st, and richly fraught?

62 **Merch.** They are.

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

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

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

80 **Merch.** I go.

82 **Barab.** So, then, there's somewhat come. –
 Sirrah, which of my ships art thou master of?

84 **Merch.** Of the Speranza, sir.

86

88 **Barab.** And saw'st thou not
Mine argosy at Alexandria?
90 Thou couldst not come from Egypt, or by Caire,
But at the entry there into the sea,
92 Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main,
Thou needs must sail by Alexandria.

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

98 **Barab.** Tush, they are wise! I know her and her strength.
100 But go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy ship,
And bid my factor bring his loading in.

102 [Exit Merchant.]

104 And yet I wonder at this argosy.

106 [Enter a Second Merchant.]

108 **2nd Merch.** Thine argosy from Alexandria,
110 Know, Barabas, doth ride in Malta-road,
Laden with riches, and exceeding store
112 Of Persian silks, of gold, and orient pearl.

114 **Barab.** How chance you came not with those other ships
That sailed by Egypt?

116 **2nd Merch.** Sir, we saw 'em not.

118 **Barab.** Belike they coasted round by Candy-shore
120 About their oils or other businesses.
But 'twas ill done of you to come so far
122 Without the aid or conduct of their ships.

124 **2nd Merch.** Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish fleet,
That never left us till within a league,
126 That had the galleys of the Turk in chase.

128 **Barab.** O, they were going up to Sicily.
Well, go,
130 And bid the merchants and my men despatch,
And come ashore, and see the fraught discharged.

132 **2nd Merch.** I go.

134

[Exit Second Merchant.]

136 **Barab.** Thus trolls our fortune in by land and sea,
138 And thus are we on every side enriched:
These are the blessings promised to the Jews,
140 And herein was old Abraham's happiness:
What more may Heaven do for earthly man
142 Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
144 Making the sea[s] their servants, and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts?
146 Who hateth me but for my happiness?
Or who is honoured now but for his wealth?
148 Rather had I, a Jew, be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty;
150 For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,
152 Which methinks fits not their professiön.
Haply some hapless man hath conscience,
154 And for his conscience lives in beggary.
They say we are a scattered natiön:
156 I cannot tell; but we have scrambled up
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith:
158 There's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal,
160 Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France, and wealthy every one;
162 Ay, wealthier far than any Christiän.
I must confess we come not to be kings:
164 That's not our fault: alas, our number's few!
And crowns come either by succession,
166 Or urged by force; and nothing violent,
Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.
168 Give us a peaceful rule; make Christians kings,
That thirst so much for principality.
170 I have no charge, nor many children,
But one sole daughter, whom I hold as dear
172 As Agamemnon did his Iphigen;
And all I have is hers. – But who comes here?

ACT I, SCENE II.

A Street.

Still on Stage: Barabas.

Enter three Jews.

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

2

3 *2nd Jew.* Come, therefore, let us go to Barabas;

4 For he can counsel best in these affairs:

5 And here he comes.

6

7 *Barab.* Why, how now, countrymen!

8 Why flock you thus to me in multitudes?

9 What accident's betided to the Jews?

10

11 *1st Jew.* A fleet of warlike galleys, Barabas,

12 Are come from Turkey, and lie in our road:

13 And they this day sit in the council-house

14 To entertain them and their embassy.

15 *Barab.* Why, let 'em come, so they come not to war;

16 Or let 'em war, so we be conquerors. —

17 [*Aside*] Nay, let 'em combat, conquer, and kill all,

18 So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth.

19

20 *1st Jew.* Were it for confirmation of a league,

21 They would not come in warlike manner thus.

22 *2nd Jew.* I fear their coming will afflict us all.

23 *Barab.* Fond men, what dream you of their multitudes?

24 What need they treat of peace that are in league?

25 The Turks and those of Malta are in league:

26 Tut, tut, there is some other matter in't.

27

28 *1st Jew.* Why, Barabas, they come for peace or war.

29

30 *Barab.* Haply for neither, but to pass along,

31 Towards Venice, by the Adriatic sea,

32 With whom they have attempted many times,

33 But never could effect their stratagem.

34 *3rd Jew.* And very wisely said; it may be so.

35 *2nd Jew.* But there's a meeting in the senate-house,

36 And all the Jews in Malta must be there.

42

Barab. Hum, – all the Jews in Malta must be there!

44

Ay, like enough: why, then, let every man
Provide him, and be there for fashion-sake.

46

If any thing shall there concern our state,
Assure yourselves I'll look – [*Aside*] unto myself.

48

1st Jew. I know you will. – Well, brethren, let us go.

50

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

52

Barab. Farewell, Zaareth; farewell, Temainte.

54

[*Exeunt Jews.*]

56

And, Barabas, now search this secret out;

58

Summon thy senses, call thy wits together:
These silly men mistake the matter clean.

60

Long to the Turk did Malta contribute;

Which tribute all in policy, I fear,

62

The Turks have let increase to such a sum

As all the wealth of Malta cannot pay;

64

And now by that advantage thinks, belike,

To seize upon the town; ay, that he seeks.

66

Howe'er the world go, I'll make sure for one,

And seek in time to intercept the worst,

68

Warily guarding that which I ha' got:

Ego mihimet sum semper proximus: –

70

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

72

[*Exit.*]

ACT I, SCENE III.

The Interior of the Council-House.

*Enter Ferneze (the governor of Malta),
Knights, and Officers;
met by Calymath, and Bassoes of the Turk.*

1 **Fern.** Now, bassoes, what demand you at our hands?

2

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

6

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

10 **Caly.** The ten years' tribute that remains unpaid.

12 **Fern.** Alas, my lord, the sum is over-great!
I hope your highness will consider us.

14

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

18

Fern. Then give us leave, great Selim Calymath.

20

Caly. Stand all aside, and let the knights determine;
22 And send to keep our galleys under sail,
For happily we shall not tarry here. –
24 Now, governor, how are you resolved?

26 **Fern.** Thus; since your hard conditions are such
That you will needs have ten years' tribute past,
28 We may have time to make collection
Amongst th' inhabitants of Malta for't.

30

Ist Basso. That's more than is in our commission.

32

Caly. What, Callapine! a little courtesy:
34 Let's know their time; perhaps it is not long;
And 'tis more kingly to obtain by peace
36 Than to enforce conditions by constraint. –
What respite ask you, governor?

38

40 **Fern.** But a month.

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

48 **Fern.** And all good fortune wait on Calymath!

[*Exeunt Calymath and Bassoes.*]

50 Go one and call those Jews of Malta hither:
 52 Were they not summoned to appear to-day?

54 **Ist Off.** They were, my lord; and here they come.

Enter Barabas and the three Jews.

58 **Ist Knight.** Have you determined what to say to them?

60 **Fern.** Yes; give me leave: – and, Hebrews, now come
 near.
 62 From th' Emperor of Turkey is arrived
 62 Great Selim Calymath, his highness' son,
 To levy of us ten years' tribute past:
 64 Now, then, here know that it concerneth us –

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

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

74 **Barab.** Alas, my lord, we are no soldiërs!
 76 And what's our aid against so great a prince?

78 **Ist Knight.** Tut, Jew, we know thou art no soldiër:
 Thou art a merchant and a moneyed man,
 80 And 'tis thy money, Barabas, we seek.

82 **Barab.** How, my lord! my money!

84 **Fern.** Thine and the rest;
 For, to be short, amongst you't must be had.

86

88 **1st Jew.** Alas, my lord, the most of us are poor!

90 **Fern.** Then let the rich increase your portions.

92 **Barab.** Are strangers with your tribute to be taxed?

94 **2nd Knight.** Have strangers leave with us to get their wealth?
Then let them with us contribute.

96 **Barab.** How! equally?

98 **Fern.** No, Jew, like infidels;
For through our sufferance of your hateful lives,
100 Who stand accursèd in the sight of Heaven,
These taxes and afflictions are befall'n,
102 And therefore thus we are determinèd. –
Read there the articles of our decrees.

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

108 **Barab.** [*Aside*]
110 *How! half his estate!* – I hope you mean not mine.

112 **Fern.** Read on.

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

116 **Barab.** [*Aside*]
118 *How! a Christian!* – Hum, – what's here to do?

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

122 **Three Jews.** O my lord, we will give half!

124 **Barab.** O earth-mettled villains, and no Hebrews born!
126 And will you basely thus submit yourselves
To leave your goods to their arbitrement?

128 **Fern.** Why, Barabas, wilt thou be christenèd?

130 **Barab.** No, governor, I will be no convertite.

132 **Fern.** Then pay thy half.

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

140 **Fern.** Sir, half is the penalty of our decree;
Either pay that, or we will seize on all.

142 **Barab.** *Corpo di Dio!* stay: you shall have half;
144 Let me be used but as my brethren are.

146 **Fern.** No, Jew, thou hast denied the articles,
And now it cannot be recalled.

148
[*Exeunt officers, on a sign from Ferneze.*]

150 **Barab.** Will you, then, steal my goods?
152 Is theft the ground of your religiön?

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

162 **Barab.** Christiäns, what or how can I multiply?
Of naught is nothing made.

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

170 **Barab.** What, bring you Scripture to confirm your wrongs?
172 Preach me not out of my possessiöns.
Some Jews are wicked, as all Christians are:
174 But say the tribe that I descended of
Were all in general cast away for sin,
176 Shall I be tried by their transgressiön?
The man that dealeth righteously shall live;
178 And which of you can charge me otherwise?

180 **Fern.** Out, wretched Barabas!

182 Sham'st thou not thus to justify thyself,
 As if we knew not thy profession?
 If thou rely upon thy righteousness,
 184 Be patient, and thy riches will increase.
 Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness;
 186 And covetousness, O, 'tis a monstrous sin!

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

192 **Ist Knight.** Grave governor, list not to his exclams:
 Convert his mansion to a nunnery;
 194 His house will harbour many holy nuns.

196 **Fern.** It shall be so.

198 *Re-enter Officers.*

200 Now, officers, have you done?

202 **Ist Off.** Ay, my lord, we have seized upon the goods
 And wares of Barabas, which, being valued,
 204 Amount to more than all the wealth in Malta:
 And of the other we have seizèd half.

206 **Fern.** Then we'll take order for the residue.

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

216 **Fern.** No, Barabas; to stain our hands with blood
 218 Is far from us and our profession.

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

226 **Fern.** Content thee, Barabas; thou hast naught but right.

228

230 **Barab.** Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong:
But take it to you, i' the devil's name!

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

234 **Ist Knight.** 'Tis necessary that be looked unto;
236 For, if we break our day, we break the league,
And that will prove but simple policy.

238
[*Exeunt all except Barabas and the three Jews.*]

240 **Barab.** Ay, policy! that's their professiön,
242 And not simplicity, as they suggest. –
The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of Heaven,
244 Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred,
Inflict upon them, thou great *Primus Motor!*
246 And here upon my knees, striking the earth,
I ban their souls to everlasting pains,
248 And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,
That thus have dealt with me in my distress!

250
252 **Ist Jew.** O, yet be patient, gentle Barabas!

Barab. O silly brethren, born to see this day,
254 Why stand you thus unmoved with my laments?
Why weep you not to think upon my wrongs?
256 Why pine not I, and die in this distress?

258 **Ist Jew.** Why, Barabas, as hardly can we brook
The cruël handling of ourselves in this:
260 Thou seëst they have taken half our goods.

262 **Barab.** Why did you yield to their extortiön?
You were a multitude, and I but one;
264 And of me only have they taken all.

266 **Ist Jew.** Yet, brother Barabas, remember Job.

268 **Barab.** What tell you me of Job? I wot his wealth
Was written thus; he had seven thousand sheep,
270 Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke
Of labouring oxen, and five hundred
272 She-asses: but for every one of those,
Had they been valued at indifferent rate,
274 I had at home, and in mine argosy,
And other ships that came from Egypt last,
276 As much as would have bought his beasts and him,

278 And yet have kept enough to live upon;
So that not he, but I, may curse the day,
Thy fatal birth-day, forlorn Barabas;
280 And henceforth wish for an eternal night,
That clouds of darkness may inclose my flesh,
282 And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes;
For only I have toiled t' inherit here
284 The months of vanity, and loss of time,
And painful nights, have been appointed me.

286
2nd Jew. Good Barabas, be patient.

288
Barab. Ay, I pray, leave me in my patience.
290 You, that were ne'er possessed of wealth, are pleased with
want;
But give him liberty at least to mourn,
292 That in a field, amidst his enemies,
Doth see his soldiers slain, himself disarmed,
294 And knows no means of his recovery:
Ay, let me sorrow for this sudden chance;
296 'Tis in the trouble of my spirit I speak:
Great injuries are not so soon forgot.

298
1st Jew. Come, let us leave him; in his ireful mood
300 Our words will but increase his ecstasy.

302 **2nd Jew.** On, then: but, trust me, 'tis a misery
To see a man in such affliction. —
304 Farewell, Barabas.

306 **Barab.** Ay, fare you well.

308 [Exeunt three Jews.]

ACT I, SCENE IV.

A Street Near the House of Barabas.

Still on stage: Barabas.

1 See the simplicity of these base slaves,
 2 Who, for the villains have no wit themselves,
 Think me to be a senseless lump of clay,
 4 That will with every water wash to dirt!
 No, Barabas is born to better chance,
 6 And framed of finer mould than common men,
 That measure naught but by the present time.
 8 A reaching thought will search his deepest wits,
 And cast with cunning for the time to come;
 10 For evils are apt to happen every day.

12 *Enter Abigail.*

14 But whither wends my beauteous Abigail?
 O, what has made my lovely daughter sad?
 16 What, woman! moan not for a little loss;
 Thy father has enough in store for thee.

18 **Abig.** Nor for myself, but agèd Barabas,
 20 Father, for thee lamenteth Abigail:
 But I will learn to leave these fruitless tears;
 22 And, urged thereto with my afflictions,
 With fierce exclaims run to the senate-house,
 24 And in the senate reprehend them all,
 And rent their hearts with tearing of my hair,
 26 Till they reduce the wrongs done to my father.

28 **Barab.** No, Abigail; things past recovery
 Are hardly cured with exclamations:
 30 Be silent, daughter; sufferance breeds ease,
 And time may yield us an occasion,
 32 Which on the sudden cannot serve the turn.
 Besides, my girl, think me not all so fond
 34 As negligently to forgo so much
 Without provision for thyself and me:
 36 Ten thousand portagues, besides great pearls,
 Rich costly jewèls, and stones infinite,
 38 Fearing the worst of this before it fell,
 I closely hid.

40 **Abig.** Where, father?

42

Barab. In my house, my girl.

44

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

46

48

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

50

Abig. 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.

56

Barab. 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 oppressèd me:
Be ruled by me, for in extremity
We ought to make bar of no policy.

72

74

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

76

78

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

80

82

Abig. I did.

84

Barab. Then, Abigail, there must my girl
Entreat the abbess to be entertained.

86

Abig. How! as a nun?

88

Barab. Ay, daughter; for religion

90 | Hides many mischiefs from suspiciön.

92 | **Abig.** Ay, but, father, they will suspect me there.

94 | **Barab.** Let 'em suspect; but be thou so precise
As they may think it done of holiness:

96 | Entreat 'em fair, and give them friendly speech,
And seem to them as if thy sins were great,

98 | Till thou hast gotten to be entertained.

100 | **Abig.** Thus, father, shall I much dissemble.

102 | **Barab.** Tush!
As good dissemble that thou never mean'st,
104 | As first mean truth and then dissemble it:
A counterfeit professiön is better
106 | Than unseen hypocrisy.

108 | **Abig.** Well, father, say I be entertained,
What then shall follow?

110 | **Barab.** This shall follow then.
112 | There have I hid, close underneath the plank
That runs along the upper-chamber floor,
114 | The gold and jewëls which I kept for thee: –
But here they come: be cunning, Abigail.

116 | **Abig.** Then, father, go with me.

118 | **Barab.** No, Abigail, in this
120 | It is not necessary I be seen;
For I will seem offended with thee for't:
122 | Be close, my girl, for this must fetch my gold.

124 | [They retire.]

126 | *Enter Friar Jacomo, Friar Barnardine,
Abbess, and a Nun.*

128 | **Fr. Jac.** Sisters,
130 | We now are almost at the new-made nunnery.

132 | **Abbess.** The better; for we love not to be seen:
'Tis thirty winters long since some of us
134 | Did stray so far amongst the multitude.

136 | **Fr. Jac.** But, madam, this house
And waters of this new-made nunnery
138 | Will much delight you.

140 **Abbess.** It may be so. – But who comes here?
 142 [Abigail comes forward.]
 144 **Abig.** Grave abbess, and you happy virgins' guide,
 Pity the state of a distressed maid!
 146 **Abbess.** What art thou, daughter?
 148 **Abig.** The hopeless daughter of a hapless Jew,
 150 The Jew of Malta, wretched Barabas,
 Sometimes the owner of a goodly house,
 152 Which they have now turned to a nunnery.
 154 **Abbess.** Well, daughter, say, what is thy suit with us?
 156 **Abig.** Fearing th' afflictions which my father feels
 Proceed from sin or want of faith in us,
 158 I'd pass away my life in penitence,
 And be a novice in your nunnery,
 160 To make atonement for my labouring soul.
 162 **Fr. Jac.** No doubt, brother, but this proceedeth of the
 spirit.
 164 **Fr. Bar.** Ay, and of a moving spirit too, brother: but come,
 Let us entreat she may be entertained.
 166 **Abbess.** Well, daughter, we admit you for a nun.
 168 **Abig.** First let me as a novice learn to frame
 170 My solitary life to your strait laws,
 And let me lodge where I was wont to lie:
 172 I do not doubt, by your divine precepts
 And mine own industry, but to profit much.
 174 **Barab.** [Aside] *As much, I hope, as all I hid is worth.*
 176 **Abbess.** Come, daughter, follow us.
 178 **Barab.** [Coming forward] Why, how now, Abigail!
 180 What mak'st thou 'mongst these hateful Christiäns?
 182 **Fr. Jac.** Hinder her not, thou man of little faith,
 For she has mortified herself.
 184 **Barab.** How! mortified!
 186 **Fr. Jac.** And is admitted to the sisterhood.

188 **Barab.** Child of perdition, and thy father's shame!
 190 What wilt thou do among these hateful fiends?
 I charge thee on my blessing that thou leave
 192 These devils and their damnèd heresy!

194 **Abig.** Father, give me –

196 **Barab.** [*Aside to Abigail in a whisper*]
 Nay, back, Abigail,
 198 *And think upon the jewèls and the gold;*
The board is markèd thus that covers it. –
 200 *Away, accursèd, from thy father's sight!*

202 **Fr. Jac.** Barabas, although thou art in misbelief,
 And wilt not see thine own afflictions,
 204 Yet let thy daughter be no longer blind.

206 **Barab.** Blind friar, I reck not thy persuasions, –
 [*Aside to Abigail in a whisper*]
 208 *The board is markèd thus that covers it –*
 For I had rather die than see her thus. –
 210 Wilt thou forsake me too in my distress,
 Seducèd daughter? –
 212 [*Aside to her in a whisper*] *Go, forget not. –*
 Becomes it Jews to be so credulous? –
 214 [*Aside to her in a whisper*]
To-morrow early I'll be at the door. –
 216 No, come not at me; if thou wilt be damned,
 Forget me, see me not; and so, be gone! –
 218 [*Aside to her in a whisper*]
Farewell; remember to-morrow morning. –
 220 Out, out, thou wretch!

222 [*Exit, on one side, Barabas. Exeunt, on the other side,*
 Friars, Abbess, Nun, and Abigail:
 224 *and, as they are going out,*
 Enter Mathias.

226

Math. Who's this? fair Abigail, the rich Jew's daughter,
 228 Become a nun! her father's sudden fall
 Has humbled her, and brought her down to this:
 230 Tut, she were fitter for a tale of love,
 Than to be tirèd out with orisons;
 232 And better would she far become a bed,
 Embracèd in a friendly lover's arms,
 234 Than rise at midnight to a solemn mass.

236 | *Enter Lodowick.*

238 | **Lodo.** Why, how now, Don Mathias! in a dump?

240 | **Math.** Believe me, noble Lodowick, I have seen
The strangest sight, in my opiniön,
242 | That ever I beheld.

244 | **Lodo.** What was't, I prithee?

246 | **Math.** A fair young maid, scarce fourteen years of age,
The sweetest flower in Cytherea's field,
248 | Cropt from the pleasures of the fruitful earth,
And strangely metamorphosed [to a] nun.

250 | **Lodo.** But say, what was she?

252 | **Math.** Why, the rich Jew's daughter.

254 | **Lodo.** What, Barabas, whose goods were lately seized?
256 | Is she so fair?

258 | **Math.** And matchless beautiful,
As, had you seen her, 'twould have moved your heart,
260 | Though countermined with walls of brass, to love,
Or, at the least, to pity.

262 | **Lodo.** An if she be so fair as you report,
264 | 'Twere time well spent to go and visit her:
How say you? shall we?

266 | **Math.** I must and will, sir; there's no remedy.

268 | **Lodo.** And so will I too, or it shall go hard.
270 | Farewell, Mathias.

272 | **Math.** Farewell, Lodowick.

274 | *[Exeunt severally.]*

ACT II.SCENE I.

Before the House of Barabas, now a Nunnery.

Enter Barabas, with a light.

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

20

Enter Abigail above.

22

Abig. Now have I happily espied a time
 24 To search the plank my father did appoint;
 And here, behold, unseen, where I have found
 26 The gold, the pearls, and jewëls, which he hid.

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

36 **Abig.** Now that my father's fortune were so good
 As but to be about this happy place!
 38 'Tis not so happy: yet, when we parted last,
 He said he would attend me in the morn.

40 | Then, gentle Sleep, where'er his body rests,
 Give charge to Morpheus that he may dream
 42 | A golden dream, and of the sudden walk,
 Come and receive the treasure I have found.
 44 |

Barab. *Birn para todos, my ganado no er:*
 46 | As good go on, as sit so sadly thus. –
 But stay: what star shines yonder in the east?
 48 | The loadstar of my life, if Abigail. –
 Who's there?

50 | **Abig.** Who's that?

52 | **Barab.** Peace, Abigail! 'tis I.
 54 |

Abig. Then, father, here receive thy happiness.
 56 |

Barab. Hast thou't?
 58 |

Abig. Here.
 60 |

[Throws down bags.]

62 | Hast thou't?
 64 | There's more, and more, and more.

66 | **Barab.** O my girl,
 My gold, my fortune, my felicity,
 68 | Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy;
 Welcome the first beginner of my bliss!
 70 | O Abigail, Abigail, that I had thee here too!
 Then my desires were fully satisfied:
 72 | But I will practice thy enlargement thence:
 O girl! O gold! O beauty! O my bliss!

[Hugs the bags.]

76 | **Abig.** Father, it draweth towards midnight now,
 78 | And 'bout this time the nuns begin to wake;
 To shun suspicion, therefore, let us part.
 80 |

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

84 | [Exit Abigail above.]

86 | Now, Phoebus, ope the eye-lids of the day.

88 | 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.

90 | *Hermoso placer de los dineros.*

92 |

[*Exit.*]

ACT II, SCENE II.

The Interior of the Council-House.

Enter Ferneze, Martin Del Bosco, Knights, and Officers.

1 **Fern.** Now, captain, tell us whither thou art bound?
2 Whence is thy ship that anchors in our road?
And why thou cam'st ashore without our leave?

4
Bosco. Governor of Malta, hither am I bound;
6 My ship, the Flying Dragon, is of Spain,
And so am I; Del Bosco is my name,
8 Vice-admiral unto the Catholic King.

10 **Ist Knight.** 'Tis true, my lord; therefore entreat him well.

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

22
Fern. Martin del Bosco, I have heard of thee:
24 Welcome to Malta, and to all of us!
But to admit a sale of these thy Turks,
26 We may not, nay, we dare not give consent,
By reason of a tributary league.

28
Ist Knight. Del Bosco, as thou lov'st and honour'st us,
30 Persuade our governor against the Turk:
This truce we have is but in hope of gold,
32 And with that sum he craves might we wage war.

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

40
Fern. Captain, we know it; but our force is small.

42 | **Bosco.** What is the sum that Calymath requires?

44 | **Fern.** A hundred thousand crowns.

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

52 | **Fern.** On this condition shall thy Turks be sold. –
54 | Go, officers, and set them straight in show. –

56 | *[Exeunt Officers.]*

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

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

68 | **Fern.** So will we fight it out: come, let's away. –
68 | Proud daring Calymath, instead of gold,
70 | We'll send thee bullets wrapt in smoke and fire:
70 | Claim tribute where thou wilt, we are resolved, –
72 | Honour is bought with blood, and not with gold.

74 | *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II, SCENE III.*The Market-Place.**Enter Officers, with Ithamore and other Slaves.*

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

4 **2nd Off.** Every one's price is written on his back,
 And so much must they yield, or not be sold.

6 **1st Off.** Here comes the Jew: had not his goods been
 seized,
 8 He'd give us present money for them all.

10 *Enter Barabas.*

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

38 *Enter Lodowick.*

40 **Lodo.** I hear the wealthy Jew walkèd this way:
 I'll seek him out, and so insinuate,

42 That I may have a sight of Abigail,
For Don Mathias tells me she is fair.

44

Barab. [*Aside*] *Now will I shew myself to have more
46 of the serpent than the dove; that is, more knave
than fool.*

48

Lodo. Yond' walks the Jew: now for fair Abigail.

50

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

54 **Lodo.** Barabas, thou know'st I am the governor's son.

56 **Barab.** I would you were his father too, sir! that's all
the harm I wish you. – [*Aside*] *The slave looks like a
58 hog's cheek new-singed.*

60 **Lodo.** Whither walk'st thou, Barabas?

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

66

Lodo. Well, Barabas, canst help me to a diamond?

68

Barab. O, sir, your father had my diämonds:
70 Yet I have one left that will serve your turn. –
[*Aside*] *I mean my daughter; but, ere he shall have her,
72 I'll sacrifice her on a pile of wood:
I ha' the poison of the city for him,
74 And the white leprosy.*

76 **Lodo.** What sparkle does it give without a foil?

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

82 **Lodo.** Is it square or pointed? pray, let me know.

84 **Barab.** Pointed it is, good sir, –
[*Aside*] *but not for you.*

86

Lodo. I like it much the better.

88

Barab. So do I too.

90

- 92 **Lodo.** How shews it by night?
- 94 **Barab.** Outshines Cynthia's rays: –
[*Aside*] *You'll like it better far o' nights than days.*
- 96 **Lodo.** And what's the price?
- 98 **Barab.** [*Aside*]
Your life, an if you have it – O my lord,
100 *We will not jar about the price: come to my house,*
And I will give't your honour –
102 [*Aside*] *with a vengeance.*
- 104 **Lodo.** No, Barabas, I will deserve it first.
- 106 **Barab.** Good sir,
Your father has deserved it at my hands,
108 Who, of mere charity and Christian ruth,
To bring me to religious purity,
110 And, as it were, in catechising sort,
To make me mindful of my mortal sins,
112 Against my will, and whether I would or no,
Seized all I had, and thrust me out o' doors,
114 And made my house a place for nuns most chaste.
- 116 **Lodo.** No doubt your soul shall reap the fruit of it.
- 118 **Barab.** Ay, but, my lord, the harvest is far off:
And yet I know the prayers of those nuns
120 And holy friars, having money for their pains,
Are wondrous; – [*Aside*] *and indeed do no man good; –*
122 And, seeing they are not idle, but still doing,
'Tis likely they in time may reap some fruit,
124 I mean, in fullness of perfectiön.
- 126 **Lodo.** Good Barabas, glance not at our holy nuns.
- 128 **Barab.** No, but I do it through a burning zeal, –
[*Aside*] *Hoping ere long to set the house a-fire;*
130 *For, though they do a while increase and multiply,*
I'll have a saying to that nunnery. –
132 As for the diamond, sir, I told you of,
Come home, and there's no price shall make us part,
134 Even for your honourable father's sake, –
[*Aside*] *It shall go hard but I will see your death. –*
136 But now I must be gone to buy a slave.
- 138 **Lodo.** And, Barabas, I'll bear thee company.
- 140 **Barab.** Come, then; here's the market-place. – What's

142 the price of this slave? two hundred crowns! do the
Turks weigh so much?

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

146 *Barab.* What, can he steal, that you demand so much?
Belike he has some new trick for a purse;

148 And if he has, he is worth three hundred plates, –
So that, being bought, the town-seal might be got

150 To keep him for his life-time from the gallows:
The sessions-day is critical to thieves,

152 And few or none scape but by being purged.

154 *Lodo.* Rat'st thou this Moor but at two hundred plates?

156 *Ist Off.* No more, my lord.

158 *Barab.* Why should this Turk be dearer than that Moor?

160 *Ist Off.* Because he is young, and has more qualities.

162 *Barab.* What, hast the philosopher's stone? an thou
hast, break my head with it, I'll forgive thee.

164

Slave. No, sir; I can cut and shave.

166

Barab. Let me see, sirrah; are you not an old shaver?

168

Slave. Alas, sir, I am a very youth!

170

Barab. A youth! I'll buy you, and marry you to Lady
Vanity, – if you do well.

172

Slave. I will serve you, sir.

174

Barab. Some wicked trick or other: it may be, under
colour of shaving, thou'lt cut my throat for my goods.

176

Tell me, hast thou thy health well?

178

Slave. Ay, passing well.

180

Barab. So much the worse: I must have one that's
sickly, and 't be but for sparing victuals: 'tis not a stone

182

of beef a-day will maintain you in these chops. – Let

184

me see one that's somewhat leaner.

186

Ist Off. Here's a leaner; how like you him?

188

Barab. Where wast thou born?

190

192 **Itha.** In Thrace; brought up in Arabia.

194 **Barab.** So much the better; thou art for my turn.
An hundred crowns? I'll have him; there's the coin.

196 [Gives money.]

198 **Ist Off.** Then mark him, sir, and take him hence.

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

208 Enter Mathias and Katharine.

210 **Math.** [Aside]
What make the Jew and Lodowick so private?
212 I fear me 'tis about fair Abigail.

214 **Barab.** [to Lodowick]
Yonder comes Don Mathias; let us stay: –
216 [Aside] He loves my daughter, and she holds him dear;
But I have sworn to frustrate both their hopes,
218 And be revenged upon the – governor.

220 [Exit Lodowick.]

222 **Kath.** This Moor is comeliest, is he not? speak, son.

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

226 **Barab.** [Aside to Mathias]
Seem not to know me here before your mother,
228 Lest she mistrust the match that is in hand:
When you have brought her home, come to my house;
230 Think of me as thy father: son, farewell.

232 **Math.** But wherefore talked Don Lodowick with you?

234 **Barab.** Tush, man! we talked of diamonds, not of Abigail.

236 **Kath.** Tell me, Mathias, is not that the Jew?

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

240 **Math.** Yes, madam, and my talk with him was

242 About the borrowing of a book or two.

244 **Kath.** Converse not with him; he is cast off from Heaven.

—

Thou hast thy crowns, fellow. — Come, let's away.

246

Math. Sirrah Jew, remember the book.

248

Barab. Marry, will I, sir.

250

[*Exeunt Katharine and Mathias.*]

252

Ist Off. Come, I have made a reasonable market; let's
254 away.

256

[*Exeunt Officers with Slaves.*]

258

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

260

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

264

Barab. Hast thou no trade? then listen to my words,
And I will teach [thee] that shall stick by thee:
266 First, be thou void of these affectiöns,
Compassion, love, vain hope, and heartless fear;
268 Be moved at nothing, see thou pity none,
But to thyself smile when the Christians moan.

270

Itha. O, brave, master! I worship your nose for this.

272

Barab. As for myself, I walk abroad o' nights,
274 And kill sick people groaning under walls:
Sometimes I go about and poison wells;
276 And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,
I am content to lose some of my crowns,
278 That I may, walking in my gallery,
See 'em go pinioned along by my door.
280 Being young, I studied physic, and began
To practice first upon th' Italian;
282 There I enriched the priests with burials,
And always kept the sexton's arms in ure —
284 With digging graves and ringing dead men's knells:
And, after that, was I an engineer,
286 And in the wars 'twixt France and Germany,
Under pretence of helping Charles the Fifth,
288 Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems:

Then, after that, was I an usurer,
290 And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
And tricks belonging unto brokery,
292 I filled the gaols with bankrouts in a year,
And with young orphans planted hospitals;
294 And every moon made some or other mad,
And now and then one hang himself for grief,
296 Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll
How I with interest tormented him.
298 But mark how I am blest for plaguing them; –
I have as much coin as will buy the town.
300 But tell me now, how hast thou spent thy time?

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

314 **Barab.** Why, this is something: make account of me
As of thy fellow; we are villains both;
316 Both circumcisèd; we hate Christians both:
Be true and secret; thou shalt want no gold.
318 But stand aside; here comes Don Lodowick.

ACT II, SCENE IV.

Before Barabas' new house.

Still on Stage: Barabas and Ithamore.

Enter Lodowick.

1 **Lodo.** O, Barabas, well met;
2 Where is the diämond you told me of?

4 **Barab.** I have it for you, sir: please you walk in with me. –
What, ho, Abigail! open the door, I say!

6

Enter Abigail, with letters.

8

10 **Abig.** In good time, father; here are letters come
From Ormus, and the post stays here within.

12 **Barab.** Give me the letters. – Daughter, do you hear?
Entertain Lodowick, the governor's son,
14 With all the courtesy you can afford,
Provided that you keep your maidenhead:
16 Use him as if he were a –

[Aside] Philistine;

18 *Dissemble, swear, protest, vow to love him:*
He is not of the seed of Abraham. –
20 I am a little busy, sir; pray, pardon me. –
Abigail, bid him welcome for my sake.

22

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

24

Barab. *[Aside to her]*

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

30 **Abig.** O father, Don Mathias is my love!

32 **Barab.** *[Aside to her]*

I know it: yet, I say, make love to him;
34 *Do, it is requisite it should be so. –*
Nay, on my life, it is my factor's hand;
36 But go you in, I'll think upon th' account.

38

[Exeunt Abigail and Lodowick into the house.]

40 Th' account is made, for Lodovico dies.
My factor sends me word a merchant's fled

42 That owes me for a hundred tun of wine:
I weigh it thus much! [*Snapping his fingers*]
44 I have wealth enough;
For now by this has he kissed Abigail,
46 And she vows love to him, and he to her.
As sure as Heaven rained manna for the Jews,
48 So sure shall he and Don Mathias die:
His father was my chiefest enemy.

50

Enter Mathias.

52

Whither goes Don Mathias? stay a while.

54

Math. Whither, but to my fair love Abigail?

56

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

60

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

62

Barab. O, Heaven forbid I should have such a thought!

Pardon me though I weep: the governor's son

64

Will, whether I will or no, have Abigail;

He sends her letters, bracelets, jewels, rings.

66

Math. Does she receive them?

68

Barab. She! no, Mathias, no, but sends them back;

And, when he comes, she locks herself up fast;

Yet through the key-hole will he talk to her,

72

While she runs to the window, looking out

When you should come and hale him from the door.

74

Math. O treacherous Lodowick!

76

Barab. Even now, as I came home, he slipt me in,

And I am sure he is with Abigail.

78

Math. [*Drawing sword*] I'll rouse him thence.

80

Barab. Not for all Malta; therefore sheathe your sword;

If you love me, no quarrels in my house;

84

But steal you in, and seem to see him not:

I'll give him such a warning ere he goes,

86

As he shall have small hopes of Abigail.

Away, for here they come.

88

Re-enter Lodowick and Abigail holding hands.

90

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

92

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

94

Math. Well, let it pass; another time shall serve.

96

[Exit Mathias into the house.]

98

Lodo. Barabas, is not that the widow's son?

100

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

102

Lodo. My death! what, is the base-born peasant mad?

104

Barab. 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.

108

Lodo. Why, loves she Don Mathias?

110

Barab. Doth she not with her smiling answer you?

112

Abig. [Aside] *He has my heart; I smile against my will.*

114

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

116

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

118

Lodo. And now I can no longer hold my mind.

120

Barab. Nor I th' affection that I bear to you.

122

Lodo. This is thy diamond; tell me, shall I have it?

124

Barab. Win it, and wear it; it is yet unsoiled.
O, 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.

128

130

Lodo. 'Tis not thy wealth, but her that I esteem;

132

Yet crave I thy consent.
Barab. And mine you have; yet let me talk to her. —
[Aside to her] *This offspring of Cain, this Jebusite,*

134

136 | *That never tasted of the Passover,
Nor e'er shall see the land of Canaan,
138 | Nor our Messiah that is yet to come;
This gentle maggot, Lodowick, I mean,
140 | Must be deluded: let him have thy hand,
But keep thy heart till Don Mathias comes.*

142 | *Abig.* *What, shall I be betrothed to Lodowick?*

144 | *Barab.* [*Aside to her*]
146 | *It's no sin to deceive a Christiän;
For they themselves hold it a principle,
148 | Faith is not to be held with heretics:
But all are heretics that are not Jews;
150 | This follows well, and therefore, daughter, fear not. –
I have entreated her, and she will grant.*

152 | *Lodo.* *Then, gentle Abigail, plight thy faith to me.*

154 | *Abig.* *I cannot choose, seeing my father bids:
156 | Nothing but death shall part my love and me.*

158 | *Lodo.* *Now have I that for which my soul hath longed.*

160 | *Barab.* [*Aside*] *So have not I; but yet I hope I shall.*

162 | *Abig.* [*Aside*] *O wretched Abigail, what hast thou done?*

164 | *Lodo.* *Why on the sudden is your colour changed?*

166 | *Abig.* *I know not: but farewell; I must be gone.*

168 | *Barab.* *Stay her, but let her not speak one word more.*

170 | *Lodo.* *Mute o' the sudden! here's a sudden change.*

172 | *Barab.* *O, muse not at it; 'tis the Hebrews' guise,
That maidens new-betrothed should weep a while:
174 | Trouble her not; sweet Lodowick, depart:
She is thy wife, and thou shalt be mine heir.*

176 | *Lodo.* *O, is't the custom? then I am resolved:
178 | But rather let the brightsome heavens be dim,
And nature's beauty choke with stifling clouds,
180 | Than my fair Abigail should frown on me. –
There comes the villain; now I'll be revenged.*

182

Re-enter Mathias.

184

186 **Barab.** Be quiet, Lodowick; it is enough
That I have made thee sure to Abigail.

188 **Lodo.** Well, let him go.

190 [Exit.]

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

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

198 **Barab.** No; so shall I, if any hurt be done,
Be made an áccessary of your deeds:
200 Revenge it on him when you meet him next.

202 **Math.** For this I'll have his heart.

204 **Barab.** Do so. Lo, here I give thee Abigail!

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

210 **Barab.** My heart misgives me, that, to cross your love,
He's with your mother; therefore after him.

212 **Math.** What, is he gone unto my mother?

214 **Barab.** Nay, if you will, stay till she comes herself.

216 **Math.** I cannot stay; for, if my mother come,
218 She'll die with grief.

220 [Exit Mathias.]

222 **Abig.** I cannot take my leave of him for tears.
Father, why have you thus incensed them both?

224 **Barab.** What's that to thee?

226 **Abig.** I'll make 'em friends again.

228 **Barab.** You'll make 'em friends! are there not Jews enow
in Malta,
230 But thou must dote upon a Christiän?

232 **Abig.** I will have Don Mathias; he is my love.

234 **Barab.** Yes, you shall have him. – Go, put her in.

236 **Itha.** Ay, I'll put her in.

238 [Puts in Abigail.]

240 **Barab.** Now tell me, Ithamore, how lik'st thou this?

242 **Itha.** Faith, master, I think by this
You purchase both their lives: is it not so?

244 **Barab.** True; and it shall be cunningly performed.

246 **Itha.** O, master, that I might have a hand in this!

248 **Barab.** Ay, so thou shalt; 'tis thou must do the deed:
250 Take this, and bear it to Mathias straight,

252 [Giving a letter.]

254 And tell him that it comes from Lodowick.

256 **Itha.** 'Tis poisoned, is it not?

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

260 **Itha.** Fear not; I will so set his heart a-fire,
262 That he shall verily think it comes from him.

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

266 **Itha.** As I behave myself in this, employ me hereafter.

268 **Barab.** Away, then!

270 [Exit Ithamore.]

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

276 [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Veranda of the House of Bellamira.

Enter Bellamira.

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

Enter Pilia-Borza.

14 **Pilia.** Hold thee, wench, there's something for thee to
16 spend.

[*Shewing a bag of silver.*]

20 **Bell.** 'Tis silver; I disdain it.

22 **Pilia.** Ay, but the Jew has gold,
And I will have it, or it shall go hard.

24 **Bell.** Tell me, how cam'st thou by this?

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

34 **Bell.** Hide the bag.

Enter Ithamore.

38 **Pilia.** Look not towards him, let's away. Zoons, what a

40 | looking thou keepest! thou'lt betray's anon.

42 | *[Exeunt Bellamira and Pilia-Borza.]*

44 | ***Itha.*** O, the sweetest face that ever I beheld! I know
she is a courtezan by her attire: now would I give a
46 | hundred of the Jew's crowns that I had such a
concubine.

48 | Well, I have delivered the challenge in such sort,
As meet they will, and fighting die, – brave sport!

50 |

[Exit.]

ACT III, SCENE II.*In Town.**Enter Mathias with letter.*

1 **Math.** This is the place: now Abigail shall see
 2 Whether Mathias holds her dear or no.

4 *Enter Lodowick, reading a letter.*

6 **Math.** [*Reading letter*]
 7 What, dares the villain write in such base terms?

8 **Lodo.** I did it; and revenge it, if thou dar'st!

10

[*They fight.*]

12

Enter Barabas above.

14

Barab. O, bravely fought! and yet they thrust not home.
 16 Now, Lodovico! now, Mathias! – So;

18

[*Both fall.*]

20 So, now they have shewed themselves to be tall fellows.

22 **Cries within.** Part 'em, part 'em!

24 **Barab.** Ay, part 'em now they 're dead. Farewell, farewell!

26

[*Exit above.*]

28

Enter Ferneze, Katharine, and Attendants.

30 **Fern.** What sight is this! my Lodovico slain!
 31 These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre.

32

Kath. Who is this? my son Mathias slain!

34

Fern. O Lodowick, hadst thou perished by the Turk,
 36 Wretched Ferneze might have venged thy death!

38

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

40

Fern. Look, Katharine, look! thy son gave mine these
 41 wounds.

42

Kath. O, leave to grieve me! I am grieved enough.

44

Fern. O, that my sighs could turn to lively breath,

46 And these my tears to blood, that he might live!

46

Kath. Who made them enemies?

48

Fern. I know not; and that grieves me most of all.

50

Kath. My son loved thine.

52

Fern. And so did Lodowick him.

54

Kath. Lend me that weapon that did kill my son,

56

And it shall murder me.

58

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

60

Kath. Hold; let's inquire the causers of their deaths,

62

That we may venge their blood upon their heads.

64

Fern. Then take them up, and let them be interred
Within one sacred monument of stone;

66

Upon which altar I will offer up

68

My daily sacrifice of sighs and tears,

68

And with my prayers pierce impartial heavens,

70

Till they [reveal] the causers of our smarts,

70

Which forced their hands divide united hearts.

72

Come, Katharine; our losses equal are;

72

Then of true grief let us take equal share.

74

[*Exeunt with the bodies.*]

ACT III, SCENE III.

A Room in the House of Barabas.

Enter Ithamore.

1 **Itha.** Why, was there ever seen such villany,
2 So neatly plotted, and so well performed?
Both held in hand, and flatly both beguiled?

4

Enter Abigail.

6

Abig. Why, how now, Ithamore! why laugh'st thou so?

8

Itha. O mistress! ha, ha, ha!

10

Abig. Why, what ail'st thou?

12

Itha. O, my master!

14

Abig. Ha!

16

Itha. O mistress, I have the bravest, gravest, secret,
18 subtle, bottle-nosed knave to my master, that ever
gentleman had!

20

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

22

Itha. O, my master has the bravest policy!

24

Abig. Wherein?

26

Itha. Why, know you not?

28

Abig. Why, no.

30

Itha. Know you not of Mathia[s'] and Don
32 Lodowick[s'] disaster?

34

Abig. No: what was it?

36

Itha. Why, the devil invented a challenge, my master
writ it, and I carried it, first to Lodowick, and *imprimis*
38 to Mathia[s];

38

And then they met, [and], as the story says,

40

In doleful wise they ended both their days.

42 **Abig.** And was my father furtherer of their deaths?

44 **Itha.** Am I Ithamore?

46 **Abig.** Yes.

48 **Itha.** So sure did your father write, and I carry the
challenge.

50

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

56 **Itha.** I pray, mistress, will you answer me to one
question?

58

Abig. Well, sirrah, what is't?

60

Itha. A very feeling one: have not the nuns fine sport
62 with the friars now and then?

64 **Abig.** Go to, Sirrah Sauce! is this your question? get
ye gone.

66

Itha. I will, forsooth, mistress.

68

[Exit Ithamore.]

70

Abig. Hard-hearted father, unkind Barabas!
72 Was this the púrsuit of thy policy,
To make me shew them favour severally,
74 That by my favour they should both be slain?
Admit thou lovedst not Lodowick for his sire,
76 Yet Don Mathias ne'er offended thee:
But thou wert set upon extreme revenge,
78 Because the prior dispossessed thee once,
And couldst not venge it but upon his son;
80 Nor on his son but by Mathias' means;
Nor on Mathias but by murdering me:
82 But I perceive there is no love on earth,
Pity in Jews, nor piety in Turks. —
84 But here comes cursèd Ithamore with the friar.

86

Re-enter Ithamore with Friar Jacomo.

88 **Fr. Jac.** *Virgo, salve.*

90 **Itha.** When duck you?

92 **Abig.** Welcome, grave friar. – Ithamore, be gone.
 94 [Exit Ithamore.]
 96 Know, holy sir, I am bold to solicit thee.
 98 **Fr. Jac.** Wherein?
 100 **Abig.** To get me be admitted for a nun.
 102 **Fr. Jac.** Why, Abigail, it is not yet long since
 That I did labour thy admission,
 104 And then thou didst not like that holy life.
 106 **Abig.** Then were my thoughts so frail and unconfirmed
 And I was chained to follies of the world:
 108 But now experience, purchasèd with grief,
 Has made me see the difference of things.
 110 My sinful soul, alas, hath paced too long
 The fatal labyrinth of misbelief,
 112 Far from the Son that gives eternal life!
 114 **Fr. Jac.** Who taught thee this?
 116 **Abig.** The abbess of the house,
 Whose zealous admonition I embrace:
 118 O, therefore, Jacomo, let me be one,
 Although unworthy, of that sisterhood!
 120 **Fr. Jac.** Abigail, I will: but see thou change no more,
 122 For that will be most heavy to thy soul.
 124 **Abig.** That was my father's fault.
 126 **Fr. Jac.** Thy father's! how?
 128 **Abig.** Nay, you shall pardon me. –
 [Aside] *O Barabas,*
 130 *Though thou deservest hardly at my hands,*
Yet never shall these lips bewray thy life!
 132 **Fr. Jac.** Come, shall we go?
 134 **Abig.** My duty waits on you.
 136 [Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE IV.

A Room in the House of Barabas; later.

Enter Barabas, reading a letter.

1 **Barab.** What, Abigail become a nun again!
 2 False and unkind! what, hast thou lost thy father?
 And, all unknown and unconstrained of me,
 4 Art thou again got to the nunnery?
 Now here she writes, and wills me to repent:
 6 Repentance! *Spurca!* what pretendeth this?
 I fear she knows – 'tis so – of my device
 8 In Don Mathias' and Lodovico's deaths:
 If so, 'tis time that it be seen into;
 10 For she that varies from me in belief,
 Gives great presumption that she loves me not,
 12 Or, loving, doth dislike of something done. –
 But who comes here?

14

Enter Ithamore.

16

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

24 **Itha.** To-day.

26 **Barab.** With whom?

28 **Itha.** A friar.

30 **Barab.** A friar! false villain, he hath done the deed.

32 **Itha.** How, sir!

34 **Barab.** Why, made mine Abigail a nun.

36 **Itha.** That's no lie; for she sent me for him.

38 **Barab.** O unhappy day!
 False, credulous, inconstant Abigail!
 40 But let 'em go: and, Ithamore, from hence
 Ne'er shall she grieve me more with her disgrace;
 42 Ne'er shall she live t' inherit aught of mine,
 Be blessed of me, nor come within my gates,

44 But perish underneath my bitter curse,
Like Cain by Adam for his brother's death.

46
48 **Itha.** O master –

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

54 **Itha.** Who, I, master? why, I'll run to some rock, and
throw myself headlong into the sea; why, I'll do any
56 thing for your sweet sake.

58 **Barab.** O trusty Ithamore! no servant, but my friend!
I here adopt thee for mine only heir:
60 All that I have is thine when I am dead;
And, whilst I live, use half; spend as myself;
62 Here, take my keys, – I'll give 'em thee anon;
Go buy thee garments; but thou shalt not want:
64 Only know this, that thus thou art to do –
But first go fetch me in the pot of rice
66 That for our supper stands upon the fire.

68 **Itha.** [*Aside*] I hold my head, my master's hungry –
I go, sir.

70
[*Exit.*]

72 **Barab.** Thus every villain ambles after wealth,
74 Although he ne'er be richer than in hope: –
But, husht!

76
Re-enter Ithamore with the pot.

78 **Itha.** Here 'tis, master.

80 **Barab.** Well said, Ithamore! What, hast thou brought
82 The ladle with thee too?

84 **Itha.** Yes, sir; the proverb says, he that eats with the
devil had need of a long spoon; I have brought you a
86 ladle.

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

92 |
94 | **Itha.** 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.

96 |
98 | **Barab.** Ay, but, Ithamore, seest thou this?
It is a precious powder that I bought
Of an Italian, in Ancona, once,
100 | Whose operation is to bind, infect,
And poison deeply, yet not appear
102 | In forty hours after it is ta'en.

104 | **Itha.** How, master?

106 | **Barab.** Thus, Ithamore:
This even they use in Malta here, – 'tis called
108 | Saint Jaques' Even, – and then, I say, they use
To send their alms unto the nunneries:
110 | Among the rest, bear this, and set it there:
There's a dark entry where they take it in,
112 | Where they must neither see the messenger,
Nor make inquiry who hath sent it them.

114 | **Itha.** How so?

116 | **Barab.** Belike there is some ceremony in't.
118 | There, Ithamore, must thou go place this pot:
Stay; let me spice it first.

120 | **Itha.** Pray, do, and let me help you, master.
122 | Pray, let me taste first.

124 | **Barab.** Prithee, do.

126 | *[Ithamore tastes.]*

128 | What say'st thou now?

130 | **Itha.** Troth, master, I'm loath such a pot of pottage
should be spoiled.

132 | **Barab.** Peace, Ithamore! 'tis better so than spared.

134 | *[Puts the powder into the pot.]*

136 | Assure thyself thou shalt have broth by the eye:
138 | My purse, my coffer, and myself is thine.

140 | **Itha.** Well, master, I go.

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

154 **Itha.** [*Aside*] *What a blessing has he given't! was
ever pot of rice-porridge so sauced? – What shall I
156 do with it?*

158 **Barab.** O my sweet Ithamore, go set it down;
And come again so soon as thou hast done,
160 For I have other business for thee.

162 **Itha.** Here's a drench to poison a whole stable of
Flanders mares: I'll carry't to the nuns with a powder.
164

Barab. And the horse-pestilence to boot: away!
166

Itha. I am gone:
168 Pay me my wages, for my work is done.

170 *[Exit with the pot.]*

172 **Barab.** I'll pay thee with a vengeance, Ithamore!

174 *[Exit.]*

ACT III, SCENE V.

The Interior of the Council-House.

Enter Ferneze, Martin Del Bosco, Knights, and Basso.

1 **Fern.** Welcome, great basso: how fares Calymath?
2 What wind drives you thus into Malta-road?

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

6 **Fern.** Desire of gold, great sir!
8 That's to be gotten in the Western Inde:
In Malta are no golden minerals.

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

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

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

34 **Fern.** Farewell.

[Exit Basso.]

38
40 And now, you men of Malta, look about,
And let's provide to welcome Calymath:
Close your port-cullis, charge your basilisks,

42 | And, as you profitably take up arms,
So now courageously encounter them,
44 | For by this answer broken is the league,
And naught is to be looked for now but wars,
46 | And naught to us more welcome is than wars.

48 | *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III, SCENE VI.*The Interior of the Nunnery.**Enter Friar Jacomo and Friar Barnardine.*

1 **Fr. Jac.** O brother, brother, all the nuns are sick,
2 And physic will not help them! they must die.

4 **Fr. Bar.** The abbess sent for me to be confessed:
O, what a sad confession will there be!

6 **Fr. Jac.** And so did fair Maria send for me:
8 I'll to her lodging; hereabouts she lies.

10 [Exit.]

12 *Enter Abigail.*

14 **Fr. Bar.** What, all dead, save only Abigail!

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

18 **Fr. Bar.** O, he is gone to see the other nuns.
20

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

26 **Fr. Bar.** What then?
28

Abig. I did offend high Heaven so grievously
30 As I am almost desperate for my sins;
And one offense torments me more than all.
32 You knew Mathias and Don Lodowick?

34 **Fr. Bar.** Yes; what of them?

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

40 **Fr. Bar.** So: say how was their end?
42

Abig. Both, jealous of my love, envied each other;

44 And by my father's practice, which is there
Set down at large, the gallants were both slain.

46

[Gives writing.]

48

50 **Fr. Bar.** O, monstrous villainy!

52 **Abig.** To work my peace, this I confess to thee:
Reveal it not; for then my father dies.

54

Fr. Bar. Know that confession must not be revealed;
The canon-law forbids it, and the priest
That makes it known, being degraded first,
58 Shall be condemned, and then sent to the fire.

60 **Abig.** So I have heard; pray, therefore, keep it close.
Death seizeth on my heart: ah, gentle friar,
62 Convert my father that he may be saved,
And witness that I die a Christiän!

64

[Dies.]

66

Fr. Bar. Ay, and a virgin too; that grieves me most.
68 But I must to the Jew, and exclaim on him,
And make him stand in fear of me.

70

Re-enter Friar Jacomo.

72

Fr. Jac. O brother, all the nuns are dead! let's bury them.

74

Fr. Bar. First help to bury this; then go with me,
76 And help me to exclaim against the Jew.

78 **Fr. Jac.** Why, what has he done?

80 **Fr. Bar.** A thing that makes me tremble to unfold.

82 **Fr. Jac.** What, has he crucified a child?

84 **Fr. Bar.** No, but a worse thing: 'twas told me in shrift;
Thou know'st 'tis death, an if it be revealed.

86 Come, let's away.

88

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter Barabas and Ithamore. Bells within.

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

8
9 **Ithamore.** That's brave, master: but think you it will
10 not be known?

12 **Barab.** How can it, if we two be secret?

14 **Itha.** For my part, fear you not.

16 **Barab.** I'd cut thy throat, if I did.

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

22 **Barab.** Thou shalt not need; for, now the nuns are dead,
They'll die with grief.

24
25 **Itha.** Do you not sorrow for your daughter's death?

26
27 **Barab.** No, but I grieve because she lived so long,
28 An Hebrew born, and would become a Christian:
Cazzo, diabol!

30
31 **Ithamore.** Look, look, master; here come two religious
32 caterpillars.

34 *Enter Friar Jacomo and Friar Barnardine.*

36 **Barab.** I smelt 'em ere they came.

38 **Itha.** [*Aside*] *God-a-mercy, nose!* – Come, let's begone.

40 **Fr. Bar.** Stay, wicked Jew; repent, I say, and stay.

42 **Fr. Jac.** Thou hast offended, therefore must be damned.

44 **Barab.** [*Aside to Ithamore*]
I fear they know we sent the poisoned broth.

46 **Itha.** *And so do I, master; therefore speak 'em fair.*

48 **Fr. Bar.** Barabas, thou hast –

50 **Fr. Jac.** Ay, that thou hast –

52 **Barab.** True, I have money; what though I have?

54 **Fr. Bar.** Thou art a –

56 **Fr. Jac.** Ay, that thou art, a –

58 **Barab.** What needs all this? I know I am a Jew.

60 **Fr. Bar.** Thy daughter –

62 **Fr. Jac.** Ay, thy daughter –

64 **Barab.** O, speak not of her! then I die with grief.

66 **Fr. Bar.** Remember that –

68 **Fr. Jac.** Ay, remember that –

70 **Barab.** I must needs say that I have been a great usurer.

72 **Fr. Bar.** Thou hast committed –

74 **Barab.** Fornication: but that was in another country;
76 And besides, the wench is dead.

78 **Fr. Bar.** Ay, but, Barabas,
Remember Mathias and Don Lodowick.

80 **Barab.** Why, what of them?

82 **Fr. Bar.** I will not say that by a forged challenge they
84 met.

86 **Barab.** [*Aside to Ithamore*]
She has confessed, and we are both undone,
88 *My bosom inmate! but I must dissemble. –*

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

102 *Itha.* And so could I; but penance will not serve.

104 *Barab.* To fast, to pray, and wear a shirt of hair,
 And on my knees creep to Jerusalem.
 106 Cellars of wine, and sollars full of wheat,
 Warehouses stuffed with spices and with drugs,
 108 Whole chests of gold in bullion and in coin,
 Besides, I know not how much weight in pearl
 110 Orient and round, have I within my house;
 At Alexandria merchandise unsold;
 112 But yesterday two ships went from this town,
 Their voyage will be worth ten thousand crowns;
 114 In Florence, Venice, Antwerp, London, Seville,
 Frankfort, Lubeck, Moscow, and where not,
 116 Have I debts owing; and, in most of these,
 Great sums of money lying in the banco;
 118 All this I'll give to some religious house,
 So I may be baptized, and live therein.

120 *Fr. Jac.* O good Barabas, come to our house!

122 *Fr. Bar.* O, no, good Barabas, come to our house!
 124 And, Barabas, you know –

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

128 *Fr. Jac.* O Barabas, their laws are strict!

130 *Barab.* I know they are; and I will be with you.

132 *Fr. Bar.* They wear no shirts, and they go bare-foot too.

134 *Barab.* Then 'tis not for me; and I am resolved

136 | You shall confess me, and have all my goods.

138 | **Fr. Jac.** Good Barabas, come to me.

140 | **Barab.** [*Aside to Jacomo.*]

You see I answer him, and yet he stays;

142 | *Rid him away, and go you home with me.*

144 | **Fr. Jac.** *I'll be with you to-night.*

146 | **Barab.** *Come to my house at one o'clock this night.*

148 | **Fr. Jac.** [*To Barnardine*]

You hear your answer, and you may be gone.

150 |

Fr. Bar. Why, go, get you away.

152 |

Fr. Jac. I will not go for thee.

154 |

Fr. Bar. Not! then I'll make thee go.

156 |

Fr. Jac. How! dost call me rogue?

158 |

[*They fight.*]

160 |

Itha. Part 'em, master, part 'em.

162 |

Barab. This is mere frailty: brethren, be content. –

164 |

Friar Barnardine, go you with Ithamore: –

[*Aside to Barnardine*]

166 |

You know my mind; let me alone with him.

168 |

Fr. Jac. Why does he go to thy house? let him be gone.

170 |

Barab. [*Aside to Barnardine*]

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

172 |

[*Exit Ithamore with Friar Barnardine.*]

174 |

I never heard of any man but he

176 |

Maligned the order of the Jacobins:

But do you think that I believe his words?

178 |

Why, brother, you converted Abigail;

And I am bound in charity to requite it,

180 |

And so I will. O Jacomo, fail not, but come.

182 |

Fr. Jac. But, Barabas, who shall be your godfathers?

For presently you shall be shrived.

184 |

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

188 **Fr. Jac.** I warrant thee, Barabas.

190 [Exit Friar Jacomo.]

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

ACT IV, SCENE II.*The Interior of Barabas' House.**Still on Stage: Barabas.**Enter Ithamore.*

1 **Barab.** Ithamore, tell me, is the friar asleep?

2
 3 **Itha.** Yes; and I know not what the reason is,
 4 Do what I can, he will not strip himself,
 5 Nor go to bed, but sleeps in his own clothes:
 6 I fear me he mistrusts what we intend.

8 **Barab.** No; 'tis an order which the friars use:
 9 Yet, if he knew our meanings, could he scape?

10
 11 **Itha.** No, none can hear him, cry he ne'er so loud.

12
 13 **Barab.** Why, true; therefore did I place him there:
 14 The other chambers open towards the street.

16 **Itha.** You loiter, master; wherefore stay we thus?
 17 O, how I long to see him shake his heels!

18
 19 **Barab.** Come on, sirrah:
 20 Off with your girdle; make a handsome noose. –

22
 23 *[Ithamore takes off his girdle,
 24 and ties a noose on it.]*

26
 27 *[Curtain drawn to reveal Barnardine asleep.]*

28
 29 Friar, awake!

30
 31 *[They put the noose round the Friar's neck.]*

32
 33 **Fr. Bar.** What, do you mean to strangle me?

34
 35 **Itha.** Yes, 'cause you use to confess.

36
 37 **Barab.** Blame not us, but the proverb, – Confess and
 38 be hanged. – Pull hard.

39
 40 **Fr. Bar.** What, will you have my life?

41
 42 **Barab.** Pull hard, I say. – You would have had my goods.

42 **Itha.** Ay, and our lives too: – therefore pull amain.

44 *[They strangle the Friar.]*

46 'Tis neatly done, sir; here's no print at all.

48 **Barab.** Then is it as it should be. Take him up.

50 **Itha.** Nay, master, be ruled by me a little.

52 *[Takes the body, sets it upright against
the wall, and puts a staff in its hand.]*

54

So, let him lean upon his staff; excellent! he stands as if
56 he were begging of bacon.

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

60

Itha. Towards one.

62

Barab. Then will not Jacomo be long from hence.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV, SCENE III.

Before the House of Barabas.

Still on Stage: Barnardine's body, propped up.

Enter Friar Jacomo.

1 **Fr. Jac.** This is the hour wherein I shall proceed;
 2 O happy hour, wherein I shall convert
 An infidel, and bring his gold into our treasury!
 4 But soft! is not this Barnardine? it is;
 And, understanding I should come this way,
 6 Stands here o' purpose, meaning me some wrong,
 And intercept my going to the Jew. –
 8 Barnardine!
 Wilt thou not speak? thou think'st I see thee not;
 10 Away, I'd wish thee, and let me go by:
 No, wilt thou not? nay, then, I'll force my way;
 12 And, see, a staff stands ready for the purpose.
 As thou lik'st that, stop me another time!

14

[Takes the staff, and strikes down the body.]

16

Enter Barabas and Ithamore.

18

Barab. Why, how now, Jacomo! what hast thou done?

20

Fr. Jac. Why, stricken him that would have struck at me.

22

Barab. Who is it? Barnardine! now, out, alas, he is
 24 slain!

26

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

28

Fr. Jac. Good sirs, I have done't: but nobody knows it
 30 but you two; I may escape.

30

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

34

Itha. No; let us bear him to the magistrates.

36

Fr. Jac. Good Barabas, let me go.

38

Barab. No, pardon me; the law must have his course:
 40 I must be forced to give in evidence,

40

42 That, being impórtuned by this Barnardine
To be a Christiän, I shut him out,
44 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
46 Unto your friary, because you stayed.

48 *Itha.* Fie upon 'em! master, will you turn Christian,
when holy friars turn devils and murder one another?

50
52 *Barab.* 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?

54 *Itha.* Why, a Turk could ha' done no more.

56
58 *Barab.* To-morrow is the sessions; you shall to it. –
Come, Ithamore, let's help to take him hence.

60 *Fr. Jac.* Villains, I am a sacred person; touch me not.

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

66

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV, SCENE IV.

A Veranda of the House of Bellamira.

Enter Bellamira and Pilia-Borza.

1 **Bell.** Pilia-Borza, didst thou meet with Ithamore?

2

Pilia. I did.

4

Bell. And didst thou deliver my letter?

6

Pilia. I did.

8

Bell. And what thinkest thou? will he come?

10

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

12

14 **Bell.** Why so?

16

Pilia. 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.

18

20 **Bell.** And what said he?

22

Pilia. 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.

24

26

Bell. And where didst meet him?

28

Pilia. Upon mine own free-hold, 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, cras mihi*, and so I left him to the mercy of the hangman: but, the exercise being done, see where he comes.

30

32

34

36

Enter Ithamore.

38

Itha. 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

40

42

44 will, I'll be none of his followers in haste: and, now I
 think on't, going to the execution, a fellow met me
 46 with a muschatoes like a raven's wing, and a dagger
 with a hilt like a warming-pan; and he gave me a letter
 48 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
 50 wonder what the reason is; it may be she sees more in
 me than I can find in myself; for she writes further,
 52 that she loves me ever since she saw me; and who
 would not requite such love? Here's her house; and
 54 here she comes; and now would I were gone! I am not
 worthy to look upon her.

56 **Pilia.** This is the gentleman you writ to.

58 **Itha.** [*Aside*] *Gentleman! he flouts me: what gentry
 60 can be in a poor Turk of tenpence? I'll be gone.*

62 **Bell.** Is't not a sweet-faced youth, Pilia?

64 **Itha.** [*Aside*] *Again, "sweet youth"! – Did not you, sir,
 bring the sweet youth a letter?*

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

70 **Bell.** Though woman's modesty should hale me back,
 72 I can withhold no longer: welcome, sweet love.

74 **Itha.** [*Aside*] *Now am I clean, or rather foully, out
 of the way.*

76 **Bell.** Whither so soon?

78 **Itha.** [*Aside*] *I'll go steal some money from my
 80 master to make me handsome – Pray, pardon me;
 I must go see a ship discharged.*

82 **Bell.** Canst thou be so unkind to leave me thus?

84 **Pilia.** An ye did but know how she loves you, sir!

86 **Itha.** Nay, I care not how much she loves me. – Sweet
 88 Bellamira, would I had my master's wealth for thy sake!

90 **Pilia.** And you can have it, sir, an if you please.

- 92 **Itha.** If 'twere above ground, I could, and would have
it; but he hides and buries it up, as partridges do their
94 eggs, under the earth.
- 96 **Pilia.** And is't not possible to find it out?
- 98 **Itha.** By no means possible.
- 100 **Bell.** [*Aside to Pilia-Borza*]
What shall we do with this base villain, then?
- 102
- 104 **Pilia.** [*Aside to her*]
Let me alone; do but you speak him fair. –
But you know some secrets of the Jew,
106 Which, if they were revealed, would do him harm.
- 108 **Itha.** Ay, and such as – go to, no more! I'll make him
send me half he has, and glad he scapes so too: I'll write
110 unto him; we'll have money straight.
- 112 **Pilia.** Send for a hundred crowns at least.
- 114 **Itha.** Ten hundred thousand crowns. – [*writing*]
Master Barabas, –
- 116
- 118 **Pilia.** Write not so submissively, but threatening him.
- 120 **Itha.** [*Writing*] Sirrah Barabas, send me a hundred
crowns.
- 122 **Pilia.** Put in two hundred at least.
- 124 **Itha.** [*Writing*] I charge thee send me three hundred
by this bearer, and this shall be your warrant: if you
126 do not – no more, but so.
- 128 **Pilia.** Tell him you will confess.
- 130 **Itha.** [*Writing*] Otherwise I'll confess all. – Vanish,
and return in a twinkle.
- 132
- 134 **Pilia.** Let me alone; I'll use him in his kind.
- 136 **Itha.** Hang him, Jew!
- 138
- [*Exit Pilia-Borza with the letter.*]
- 140 **Bell.** Now, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap. –
Where are my maids? provide a running banquet;

142 Send to the merchant, bid him bring me silks; –
Shall Ithamore, my love, go in such rags?

144 **Itha.** And bid the jeweller come hither too.

146 **Bell.** I have no husband; sweet, I'll marry thee.

148 **Itha.** Content: but we will leave this paltry land,
And sail from hence to Greece, to lovely Greece; –
150 I'll be thy Jason, thou my golden fleece; –
Where painted carpets o'er the meads are hurled,
152 And Bacchus' vineyards overspread the world;
Where woods and forests go in goodly green; –
154 I'll be Adonis, thou shalt be Love's Queen; –
The meads, the orchards, and the primrose-lanes,
156 Instead of sedge and reed, bear sugar-canes:
Thou in those groves, by Dis above,
158 Shalt live with me, and be my love.

160 **Bell.** Whither will I not go with gentle Ithamore?

162 *Re-enter Pilia-Borza.*

164 **Itha.** How now! hast thou the gold[?]

166 **Pilia.** Yes.

168 **Itha.** But came it freely? did the cow give down her
milk freely?

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

176 **Itha.** Rather for fear than love.

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

182 **Itha.** The more villain he to keep me thus: here's
goodly 'parel, is there not?

184 **Pilia.** To conclude, he gave me ten crowns.

186 *[Delivers the money to Ithamore.]*

188 **Itha.** But ten? I'll not leave him worth a grey groat.
190 Give me a ream of paper: we'll have a kingdom of gold

for't.

192

Pilia. Write for five hundred crowns.

194

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

198

Pilia. I warrant, your worship shall have't.

200

Itha. And, if he ask why I demand so much, tell him

202

I scorn to write a line under a hundred crowns.

204

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

206

[*Exit with the letter.*]

208

Itha. Take thou the money; spend it for my sake.

210

Bell. 'Tis not thy money, but thyself I weigh:
Thus Bellamira esteems of gold;

212

[*Throws it aside.*]

214

But thus of thee.

216

[*Kisses him.*]

218

Itha. That kiss again! – [*Aside*] *She runs division of my lips. What an eye she casts on me! it twinkles like a star.*

220

222

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

224

Itha. O, that ten thousand nights were put in one, that we might sleep seven years together afore we wake!

226

Bell. Come, amorous wag, first banquet, and then sleep.

228

230

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV, SCENE V.*The Interior of House of Barabas.**Enter Barabas, reading a letter.*

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

18

Enter Pilia-Borza.

20

Pilia. Jew, I must ha' more gold.

22

Barab. Why, want'st thou any of thy tale?

24

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

26

Barab. Not serve his turn, sir!

28

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

30

Barab. I'll rather –

32

Pilia. O, good words, sir, and send it you were best!
see, there's his letter.

36

[Gives letter.]

38

Barab. Might he not as well come as send? pray, bid
40 him come and fetch it: what he writes for you, ye shall
have straight.

42

Pilia. Ay, and the rest too, or else –

44

Barab. [*Aside*] *I must make this villain away.* –

46

Please you dine with me, sir, and you shall be most heartily – [*Aside*] *poisoned.*

48

Pilia. No, God-a-mercy. Shall I have these crowns?

50

Barab. I cannot do it; I have lost my keys.

52

Pilia. O, if that be all, I can pick ope your locks.

54

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

56

Pilia. 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.

60

Barab. [*Aside*] *I am betrayed.* –

62

'Tis not five hundred crowns that I esteem;

64

I am not moved at that: this angers me,

66

That he, who knows I love him as myself,

66

Should write in this imperious vein. Why, sir,

68

You know I have no child, and unto whom

68

Should I leave all, but unto Ithamore?

70

Pilia. Here's many words, but no crowns: the crowns!

72

Barab. Commend me to him, sir, most humbly,

72

And unto your good mistress as unknown.

74

Pilia. Speak, shall I have 'em, sir?

76

Barab. Sir, here they are. –

78

[*Gives money.*]

80

[*Aside*] *O, that I should part with so much gold!* –

82

Here, take 'em, fellow, with as good a will –

[*Aside*] *As I would see thee hanged.* – O, love stops my breath!

84

Never loved man servant as I do Ithamore.

86

Pilia. I know it, sir.

88

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

90 **Pilia.** Soon enough to your cost, sir. Fare you well.

92 [Exit.]

94 **Barab.** Nay, to thine own cost, villain, if thou com'st!
Was ever Jew tormented as I am?

96 To have a shag-rag knave to come [force from me]
Three hundred crowns, and then five hundred crowns!

98 Well; I must seek a means to rid 'em all,
And presently; for in his villainy

100 He will tell all he knows, and I shall die for't.
I have it:

102 I will in some disguise go see the slave,
And how the villain revels with my gold.

104 [Exit.]

ACT IV, SCENE VI.

The Veranda of the House of Bellamira.

Enter Bellamira, Ithamore, and Pilia-Borza.

1 **Bell.** I'll pledge thee, love, and therefore drink it off.
2
3 **Itha.** [*Whispers to her*] Say'st thou me so? have at
4 it! and do you hear?
5
6 **Bell.** Go to, it shall be so.
7
8 **Itha.** Of that condition I will drink it up: Here's to
9 thee.
10
11 **Bell.** Nay, I'll have all or none.
12
13 **Itha.** There, if thou lov'st me, do not leave a drop.
14
15 **Bell.** Love thee! fill me three glasses.
16
17 **Itha.** Three and fifty dozen: I'll pledge thee.
18
19 **Pilia.** Knavelly spoke, and like a knight-at-arms.
20
21 **Itha.** Hey, *Rivo Castiliano!* a man's a man.
22
23 **Bell.** Now to the Jew.
24
25 **Itha.** Ha! to the Jew; – and send me money you were
26 best.
27
28 **Pilia.** What wouldst thou do, if he should send thee none?
29
30 **Itha.** Do nothing: but I know what I know; he's a
31 murderer.
32
33 **Bell.** I had not thought he had been so brave a man.
34
35 **Itha.** You knew Mathias and the governor's son; he
36 and I killed 'em both, and yet never touched 'em.
37
38 **Pilia.** O, bravely done!
39
40 **Itha.** I carried the broth that poisoned the nuns; and he
41 and I, snickle hand too fast, strangled a friar.
42

44 **Bell.** You two alone?

46 **Itha.** We two; and 'twas never known, nor never shall
be for me.

48 **Pilia.** [*Aside to Bellamira*]
This shall with me unto the governor.

50 **Bell.** [*Aside to Pilia-Borza*]
52 *And fit it should: but first let's ha' more gold. –*
Come, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.

54 **Itha.** Love me little, love me long: let music rumble,
56 Whilst I in thy incony lap do tumble.

58 *Enter Barabas, disguised as a French musician,
with a lute, and a nosegay in his hat.*

60 **Bell.** A French musician! – Come, let's hear your skill.

62 **Barab.** Must tuna my lute for sound, twang, twang,
64 first.

66 **Itha.** Wilt drink, Frenchman? here's to thee with a –
Pox on this drunken hiccup!

68 **Barab.** Gramercy, monsieur.

70 **Bell.** Prithee, Pilia-Borza, bid the fiddler give me the
72 posy in his hat there.

74 **Pilia.** Sirrah, you must give my mistress your posy.

76 **Barab.** *A votre commandement, madame.*

78 *[Giving nosegay.]*

80 **Bell.** How sweet, my Ithamore, the flowers smell!

82 **Itha.** Like thy breath, sweetheart; no violet like 'em.

84 **Pilia.** Foh! methinks they stink like a hollyhock.

86 **Barab.** [*Aside*] *So, now I am revenged upon 'em all:
The scent thereof was death; I poisoned it.*

88 **Itha.** Play, fiddler, or I'll cut your cat's guts into
90 chitterlings.

92 **Bara.** *Pardonnez moi,* be no in tune yet: – so, now,

94 now all be in.
94 **Itha.** Give him a crown, and fill me out more wine.
96 **Pilia.** There's two crowns for thee: play.
98 [Giving money.]
100 **Barab.** [Aside] *How liberally the villain gives me*
102 *mine own gold!*
104 [Plays.]
106 **Pilia.** Methinks he fingers very well.
108 **Barab.** [Aside] *So did you when you stole my gold.*
110 **Pilia.** How swift he runs!
112 **Barab.** [Aside] *You run swifter when you threw my*
114 *gold out of my window.*
116 **Bell.** Musician, hast been in Malta long?
118 **Barab.** Two, three, four month, madam.
120 **Itha.** Dost not know a Jew, one Barabas?
122 **Barab.** Very mush: monsieur, you no be his man?
124 **Pilia.** His man!
126 **Itha.** I scorn the peasant: tell him so.
128 **Barab.** [Aside] *He knows it already.*
130 **Itha.** 'Tis a strange thing of that Jew, he lives upon
132 pickled grasshoppers and sauced mushrooms.
134 **Barab.** [Aside] *What a slave's this! the governor*
136 *feeds not as I do.*
138 **Itha.** He never put on clean shirt since he was
140 circumcised.
142 **Barab.** [Aside] *O rascal! I change myself twice a-day.*
144 **Itha.** The hat he wears, Judas left under the elder
when he hanged himself.

142

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

144

146

Pilia. A nasty slave he is. – Whither now, fiddler?

148

Barab. *Pardonnez moi, monsieur*; me be no well.

150

Pilia. Farewell, fiddler.

152

[*Exit Barabas.*]

154

One letter more to the Jew.

156

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

158

Itha. 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.

160

162

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

164

Itha. The meaning has a meaning. Come, let's in:
To undo a Jew is charity, and not sin.

166

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Interior of the Council-House.

*Enter Ferneze, Knights, Martin Del Bosco,
and Officers.*

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

6
7 **1st Knight.** And die he shall; for we will never yield.

8
9 *Enter Bellamira and Pilia-Borza.*

10
11 **Bell.** O, bring us to the governor!

12
13 **Fern.** Away with her! she is a courtezan.

14
15 **Bell.** Whate'er I am, yet, governor, hear me speak:
16 I bring thee news by whom thy son was slain:
Mathias did it not; it was the Jew.

18
19 **Pilia.** Who, besides the slaughter of these gentlemen,
20 Poisoned his own daughter and the nuns,
Strangled a friar, and I know not what
22 Mischief beside.

24 **Fern.** Had we but proof of this –

26 **Bell.** Strong proof, my lord: his man's now at my lodging,
That was his agent; he'll confess it all.

28
29 **Fern.** Go fetch him straight.

30
31 *[Exeunt Officers].*

32
33 I always feared that Jew.

34
35 *Re-enter Officers with Barabas and Ithamore.*

36
37 **Barab.** I'll go alone; dogs, do not hale me thus.

38

- 40 **Itha.** Nor me neither; I cannot out-run you, constable.
– O, my belly!
- 42 **Barab.** [*Aside*]
One dram of powder more had made all sure:
44 *What a damned slave was I!*
- 46 **Fern.** Make fires, heat irons, let the rack be fetched.
- 48 **Ist Knight.** Nay, stay, my lord; 't may be he will confess.
- 50 **Barab.** Confess! what mean you, lords? who should confess?
- 52 **Fern.** Thou and thy Turk; 'twas you that slew my son.
- 54 **Itha.** Guilty, my lord, I confess. Your son and Mathias were both contracted unto Abigail: [he] forged a counterfeit challenge.
56
- 58 **Barab.** Who carried that challenge?
- 60 **Itha.** I carried it, I confess; but who writ it? marry, even he that strangled Barnardine, poisoned the nuns and his own daughter.
62
- 64 **Fern.** Away with him! his sight is death to me.
- 66 **Barab.** For what, you men of Malta? hear me speak.
She is a courtezan, and he a thief,
68 And he my bondman: let me have law;
For none of this can prejudice my life.
- 70
- 72 **Fern.** Once more, away with him! – You shall have law.
- 74 **Barab.** Devils, do your worst! –
[*Aside*] *I['ll] live in spite of you. –*
As these have spoke, so be it to their souls! –
76 [*Aside*] *I hope the poisoned flowers will work anon.*
- 78 [Exeunt Officers with Barabas and Ithamore,
Bellamira, and Pilia-Borza.]
80
- 82 *Enter Katharine.*
- 84 **Kath.** Was my Mathias murdered by the Jew?
Ferneze, 'twas thy son that murdered him.
- 86 **Fern.** Be patient, gentle madam: it was he;
He forged the daring challenge made them fight.

88

Kath. Where is the Jew? where is that murderer?

90

Fern. In prison, till the law has passed on him.

92

Re-enter First Officer.

94

Ist Off. My lord, the courtezan and her man are dead;
So is the Turk and Barabas the Jew.

96

98

Fern. Dead!

100

Ist Off. Dead, my lord, and here they bring his body.

102

Bosco. This sudden death of his is very strange.

104

Re-enter Officers, carrying Barabas as dead.

106

Fern. Wonder not at it, sir; the heavens are just;
Their deaths were like their lives; then think not of 'em. –

108

Since they are dead, let them be buried:
For the Jew's body, throw that o'er the walls,

110

To be a prey for vultures and wild beasts. –
So, now away and fortify the town.

112

Exeunt all, leaving Barabas on the floor.

ACT V, SCENE II.*Outside the City.**Still on Stage: Barabas, on the floor.**Enter Calymath, Bassoës, and Turks.*

1 **Barab.** [*Rising*]
 2 What, all alone! well fare, sleepy drink!
 I'll be revenged on this accursèd town;
 4 For by my means Calymath shall enter in:
 I'll help to slay their children and their wives,
 6 To fire the churches, pull their houses down,
 Take my goods too, and seize upon my lands.
 8 I hope to see the governor a slave,
 And, rowing in a galley, whipt to death.

10

Enter Calymath, Bassoës, and Turks.

12

Caly. Whom have we there? a spy?

14

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

18

Caly. Art thou that Jew whose goods we heard were sold
 20 For tribute-money?

22

Barab. The very same, my lord:
 And since that time they have hired a slave, my man,
 24 T' accuse me of a thousand villainies:
 I was imprisonèd, but scap'd their hands.

26

Caly. Didst break prison?

28

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

34

Caly. 'Twas bravely done: but tell me, Barabas,
 36 Canst thou, as thou report'st, make Malta ours?

38

Barab. Fear not, my lord; for here, against the sluice,
 The rock is hollow, and of purpose digged,
 40 To make a passage for the running streams

And common channels of the city.

42 Now, whilst you give assault unto the walls,
I'll lead five hundred soldiers through the vault,

44 And rise with them i' the middle of the town,
Open the gates for you to enter in;

46 And by this means the city is your own.

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

50 **Barab.** And, if it be not true, then let me die.

52 **Caly.** Thou'st doomed thyself. – Assault it presently.

54 [Exeunt.]

ACT V, SCENE III.*An Open Place in the City.**Alarums within.**Enter Calymath, Bassoos, Turks, and Barabas;
with Ferneze and Knights prisoners.*

1 **Caly.** Now vail your pride, you captive Christiäns,
2 And kneel for mercy to your conquering foe:
Now where's the hope you had of haughty Spain?
4 Ferneze, speak; had it not been much better
To kept thy promise than be thus surprised?

6
7 **Fern.** What should I say? we are captives, and must yield.

8
9 **Caly.** Ay, villains, you must yield, and under Turkish
yokes
10 Shall groaning bear the burden of our ire: –
And, Barabas, as erst we promised thee,
12 For thy desert we make thee governor;
Use them at thy discretion.

14
15 **Barab.** Thanks, my lord.

16
17 **Fern.** O fatal day, to fall into the hands
Of such a traitor and unhallowed Jew!
What greater misery could Heaven inflict?

20
21 **Caly.** 'Tis our command: – and, Barabas, we give,
22 To guard thy person, these our Janizaries:
Entreat them well, as we have usèd thee. –
24 And now, brave bassoos, come; we'll walk about
The ruined town, and see the wreck we made. –
26 Farewell, brave Jew, farewell, great Barabas!

28 **Barab.** May all good fortune follow Calymath!

30 [Exeunt Calymath and Bassoos.]

32 And now, as entrance to our safety,
To prison with the governor and these
34 Captains, his consorts and confederates.

36 **Fern.** O villain! Heaven will be revenged on thee.

38 **Barab.** Away! no more; let him not trouble me.

40

[*Exeunt Turks with Ferneze and Knights.*]

ACT V, SCENE IV.

The Citadel, Residence of Barabas the Governor.

Still on Stage: Barabas.

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

Enter Ferneze, with a Guard.

24 **Fern.** My lord?

26 **Barab.** Ay, lord; thus slaves will learn.
 28 Now, governor, – stand by there, wait within, –

[*Exeunt Guard.*]

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

38 **Fern.** This, Barabas; since things are in thy power,
 40 I see no reason but of Malta's wreck,
 Nor hope of thee but extreme cruelty:

42 Nor fear I death, nor will I flatter thee.

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

58 **Fern.** Will Barabas recover Malta's loss?
 Will Barabas be good to Christiäns?

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

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

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

90 **Fern.** Here is my hand; believe me, Barabas,
I will be there, and do as thou desirest.
92 When is the time?

94 **Barab.** Governor, presently;
For Calymath, when he hath viewed the town,
96 Will take his leave, and sail toward Ottoman.

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

100

Barab. Do so; but fail not: now farewell, Ferneze: –

102

[Exit Ferneze.]

104

And thus far roundly goes the business:
106 Thus, loving neither, will I live with both,
Making a profit of my policy;
108 And he from whom my most advantage comes,
Shall be my friend.

110

This is the life we Jews are used to lead;
And reason too, for Christians do the like.

112

Well, now about effecting this device;
First, to surprise great Selim's soldiërs,

114

And then to make provision for the feast,
That at one instant all things may be done:

116

My policy detests prevention.
To what event my secret purpose drives,

118

I know; and they shall witness with their lives.

120

[Exeunt.]

ACT V, SCENE V.*Outside the City Walls.**Enter Calymath and Bassoes.*

1 **Caly.** Thus have we viewed the city, seen the sack,
 2 And caused the ruins to be new-repaired,
 Which with our bombards' shot and basilisk[s]
 4 We rent in sunder at our entry:
 And, now I see the situatiön,
 6 And how secure this conquered island stands,
 Environed with the Mediterranean sea,
 8 Strong-countermined with other petty isles,
 And, toward Calabria, backed by Sicily
 10 (Where Syracusian Dionysius reigned),
 Two lofty turrets that command the town,
 12 I wonder how it could be conquered thus.

14 *Enter a Messenger.*

16 **Mess.** From Barabas, Malta's governor, I bring
 A message unto mighty Calymath:
 18 Hearing his sovereign was bound for sea,
 To sail to Turkey, to great Ottoman,
 20 He humbly would entreat your majesty
 To come and see his homely citadel,
 22 And banquet with him ere thou leav'st the isle.

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

30 **Mess.** Selim, for that, thus saith the governor, —
 32 That he hath in [his] store a pearl so big,
 So precious, and withal so orient,
 34 As, be it valued but indifferently,
 The price thereof will serve to entertain
 36 Selim and all his soldiers for a month;
 Therefore he humbly would entreat your highness
 38 Not to depart till he has feasted you.

40 **Caly.** I cannot feast my men in Malta-walls,
 Except he place his tables in the streets.

42

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

48 **Caly.** Well, tell the governor we grant his suit;
We'll in this summer-evening feast with him.

50 **Mess.** I shall, my lord.

52

[*Exit.*]

54

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

58

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V, SCENE VI.

A Street.

Enter Ferneze, Knights, and Martin Del Bosco.

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

8
10 **1st Knight.** Rather than thus to live as Turkish thralls,
What will we not adventure?

12 **Fern.** On, then; be gone.

14 **Knights.** Farewell, grave governor.

16 [Exeunt, on one side, Knights and
Martin Del Bosco; on the other, Ferneze.]

ACT V, SCENE VII.

A Hall in the Citadel, with a Gallery.

*Enter, above, Barabas, with a hammer, very busy;
and Carpenters.*

1 **Barab.** How stand the cords? how hang these hinges? fast?
2 Are all the cranes and pulleys sure?

4 **Ist Carp.** All fast.

6 **Barab.** Leave nothing loose, all levelled to my mind.
Why, now I see that you have art, indeed:
8 There, carpenters, divide that gold amongst you;

10 [Giving money.]

12 Go, swill in bowls of sack and muscadine;
Down to the cellar, taste of all my wines.

14 **Ist Carp.** We shall, my lord, and thank you.

16 [Exeunt Carpenters.]

18 **Barab.** And, if you like them, drink your fill – *and die*;
20 For, so I live, perish may all the world!
Now, Selim Calymath, return me word
22 That thou wilt come, and I am satisfied. –

24 *Enter Messenger.*

26 Now, sirrah; what, will he come?

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

32 **Barab.** Then now are all things as my wish would have
'em;
There wanteth nothing but the governor's pelf;
34 And see, he brings it.

36 *Enter Ferneze carrying money.*

38 Now, governor, the sum?

40 **Fern.** With free consent, a hundred thousand pounds.

42 **Barab.** Pounds say'st thou, governor? well, since it is no
 more,
 I'll satisfy myself with that; nay, keep it still,
 44 For, if I keep not promise, trust not me:
 And, governor, now partake my policy.
 46 First, for his army, they are sent before,
 Entered the monastery, and underneath
 48 In several places are field-pieces pitched,
 Bombards, whole barrels full of gunpowder,
 50 That on the sudden shall dissever it,
 And batter all the stones about their ears,
 52 Whence none can possibly escape alive:
 Now, as for Calymath and his consorts,
 54 Here have I made a dainty gallery,
 The floor whereof, this cable being cut,
 56 Doth fall asunder, so that it doth sink
 Into a deep pit past recovery.
 58 Here, hold that knife; and, when thou seest he comes,

60 *[Throws down a knife.]*

62 And with his bassoes shall be blithely set,
 A warning-piece shall be shot off from the tower,
 64 To give thee knowledge when to cut the cord,
 And fire the house. Say, will not this be brave?

66 **Fern.** O, excellent! here, hold thee, Barabas;
 68 I trust thy word; take what I promised thee.

70 **Barab.** No, governor; I'll satisfy thee first;
 Thou shalt not live in doubt of any thing.
 72 Stand close, for here they come. –

74 *[Ferneze retires.]*

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

82 *Enter Calymath and Bassoes.*

84 **Caly.** Come, my companion-bassoes: see, I pray,
 How busy Barabas is there above
 86 To entertain us in his gallery:
 Let us salute him. – Save thee, Barabas!

88 **Barab.** Welcome, great Calymath!

90

Fern. [*Aside*] *How the slave jeers at him!*

92

Barab. Will't please thee, mighty Selim Calymath,
T' ascend our homely stairs?

94

96

Caly. Ay, Barabas. –
Come, bassoes, attend.

98

Fern. [*Coming forward*] Stay, Calymath;
For I will shew thee greater courtesy
Than Barabas would have afforded thee.

100

102

Knight. [*Within*] Sound a charge there!

104

106

*[A charge sounded within: Ferneze cuts the cord;
the floor of the gallery gives way,
and Barabas falls into a cauldron placed in a pit.]*

108

110

Enter Knights and Martin Del Bosco.

110

Caly. How now! what means this?

112

Barab. Help, help me, Christians, help!

114

Fern. See, Calymath! this was devised for thee.

116

Caly. Treason, treason! bassoes, fly!

118

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

120

122

Barab. O, help me, Selim! help me, Christiäns!
Governor, why stand you all so pitiless?

124

126

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

128

130

Barab. You will not help me, then?

132

Fern. No, villain, no.

134

136

Barab. 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. –

136

138 Know, governor, 'twas I that slew thy son, –
 I framed the challenge that did make them meet:
 140 Know, Calymath, I aimed thy overthrow:
 And, had I but escaped this stratagem,
 142 I would have brought confusion on you all,
 Damned Christian dogs, and Turkish infidels!
 144 But now begins th' extremity of heat
 To pinch me with intolerable pangs: –
 146 Die, life! fly, soul! tongue, curse thy fill, and die!

148 [Dies.]

150 *Caly.* Tell me, you Christians, what doth this portend?

152 *Fern.* This train he laid to have entrapped thy life;
 Now, Selim, note th' unhallowed deeds of Jews;
 154 Thus he determined to have handled thee,
 But I have rather chose to save thy life.

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

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

166 *Caly.* Tush, governor, take thou no care for that;
 My men are all aboard,
 168 And do attend my coming there by this.

170 *Fern.* Why, heard'st thou not the trumpet sound a charge?

172 *Caly.* Yes, what of that?

174 *Fern.* Why, then the house was fired,
 Blown up, and all thy soldiers massacred.

176 *Caly.* O, monstrous treason!

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

186

188 **Caly.** Nay, rather, Christians, let me go to Turkey,
In person there to mediate your peace:
To keep me here will naught advantage you.

190
192 **Fern.** Content thee, Calymath, here thou must stay,
And live in Malta prisoner; for come call the world
To rescue thee, so will we guard us now,
194 As sooner shall they drink the ocean dry,
Than conquer Malta, or endanger us.
196 So, march away; and let due praise be given
Neither to Fate nor Fortune, but to Heaven.

198
200 [Exeunt.]

FINIS