

A Christian turned Turk :  
Or, The Tragickall Lives and Deaths of the two Famous Pirates, Ward and Dansiker

***Dramatis Personae.***

***Christians.***

- *WARD: Captain.*
- *Dansiker. Captain.*
- *Francisco. Captain.*
- *FR. SAILOR 2. Captain.*
- *Gismund. Captain.*
- *Ferdinand. Gentleman.*
- *Albert. Gentleman.*
- *FR. SAILOR 1. Gentleman.*
- *Gismund. Gentleman.*
- *Raymond,*
- *his two sons.*

***Turks.***

- *Viceroy.*
- *Crosman.*
- *Mufti.*

***Jews.***

- *Benwash.*
- *Rabshake.*

- *Alizia, A Christian woman.*
- *Agar. Turkish woman.*
- *Voada. Turkish woman.*
- *Turks Officers, Sailors.*

## ***THE PROLOGUE***

***CHORUS:*** All fair content dwell here, and may our strains  
Give you that choice delight which crowns our pains.  
Our subject's low, yet to your eyes presents  
Deeds high in blood, in blood of innocents:  
Transcends them low, and your invention calls  
To name the sin beyond this black deed falls.  
What heretofore set others' pens awork,  
Was Ward turned pirate; ours is Ward turned Turk.  
Their trivial scenes might best afford to show  
The baseness of his birth, how from below  
Ambition oft takes root, makes men forsake  
The good they enjoy, yet know not. Our Muse doth take  
A higher pitch, leaving his piracy  
To reach the heart itself of villainy.  
What to that period makes the nearest way,  
Our scene pursues. You must suppose his stay  
Hath lately been upon the Irish shore,  
Where, wanting men, he invites some strangers o'er  
Into his bark. In height of wine and game,  
He slips his anchor, and reveals his name.  
There fate succeeds, and to your gentle view  
We give not what we could, but what know true.  
Our ship's afloat; we fear nor rocks nor sands,  
Knowing we are environed with your helping hands.

**Scene 1: A cabin inside Ward's pirate ship**

*Enter WARD, GISMUND, ALBERT, FERDINAND, GALLOP, WARD'S SAILOR 1.  
[They play at cards and dice.] [They ] rise from a table.*

**WARD:** I'll play no more.

**FERDINAND:** Set but my hand out. Here's 400 crowns unlost yet. Fortune may make them yours.

**GISMUND:** Fortune's a bitch, a mere strumpet. She hath turned up the ace so long, I have ne'er an eye to see with-- she hath soaked me.

**ALBERT:** We came aboard to venture with you. Deal merchant-like: put it upon one main, and throw at all.

**FERDINAND:** One cast, and we will leave you.

**GISMUND:** Leave us yet? We have a cast worth two of the rest.

*[The cards are dealt.]*

**ALBERT:** 'Tis set. Throw at it, gentle sir.

*[Ferdinand prepares to throw the dice. Ward stops him.]*

**WARD:** We shall have time enough hereafter: you are too violent.

**GISMUND:** I fear you'll not be half so forward anon when we should use you.

**SAILORS:** (*within*) A sail! A sail! A sail!

*All shout*

**WARD:** Why stand you so amazed? Conceive you not the language of the sea?

**GISMUND:** Now you may show yourselves gamesters: you shall have your bellies full of hazard.

**FERDINAND:** We are betrayed.

**ALBERT:** Are you not merchantmen?

**GISMUND:** How else? And deal by wholesale, take up much at a long day. Do you know this honourable shape? Heroic Captain Ward, lord of the ocean, terror of kings, landlord

to merchants, rewarder of manhood, conqueror of the Western world, to whose followers the lands and seas pay tribute; and they to none, but once in their lives to the manor of Wapping, and then are free ever after. This is he, my noble mummers.

**ALBERT:** We are forever lost.

**FERDINAND:** It's not our money that you covet, willingly we give it up. Only deprive us not of our fair home, our country: do but land us.

**WARD:** Know we have other use for you,  
Have not enticed you hither for your gold:  
It is the man we want. Is't not a shame  
Men of your qualities and personage  
Should live as cankers, eating up the soil  
That gave you being (like beasts that ne'er look further  
Then where they first took food)? That men call home,  
Which gives them means equal unto their minds,  
Puts them in action.

**GISMUND:** True, who is't would not smile  
To hear a soldier, that hath nothing left  
But misery to speak him man, can show  
More marks than pence, upon whose back contempt  
Heaps on the weight of poverty-- who would not smile  
To hear this piece of wretchedness boast his wounds?  
How far he went to purchase them? With what honour  
He put them on? And now for sustenance,  
Want of a little bread, being giving up  
His empty soul, should joy yet that his country  
Shall see him breathe his last when that air he terms his  
Ungratefully doth stifle him?

**FERDINAND:** You tell us of a gulf, which to eschew,  
You dash us 'gainst a rock more full of fear,  
Of danger: for we should call that action  
Which gives unto posterity our name  
Writ in the golden lines of honour; where this brands  
Our fore-heads with the hateful name of thieves, of robbers.  
Piracy, its theft most hateful, swallows up  
The estates of orphans, widows, who-- born free--  
Are thus made slaves, enthralled to misery  
By those that should defend them, at the best.  
You rob the venting merchants, whose manly breast  
(Scorning base gain at home) puts to the main  
With hazard of his life and state, from other lands  
To enrich his own, whilst with ungrateful hands  
He thus is overwhelmed.

**GISMUND:** These children have been at Saint Antholin's,  
They'll persuade's out of our profession.  
A plague upon this scholarship!  
One man that savours of an university  
Is able to infect a whole navy with cowardice.

**FERDINAND:** Cowardice? Thou liest! There's not a man here dares less than thyself.

**GISMUND:** Zounds, I'll try that!

**WARD:** Hold, or by all my hopes, who makes next proffer  
Falls on my sword. If you will try your valours,  
The enemy is at hand. As for your virtuous lectures,  
We are mariners and soldiers, not tattered yet  
Enough to hear them, though in time we might  
Be apt for such tongue-comfort, being swayed  
By your directions.

*[Shout from] Within: A sail! A sail! A sail!*

*Enter WARD'S SAILOR 2.*

**WARD:** How? More sails yet?

**SAILOR:** The first that we descried doth bear ahead,  
And as it seems pursued by a man of war;  
They make with us for succour.

**GISMUND:** Yes, we'll succour her, and suck her too-- as dry as a usurer's palm.

**ALBERT:** Nay, then we are put from shore!

**GISMUND:** Without ken. Boys, more sails-- the least delay!  
Or let's turn serving-men, the trencher hold  
Whilst others eat the meat.

**WARD:** Away! Make ready for the fight.

**GISMUND:** Courage, brave sparks! Now to gain wealth-- or graves:  
To die in peace fits beasts and abject slaves.

**FERDINAND:** Thou needst not fear the curse, bloodthirsty monster.  
O that our better part should thus be captived  
By sense and will! Who, like a ship unmanned,  
That's borne by motion of the violent waves

And giddy winds, doth seem to make a course  
Direct and punctive, till we see it dash  
Against some prouder Scylla, and display  
How much she inward wanted to her sway.

**ALBERT:** You have well described him-- but to our own fortunes.

**FERDINAND:** We must obey necessity, since 'tis our fates  
To be surprised thus, by this monster beast.  
We must, as did that captain, so much famed,  
Lick the fierce lion's feet till happier times  
Do give us freedom in his punished crimes.

**ALBERT:** You have well advised. Fortune, in spite of thee,  
How e'er my body's thrall'd, my mind rests free.

**FERDINAND:** This stand our comfort: we may happen be  
The chorus only to their tragedy.

[*Exeunt* ]

### Scene 2.1: On board Monsieur Davy's ship

*Enter LEMOT, his sister ALIZIA, putting on the weed of a Sailor's boy, MONSIEUR DAVY, and FRENCH SAILORS 1 & 2.*

**LEMOT:** Unfortunate sister, my heart dissolves to blood  
And pays sad tribute to thy sadder griefs.  
Nay, make no period: our woes are not at full;  
Hymen did ne'er behold so black a nuptial.  
Alas! With our delay we hasten misery.  
See how they bear up to us. Dear sister, hide  
At least thy sex, though not thy sorrow.

**ALIZIA:** Wretched Alizia, little thinks young Raymond  
His bride's so near unto captivity.  
Be gentle yet, you seas, and swallow me.  
Since I am denied his arms, let my virginity  
Be offered unto him in sacrifice.  
'Twill be some comfort his love a maiden dies.

**LEMOT:** Nay then, thou cleav'st my soul. Do not distrust:  
Chaste thoughts are guided by a power that's just.  
My worthy friends, yet what persuasion needs  
To stir up valour where necessity  
And justice of our cause, in basest spirits  
Would strike a fire to kindle cowardice?  
Three days we have been pursued by a Dutch pirate,  
And now we are fall'n upon no less a monster.  
Methinks I see your eyes darting forth flames  
Like lions in their chase, the greedy hunter  
Seeming to warm that blood whose heat and rage  
Proves his destruction.

### Scene 2.2

*Enter WARD, GISMUND, GALLOP, WARD'S SAILORS 1 & 2 above.*

**GISMUND:** Hoy!

**LEMOT:** *[To Alizia]* Not ready yet? Alas, thou wilt betray  
Thyself unto their lust.

**ALIZIA:** Rather to death. Nature this comfort gave:  
No place so miserable, but yields a grave  
To wretchedness.

**GISMUND:** Hoy! Of whence your ship? And whither are you bound?

**DAVY:** We are of Marcelles, bound for Normandy.  
Of whence are you?

**GISMUND:** We are of the Sea!

**FR. SAILOR I:** The Devil land you!

**GISMUND:** Bring your master aboard, or we'll give you a broadside.

**LEMOT:** As you are men, I do conjure your valours.

**ALIZIA:** As you are virtuous, keep from slavery  
A hapless, hapless maid.

**DAVY:** Misdoubt it not fair, maid,  
There's not a man here but well knows how much  
He hath advantage of his enemy;  
A race of thieves, bankrupts, that have lain  
Upon their country's stomach like a surfeit;  
Whence being vomited, they strive with poisonous breath  
To infect the general air. Creatures that stand  
So far from what is man, they know no good  
But in their prey; not for necessity  
But for mere hate to virtue, pursuing vice;  
And being down themselves, would have none rise.

**GISMUND:** The curs are sure asleep. We'll waken 'em.  
Gunner, give fire.

*[Sound of cannonfire is heard.]*

**LEMOT:** In their own language answer them.

*[More cannonfire heard]*

**GISMUND:** Zounds, do they begin to prate? Have with you! Lace the netting! Let down the  
fights! Make ready the small shot! Gunner, give them a broad side-- we'll prate with 'em.  
A starboard there!

**LEMOT:** Brave countrymen,  
Think through how many dangers, with what sweat, what care,  
How long expense of time, we have been getting  
Those goods these robbers fight for, that should make good to us  
The sweat of just endeavours. Look on this maid;

Think with what honourable welcomings  
You shall deliver her to her betrothed husband,  
How much you shall engage him. Lastly, think that you see  
Even all the miseries despised poverty  
Can throw on men, that by this one hour's valour  
We only can redeem ourselves from death.  
O think how happy 'tis to innocence,  
Where unto guilty souls it looks black and fearful.  
At least let this all thoughts of fear dispel:  
Truth fights 'gainst theft, and heaven opposes hell.

*ALL:* We are resolved! St. Dennis! Victory!

*LEMOT:* A constant breast may fall, but cannot die.

*Exit.*

**Scene 3: On board Ward's ship**

*Enter WARD with a SLAIN FRIEND (ALBERT), and FERDINAND.*

**WARD:** Recall thy spirit, brave friend! A while yet stay--  
At least bear thy revenge hence with thee.

**FERDINAND:** He hath lost all motion.

**WARD:** Injurious heaven, that with so excellent matter  
As is our soul, didst mingle this base mould,  
So frail a substance, earth, as if thou hadst framed man  
The subject of thy laughter, gav'st him a spirit  
Free, unbounded, whose fiery temper breaks  
Through all the clouds of danger, dares even heaven,  
Swells and bears high, when with one little prick  
This bubble breaks, displays a vanity--  
Ridiculous vanity-- this building  
That hath been twenty and odd years a-rearing,  
One blast thus lays it flat. I could e'en tremble  
To think that such a coward I bear about me  
As is this flesh, that for so small a wound  
Betrays our life.

**FERDINAND:** This shows, sir, nature ne'er intended man  
Other than as she sent him to the world,  
All unoffensive, unarmed. When unto beasts,  
She gave the means to hurt as to defence,  
The armour she gave man was innocence.

**WARD:** True, there was some other end in our creation  
Than to be that which men term valiant.

**FERDINAND:** There was.

*Enter Gismund.*

**GISMUND:** Courage, brave sparks! The slaves begin to faint.

**FERDINAND:** It is his evil spirit sure that in this likeness haunts him.

**WARD:** See where he lies.

**GISMUND:** S'foot, we shall share the more, sir. I always thought  
Fortune had marked him out to die by the French;  
He had so much of the English spirit in him.

*Exit*

**WARD:** Fortune! True, the fate of man is fixed,  
Unmoveable as the pole: how idle then were he  
Should strive to cross unvoided destiny  
And think to stay his course, seeing we are swayed  
As are the motionary engines of a clock  
By the dull weight that still doth downward tend  
Till it strike earth, and so their motion end.

**FERDINAND:** Give me the hearing, sir.

**WARD:** Persuade no more, we have no will to act--  
Or not to act-- more than those orbs we see,  
And planetary bodies, which in their offices  
Observe the will of fate. The difference is:  
They are confinéd; we are not. They are stars fixed,  
We wandering. Run on, thou purple line  
That draw'st my lives fate out. Thou that dost frown  
Upon the births of men-- now Saturn smile!  
Those under milder planets born, live servile, good.  
Mars called our birth; my race shall be through blood.

*Exit [WARD and GISMUND]*

**FERDINAND:** Abuséd knowledge, that first wer'st given to man  
A light, now help'st to dazzle him; and whate'er want  
Befall through our own imperfect judgement,  
Unbridled will then throws on fortune, chance.  
I see man's happiness were his ignorance.

*Exit.*

**Scene 4.1: On board Monsieur Davy's ship**

**GALLOP** (*within*): Aboard! Aboard! Aboard!

[Enter ALIZIA, FR. SAILOR 2, DAVY, LEMOT (*blinded by his wounds*) and  
FR. SAILOR 1 *guiding him.*]

**FR. SAILOR 1**: Dear sir, withdraw. You are deprived of sight.

**LEMOT**: So much the better: I see no fear in fight.  
Courage, brave countrymen! What's nature's part  
May fall; what's heaven's can never. It is the odds  
That just men have of bad. Still to the gods  
They stand or fall.

**GALLOP**: (*Boarding the ship, followed by SAILORS, WARD, GISMUND, FERDINAND*) Enter,  
enter, enter! Zounds, the slave winks and fights!

[*Ward's pirates take the French crew prisoner*]

[**WARD's FOLLOWERS shout**]: A Ward, A Ward, A Ward!

**WARD**: Down with them, down with them! Away! Let him go overboard! Were he a second  
Alexander, there's not a man of them lives but shall go over-board. We'll offer them to  
our deceased friends in sacrifice.

[*They seize Lemot and take him away to throw him overboard*]

**ALIZIA**: My brother, my dear, dear brother!

[**FR. SAILOR 2**]: There were no conscience, no religion in't,

**GALLOP**: How? Conscience? Were't but to banish those two words, they shall go over-board.

**WARD**: They shall go over-board? Suppose I speak the contrary?

**GALLOP**: My Captain, my man of war, speak the contrary; they are as safe as the great Turk.

**WARD**: Now they shall overboard.

**GALLOP**: Outswaggered?

**WARD**: How many French are left?

**GISMUND** : There's only five of four-and-twenty living.  
Never did men with equal spirit stand

A day so black and stormy. Rob not yourself, then,  
Of so brave witness of this day's valour.

**WARD:** How dare you, sir, give us directions?

**GISMUND:** How dare I, sir? I am a gentleman equal unto yourself.

**WARD:** Take that now, I am before you. *[WARD strikes GISMUND.]*

**GISMUND:** You are, I'll not be long behind you.

**WARD:** Know that our word shall be a law.

**GALLOP:** *[aside]* That may be, for he hath had conscience by the ears already.

**WARD:** Hoist me a vessel up of Maligo,  
We'll drink a health unto the wandering ghosts  
Of our slain followers, and every draught  
The cannon makes report of, a Frenchman  
Shall over-board, who to our friends may tell,  
We drank a 'rouse to them.

**FERDINAND:** *[aside]* As low as hell.

#### **Scene 4.2**

*Enter FRANCISCO'S SAILOR 1.*

**SAILOR:** Francisco, captain of the man-of-war pursued our prize, hath set a pinnace forth, who (according to the custom of the sea) demands half of the spoil, to your demand he threatens instant fight, force against force, or if you dare to accept it, he makes you offer of single opposition.

**WARD:** Accept it? He could not name that honour  
We covet more. Reward the messenger:  
They two shall be the hostages  
For the equal trial. What's his weapon?  
Where the place of fight?

**SAILOR:** His weapons are sword and dagger, the place  
Here on our hatches, both our ships being grappled.  
The oath on each side given, who conquers the other  
Shares the whole booty.

**WARD:** Agreed-- we seal to his condition,  
"Francisco" call you him? I emulate  
His daring spirit.

**GALLOP:** *[aside, to Gismund]* Fortune shapes our revenge, you see.

**FERDINAND:** What need you give yourself unto this danger,  
When in our general strength we have advantage?

**WARD:** I prithee, do not move my patience. I scorn to take  
From others to my rising. He's only worthy state  
From Fortune's wheel plucks boldly his own fate,  
And here's an arm shall do't.

**[GISMUND]:** *[aside, to GALLOP]* You see his insolence, how he contemns us.

**FERDINAND:** *[to WARD]* No more, we are agreed.

*[GISMUND and GALLOP speak aside while the other mutineers listen.]*

**GISMUND:** How shall we hinder their pursuit?

**GALLOP:** When both the ships are grappled, privately  
We'll cut their hawsers. The wind blows fair  
To give our lesser bark advantage. 'Tis not ten leagues  
To Tunis, where entered, we are as safe  
As in a tower of brass.

**GISMUND:** How if we shoot him, as we make away?

**GALLOP:** By no means-- t'shall be Francisco's task  
To cut his throat. This makes our revenge full:  
We share the prize he fights for.

**GISMUND:** Rare gull! We are all firm and secret.

**ALL:** All!

**GALLOP:** So that I rise, let the world sink, heaven fall. *[Exit GISMUND and GALLOP.]*

**WARD:** My merit-- shall I thrall them? The sway of things  
Belongs to him dares most. Such should be kings,  
And such am I. What Nature in my birth  
Denied me, Fortune supplies. This maxim I hold:  
He lives a slave, that lives to be controlled.  
But see the man whose ruin crowns me.

### Scene 4.3

*Enter FRANCISCO.*

**FRANCISCO:** Art thou the chief and guider of this bark?

**WARD:** The same, sir.

**FRANCISCO:** May I impute it to your ignorance  
In marine actions, or the daring spirit,  
That bars my right in thy achieved prize?

**WARD:** This makes you answer: what do you see in me  
Doth promise I should be the sutler sir,  
Fetch you provision in?

**FRANCISCO:** A little calmer sir! You are not now in Kent,  
Crying, "Herrings, seven a penny!" Nay, we have heard of you:  
You can bawl well; you have served a 'prenticeship  
Unto the trade, affrighting of whole streets  
With your full oyster voice.

**WARD:** Damnation!

**FRANCISCO:** Poor fisher's brat, that never didst aspire  
Above a mussel boat; that wert not born  
Unto a fortune 'bove two cades of sprats,  
(And those smoked in thy father's bedchamber);  
That by a beggar in mere charity  
(Being made drunk) 'stead of a mariner  
Wert stole aboard, and being awake didst smell  
Worse than thy shell commodity at midsummer;  
That desperate through fear wert made a captain,  
When to have been a shore again, thou wouldst have turned  
Swabber unto a Peter-man.

**WARD:** By all my hopes, thou hadst been better digged  
Thy grandsire's urn up and have swallowed it.

**FRANCISCO:** Thou bark'st too much to bite.

**WARD:** Clear the deck there; each man bestow himself.

*[GISMUND and GALLOP enter above.]*

**GISMUND:** It's done: their hawsers cut without descry.

**GALLOP:** Away! [*To WARD*] Farewell, brave Captain, conquest sits on thy brow.

**WARD:** Leave me, I say.

**GALLOP:** [*aside*] Th'wert never gulled till now. *Exit.*

**FRANCISCO:** Give a charge there. Say your prayers, knight! Doomsday is nigh.

[*They*] *fight.*

**WARD:** True, it sinks thee to hell, whilst thus it bears me high.  
Stand'st thou so long? Thou hast some enchantment sure,  
Or have I lost my wonted vigour?

**FRANCISCO:** Flatter no more thyself. Wilt thou deliver  
A moiety of thy prize up?

**WARD:** Yes, thus thou shar'st it. Damnation! (*his sword falls.*)  
Oh, that my gall could spout out through mine eyes  
A poisonous vapour to put out your lights  
And in a vale of darkness leave the world.

**FRANCISCO:** Wilt thou yet yield me right?

**WARD:** Know, Francisco,  
Wert thou an army that encompassed me,  
I would breathe defiance to thee, and with this arm,  
As shot from out a cannon's mouth, thus would I make  
A way through death and danger.

**FRANCISCO:** I do applaud thee, and that thou well mayest know  
All valour's not confined within thy breast  
I thus oppose thee. Fortune shall have no share  
In what I conquer. (*He flings away his sword, and after looseth his dagger.*)

**WARD:** Why, now I envy thee--thy life is mine!

**FRANCISCO:** Take it! I dare thy let.

**WARD:** Not for the world! Thus I return thy debt:  
Not only in the prize, but in myself  
Thou hast an equal share. Henceforth I vow thee brotherhood.

**FRANCISCO:** Your love-- I ask no more.

**Scene 4.3**

*Enter FERDINAND*

**FERDINAND:** You need not: there's one gone before  
Takes order for your share.

**WARD:** Whither makes the slaves? Where's Gallop?

**FERDINAND:** Posting as fast as his sails will bear him.

**WARD:** Incarnate devil! Forthwith give them chase!  
Why mov'st not?

**SAILOR:** They have cut our hawsers, we cannot budge a foot.

**WARD:** The death of slaves pursue him!

**FRANCISCO:** You are too violent.

**WARD:** To be baffled by a cur, a foisting hound!  
My zany-- A creature without a soul  
Made to mock man with!

**FRANCISCO:** Forbear, I say, and let us turn our anger  
On the next passenger.

**WARD:** Might I but live to see the dog-fish once again.

**FRANCISCO:** Ne'er doubt it sir-- next prize we take, forthwith  
We'll make to Tunis. Mean time let revenge sleep.  
Those tides most violent are, which winds back keep,

**WARD:** For this alone I vow, whom next I meet  
Shall feel my fury. Nation nor quality  
Shall be their privilege. My sword now vengeance craves,  
And who escape this do worse-- I'll sell for slaves!

*Exeunt.*

**Scene 5: Dansiker's lodgings in Tunis.**

*Enter DANSIKER, SARES, 2 SAILORS; DANSIKER reads a letter.*

**SARES:** What news, brave Captain?

**DANSIKER:** Good. These letters from my wife bring certainty  
Of our obtained pardons, on condition  
We henceforth for the state of France employ  
Our lives and service.

**ALL:** Long live King Henry of France!

**DANSIKER:** My valiant friends, this four years  
Hath led you proudly through a sea of terror,  
Through deeds so full of prowess they might have graced  
The brow of worthiness, had justice to our cause  
Given life and action. But since the breach of laws  
Of nations, civil society, justly entitles us  
With the hateful style of robbers, let's redeem our honour  
And not return into our country with the names  
Of pardoned thieves, but by some worthy deed,  
Daring attempt, make good unto the world  
Want of employment, not of virtue, forced  
Our former act of spoil and rapine.

**SARES:** Set the design down may regain us credit,  
Deserve this grace so freely offered us;  
We'll or accomplish it, or with our lives  
Seal the attempt.

**ALL:** Brave Captain, through death we'll follow thee!

**DANSIKER:** Then thus-- that with the same weapon, we may  
Our country cure, with which we wounded her;  
My purpose is to ruin all the pirates  
Lie in the harbour here.

**SARES:** Rare! It may be easy done. Observe the wind  
And firing but of one, consume the rest.

**DANSIKER:** We must not trust to such uncertainties.  
Thus I have plotted it: we first will set afire  
Some house i'th' town, to which when each man makes,  
As they will be enforced from the haven  
To yield their helps, with much facility

We may perform our purpose.

**SARES:** How, undescried, shall we attempt the town?

**DANSIKER:** That charge be mine. The renegado Jew,  
You know, gives free and open entertain  
To all of our profession. In some out-house of his  
I will convey a pot of wild-fire to it.  
I'll make a train of match, that at three hours  
Shall give it fire.

**SAILORS:** Excellent! The time, sir?

**DANSIKER:** Tomorrow night. Meantime make ready  
For our departure, but with such secrecy  
Suspicion's self may not descry it. Provide the balls  
We must bestow upon the ships.

**SARES:** That care be ours.

**DANSIKER:** The rest leave unto me,  
We'll return nobly, or else nobly die.

*Exeunt, [except DANSIKER]. Enter RUBEN [RABSHAKE]*

**DANSIKER:** Ruben, what news?

**RABSHAKE:** My master, sir, desires your company.  
There's a new pirate landed: his name is Gallop.

**DANSIKER:** More yet? Do they come on so fast?  
Your master would engross his prize.

**RUBEN:** He would, and for your courtesy herein,  
He will forbear three months the crowns you owe him.

**DANSIKER:** I'll use my art, sir, to his benefit;  
And for the crowns, no longer I'll delay him,  
Here is my hand tomorrow night I'll pay him.

*Exeunt.*

**Scene 6.1: At the house of Benwash the Jew**

*Enter RABSHAKE, AGAR, VOADA.*

**AGAR:** Speak freely-- what think you of the newcome captain, Voadas?

**VOADA:** He looks as if his father and mother had got him in fear: his eyes go like a city catch-pole's, several ways at once. There's no stuff in him. Give me the Dutch cavalier Dansiker.

**AGAR:** Out upon him, puff-paste! He was spoiled in his infancy, ill-bred.

**RABSHAKE:** How? Spoiled with ill bread? It was ill drink spoiled him. I am of my master's mind: the new-come pirate is a reasonable handsome man of a Christian.

**AGAR:** Why? Doth religion move anything in the shapes of men?

**RABSHAKE:** Altogether! What's the reason else that the Turk and Jew is troubled (for the most part) with gouty legs, and fiery nose? To express their heart-burning. Whereas the Puritan is a man of upright calf, and clean nostril.

**VOADA:** Setting aside your nose, you should turn Christian. Then your calf swells upward mightily.

**RABSHAKE:** How? I turn Christian? They have Jew enough already amongst 'em. Were it but three qualities they have, I'll be none of their society.

**AGAR:** Three qualities? I prithee tell 'em us, Rabshake.

**RABSHAKE:** First, they suffer their wives to be their masters. Secondly, they make men thieves for want of maintenance, and then hang them up for stealing. Lastly, they are mad four times a year, and those they call term-times, and then they are so purged by their physicians (which they name lawyers), some of 'em are never their own men after it. I turn Christian? They shall have more charity amongst 'em first! They will devour one another as familiarly as pikes do gudgeons, and with as much facility as Dutchmen do flapdragons.

**AGAR:** How? Eat up one another?

**RABSHAKE:** Aye, eat up one another! You have an innocent Christian called a gallant-- your city Christian will feed upon no other meat, by his good will.

**VOADA:** But their wives will not feed on 'em, too.

**RABSHAKE:** The truth is, they are not altogether so great devourers; marry, they will be sucking at the bones. But see, my master, the great thief and the little thieves, the robbers and the receiver.

## Scene 6.2

*Enter GALLOP, DANSIKER, SARES, BENWASH, GISMUND, FR. SAILOR 2, FR. SAILOR 1, ALIZIA*

**AGAR:** He's come. Thou powerful God of love, strike through mine eyes  
Those awful darts of thine, whose burning heads  
Pierce thorough hearts of ye, melt frostiest breasts,  
Make all stoop to thy deity! Now, give thy art!  
No God but Cupid pities mortal's smart.

**GISMUND:** Five ducats a tun! 'S heart, the cask is worth more!

**BENWASH:** You must remember at what rate you bought 'em.

**DANSIKER:** And at what price you may have more.

**GISMUND:** You speak like men that know how the market goes.  
Your ear, Jew.

**ALIZIA:** [*aside*] What misery remains to add to mine?  
My brother lost his life in my defence;  
And with his life, my sex and liberty,  
I stand deprived of. Are not these wounds sufficient  
To let out my weak breath? Thou flinty breast,  
Art thou impenetrable? Or is that thing called death  
Too great a good for such a wretch as I am? It is, it is,  
And that's the cause so many miseries  
Do stop the way to't.

**BENWASH:** I am your merchant. Ruben Rabshake! My wife! Here, sister!  
Fetch me three hundred ducats for this gentleman.

**RABSHAKE:** This new-come thief, sir?

**BENWASH:** "Gentleman," slave.

**RABSHAKE:** Why, your thief is a gentleman: he scorns to do anything, and he lives upon his comings in.

**BENWASH:** Peace dog! You see, gallants, we are not Italianate to lock our women up: we set 'em free, give open entertainment.

**GALLOP:** *[aside]* It seems this Jew keeps a bawdy-house. I like his wife well. I could find in my heart to cast away half a ducat on her.

**SARES:** *[to Benwash]* You are of a noble mind sir, courtly and high.  
It's want of merit that breeds jealousy,  
From which I know you clear.

**BENWASH:** As I am from covetousness. How their eyes strike each other! Rabshake—

**RABSHAKE:** Here, sir.

**BENWASH:** *[paying GALLOP]* Captain, your gold.

**AGAR:** He saw our eyes meet. No matter-- may I cool my heat,  
Let the world burn! Thy counsel, Voada.

*[VOADA and AGAR walk aside and examine the captives.]*

**BENWASH:** I do not like this fellow's looks, Rabshake.

**RABSHAKE:** He hath a hanging countenance indeed, sir.

**BENWASH:** Tush, my wife, man! Thou hast forgot how dear  
I bought my liberty: renounced my law,  
The Law of Moses, turned Turk-- all to keep  
My bed free from these Mahometan dogs.  
I would not be a monster, Rabshake-- a man-beast,  
A cuckold.

**RABSHAKE:** I have not forgotten, sir, that you damned yourself because you would not be a cornuto. If every man should fine so dear for his horns, we should have but a few Christians left. But seeing you fear your vessel hath a leak, wherefore do you put her to sea, man her thus?

**BENWASH:** For commodity: thou seest rich shop-keepers set their wives at sale to draw in custom, utter their wares, yet keep that gem untouch't-- all for profit, man.

**RABSHAKE:** I am not of your mind, sir, there is no profit without some pain.

**BENWASH:** No more, villain! Should I suspect myself to have that disease, I would run mad; first fury of my horns should light on thee: look to't-- thou art no longer living than my wife is honest.

**RABSHAKE:** I fear my days are but short then, if my life lasts no longer than I can keep a woman honest against her will.

**VOADA:** [*admiring ALIZIA*] It is a lovely boy, rare featured! Would he were mine!

**AGAR:** It is so, Voada. He hath made the slave my jailor.

**VOADA:** I have not seen so much of beauty in a man.

**AGAR:** You lose yourself. What man? What beauty? I tell thee I am undone, Rabshake is made my overseer.

**VOADA:** I would use him like an overseer then. He should stand by whil'st the executioner opened the bags. I must enjoy his love, though quenching of my lust did burn the world besides.

**BENWASH:** It's right, Captain.

*[GALLOP finishes counting the gold and puts it away in his purse.]*

**[GALLOP]:** Yes, 'tis right.

**[GISMUND]:** But that's the wrong way sir. Your followers expect their equal shares.

**BENWASH:** The fellow raves: talk to a captain of equal sharing! I'll take order for landing the goods, and be with you presently. Rabshake, thou knowest thy doom, slave-- look to't. Thine eyes, villain, thine eyes!

**RABSHAKE:** I'll warrant you sir, I'll look to't.

*Exit BENWASH [with FR. SAILOR 2, FR. SAILOR 1, ALIZIA].*

### Scene 6.3

**GALLOP:** Here, carry 'em these two ducats to drink upon receipt of the whole. I'll deal like a commander with 'em, as men do with their followers. That is, as you have followed me to earn means, so now you shall follow me as long to get your earnings. You shall be followers still: I will discharge none of you.

**SARES:** [*aside*] We took him for a gull, but now I see he hath had command, he can cheat his soldiers.

**GISMUND:** I hope, sir, you will make better respect of your credit. You know your oaths and promise.

**GALLOP:** My promise? If a Citizen had bought a company, he could but keep day with 'em: you must pardon him gentlemen, a fresh soldier wants seasoning.

**GISMUND:** Salt us! Look to't, we shall hardly relish you, sir.

**GALLOP:** How? Threatens and braves?

**DANSIKER:** [*to GALLOP*] Forbear, give the poor fellow leave to prate-- he pays for't.

**GISMUND:** Good. You are now upon your guard. We shall meet you upon discharge of the watch and knock you down with a bill of accounts. We shall skeld. *Exit.*

**GALLOP:** Out, gull! Talk to a commander, a man of war, of equal sharing! We have other use for our money then to pay followers. Shall we accost these ladies, gallants?

**RABSHAKE:** 'Tis the custom of the whole world: the greater thief preys upon the less still. How's this?

**DANSIKER:** The happiness of the day befall you, ladies.

**SARES:** The night equal the day's happiness, say I.

**GALLOP:** All content, both night and day, stand to your desires.

**AGAR:** Our desires equal your wishes, sir.

**GALLOP:** Your desires are above my performance then.

**RABSHAKE:** I am drawing on. If my life lie upon her honesty, I am upon the point of giving up already.

**AGAR:** That gentleman is very moving.

**RABSHAKE:** Could you not entreat him stay his pace?

**SARES:** And trot in your ring, lady, if you please.

**AGAR:** I purpose not to take a courser of your choosing, lest I be jaded, sir.

**SARES:** You presume the more of your own horsemanship.

**RABSHAKE:** Hoyday, they are riding already! 'Sfoot, I am like to go post to the Devil for this.

**DANSIKER:** Next night, time of my project, if I prove not as hot a shot as came in your quarters since the loss of your virginity, let me suffer the pains of St. Anthony's Purgatory.

**AGAR:** He must necessarily be a man of deeds, he is of so few words.

**SARES:** You shall do well to put him to the trial.

**AGAR:** [*to GALLOP*] Without immodesty, may I question the reason you're so heavy, sir?

**RABSHAKE:** Nay, then, it rings out for me! Should the Jew see this, I were as good as speechless: there were but a little gasping between me and the grave.  
*[exit RABSHAKE.]*

**GALLOP:** The reason of my heaviness is that you and I might agree the better. For women love contraries, and you are light, I see.

**AGAR:** How's this? You see me light, true, to be in love with one so far disdainful.

**VOADA:** What success, woman? The Dutchman and I have bartered wares.

**AGAR:** I have made exchange too, sold my liberty to purchase base ingratitude. I am rejected, Voad.

*[Re-]Enter RABSHAKE.*

**RABSHAKE:** My mistress, gentlemen, did you see my mistress?

**AGAR:** Your business, sirrah?

**RABSHAKE:** You must make provision to entertain two of the richest pirates ever landed here, one Captain Ward and Franciscus. They have brought a prize in worth three thousand ducats: besides, they sell their prisoners slaves. My master hath engrossed them all.

**AGAR:** Vengeance seize him and them! Back, sirrah-- say we will expect them. You sir, attend your master his coming; see you give us notice on't.

**RABSHAKE:** Nay, I hold it the best course too, for mine own safety. My charge is charged; my watch must be now, lest my master know it. If all the world were eyes, women (I see) would to it.  
*Exit.*

**GALLOP:** I do but dream, sure! Ward and Franciscus?

**DANSIKER:** What moves this passion?

**SARES:** Why look you pale?

**GALLOP:** Pale? I have a cause: I have less colour by six hundred ducats than I had.

**SARES:** As how, sir?

**GALLOP:** I'll tell you. I took an adventure to pay this Ward six hundred ducats at our two meetings at Tunis, and see how the Devil hath brought it about! I must leave you gallants.

**DANSIKER:** By no means: we will compound the business.

**AGAR:** I can conceal it no longer.

**VOADA:** You will betray yourself to their contempt, by your own forwardness.

**AGAR:** I ne'er shall have so fair occasion to speak my love again. You know my husband's watchful jealousy.

**VOADA:** Now by my sex, I am ashamed of you. Were the Jew mine,  
I would have no other pander. Be ruled by me.  
It's he shall hire the captain to thy love  
And his own horning. What cannot we persuade?  
Man was asleep when woman's brain was made.

**AGAR:** Thou giv'st me a new life. I am thy scholar.

**VOADA:** I'll prick thee forth a lesson whose choicer strain,  
Shall tell men that all art 'gainst lust and women's vain.

*Exeunt VOADA and AGAR.*

#### **Scene 6.4**

**[SARES]:** As you are men, conceal your weapons! Here are women in the room.

*Enter three SAILORS with GISMUND.*

**GALLOP:** Gismund.

**GISMUND:** We are come to give you thanks for the two ducats, sir.

**GALLOP:** As you are of the sword, draw!

**GISMUND:** We are fresh men, we'll powder you. *[They] Fight.*

**GALLOP:** Murder, murder! I shall be torn in pieces, by my hands!

*Enter WARD, FRANCISCO, FERDINAND, ALIZIA (disguised as a page).*

**GISMUND:** Ward! Franciscus! We are betrayed! Away!

*Exeunt GISMUND and SAILORS*

**WARD:** Gallop.

**GALLOP:** My noble general, alive, come to my rescue! My loyalty to the brave knight did thus engage me: the slaves could not be content to stow me underboard and force me from thee, but would have shared the prize, too: but I have shared with 'em. See, here's three hundred ducats. Thou shalt have them all, brave spark. *[aside]* The Devil to boot with 'em.

**WARD:** Then you think this gold shall purchase your pardon?

**GALLOP:** 'Sfoot, I am overjoyed with the sight of thee. See the heroic Dansiker, his captain Sares.

**WARD:** Your loves, gentlemen.

**DANSIKER:** This is no slave, he pays six hundred ducats at their meeting-- true, we are witness on't.

**WARD:** I will be gulled for once thus, I will. These ducats shall stop my mouth.

**GALLOP:** 'Sheart, there are as many more in bank. You shall have 'em all. I prize thy countenance above a second Indies. *[aside]* Were they molten in your garbage! The world runs round with me: *sicut erat in principio*; naked I came in, and penniless I shall go out. What stays the Jew so long?

**WARD:** See, he is come.

**Scene 6.5**

*Enter BENWASH, RAYMOND, his two SONS (bound), RABSHAKE.*

You'll give my price, sir?

**BENWASH:** Yes, for these slaves, I will.

**RAYMOND:** Forever be he servile that so makes 'em.  
Hard-hearted! "Man" I cannot term thee. It's  
A name that bears too much of pity in't,  
Compared with so inhumane. Creature, wert thou a father,  
These tears would move thee, that bemoan a son's,  
Nay all my children's, worse than funeral,  
Their ever thralldom. But Nature well denied  
Issue to thee, lest in thy barbarous guilt  
She had been a party; when thy affectioned soul

Had felt how much the name of child moves, with what care,  
How many jealous fears we view their infancy,  
Lest having felt all this, thy accursed hand  
Should yet have dared to make men childless.

**1. SON:** Can then your marble heart endure these drops?

**2. SON:** The soil that bred you, sir, doth not bring forth  
Such hideous monsters, that we should imagine  
You can be so far cruel to betray  
So many innocent lives, for in us bleed  
An aged father, a mother, to whose grief  
No other misery can be added.  
Myself contracted to a virtuous maid,  
Who ere this hath left Marcel  
And in Normandy expects the consummation of our happiness.  
You have our goods, our ship, all the substance  
Should succour our old parents. You have only left  
These arms to earn them bread, and can your eyes  
Relentless see these chained?

**FERDINAND:** Do not they move you, sir?

**WARD:** Yes, as the Jew. Art not thou moved, Benwash?

**BENWASH:** As a hangman at an execution makes no other holiday in the year.

**RAYMOND:** Inhuman dog! Oh, I could tear thee, villain,

**BENWASH:** I'll give thirty crowns for this old beast to be revenged on him.

**RAYMOND:** [*To Ward* ] Be gentle-- take his money. Forgive me sir,  
I see you are kind, would not now part us  
That twenty and odd years have grown together.  
Will you not take it? Give him so, Jew,  
I will deserve 'em. See, I am not old.  
No wrinkle is on my brow, these are but frowns,  
Raised by his unkind refusal of my offer.  
See what plump veins I have, no sinews shrunk.  
These are not gray hairs: they are only white  
To show the lightness of my spirit. Come  
Manacle these arms. You shall see us three  
Tug the days' eye out. There's not a father  
And his two boys shall dare to undertake us.  
The sun outvied, we'll set us down together  
And with our sadder cheer outmourn the night,

And speak the happiness we might have lived, too:  
How by mine own hearth in cold winter eves  
I might have told my sons some ancient tales,  
Which they might one day from their grandsire speak.  
We'll add unto our woes thus by compare  
Of what our joys might have been. Then we'll curse,  
And when we want a plague, we'll think upon  
This bloody murderer-- we shall have store then,  
Be eloquent in bitter execrations.  
Our choler vented, then again we'll weep,  
Till tears glue up our eyes to mock sad sleep.

**WARD:** Ha, ha, ha.

**I. SON:** Dost laugh at aged sorrow? Be just, ye powers:  
As ye judge innocents' causes, revenge ours.

**WARD:** My money for 'em, Jew. So, away with 'em.

**FERDINAND:** We will redeem them, pay their ransom.

**WARD:** You redeem them? Your means?

**FERDINAND:** All that we have aboard.

**WARD:** Such another syllable, I'll make a sale of you, too.

**BENWASH:** I am your first man: I'll give you four hundred crowns for 'em.

**FERDINAND:** A sale of us? Know that if all our fortunes will set them free, 'tis theirs.

**WARD:** I'll try that, give me four hundred crowns.

**BENWASH:** Here.

**WARD:** They are yours. I'll justify the sale.

**SARES:** Of your own fellows, countrymen? Do they not stand  
Conditioned as yourself?

**GALLOP:** Who gave you patent to examine him?

**WARD:** Forbear. Because you're men of action I'll descend  
To give you notice they are my lawful prize,  
Such as denied my party, would willingly  
Betray me, yea, all of us, into the hands  
Of our vowed enemies.

**SARES:** Are you not men of war, then?

**FERDINAND:** We are no pirates, sir. Our country yields us  
More honest means of living.

**SARES:** Away with 'em! More honest means of living!  
Make 'em sure.

**FERDINAND:** Give us the hearing.

**WARD:** Away with 'em! Zounds, I'll set them free else!

2. **SON:** Let's take our father's blessing with us yet.

**WARD:** All curses under heaven go with you.

*[Exit BENWASH and RABSHAKE with FERDINAND, and  
RAYMOND's SONS]*

**RAYMOND:** Is there no ear for misery to beat at?  
My sons—Ferdinand! Albert! They are gone, sent  
To perpetual vassalage. I loved you boys  
A little better than to outlive your slaveries.  
I will not curse thee, monster. I know my thoughts  
Cannot arrive unto so black revenge  
As shall attend thee. Crack, crack, you o'erloaden strings,  
And set a miserable old man free.  
So, so. I will appeal for you, my sons, to yon high court.  
Here none but beasts of prey, tigers, resort.

*Dies.*

**Comment [N1]:** Got to figure out how to get him off the stage, otherwise he's stuck there for ages, plus we need the actor for other parts...

## Scene 6.6

**DANSIKER:** *[aside]* I hate this villain, he's all blood.

**ALIZIA:** My heart, I think, would break,  
But that instead of words, mine eyes thus speak.

**WARD:** How is't, my noble spirits? Dulled with one tragedy?  
Let us digest it with a jig, a catch!  
Some wine there! Shall we to hazard?

**DANSIKER:** I willingly would stake my life to thine at that just  
game. There wants but an occasion.

**SARES:** What's your sport?

**GALLOP:** Adam's game at one whole, every male to his female.

**WARD:** How should we be furnished?

**GALLOP:** I'll fit you with an Eve, sir, a temptress.

**WARD:** What is she?

**GALLOP:** Your peer, a beauty that would take you  
From out yourself to gaze at her,  
The Jew's wife's sister.

### **Scene 6.7**

*Enter BENWASH, CROSMAN, AGAR, VOADA*

**WARD:** First sight of her yields thee a hundred ducats.

**GALLOP:** I'll be a conjunction copulative to join you together for the money. It is a fate follows us soldiers when we are down: the reason is, we hold it no shame to live upon spoil of the enemy, and a greater foe to man than a whore is impossible. S'heart, I am prevented: the Jew panders them himself. That's she, sir. That Turk's her brother. His name is Crosman.

**BENWASH:** Is it possible?

**GALLOP:** The slave hath a goat in his looks.

**CROSMAN:** That's he in the Judas beard. Use but thy art, he's thine.

**AGAR:** If I liked not his thirty thousand ducats, better than's person, I would never strain my complexion for him.

**WARD:** She equals thy commends indeed! So true a fair  
I ne'er beheld till now.

**AGAR:** Nay, more to entice me, this well-stuffed purse  
He did enforce upon me. But 'tis your sin:  
So you have profit, all religious laws  
Must suffer violence, your wife be exposed  
Unto all undergoers.

**BENWASH:** Forgiveness, honest wife-- my chaste, chaste, wife.

**AGAR:** Nay, use your pleasure: you had best keep the gold  
To guild your shame with. I trow I would give it him.

Tell him he must not think I am the woman  
He takes me for. If he will not believe you,  
Let him make trial with the ladder of ropes  
He vowed to climb my chamber with, this night,  
When, as it seems, he learnt you were enforced  
To be in the synagogue.

**BENWASH:** Better and better! I cannot but admire thy chastity.  
A ladder of ropes! Would he make that the beginning  
Lechery should be the end of? I'll hamper him!  
If he have any grace, thy honesty overthrows him.

**AGAR:** If he have any wit, it will, I hope.

**BENWASH:** My dull-eyed villain Rabshake saw none of this. He's all for *rem in re*. He would have me a cuckold by law forsooth, by statute law. I shall put you a book case, for he shall moot I'll prize him but to the present business. Noble captain, to express how much you are welcome, my wife and sister, laying all rites aside, and customary observes, come to invite you to a mean banquet, sir.

**WARD:** Best thanks, sir. Your welcome's prodigal,  
I am already feasted in this bounteous dish, sir.

**DANSIKER:** But you are not likely to surfeit on it. I'll have a finger in the platter with you, were you the Great Turk's self.

**WARD:** With me? I tell thee, Dansiker,  
Thou dost not merit with thy lips to touch  
So choice a rarity. What darest thou for her?

**DANSIKER:** What thou dar'st not! *[Draws his sword.]*

**WARD:** I'll put that to the trial. *[Draws his sword.]*

*SARES & DANSIKER [fight] against FRANCISCO, GALLOP & WARD;  
BENWASH hides himself.*

**VOADA:** As you come of women!

**AGAR:** By all the rites you owe our sex, as you are men, enforce them part.

*Fight. CROSMAN parts them.*

**CROSMAN:** Respect the place! You are in danger of law!

**WARD:** You shall o'ersway me, lady. We shall met again, sir.

**CROSMAN:** So you are men.

*Exit.*

**BENWASH:** Are they gone? What hard fortune attends me that none of their throats were cut? I might have seized their goods. Not so much as the flesh-biter, but is come off.

**GALLOP:** S'heart, this poverty makes a man valiant. When I had my ducats, I had no more heart than a Jew.

**BENWASH:** And that was the reason you're so willingly parted with 'em, sir.

**GALLOP:** Old Benwash, where hid'st thou thy head in this day of battle, man?

**BENWASH:** Here under this table. Did you think I am so branched no roof would give me covering? I am but a pricket, a mere sorrel, my head's not hardened yet; though, thanks unto your mastership, your fire was not wanting.

**GALLOP:** You speak in Hebrew: I understand you not.

**BENWASH:** Yet you can speak the whoremaster's language passing well. What made you, sir, take my wife for a flesh-seller, a whore?

**GALLOP:** You are abused, sir.

**BENWASH:** By thee, lecher. You know not this purse, this gold?  
You have your tricks to climb up cuckolds' haven--  
Your ladder of ropes! You had best keep that hour,  
My wife this night expects you. My absence  
Will be enforced, she bid me tell you so.  
Insatiate goat, thou think'st our wives are such,  
As are your holy sisters, religious votaries,  
Your spital nuns. Here, take your ill-got trash,!  
May I but know thou once more tempt'st my wife,  
You shall not need a ladder. I'll mount you, sir!  
I will, you oxgall, I will.

**GALLOP:** [*aside*] Ha, this is gold.

**BENWASH:** Do you hear, sir, hereafter know a Turk's wife from a Christian's.  
You are one of those hold all women bound  
Under the domination of the moon,  
All wavering. Now you have seen one of the sun sir.  
Constant, you slave, and as she is, with us are millions more.

[*Enter Crosman.*]

**CROSMAN:** Benwash, brother! S'foot, I have sought each nook of the house for you.

**GALLOP:** *[aside]* It is beyond my thoughts; imagination's drowned in't.

**BENWASH:** Rare! Doth she plead chastity?

**CROSMAN:** Like a bawd that would put off a virginity. The knight is as good as ours already.  
Besides, I have procured the Governor in person to regreet him.  
All that art can by ambition, lust, or flattery do,  
Assure yourself this brain shall work him to.

**BENWASH:** Nay, if the flesh take hold of him, he's past redemption.  
He's half a Turk already, it's as good as done.  
Woman is hell, out; in we ne'er return.

*Exeunt BENWASH and CROSMAN*

**GALLOP:** Were not I confident of my good parts, this gold would buy me out of my five senses.  
A full purse, a ladder of ropes, and his wife in the tail on't able to overcome any man  
breathing! Yet what should I fear that have so many good angels about me? Sure she's in  
love with me--it is no other--and out of her honesty it seems she hath vowed to do  
nothing but what she dares acquaint her husband with. If she have made him usher his  
own crest, I'll swear she is a woman of the sun. She hath dazzled his eyes well! This  
night makes the trial. I'll take your instructions, Jew, climb the matter of preferment.  
It may be 'twas my destiny gave me this crown:  
Women and ropes should raise me, that put others down. *Exit.*

**Scene 7.1: At Ward's house in Tunis.**

*Enter GOVERNOR, WARD, CROSMAN, BENWASH*

**WARD:** I am o'ercharged, sir, with so high a favour  
As your descending thus to visit me.

**GOVERNOR:** You are the man we covet, whose valour  
Hath spake you so impartial worthy,  
We should do wrong to merit, not gracing you.  
Believe me, sir, you have injured much yourself,  
Vouchsafing familiarity with those  
Men of so common rank as Dansiker.  
Your hopes should fly a pitch above them.

**CROSMAN:** It may be that our clime stands not to give  
That full content, the air you drew at home,  
And therefore purpose shortly a return.

**WARD:** I know no country I can call home.  
What by your courtesy I might, my desert stands  
Not to make promise of.

**GOVERNOR:** Detract not from yourself; call this your own.  
I see there speaks a fortune in your brow  
Will make us proud to have acknowledged you.

**BENWASH:** I'll gage a thousand ducats on equal terms,  
I live to see him the Sultan's admiral.

**CROSMAN:** Why not as well as the great customer,  
My allied kinsman Governor, neither born Turks.

**WARD:** I dare not look so high! Yet were I employed,  
What a poor Christian could, I durst make promise of.

**BENWASH:** Christian or Turk, you are more wise, I know,  
Than with religion to confine your hopes.

**GOVERNOR:** He's too well read in poesy to be tied  
In the slave's fetters of religion.  
What difference in me as I am a Turk  
And was a Christian? Life, liberty,  
Wealth, honour--they are common unto all!  
If any odds be, 'tis on Mahomet's side:  
His servitors thrive best I am sure.

**WARD:** Is this the hook your golden bait doth cover?

**BENWASH:** I have oft with laughter thought how innocent  
My thoughts when first I turned were, how scrupulous  
I was, when with one argument I was confirmed-- as thus:  
If this religion were so damnable  
As others make it, that God which owes the right,  
Profaned by this, would soon destroy it quite.

**WARD:** That's easily answered: heaven is merciful,  
By their destruction it should take all means  
From giving possibility to their change,  
And so unjustly damn 'em. But for my part,  
It is not divinity but nature moves me,  
Which doth in beasts force them to keep their kind.

**CROSMAN:** But men that have two ends, safety and profit,  
Where beasts no farther are transported  
Then with the present object, must make their actions  
Turn to those points.

**GOVERNOR:** Both which are in some sort proposed to you.

**WARD:** As how?

**GOVERNOR:** As thus, for profit, you cannot with yourself  
Imagine, that your virtue can be smothered,  
Might there but be assurance of your trust.

**WARD:** How should I give you that?

**GOVERNOR:** As we did-- turn Turk.

**WARD:** That were the way to more uncertainty.  
Men sooner open foes than feigned friends try,  
And where men's acts from their own ends proceed,  
More look unto those ends than like the deed.

**BENWASH:** [*aside*] This gudgeon will not bite.

**GOVERNOR:** But when there are examples plentiful  
To instance 'gainst your words, you need not fear.  
Men what they see oppose 'gainst what they hear.

**WARD:** The cunning fowler to beguile the birds

Brings up some tame, and lets them fly abroad  
To draw in others, that their liberty  
May be the bait to others' misery.  
Such is state policies, sometime to advance an ill,  
When others for less crimes it oft doth kill.  
But to cut off your further argument:  
What's mine of prowess, or art, shall rest by you  
To be disposed of; but to abjure  
My name-- and the belief my ancestors  
Left to my being! I do not love so well  
The earth that bore me, to lessen my contempt  
And hatred to her, by so much advantage,  
So oblique act as this should give to her.

**CROSMAN:** *[aside to BENWASH]* Work in my sister presently.

**GOVERNOR:** You are yourself free, nor will I further  
Dissuade your resolution, nor less esteem  
Your merit and fair worth.

**WARD:** You engage me to you, sir.

**CROSMAN:** *[aside]* He enjoys too much by promise to be won.  
T'must be a woman's act, to whom there's nought  
That is impossible. What devils dare not move  
Men to accomplish, women work them to.  
And see, in happy time she's come-- we'll single them.

*[enter Voada]*

**WARD:** Here comes an argument that would persuade  
A God turn mortal. Until I saw her face,  
I never knew what men term beauty was;  
Besides whose fair, she hath a mind so chaste  
A man may sooner melt the Alps than her.

**GOVERNOR:** We will along with you. When makes she hence?

**BENWASH:** The wind sits fair. The slaves are sending down  
Whom the next morn bears hence.

**GOVERNOR:** We will aboard with you. Fair sir, we'll leave  
Our love exchanged with you. Some happier time  
May perfect that good work I wish were mine.

*Exeunt GOVERNOR, BENWASH, CROSMAN*

**WARD:** My truest services. Nay lady, stay!  
Though hitherto I have been a hapless orator,  
Your milder measure, or my love-taught tongue,  
May find more fortunate hours. For, by that guide,  
Which rules and knows our thoughts—

**VOADA:** Reserve your oaths, sir, to more easy ears.  
I understand myself too well to credit 'em.

**WARD:** Ungentle maid, to triumph in my torment!  
If ever breast did feel the power of love,  
Or beauty made a conquest of poor man,  
I am thy captive, by heaven, by my religion.

**VOADA:** As my belief's in that, my faith gives trust  
To your protests.

**WARD:** Then by thy God, by the great Mahomet.

**VOADA:** Too weak a bond to tie a Christian in.

**WARD:** What shall I swear by? Propose an oath to me  
The breach whereof would at once sink me lower  
Then hell knows being-- I'll take it willingly.

**VOADA:** I'll be concealed no longer. Know then I love,  
But not the man whose daily orisons  
Invoke confusion on me, whose religion  
Speaks me an infidel.

**WARD:** 'Sheart, I am of none-- only to feed discourse,  
And fill up argument.

**VOADA:** But you must be of one if you'll enjoy me.  
If then your thoughts answer to what you speak,  
Turn Turk-- I am yours.

**WARD:** Turn Turk?

**VOADA:** Do you demur already? How prodigal your words  
Spoke your affection, and with one simple trial  
Are you struck mute?

**WARD:** With patience hear me, lady.

**VOADA:** False knight, I have given too calm an ear already

To thy enchanted notes.

**WARD:** Should I forever sell my liberty?

**VOADA:** You need not: it is sufficient glory  
You have betrayed a maiden's liberty.  
But I'll do penance for my so black a sin,  
Doting on thee, I'll henceforth hate thy whole sex.  
The name of man to me shall (as the rock  
From which the ship-wracked wretch hath lately 'scaped)  
Bring fear in the name of't. Keep off, false siren!  
Heaven well ordained man should the woman woe;  
Should we their hard hearts prove, we all ill should know.

**WARD:** Stay, I will enforce thee else.

**VOADA:** Do these my tears delight thee then? Cruel,  
Hard-hearted man, glut thy relentless sight  
With full-eyed sorrow.

**WARD:** [*aside*] She is all amorous, all fair, that she doth love,  
Behold those tears, whose drops would pierce the hearts  
Of tigers, make them pitiful.  
They are witnesses she feigns not. [*to VOADA*] Leave, leave to weep,  
Lest putting out those lights the world should mourn,  
Put on a veil of black. I am thine own.  
If there be any divinity, it hath  
His seat in beauty: th'art a god to me.  
My country, friends, nay, being-- what wouldst thou have?

**VOADA:** To be no other than myself I crave.

**WARD:** I am no more mine own, rather than lose  
So true a happiness as thy constant love.  
There is no way so black I would not prove,  
That lies from heaven to hell. Crossman, in vain  
Thy arguments were spent: wouldst thou prevail?  
Here is an orator can turn me easily.  
Where beauty pleads, there needs no sophistry.  
Thou hast o'ercome me, Voada.

**VOADA:** And I will raise thee, but thou dost name a good,  
I cannot call mine till I am possessed of't.

**WARD:** Call in thy friends, make preparation.  
I'll take the orders instantly.

My speed shall give prevention to the prate  
Of th'idle multitude. Away, the flame doth burn  
Which sets the world on fire, and makes me turn.

**VOADA:** Thou art all harmony. Best love, I fly,  
*[aside]* I have my ends.  
Howe'er thou sink, thy wealth shall bear me high.

*Exit.*

**WARD:** So, the day leaves the world. Chaste Voada,  
Nothing can make him miserable enjoys thee.  
What is't I lose by this my change? My country?  
Already 'tis to me impossible.  
My name is scandaled? What is one island  
Compared to the Eastern monarchy? This large  
Unbounded station shall speak my future fame;  
Besides, they are slaves stand subject unto shame.  
One good I enjoy outweighs all ills whatever  
Can be objected. To sum my happiness:  
That God on earth, to whom all men stand bare,  
Gold, that doth usher greatness, lackeys me.  
I have more then I can spend. What wants  
Is in command, and that my valour makes  
Due purchase of. I'll rather lead on slaves  
Than be commanded by the power of Kings.  
Beauty, Command, and Riches-- they are these three  
The world pursues, and these do follow me.

*Enter [ALIZIA, disguised as Fidelio]*

Speak--what news Fidelio?

**[ALIZIA]:** The tongues of ravens are too mild to speak it,  
The very thought where of methinks should turn  
Your hair to quills of porcupines. It's the denial  
Of your redeemer, religion, country,  
Of him that gave you being.

**WARD:** The slavery of man, how this religion rides us!  
Deprives us of our freedom from our cradles,  
Ties us in superstitious bondage.

**[ALIZIA]:** Heaven stop mine ears from hearing thy dishonour!  
Upon my knees I do conjure you, sir:  
Sell not your soul for such a vanity  
As that which you term "beauty," eye-pleasing idol!  
Should you with the renouncing of your God,

Taking the abhorred name of Turk upon you,  
Purchase a little shameful being here, your case  
Might be compared to his, who adjudged to death  
By his heads loss, should crave (stead of one stroke)  
To die a lingering torment on the rack.  
Even such would be your life, whose guilt each hour  
Would strike your conscious soul with terrors.

**WARD:** No more, this boy's words trouble me.

**[ALIZIA]:** If none of these move, let the example  
Of that contempt is thrown on runagates  
Even by these Turks themselves, at least move you  
To fly this slavery. *Enter Crosman.*

**CROSMAN:** Most worthy sir, now I dare call you "brother"!

**[ALIZIA]:** Too fair a name to cloak so great a foe.  
This instant makes a trial of your virtue.  
Think on Ulysses' constancy.

**CROSMAN:** Why are you mute, sir?

**WARD:** I am not well.

**[ALIZIA]:** Alas! How can he, being so near to hell?

**CROSMAN:** Are you so weak to have a boy's words sway you?

**[ALIZIA]:** You have not mine: think 'tis heavens hand doth stay you.

**CROSMAN:** Have you no other but my sister, sir,  
To make a stale of? Did you not vow?

**WARD:** Whate'er, I do recant it. I am now  
Myself. Her looks enchanted me.

**[ALIZIA]:** Against a man's own soul, no oath can tie.

**CROSMAN:** This thy disgrace revenged shall speak in blood.

*Enter Voada.*

**VOADA:** Where is my betrothed husband? All's ready.

**CROSMAN:** To publish infamy to thee and us!

The weather-cock is turned, this boy's breath did it.

**VOADA:** Again turned?

**[ALIZIA]:** You cast your eyes too much upon the flame  
Proves your destruction.

**VOADA:** Ungentle boy! Dost thou requite me thus?  
How canst thou blushless view me? Have my tears  
Procured me nought but scorn?

**WARD:** Forgiveness, Voada! Turn back thy comet-eyes,  
Plagues, devils, poverty-- may all ills fall  
Man e'er was subject to, I will enjoy thee.  
Force hence, I say, this boy.

**[ALIZIA]:** As I from hence, so thou art thrust from joy-- eternal joys.

*Exit.*

**CROSMAN:** The Mufti's here. You know the custom, sir.  
Some trivial ceremonies, they'll be soon o'er.  
They once performed, you're ne'er unhappy more.  
Besides, the captainship of our strong castle  
Shall be my sister's portion-- here's the key.

**WARD:** Do not delay them then.

**CROSMAN:** They are come, sir.

Scene 7.2

*Enter the Slaves bound [including FERDINAND and RAYMOND'S SONS], going to the Port [escorted by GUARDS].*

**WARD:** What mean these slaves? Their sights like basilisks  
Foretells my ruin. 'Sheart, make this way.

**FERDINAND:** Nay, do not shun our sight. Hear us but now,  
We'll forgive all our wrongs, with patience row  
At the unwieldy oar: we will forget  
That we were sold by you, and think we set  
Our bodies 'gainst your soul, the dearest purchase  
Of your Redeemer, that we regained you so.  
Leave but this path damnation guides you to.

**2. SON:** Our blood, our father's blood-- all is forgiven,  
The bond of all thy sins is cancelled,

Keep but thy self from this.

**FERDINAND:** Let us redeem our country's shame by thee,  
We willing will endure our slavery.

**WARD:** The words do rip my heart up-- ha?

**VOADA:** Why stand you in this dilemma? Are you deprived  
Of sense and being?

**WARD:** Thou tell'st me true: with what brain can I think  
Heaven would be glad of such a friend as I am?  
A pirate? Murderer? Let those can hope a pardon care  
To atone with heaven. I cannot; I despair.

**FERDINAND:** Will you yet hear me? Yet heaven hath mercy.

**WARD:** And hell damnation. On! Zounds, on, I say!  
The way that leads to love is no black way.

*Exit WARD, CROSMAN, VOADA, others, with a shout.*

**FERDINAND:** But thou wilt find it black: no hell I see's so low  
Which lust and woman cannot lead us to.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 8

*Enter Chorus*

**CHORUS:** Here could I wish our period, or that our pen  
Might speak the fictions, not the acts of men.  
The deeds we have presented hitherto are white  
Compared unto those black ones we must write:  
For now no more at men, but giant-like  
The face of heaven itself he dares to strike.  
And with a blushless front he dares to do  
What we are dumb to think, much more to show.  
Yet what may fall beyond uncertain guess  
Your better favours bind us to express.

*Enter two bearing half-moons, one with a Mahomet's head following. After them the Mufti, or chief priest, two meaner priests bearing his train. The Mufti seated, a confused noise of music, with a shout. Enter two Turks, one bearing a turban with a half-moon in it, the other a robe, a sword: a third with a globe in one hand, an arrow in the other. Two knights follow. After them, Ward on an ass, in his Christian habit, bare-headed. The two knights, with a low reverence, ascend, whisper the Mufti in the ear, draw their swords, and pull him off the Ass. He laid on his belly, the tables (by two inferior Priests) offered him, he lifts his hand up, subscribes, is brought to his seat by the Mufti, who puts on his turban and robe, girds his sword, then swears him on the Mahomet's head, ungirds his sword, offers him a cup of wine by the hands of a Christian. He spurns at him, and throws away the cup, is mounted on the ass, who is richly clad, and with a shout. Exeunt.*

**CHORUS:** The accursed priests of Mahomet being set,  
Two knights present the wretch, who finds no let  
To his perdition: to whom nor shame, nor fear  
Give any curse. Dismounted from that steed  
Did best befit the rider: they then read  
The Laws of their damned Prophet. He subscribes,  
enrolls his name into their pagan tribes.  
Now wears the habit of a free-born Turk,  
His sword excepted, which lest they should work  
Just villainy to their seducers, is denied  
Unto all runagates, unless employed  
In wars 'gainst Christians. Last, oh be he last,  
Forswears his name! With what we blush to tell,  
But 'tis no wonder, black's the way to hell;  
Who though he seem yet happy, his success  
Shows he exchanged with it, and wretchedness.  
Give patience to our scene, which hereto tends  
To show the world, black deeds will have black ends.

*Exit.*

**Scene 9: At Dansiker's lodgings in Tunis**

*Enter DANSIKER, SARES, three SAILORS.*

**DANSIKER:** Ward turned Turk? It is not possible.

**SARES:** I saw him Turk to the circumcision.  
Marry, therein I heard he played the Jew with 'em,  
Made 'em come to the cutting off an ape's tail.

**DANSIKER:** I see the hand of heaven prevented mine.  
Death was too fair a guerdon for him. But to the present,  
Deserving sir. I now am to conjure you  
By all the offices of friendship past,  
By what my future love and means may stead you,  
To vow performance of one small request.

**SARES:** Whate'er it be I'll be as just to you  
As heaven to truth: by all that Ward denied,  
I vow me yours.

**DANSIKER:** I accept your faith. Know then that I am bound  
Unto a desperate attempt. How it may succeed,  
Heaven and Fate only know. The circumstance  
I do enjoin you further not to enquire.  
What on your trust's imposed is the redeeming  
Those two betrayed young men, whom Ward did sell,  
When to his barbarous cruelty they opposed,  
And lost themselves and state. Their ransom's here.  
As you prove just, from all mishaps rest clear.

*gives him a paper.*

**SARES:** And if I fail to accomplish your desires,  
All my sins haunt me when my breath expires.

**DANSIKER:** I am most confident. Best sir, adieu,  
If Dansiker do live, he lives to you.

*Exit SARES. Enter DUTCH SAILOR 1.*

Hast laid the train to my directions?

**D. SAILOR:** It is done to the undoing of 'em all.  
Time calls aboard which spends not half an hour  
Before our train do take. It rests to be determined  
What ships we fire, which bear along with us.

**DANSIKER:** Danville's makes with us; all the rest give fire to,

Sares' ship except. To him we are engaged;  
Nor will we prove ungrateful, are all things ready.

**D. SAILOR:** To your own wishes.

**DANSIKER:** Aboard then instantly. Tunis farewell!  
Dansiker bids all pirates now adieu.  
He'll show you, what you might do, were you true!

*Exeunt.*

**Scene 10.1: At the house of Benwash the Jew**

*Enter AGAR above in the window*

**AGAR:** How dull a pace keeps time to lovers' eyes,  
And yet to me how swift the night's black horse  
Makes way to raise the morn, whose least of light  
Takes all my hopes from me and damps me quite.  
Eleven and yet not come! He was not capable  
Of my quaint stratagem, or being possessed  
Of what he wanted, gold, contemns my love.  
It is no other, Agar-- he loathes thee.  
Man's curse is, things forbid, still to pursue;  
What's freely offered not to hold worth their view.  
Ha? Unless my credulous ears deceive me,  
There's one makes towards my window.

*clock strikes*

*Ent. GALLOP*

**GALLOP:** The coast is clear! Bawd night, I do salute thee! Thou that dost wink at all faults, that hug'st so many sins in thy black bosom, the sun grows pale to view them. To thee, damnation's nurse, I make my prayer, conjure thee by all my lustful embraces thou hast been witness to, by all the cuckolds thou hast made twixt morn and twilight, to add one to the number. But one, thou black eyed negro! Never did woman make such shift to dub her husband, though many thou dost know have made most bare ones. O let this instrument that hath so many freed from the hell of usurers, and from the jaws of their fear (bandogs!), hath paid so many debts, relieve my wants. I'll never blame thee, Fortune, henceforth if I lack. Put thyself but this once on my back, no false light in the window, no bawdy landmark, no handkerchief to waft me. I'll venture it. Agar, my lovely Agar!

**AGAR:** It's he who in this dead of night calls on my name.

**GALLOP:** Thy friend, thy understanding friend, with the ladder of ropes! Here, make them sure above, leave me to the lower parts.

**AGAR:** I hope you mean no wrong, sir, to me.

**GALLOP:** I'll do thee as much right as can be done to one of thy sex. Hast made it fast?

**AGAR:** You may adventure, sir.

**GALLOP:** He that will not adventure for such a piece of flesh, were worthy to feed upon dumplings all days on's life. Nay, I will venture. Thou warden of the horned livery, Omnipotent Vulcan, now set my shafts but right,  
I'll make one freeman more ere it be light.

*He goes up the rope.*

## Scene 10.2

*Enter two SAILORS*

1. **SAILOR:** There's no remedy: that which makes waiting-women punks, and captains panders, that causeth decayed gentlemen become solicitors, and bankrupt citizens sergeants, that makes us thieves-- necessity, that which hath no law on's side.

2. **SAILOR:** We shall have as little conscience anon in robbery.

1. **SAILOR:** Aye, should we rob hospitals, our betters have made that a monopoly; but to steal from a rich Jew-- it is no more sin then to unload a weary ass.

2. **SAILOR:** By hook or crook, you will have it.

1. **SAILOR:** We were bred in a country that had the charity to whip begging out of us when we were young, and for starving, manhood denies it. You know what must necessarily follow.

2. **SAILOR:** Nay, make your conclusion.

1. **SAILOR:** Press her in a dumb show! Here about should be the house, great windows and a little wicket, nobleman-like. What's here? A ladder of ropes! S'foot we are prevented, St. Nicholas' clerks are stepped up before us.

2. **SAILOR:** Were they ten justice's clerks, we would share with 'em.

1. **SAILOR:** Their masters would prevent us for that, yet since our case is desperate, we will put in with 'em.

*[They climb up the rope ladder.]*

2. **SAILOR:** Softly, for waking the maids.

1. **SAILOR:** S'heart, thou art the son of a Lapland-witch sure. This is the maids' chamber. One of them is in a dream: she fetcheth her wind short, I am sure.

2. **SAILOR:** How long thou art poking at it! What is't man?

1. **SAILOR:** Some light commodity or other.

2. **SAILOR:** A woman's lower part-- it is altogether in fashion for them to be light about the bum indeed.

1. **SAILOR:** I have the male part to't, the doublet. Your women will have it ever in request to have the man's part uppermost.

2. **SAILOR:** *[holding up Gallop's trousers]* S'heart, a French slop! These are none of the Jew's trousers, and they should be no gallant's-- for he hath money in his purse.  
*[Discovers a purse full of money in Gallop's trousers.]*

1. **SAILOR:** Aye, marry, sir, this fellow had good ware about him indeed. Upon my life we are little better than bawds, get money by others' venery. This Jew is a—

*Enter RABSHAKE*

**RABSHAKE:** Fire, fire, fire!

2. **SAILOR:** Water, water, water!

*Exeunt SAILORS*

### Scene 10.3

**RABSHAKE:** Fire, fire, fire! The slaves lie on straw-beds, and yet this cry will take no hold on 'em. Fire, fire, fire!

*[Enter GALLOP and AGAR above.]*

**GALLOP:** Flames and brimstone, I am in hell! Zounds, my breeches! The ladder! This Jew hath found us out and fired the house.

**AGAR:** Dear sir, contain yourself!

**GALLOP:** A plague on venery, a hot end comes on't still! Is the window high enough that I may break my neck, die any death rather than be roasted?

**AGAR:** Here's a vault leads to the common shower. It being low water, the sheets shall let you down to your escape.

**GALLOP:** Those sheets have brought me low enough already.

*Within:* Fire, fire, fire!

**GALLOP:** Flames stop thy throat!

**AGAR:** Dear sir, adventure it and save your life.

**GALLOP:** Were it to hell I must,  
A plague on whores, I say, whose vast desires  
Begins in watery tears and end in fires.

*Exeunt.*

**Scene 11: The street in front of Benwash's house**

*Enter RABSHAKE at one door, and BENWASH at another.*

**RABSHAKE:** Fire, fire!

**BENWASH:** An ocean overwhelm thee! Where is the fire, slave?

**RABSHAKE:** At the Jew's house, Benwash his house-- your house sir! *Exit Rabshake.*

**BENWASH:** My bags, my obligations, my wife! Agar, I say! I shall run mad! I will scale the windows, burn for company! My money and myself will go together! What's here? a ladder of ropes! Gallop's breeches! Burn on, burn on! Singe all the world! Consume it with thy flames, thou best of elements! Burn on, I say!

*Enter WARD, [VOADA, FRANCISCO, ALIZIA disguised,] SAILORS.*

**WARD:** As you are men, on this side help to save our goods.

**BENWASH:** As you are ministers of Lucifer, let it burn on. It's mine own house: come but on my ground, I'll have my action for't.

**WARD:** He is distracted. Help, as you are men!

**BENWASH:** Dogs, villains, thieves! Down with him that lays a hand a to't! Be just, you powers of heaven, and throw thy wildfire down upon the heads of these adulterers. Room, room, room! I have it, I have it! Room, room, room!

**WARD:** The Jew is mad indeed. His loss distracts him.

*[Enter RABSHAKE.]*

Speak, gentle friend-- doth the fire slack?

**RABSHAKE:** The house is saved, but all the ships in the harbour unquenchable do burn.

**WARD:** The ships in the harbour!

**RABSHAKE:** Yours only excepted.

**[ALIZIA]:** My thoughts now have their ends,

**VOADA:** Do not thou grieve, boy. Know I love thee.  
Thy maintenance shall express it. I have friends  
And jewels left for thee. *[To Ward]* But I hate thee more  
Than all thy wealth made me love thee before.

*Exit.*

**WARD:** False woman, thou shalt not shake me off thus!

Were all the impudence of thy whole sex--  
All their blushless impieties-- confined in thee,  
I'll move thy flinty heart to sense and shame.  
I will, thou sorceress. Now I do see too late  
There is a hand o'errules our will and fate.

*Exit.*

**FRANCISCO:** This shows the greatest plague heaven keeps in store  
Falls, when a man is linked unto a whore.

*Exit.*

**Scene 12: The house of Benwash the Jew**

*Enter BENWASH, RABSHAKE AGAR.*

**BENWASH:** *[holding up GALLOP's trousers]* I have it, I have it-- here, here! Nay come on, you have come off I am sure. Here's evidence looks pale to think but on't. You do not know the tenant to this cottage? He was an upright dealer; he paid me to a hair. *[To RABSHAKE]* Come forward and be hanged! I shall advance you in a rope's name. You have made no cuckold of me-- I made myself one, pandered my own horns. Now, sirrah, you that go to't by art, put your cases one in the neck of another-- you *rem in re*, what think you of this case?

**RABSHAKE:** I think the serpent crept into a narrow hole, and left his case behind him.

**BENWASH:** Then I am a cornuto!

**RABSHAKE:** This makes the naked truth appear so.

**BENWASH:** The best is, the crest is mine own. I paid well for't.

**AGAR:** Dear husband, pardon me. I will confess.

**BENWASH:** What wilt thou confess? That thou hast made a mere ass of me, to pay thy journeyman wages beforehand?

**RABSHAKE:** It should seem he laboured hard to earn it. He could keep no clothes about him.

**BENWASH:** This slave doth not think I'll cut his throat for this. You have watched nearly, sirrah, you have.

**RABSHAKE:** Unless I should have been their bawd, I could watch no nearer. Methinks she hath done you a great pleasure, rid you of your disease, jealousy. Now you need fear no more: you are in possession on't; your doubts are at an end.

**BENWASH:** Good, very good, my doubts are at end. But I shall hang you in suspense for this. You mancora that plump upon raw flesh! Here, set your hand to this letter, that I may draw your captain on again upon the breach. I'll blow you up else. Why move you not? I am sure you laid your hand to the business when time was.

**AGAR:** Pardon me sir, I know my life is forfeit  
To your just anger. Nor will I be the means  
To shed more blood. Mine shall suffice alone:  
Since only one is wronged, punish but one.

**BENWASH:** She loves him still, as I am a cuckold!  
He has outgone me, do you hear? Subscribe!  
Move me no further.

**AGAR:** The worst can be but death-- I will not.

**BENWASH:** I tell thee, I'll forgive thee. Give my revenge  
Scope but at him, thou art free.

**AGAR:** Swear it by Abraham's dust, the ashes of our forefathers.

**RABSHAKE:** Dust and ashes-- it's but a frail oath.

**BENWASH:** By that, and all that ties a virtuous mind,  
I vow and swear by written writ.

**RABSHAKE:** You'll swear as much to forgive me, I hope, too, sir.

**BENWASH:** Why, thou shalt be the messenger, nay, the actor  
In my just vengeance.

**RABSHAKE:** The hangman you mean, sir. I am expert at it.

*Exeunt*

**Scene 13.1: Tunis**

*Enter WARD and FRANCISCO.*

**WARD:** Francisco, what news, man?

**FRANCISCO:** The worst your ears can hear. Our ships--

**WARD:** They are untouched: of all they are only safe.

**FRANCISCO:** You dazzle your own eyes. That villain Dansiker  
Hath grappled them and fled.

**WARD:** Whirlwinds pursue him! Heaven, seas, earth-- all at once  
Join to his confusion! Now I do see too late  
There is a hand o'errules our will and fate.

*Enter VOADA and ALIZIA.*

**VOADA:** I shall then take your promise. Your brother being redeemed, this night I shall enjoy  
thee.

**ALIZIA:** This diamond binds me to't-- by this I swear.

**VOADA:** 'Tis thine. I will bestow it on thee, to tie thy faith.  
Thou hast his ransom?

**ALIZIA:** 'Tis here.

**VOADA:** About it then. Now fortune equal prove.  
I am happy: yet her lust redeems my love.

*Exit ALIZIA.*

**WARD:** Yet see, midst all my miseries I have a friend.  
My constant, loyal Voada, could what we enjoy  
Make a man happy, I am not miserable.  
Thou com'st to comfort me-- I know thou dost.

**VOADA:** This fellow raves, sure. Do you know to whom you speak?

**WARD:** Put not a further trial on me, thou best of women:  
Know if this arm were barred all other means,  
From hearts of Christians it should dig thee food.

**VOADA:** We know you are a bloody murderer and are repaid  
By our just Prophet that hates false runagates.

**WARD:** How couldst thou malice man so much, heaven,

As to create a woman?  
Thou hast forgot me sure! O look on him  
That hath denied his faith, sold all his hopes  
To purchase thee his bride.

**VOADA:** To match with beggary! Know I contemn thee  
As a most abject slave, and hate thee more  
Then all thy wealth could make me love before.

*Exit.*

**FRANCISCO:** What mean you, sir? Could you expect a good,  
A happiness from hell? She is a whore.

**WARD:** Thou liest: this arm shall make it good.  
My soul for her I lost, and now my blood.

### Scene 13.2

*Enter RABSHAKE.*

**FRANCISCO:** Your passion doth transport you. Here comes her pander,  
One that knows all her secrets. Examine him.  
If she stand clear, let my life answer it.

**WARD:** I'll put you to the test.

**RABSHAKE:** I have had a hot night of this-- nothing but fire in my mouth two hours together!  
Marry, the old Jew my master, I hear, hath stumbled on a cooler. I thought this captain  
would be coming so long on upon the breach he would break his neck at the last. This  
venery is a tempting dish: some ne'er lin licking at it till they burn their lips. Well, I must  
go comfort up old Benwash: he's heavy upon his wife's lightness.

**WARD:** You, Jew-- a word with you!

**RABSHAKE:** You, Turk, I have nothing to say to you. Ha, ha, ha. Poor fellow, how he looks  
since Mahomet had the handling of him! He hath had a sore night at "Who's that knocks  
at the backdoor?" Cry you mercy, I thought you were an Italian captain.

**WARD:** Zounds, leave your circumlocutions. I'll send your head to your heels else.

**FRANCISCO:** You parcel bawd, all usher! Answer directly who 'tis bears away the prize in your  
mistress' race, or I'll spoil your footing, cut you off by the hams.

**RABSHAKE:** Alas, sir!

**WARD:** Speak-- who are her suitors?

**RABSHAKE:** Voada's suitors? Oh sir, a barber, sir.

**FRANCISCO:** I'll make you have need of a surgeon e'er I have done with you. How do you know he is a barber?

**RABSHAKE:** He smells strong of rose-water, and he hath never money in his purse but on Saturday nights.

**WARD:** What other suitor, slave?

**RABSHAKE:** Another sweet youth too, I take it a comfit-maker; and it seems hath rotten teeth, for he dares not come in sight so long as the barber's in the way.

**FRANCISCO:** This dog deludes us. I'll tear thy throat out, villain, unless thou instantly name him she loves.

**RABSHAKE:** Her page, sir, the little Christian the good-faced captain gave her, Fidelio.

**WARD:** My slave, the French shipboy?

**FRANCISCO:** I saw him leave her now. How dost thou know she loves him?

**RABSHAKE:** She makes him sing bawdy songs to her, looks fortunes in his fist, and babies in his eyes, makes dialogues betwixt him, her little dog, and herself, lies upon her back, puts his hand in her hand, and wrings it till the tears come again.

**WARD:** Insatiate monster! Could her swollen blood  
Reach such a height none but my page must suit her?

**FRANCISCO:** Contain yourself a while. This slave can speak  
One of her dialogues.

**RABSHAKE:** It is my practise, sir. You shall stand for the lady, you for her dog, and I the page.  
You and that dog looking one upon another, the page presents himself.

**FRANCISCO:** Good.

**RABSHAKE:** The best is behind, sir.

*Runs away.*

**FRANCISCO:** Jew, slave, dog!

### Scene 13.3

**WARD:** The horned Devil follow him! A skipper's boy?  
The shame of woman! Rather than be baffled thus  
I will betray this town, blow up the castle.  
Francisco, do but second me.

**FRANCISCO:** First repossess yourself of your stronghold.  
I fear some treachery: the governor  
With all the janissaries of the town  
I met in their way thither.

**WARD:** Blast them, ye powers, first. The governor  
Make towards the castle? I am betrayed! Away,  
I see that heaven forgets not though I delay. *[Enter JANISSARIES.]*  
Thrust out by janissaries?

**JANISSARY:** Pack hence, false runagate! Slave, beggar!

*[WARD runs and hides by throwing himself on the ground.  
Exit FRANCISCO, pursued by JANISSARIES.]*

**WARD:** Disgracious vassals! What mountain covers me?  
Wink, wink, thou day-star! Hide my guilty shame,  
Make me as if I ne'er had been, whose name  
Succeeding times will curse. Should I confess my sin,  
There's not an ear that can with pity hear  
A man so wicked miserable. Should I bear up,  
Outlook my crimes, I want means to support me.  
To die I dare not: the jaws of hell do yawn  
To swallow me. Live I cannot: famine threats,  
And that the worst of poverty-- contempt and scorn.  
Never on man Fate cast so black a frown.  
Up I am denied to fly, unpitied down.  
Rest, restless soul, on this accursed soil,  
And teach the world into how sad a toil  
Ambition and swift riot run, when mean content  
Sits low, yet happy; and when their day is spent  
All that they get is labour and unrest,  
A hateful grave, and worst, a troubled breast.

*Enter Francisco*

**FRANCISCO:** Where shall I find this most unfortunate wretch?  
There is a part in him called man, which we should pity  
Howe'er his merit stands. Nor will I leave him,  
Though he hath left himself. See where he lies,  
Best suiting with his fortunes. Could we our fate foreknow,  
Men were as gods, nor need we have lain so low.  
How fare you, brother? Why with so sad an eye  
Do you behold me, that in your miseries  
Bear equal part?

**WARD:** Can there remain a soul that will vouchsafe  
Compassion on me? Thou dost but flatter,  
Or hast forgot. I have lost all, and poverty,  
When no ill else will do't, makes all friends fly.

**FRANCISCO:** Were you entitled to no other guilt,  
How willing for you should my blood be spilt!  
Here sir, accept this poor relief.  
Bootless, alas, distress recounts those errors  
To think what might have been cures, not the terrors  
Of present suffering.

**WARD:** True, true, Francisco, could I redeem the time,  
The world should speak my penitence.  
Could I call back but one seven years,  
Though all my life were servile after,  
Were my soul but free  
From innocent blood, and fearful blasphemy,  
On the condition I might live an age  
Tortured upon a wheel. I tell thee, friend,  
Were I this city's viceroy, I would give  
My crown, despoil myself of all, only to live  
One month with that content this soul did know  
When a poor fisherman possessed it.

**FRANCISCO:** You are too low dejected.  
Men that with sufferance their wrongs do bear  
Are held but weak, and states, more oft for fear  
Than love unto the right, redress men's ills.  
Who stoutly down his enemies. Malice kills,  
Who basely wounds himself.

**WARD:** No less than truth. I have been too low indeed.  
Each one the yielding grass doth dare to tread  
That flies resisting thorns. False Voads,  
Thy lamb is turned a lion. I feel revenge  
Give a new life to me. I'll only stay  
Till I have spoke thy brother. I think he'll blush  
To hear thy shame, tell thee thou hast not played  
A woman's part with me. Suppose the worse--  
That he turn villain too. He had better curse  
His grandsires' ashes. If once more I fall in,  
I'll be unparalleled at least for sin.

*[He rises.]*

**Scene 13.4**

*[Enter ALIZIA disguised as Fidelio]*

**FRANCISCO:** Stay! See, the strumpet's love, Fidelio.

**ALIZIA:** Captain, you are the man I seek. I have a suit to you.

**WARD:** Concerning Voadia, is't not?

**ALIZIA:** Concerning her that hates you for my sake,  
Neglects your merit. This night gives full revenge  
To all her injuries.

**WARD:** Repeat that happy word again, I am wholly thine.

**ALIZIA:** Know her vassaliate lust hath long pursued  
And with such violence attempted me,  
That with my oaths, this night to sate her heat  
I hardly have delayed her.

**WARD:** What's this to my revenge?

**ALIZIA:** It follows, give me but way  
Through your castle. There's a Hollander  
This evening makes from hence  
That gives them passage. I have tied him to't.

**WARD:** Thou art forever free-- the hour name.

**ALIZIA:** I'll speak your worth yet, in spite of fame.  
About three, watch the word "Fidelio."

**WARD:** Avoid suspicion and till then be gone.

**ALIZIA:** Nay then, my joys do flow. *Exit.*

**FRANCISCO:** Whether tends this? What passage? Come you for him?

**WARD:** To heaven. I once more must exact  
Thy trust and diligence.

**FRANCISCO:** Speak it.

**WARD:** Make instantly to Voadia; tell her  
This night a skipper doth attend to steal aboard

Her love Fidelio. Give her the hour and place;  
Wish her to pistol him.

**FRANCISCO:** Wouldst have her kill her love, too?

**WARD:** Aye, and run mad for't. Meanwhile I'll walk the streets. I shall meet some will know  
me, to whom I will relate my wrongs. Wilt do't, Francisco?

**FRANCISCO:** My soul to gage.

**WARD:** This comfort then (in spite of hell) I'll have:  
Ward went not unrevenged unto his grave.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 14: Marseilles

*Enter CHORUS.*

**CHORUS:** How black a path unbounded riot treads,  
Your gentler eyes have viewed. Our scene now leads  
To give him rest, that from his ills had learnt  
To know his misery, and at least had earned  
This lesson from the extremes that others passed:  
No course that violent is, secure can last.  
This clew doth wind him back, and Dansiker  
(The wealth of Tunis), now is become their fear,  
Strives to redeem his infamy and with success  
Makes through their bowels to his happiness.  
No sooner he arrives in France but his sad ears  
(Instead of welcomes) entertain new fears.  
The aged oak that Atlas-like sustained,  
The weight of France, that with his blood regained  
Her wasted body (like the pelican),  
By one that from his life took breath is slain.  
This fatal blow astonisheth the hopes  
Of Dansiker and his, to make return  
Impossible. Those fires yet fresh do burn  
Would threaten them with utmost tortures here.  
To make abode they find themselves beset  
With many they by their spoil made foes; yet  
Twixt two extremes they choose the better part:  
Take land and to the Governor present  
Themselves and fortunes, show their act, intent  
And penitence, their promised pardon. What befell  
This show presents, which words deny to tell.

*Enter governor [of Provence] in state, takes his seat. Dansiker and his followers with ropes about their necks, their weapons with the points towards them, deliver their petition. The governor reads and salutes them, [and they] put up their sword. Suddenly rush in diverse like merchants with followers, [who] seem to threaten the governor, who defends Dansiker, labours betwixt them. [The merchants] seem pacified, and Dansiker swears by his sword, [then]offer[s] to go out to meet his wife and child. They [are]persuaded, [and]he delivers them to the governor's trust. Omnes Exeunt.*

**CHORUS:** 'Twixt hope and dread, as suited former merit,  
The governor receives them, gives new spirit  
Unto their drooping hopes, when (with the name  
Of Dansiker's arrival) swift winged Fame  
Brings in the oppressed merchants whose spoil  
Had fed his hungry sword and with their toil

Made rich his rapines. These crave law, his life.  
The opposing governor almost ends the strife,  
With his own blood; informs them the king's death  
Stood only bar to his safety, that his breath  
Would recompense all former injuries.  
To approve it, gives them notice of the prize  
Brought from Tunis, and more to assuage their ire,  
Dansiker dares what act they can desire  
Man to accomplish, to redeem his peace  
And their great losses. All their furies cease,  
And with one voice demand Benwash the Jew  
As his just ransom. They need no more renew  
This their request: by oath themselves they tie  
To bring him prisoner, or in the action die.  
No motives from his wife or child dissuade  
This his resolve. Suppose he now hath made  
His back-return and in some apt disguise  
Attends success unto his enterprise.  
His end and strange prevention, briefly show  
Designs are men's; their sway the gods do owe.

*Exeunt.*

**Scene 15.1: A dark passageway inside the castle of Tunis**

*Enter [RAYMOND (the younger)].*

**RAYMOND:** This is the place. A cold blood thwarts my heart.  
My fleeting soul in her disturbed passion  
Proclaims some ill near. Let me suppose the worst--  
Alizia's dead. False tongue, how durst thou name  
So great a mischief? Alas, this bracelet speaks it.  
This which I tied unto her ivory wrist,  
The witness of those vows confirmed us one.  
The news of my captivity took all her hopes  
And life away, and dying she bequeathed  
This loyal gift again, with my sad ransom.  
'T may be this youth may be Alizia,  
Herself a prisoner. Yet she's too virtuous  
To out-live her honour and her chastity,  
Which her captivity must needs endanger.  
I hear his footsteps.

*Enter WARD and VOADA*

**VOADA:** We are not far off from the place. Softly, softly!  
The night is dark and friendly to mine ends.

**RAYMOND:** Fidelio, Fidelio!

**VOADA:** 'Tis he would rob me of Fidelio!

**RAYMOND:** Fidelio, I say! Young Raymond here!

*[VOADA shoots RAYMOND.]*

**RAYMOND:** So-- I am slain.

**VOADA:** Thus dost thou bear Fidelio back again.

**WARD:** Ha, ha, ha.

**RAYMOND:** Oh false, false Alizia-- thy watchwords as thyself,  
Deceiving! Didst think my slavery  
Was not an ill sufficient, but my blood  
Must pay thy falsehood tribute? Or couldst not wish  
So great a plague to me, that I should hear  
Thou wert turned prostitute? Ungentle, cruel woman!

**WARD:** 'Tis not the boy, sure: his voice, his passion  
Speaks him another. More projects yet-- I hear some foot stir.

## Scene 15.2

**ALIZIA:** How fearful is the night! Heaven's angry, sure,  
And having drawn the day up, chid her thus  
For giving light to men's impieties.  
'Tis much about the hour of my appoint.  
What sad groan wounds my ears? Fidelio!  
Raymond, friend Fidelio!

**RAYMOND:** Or rather Infidelio! Whate'er thou art,  
Thou needst not doubt thy task. Thou hast made me sure,  
Or if thou doubts it, here discharge one bullet more.

**ALIZIA:** 'Tis not his voice. Thou liest, false thoughts. Raymond,  
Fidelio!

**RAYMOND:** My name is Raymond, that Fidelio unjustly murdered.

**ALIZIA:** No marvel though thou thund'rest heaven,  
And darts thy flashes down. Oh! Why is not  
This world a universal fire? What one good  
Keeps back thy flames?

**RAYMOND:** Oh, speak! What art thou? Whose sad speech  
Makes death stay yet to hear thee.

**ALIZIA:** My friend, my Raymond by my means murdered!  
I have lived too long, too long.

**RAYMOND:** Oh speak! What art thou whose sad accents force  
Pale death to stay and hear thee?

**ALIZIA:** Alas I am nothing, nothing.

**RAYMOND:** As thou hast hope in heaven, tell me thy name!

**ALIZIA:** I will. My name's Alizia, thy constant loyal, loyal friend, that in her passage unto thee  
will not be long. *[Stabs herself.]*

**RAYMOND:** Oh, save thy life!

**ALIZIA:** Wish me not so much ill. I love thee better.  
Miracle of thy sex, O let me embrace thee yet!

**RAYMOND:** Here, here! Fly hence, vain breath.

**ALIZIA:** No other good is known to me but death.

*They die.*

**Scene 15.3**

**WARD:** Francisco thou'rt a villain! Forgiveness, Voadal!  
The words of these two innocents with purple eyes  
Dart terror through me. Fidelio turned a woman.

*Within:* Follow, follow, follow!

**VOADA:** I will rather give an ear to the black shrieks  
Of mandrakes! Thou knewst I loved him,  
And that hath forced his wound, at sight whereof  
Methinks reflecting heaven should spread itself  
In a deep crimson veil, blush to have created  
A wretch so monstrous. But my revenge sleeps. Know, boy,  
I will repay thy death. *[To Ward]* Slave, I will famish thee,  
And when thy fainting eyelids 'gin to crack,  
My satisfied lust, by him most hates thee,  
Shall be thy object.

**WARD:** You wrong me to suppose I should be guilty  
Of such an impious deed.

**VOADA:** Doth not thy bloodstained poniard speak it,  
With which thy accursed arm did force his breast?  
His too, too gentle breast!

**WARD:** Thyself be witness. *[Offers her his dagger.]*

**VOADA:** That I am revenged on thee! *[VOADA] Stabs at him, he beats it back, and wounds her.*

Murder, murder! The slave will murder me!

**WARD:** What mean you, wife?

*Enter Janissaries.*

**VOADA:** As you are men, make rescue of me!

**WARD:** I am betrayed, outgone by a she-devil.

**VOADA:** He hath not only slain his innocent page,  
But thus assailed my life. Lay hands on him,

Dear countrymen! Revenge my wrongs, my blood,  
On this false runagate! I faint, I faint.  
Convey me to a chirurgeon! Make him safe!

*Exit.*

**JANISSARY 1:** In the governor's name, I do command you give your weapons up.

**WARD:** S'heart, gentlemen, you know Francisco killed him. I'll make it good.

**JANISSARY 2:** We have nothing to charge you with about your page.  
It is the wounding your wife with an unlawful weapon.

**JANISSARY 1:** You have most unmanly thrust in a woman.

**WARD:** Honest friends, Turks, and officers-- if ever I laid hands on her, may I never see light more.

**JANISSARY 1:** We'll take a reasonable order for that. You ne'er laid hands on her! Out, impudence! Away to the dungeon with him.

**WARD:** S'heart, carry me to the governor that I may have justice first.

**JANISSARY 2:** The fellow raves. He thinks men in office have nothing to do but to give him justice. You must first be punished and then talk of justice when you have cause.

**JANISSARY 1:** Away with him! He shall know what 'tis to marry into a great tribe, an honourable tribe. You use a great woman as if she were your wife! Y'are a base fellow indeed. You, a courtier?

**WARD:** Nay, then I see my end draws. I shall rave,  
Run mad. Have you e'er a Bedlam, that I may not famish  
But show tricks to get meat with, or rail against the state?  
And when I have eased my gall a month or two,  
Come out again? Zounds, let me beat hemp,  
Do anything, rather than famish! That death  
She hath vowed me, and I'll prevent it: allow me  
But every week a Christian. I am content  
To feed upon raw flesh. If't be but once a month  
A Briton, I'll be content with him.

**JANISSARY 2:** Nay then, you are mad indeed! Away with him.

**WARD:** As you are true Turks, I will put you in sureties. I know the Devil will provide me bail,  
Rather than lose my employment. As you are pitiful Turks.

**JANISSARY 1:** Nay then, we shall be troubled with you.

**WARD:** Plagues, pestilences, all fall upon my head,  
Rather than by a whore be famished.  
I do conjure you!

*Exeunt.*

**Scene 16.1: At the house of Benwash the Jew**

*Enter BENWASH, RABSHAKE, at several Doors.*

**BENWASH:** Rabshake?

**RABSHAKE:** Here, sir.

**BENWASH:** Is this child of Adam coming yet? He that will eat of the forbidden fruit though he lose Paradise for't? Is he coming?

**RABSHAKE:** As fast as his legs will bear him, considering the use he means to put them to. I have provided a caudle to comfort him with.

**BENWASH:** That's my dear precious villain! How sweet art thou, Revenge? The thought of thee turns all my blood to air.

**RABSHAKE:** And your horns, too, sir?

**BENWASH:** All light, Rabshake.

**RABSHAKE:** They were begot light, but methinks they should be heavy in the wearing.

**BENWASH:** I will make them abortive, man, smother them in the womb.

**RABSHAKE:** Though you lop the branches, you will preserve the tree to bear more fruit, I hope-- your wife sir.

**BENWASH:** She shall down, too. I will let her blood in a new vein. She shall turn up the white of the eye, and die the death of a sinner.

**RABSHAKE:** How will you dispense with your oaths, sir?

**BENWASH:** Tush, by equivocation man. I will not hurt her, but thou shalt by equivocation. Behind the arras, my dear Rabshake.

*[BENWASH and RABSHAKE conceal themselves.]*

**RABSHAKE:** That word (by equivocation) lies on my stomach, I would be loath it should make me cast up my gall. I would not have my throat cut by equivocation.

*[Enter GALLOP and AGAR, while BENWASH and RABSHAKE speak aside.]*

**BENWASH:** The game is roused-- take thy stand and strike, Rabshake.

**RABSHAKE:** Strike you, sir? You are the keeper, and have the fees in possession. I have no money upon this equivocation.

**BENWASH:** So the hour of my redemption is at hand-- for man's worst hell, a whore.

**GALLOP:** You put me to a sweet purgation the other night. 'Twas well fear took away some of my senses-- I had smelt for't else.

**AGAR:** You saw the necessity of it sir.

**GALLOP:** You may call it necessity; I thought of the Day of Judgement-- and that was more than ever I did in my life before! What with the fire above, and the ram-headed devil your husband below, I imagined damnation could not be far off.

**BENWASH:** *[aside]* Good, excellent good.

**GALLOP:** And whither is that golden calf of Horeb, that Jew of the Tribe of Israel gone, that it is jubilee with you now, all open?

**AGAR:** He is rid to the Goletto about taking in a commodity.

**GALLOP:** And in the mean time thou wilt utter one at home. I am thy merchant, wench, and will deal with thee by wholesale.

**BENWASH:** *[aside]* Rather by retail sir, retail.

**GALLOP:** Where is your pimp, Rabshake? Taking a nap at the stair foot, committing sin in conceit, whilst we are at it in action? Hath he the two qualities of an usher, a good ear, and to endure cold of his feet? Have you given him instructions?

**BENWASH:** *[aside]* I see how it did work, I feel it.

**RABSHAKE:** *[aside]* He'll make the old Jew believe I was his wife's bawd.

**GALLOP:** The slave was born pander, his mother was a midwife, and then he must needs be bawd to set his mother's trade a work.

**RABSHAKE:** *[aside]* You will groan for this anon, sir.

**AGAR:** I pray you, sir, sit down-- a small banquet sir.

*[AGAR brings out wine and food.]*

**GALLOP:** Provocatives and whettors on? One liquorous thing draws out another. Who will not

swear venery is a sweet sin now? Bacchus and Venus, two Gods-- the Devil is far enough off then.

*[BENWASH and RABSHAKE reveal themselves.]*

**BENWASH:** You are deceived, sir. He is at your elbow.

**RABSHAKE:** Is Dun in the mire? For old acquaintance sake we'll drag you out, sir. You are in travail: I am the son of a midwife; I'll help to deliver you.

**GALLOP:** It cannot be. I am in a dream.

**RABSHAKE:** A good belief doth well. Were I in your case, I should be past dreaming-- but I'll cast you in a slumber, sir.

**BENWASH:** You must be at your sweetmeats. Cannot mutton serve your turn, but you must have sauce to it?

**GALLOP:** This whore hath betrayed me: now she hath wrung what she can out of me, she hangs me up for a dried neat's tongue. She is an insatiate whore, sir, hath enticed me by the pander, your man: I was chaste before I knew her, sir.

**RABSHAKE:** Believe him not, sir. He is a mere goat-- look on his beard else.

**AGAR:** You may see by his hair he is a man of hot liver. He came over me with such violence, I had not the heart to resist him.

**BENWASH:** I believe you, wife, I believe you, and thou shalt justify it to his teeth before the greatest devil in hell. Rabshake, give her a mittimus-- strangle her.

**AGAR:** Have you forgot your oaths, sir?

**BENWASH:** I sware as I was a Turk, and I will cut your throat as I am a Jew.

**AGAR:** Villain, keep off, I say.

**RABSHAKE:** You should have said so when time was, mistress.

**AGAR:** *[to RABSHAKE]* Thou betrayest thyself slave, makest way to thine own destruction.

**BENWASH:** Stop her throat, I say! Give no ear to her.

**AGAR:** I do confess my sin-- I have wrongfully betrayed thee.

**GALLOP:** I find myself in bonds for't, lady, it is some comfort yet, that I die not unrevenge'd.

*[RABSHAKE kills AGAR.]*

**BENWASH:** Thou speak'st charitably. Is she gone? Is her lust satisfied now?

**RABSHAKE:** Do a woman to death, and she will be satisfied, nothing else will.

**BENWASH:** Now for you, Mr. Gallop. You gave it me with tilting, and I will return your courtesy.

**GALLOP:** Save my life, sir, and I will be your slave, sell myself in open market, brand me.

**BENWASH:** That were *Lex talion* indeed-- one mark for another! But it will not serve the turn. Have at you!

*[BENWASH] Kills him.*

**RABSHAKE:** Ha, ha, ha, how the ox gores him!

**GALLOP:** 'Sdeath! Villains, treacherous villains, the plague, pox- *[Dies.]*

**RABSHAKE:** He died a true lecher, with the pox in his mouth. Why this was valiantly done sir, in single opposition.

**BENWASH:** Why now my brow begins to smooth. How lik'st this tragedy, Rabshake?

**RABSHAKE:** Rarely! If it do not prove a tragedy to us sir; it's but a comedy hitherto: the setting off is all.

**BENWASH:** Tush, the best is behind, man. Dost think I do not bear a brain about me? Beware a politician, man. Here, bind me, bind me-- hard, hard.

**RABSHAKE:** Aye, marry sir. I like this well. A man may trust you when your hands are tied behind you.

**BENWASH:** I cannot choose but laugh to think how happy I am in my project. It will amaze thee when thou hear'st it, Rabshake. We shall so gull the innocent world, laugh at the silly world.

**RABSHAKE:** If you gull me now, I'll give you leave to make mummy of me. What's next sir?

**BENWASH:** Here, take this dagger. Stab me an inch into the breast and arm.

**RABSHAKE:** Do you call this gulling of the world?

**BENWASH:** I cannot but laugh at the gentleman's lecherous voyage to Lucifer. There, there. Now, Rabshake, let me bind thee.

**RABSHAKE:** How? Bind me?

**BENWASH:** Thou art not capable of the mystery. Thou art shallow, Rabshake.

**RABSHAKE:** I do not desire to wade deeper in, I thank you, sir. I am no politician, bear no brain about me, sir. Yet I can dive into a knave's pockets as well as any man, your worship knows.

**BENWASH:** What dost thou mean by this?

**RABSHAKE:** To rob you as I am a Turk, and cut your throat as I am a Jew. You have forgot your equivocation. I'll chop logic with you. Come, your rings, your chain: do you not laugh? Have you not gulled the world fairly?

**BENWASH:** Thou hast mistaken me: know thou art all my care.

**RABSHAKE:** And you would be rid of me. I conceive you sir, though I am no politician: I have seen the play of Pedringano, sir-- of Pedringano, sir.

**BENWASH:** Dear Rabshake, upon my knees I do entreat thee: hear me!  
For whom have I ta'en thought, outwatched the night,  
Out-toiled the day, but for my Rabshake? what friend,  
What kinsman, what heir had I but Rabshake?

**RABSHAKE:** Yes, you meant I should have been your heir.

**BENWASH:** Nay, thou shouldst have had all in possession. My purpose was to have lived a private life, done penance for my sins, and given thee all.

**RABSHAKE:** You would have parted with this chain, these rings and gold?

**BENWASH:** They are thine own-- on whom should I bestow them else?

**RABSHAKE:** And you have a trick to come off clear with this business.

**BENWASH:** In spite of jealousy, without suspicion man! You being bound, your head thrust in this circle, as if tied up for starting; I had cried out "thieves, murder!" raised the street, transferred the act upon some stranger.

**RABSHAKE:** And I should have been your heir.

**BENWASH:** Thou wrongst me to make question of't.

**RABSHAKE:** If I should try him, it is beyond my compass if he outsail me. This chain and gold is mine.

**BENWASH:** 'Sfoot, myself, too!

**RABSHAKE:** For once I'll try you. Here, bind me. If you do outreach me, I'll ne'er trust Jew more.

**BENWASH:** Here, here. Is thy head in?

**RABSHAKE:** It is, sir.

**BENWASH:** Have I caught you? Are you in the noose? You have seen the play of Pedringano, sir. I'll play with you!

**RABSHAKE:** 'Sheart, I am your slave, sir, I did it to make your worship merry.

**BENWASH:** Tush, you are my heir. I'll hang you up a airing!

**RABSHAKE:** As you are a man, hear me, sir!

*[BENWASH strangles RABSHAKE.]*

**BENWASH:** You must have your chains; you shall be chained. I could even crack my sides with laughter. This will afford me mirth unto my dying day. The play of Pedringano? How the weasel hangs! Ha, ha, ha. Thieves, thieves! Murder, murder! I shall betray myself with laughter. Were you caught, Reynard? Are you in the noose? Murder, murder, thieves murder.

## Scene 16.2

*Enter MUFTI, CROSMAN, and JANISSARIES.*

**CROSMAN:** Break ope the doors! The voice speaks from this room.

**BENWASH:** Murder, murder, murder!

**MUFTI:** Inhuman deed! What hand could be so bloody?

**CROSMAN:** Speak, who was the murderer?

**BENWASH:** Help me to a surgeon!

**MUFTI:** Run for a surgeon! Tell by what monster was this act (so full of horror) done?

**BENWASH:** Three strangers rushed in suddenly, we being at supper, all my servants forth, save honest Rabshake. And having rifled us, did act this horrid murder.

**MUFTI:** The prophet Mahomet reveal the homicides!

*Enter GOVERNOR, other OFFICERS, SARES, DANSIKER disguised.*

**GOVERNOR:** What moves these outcries?

**CROSMAN:** Behold a bloody murder-- Benwash, his wife, this captain, and his servant.

**BENWASH:** My honest servant, honest Rabshake.

**DANSIKER:** [*aside*] Benwash murdered? He hath saved me a labour.

**GOVERNOR:** Is there any hope of life in him?

**CROSMAN:** His wounds are slight, sir. Only his faint heart makes them dangerous.

**GOVERNOR:** Take courage, man. Speak, hast thou any knowledge of the murderers?

**MUFTI:** Only he says they are strangers, men of the sea.

**SARES:** Canst thou remember in what habit, what men of person and complexion they were?

**DANSIKER:** What means the slave to eye me so?

**BENWASH:** That fellow in the stammel hose is one of them.

**GOVERNOR:** Lay hands on him.

**DANSIKER:** On me? Villain, thou buy'st my blood  
At a dear rate. O thou immortal God, *[Stabs BENWASH.]*  
Who know'st my innocence! That for his former sins  
Hast given up Dansiker into the hands  
Of these damned miscreants.

**ALL:** Dansiker?

**DANSIKER:** Aye, Dansiker, that would with all your deaths  
Have cancelled his former infamy,  
Left to the world a president of valour,  
Writ in your sad confusions. But heaven is just:  
Christians did fall by me, by slaves I must.

**GOVERNOR:** Call forth the common hangman. By this time he hath done his office on Francisco. Dansiker? Unlook't for!

**BENWASH:** Hear me before I die. I do confess  
Mine own hand did these murders. Dansiker  
Hath justly done me vengeance.

**GOVERNOR:** How's this? Thou done these murders thyself, being bound and hurt? Thou rav'st  
sure.

**BENWASH:** I did them, sir. The cause? My wife proved false, untrue.  
Bear witness, though I lived a Turk, I die a Jew. *[Dies.]*

**ALL:** Out, dog! Devil!

**GOVERNOR:** Unheard of Monster! Cast his loathed carcass  
Unto the common air. Never did day discover  
Two such inhuman caitiffs! Stretch out his arms.  
You have your trains and fire-works: apply your torches  
Unto his breast. We'll know what project now  
Led you unto this second venture.

**DANSIKER:** I will confess it willingly: it was to have conveyed  
This Jew from hence, have made a massacre  
Of the whole town, dashed out the miscreant brains  
Of your young infidels.

**MUFTI:** And art not sorry, dog?

**DANSIKER:** Yes, dog, I am sorry-- and confess my crimes  
Prevented such a merit: I was not worthy  
To do heaven so good a service.

**GOVERNOR:** Pull off his hateful flesh! Dig out his heart by piece-meal!

**MUFTI:** Wilt thou turn Turk and save thy soul yet?

**DANSIKER:** Yes, pagan; villain, I will. Forgiveness, heaven! *[Stabs himself.]*  
Let my example move all pirates, robbers,  
To think how heavy thy revenging hand  
Will sit upon them. I feel thy justice now,  
Receive my soul, accept my intended vow. *Dies.*

**GOVERNOR:** So, convey his hateful body to the same place  
The Jew doth lie unburied.

### Scene 16.3

*Enter at several doors VOADA and WARD*

**VOADA:** Justice! Let me have justice, worthy governor!

**WARD:** Give her no ear. She is all woman-- dissimulation.  
I am a Turk, and I do crave the law.

**JANISSARY 3:** He hath wounded here a Turk, a lady, and  
We crave sentence according to his merit.  
He may receive the bastinado, pay a fine.

**WARD:** Pay a fine! What fine, from one that's famished?  
For want of a poor asper, set me to sea again.  
The tenth of what I'll bring you in shall countervail  
The revenue of the Indies.

**GOVERNOR:** The slave is mad. We'll send you far enough.  
Lady, depose thee for't: you shall have justice.

**VOADA:** By our great prophet, Mahomet!

**WARD:** You do me wrong. Let me in private speak to her  
Ere she betray my life. It is no less  
Than your own law affords me.

**JANISSARY 3:** The weakness of her body brooks it not.

**GOVERNOR:** How say you, Voada, can you afford him speech?

**VOADA:** I'll give his vain words hearing, though to much pain.  
Oh, my deep wound! Let all remove from hence.

**WARD:** Had she a heart of brass I'd pierce it. Leave us, all.

*[The others stand apart.]*

**VOADA:** Now, sir, your motion.

**WARD:** Wherein hath my desert strewed so much ill  
To strain thy hate to this, a height beyond  
What we deem malice? I loved that face so well,  
To purchase it I exchanged my heaven with hell.  
And to be barred what I so dearly paid for,  
Is't not a plague sufficient? But thy faith

Must now be sold, to be a vengeance greater,  
To pay me ungrateful hire. Canst thou behold  
These eyes struck inward, as ashamed to view  
The fires which first betrayed them? This mind, body,  
That doth contain a soul more black and dismal  
Than is the raven night? These arms, that have so oft  
Made to thee rules of love, now famished  
For want of what thou surfeit'st on-- canst without tears  
Behold my miseries?

**VOADA:** Ha, ha, ha.

**WARD:** Prodigy of woman, dost laugh?

**VOADA:** This is true music! Could I enjoy these tunes,  
Myself would be thy jailor.

**WARD:** Why then, thy wound is not dangerous?

**VOADA:** A mere scratch. Know that I am revenged  
Of my Fidelio's death, and as thy tortures  
Each hour increase, so shall my harmony  
Till vengeance period give unto thy destiny.

**WARD:** I will discover thy hypocrisy.

**VOADA:** You are prevented. Help! I swoond! I fall!

**WARD:** As low as hell; there keep thy festival. *[Stabs VOADA]*

**GOVERNOR:** Hold, murderous villain! All tortures man e'er knew  
Shall be inflicted on thee.

**ALL:** Inhuman dog!

**WARD:** Ha, ha, ha, I laugh at you.  
Here's a preservative against all your poisons,  
True balsamum for villainy. Who will soar high  
First lesson that he learns must be to die.  
Here's precedent for him. *[Stabs himself.]*  
You're slaves of Mahomet,  
Ungrateful curs, that have repaid me thus  
For all the service that I have done for you.  
He that hath brought more treasure to your shore  
Than all Arabia yields! He that hath shown you  
The way to conquer Europe-- did first impart

What your forefathers knew not, the seaman's art;  
Which had they attained, this universe had been  
One monarchy. May all your seed be damned!  
The name of Ottoman be the only scorn  
And by-word to all nations; may his own slaves  
Tear out the bowels of the last remains  
Unto his blood-propped throne; may ye cut each others' throats;  
Or may, O may, the force of Christendom  
Be reunited, and all at once requite  
The lives of all that you have murdered,  
Beating a path out to Jerusalem,  
Over the bleeding breasts of you and yours.

**ALL:** Unheard-of monster!

**WARD:** Lastly, O may I be the last of all my country  
That trust unto your treacheries, seducing treacheries.  
All you that live by theft and piracies,  
That sell your lives and souls to purchase graves,  
That die to hell, and live far worse than slaves,  
Let dying Ward tell you that heaven is just,  
And that despair attends on blood and lust.

*[Dies.]*

**ALL:** Down with the villain!

**GOVERNOR:** Tear the wretch piecemeal! Throw his accursed limbs  
Into the raging bowels of the sea!  
His monument in brass we'll thus engrave:  
"Ward sold his country, turned Turk, and died a slave."

## Epilogue

*[Enter CHORUS.]*

**CHORUS:** Who writes and thinks to please the general taste,  
Where eyes and ears are fed, shall find he hath placed  
His work with the fond painter who did mend  
So long, that (striving to please others) gave no end  
To his own labours. For us, and if not all,  
We know we have pleased some, whose judgements fall  
Beyond the common rank, to whom we humbly yield  
Ourselves and labours. They best deserve to shield  
The worthy works of Time and with their view  
To grace choice pens; and such we hope are you,  
To whom we owe our toil and willing give  
All right in this. Your favour makes it live.  
Stand fair unto our ends then still, and crown  
With gentle hand this work which now's your own.