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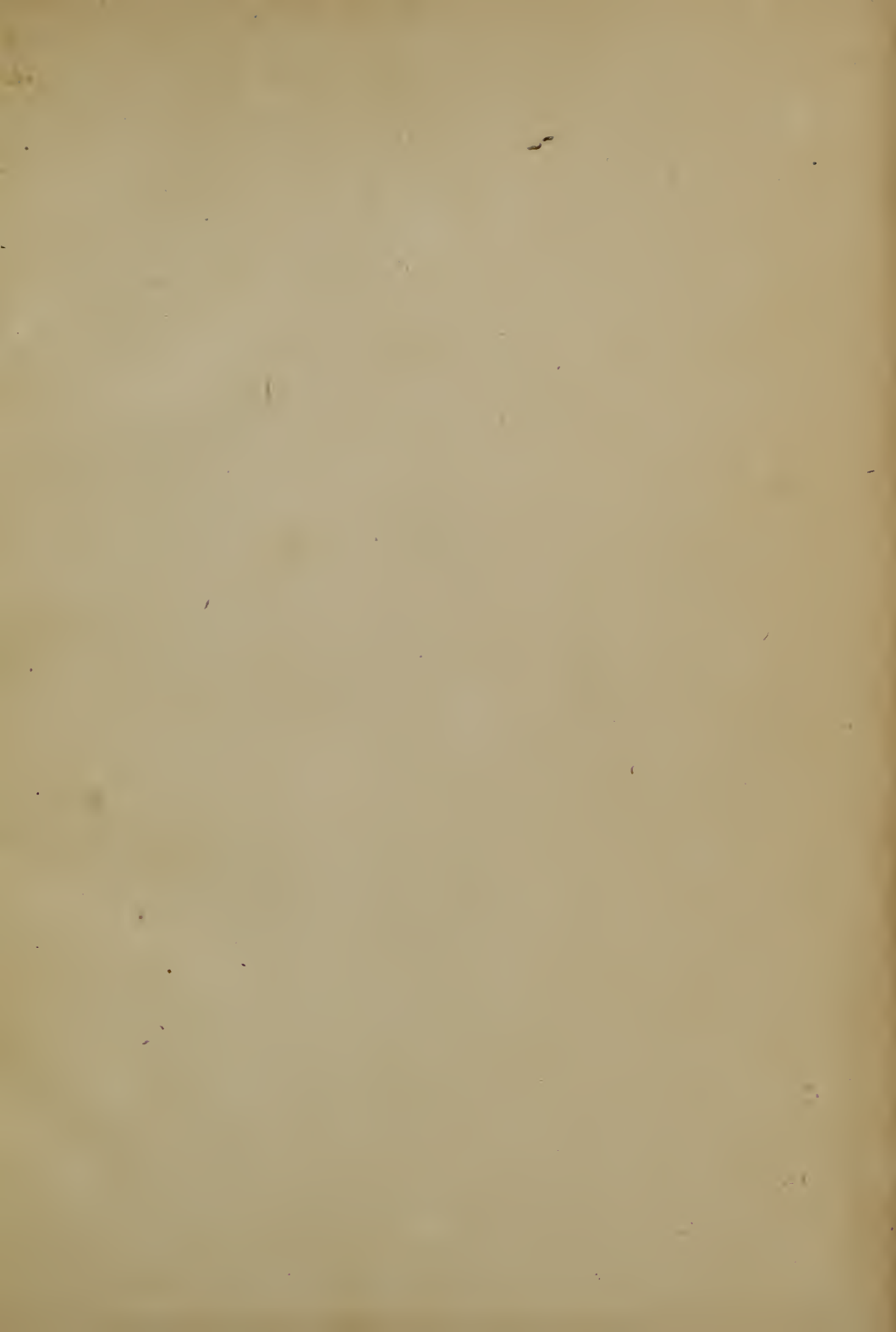
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131

6873



Christian turn'd Turke:

OR,

The Tragicall Lives and Deaths of
the two Famous Pyrates,

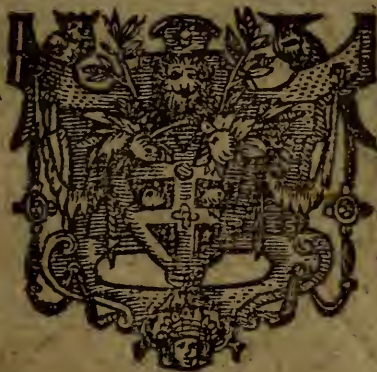
WARD and *DANSIKER*.

As it hath beene publickly Acted.

WRITTEN

By *ROBERT DABORN*, Gentleman.

Nemo sapiens, Miser est.



LONDON,

Printed by for *William Barrenger*, and are to be sold
at the great North-doore of *Pauls*. 1612.

Christian Union

149.576

May 1873

W. H. D. and D. W. D. D.

W. H. D. and D. W. D. D.

W. H. D.

By Robert D. D. D.

W. H. D. and D. W. D. D.

W. H. D. and D. W. D. D.

W. H. D.

W. H. D. and D. W. D. D.



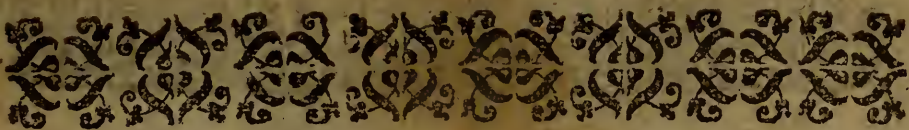
To the Knowing Reader.



S no argument more proueth the excellency of Poesy then the contempt is throwne upon it by silken gulls and ignorant Cittizens, so there is no blemish taketh from the beauty of this onely All-comprehending-art, so much as the same where-with her owne professors brand her, for I may truely vary that of the Tragœdian, Quemcunq; poëtam vides, miserum dicas, I speake it especially in regard of that free title better times allowed this heauenly Science, now made captiue by each vnworthy hand; in recovery whereof I haue, so farre as my weake power extended, procured the publishing this oppressed and much martird Tragedy, not that I promise to my selfe any reputation hereby, or affect to see my name in Print, vs herd with new praises, for feare the Reader should call in question their iudgements that giue applause in the action; for had this wind moued me, I had preuented others shame in subscribing some of my former labors, or let them gone out the in diuels name alone: which since impudence will not suffer, I am content they passe together; it is then to publish my innocence concerning the wrong of worthy personages, together with doing some right to the much-suffering Actors that hath caused my name to cast it selfe in the common rack of censure, accompanied with so weak comforts, as this Truiall worke can giue it, and that my gratitude may be in the first place, I must in dispight of any iustly neglected

To the Reader.

Cynicke confesse to haue receiued so much worthy respect, & approved so much generous honesty in the, that with any indifferent hazard, I will study to make good their losse, and my gratitude. I write this, led by no-Mercinary hopes to share in their Fortunes, which hath so put out some-eyes, that measuring others sight by their owne weaknesse gaue her out for blind; but led by that spirit knoweth no sinne equall to ingratitude: As for the former imputation, granting all obiections, I cleere my selfe by these two positions, No man can faigne any ill of a Parricide, the greater alway including the lesse; this being so tollerable, especially in Oratory, which is an vnseparable branch of Poesy, that it subsists not without aggravation; the second is, No man can intitle another to his crimes, for, *Alia est cognatio culpæ, alia sanguinis*, from which I so farre abhorre, as my owne discent is not obscure but generous, if this will not giue satisfaction, know I line vnder too safe a law to feare the stab of a Rowing boy, and for any wrong, *Equo marte*, I forgiue it, daring thus far to boast my knowledge, that I cannot be a coward, I write succinctly, knowing the bounds of an Epistle, the rather because I wish no other perusers, then those to whom I dedicate my selfe; though herein I speak against the Printers profit, if these accept my impolished labours, I promise the next shall be coockt for the stomacks of the Criticall messe it selfe. *Sanabimur si separemur a coetu.*



The Prologue.

ALL faire content dwell here, & may our straines
Giue you that choice delight which crownes our
Our subiect's low, yet to your eyes presents (paines.
Deeds high in bloud, in bloud of Innocents:
Transcends them low, and your invention calles
To name the sinne beyond this blacke deed falles.
What heretofore set others pennes aworke,
Was *ward* turn'd Pyrate, ours is *ward* turn'd Turke.
Their triviall Scœnes might best affoord to show
The baseness of 'his birth, how from below
Ambition oft takes roote, makes men forsake
The good, the' enioy, yet know not: Our Muse doth
A higher pitch, leauing his Pyracy (take
To reach the heart it selfe of villany.
What to that period makes the neereft way,
Our Scœne pursues, you must suppose his stay
Hath lately beene vpon the Irish Shore,
Where wanting men he inuites some strangers ore
Into his Barke, in height of wine and game,
He slips his anchor, and reveales his name.
There fate succedes, and to your gentle view
We giue not what we could, but what know true.
Our Ship's aflote, we feare nor rockes nor sands,
Knowing we are inuiron'd with your helping hands.



Drammatis Personæ.

Ward.	}	Captaines.		
Dansiker.				
Francisco.				
Fredericke.				
Gismund.	}	Christians.		
Ferdinand.				
Albert.				
Carolo.			}	Gentlemen.
Sismund.				
Raymond, his two sons.	}	Turkes.		
Viceroy.				
Crosman.				
Muffty.				
Benwash.				
Rabshake.	}	Iewes.		
Ruben.				
Alizia, A Christian woman.	}	Turkish women.		
Agar.				
Voada.				
<u>Turkes Officers, Sailers.</u>				

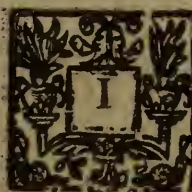


A Christian turn'd Turke.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter Ward, Gismund, Albert, Ferd. Sailers rise from a Table.

Ward.



L'e play no more.

Ferd. Set but my hand out, heer's 400. Crowns vnlost yet, Fortune may make them yours.

Gism. Fortun's a Bitch, a meere strumper, she hath turn'd vp the Ace so long, I haue ne'r an eye to see with, she hath sok't me.

Alb. We came aboard to venture with you, Deale Merchant-like, put it vpon one maine, And throw at all.

Ferd. One cast, and we will leaue you.

Gis. Leaue vs yet? we haue a cast worth two of the rest.

Alb. 'Tis set, throw at it gentle Sir.

Ward. We shall haue time enough hereafter, You are too violent.

Gism. I feare you'l not be halfe so forward anon when we should vse you.

Sail. A faile, a faile, a faile.

Oms. Shoute.

Ward. Why stand you so amaz'd? conceiue you not the language of the Sea?

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Gism. Now you may shew your selues gamesters,
You shall haue your bellies full of hazard.

Ferd. We are betraid.

Alb. Are you not Merchant-men?

Gism. How else? and deale by whole-sale, take vp much at a long day. Do you know this honourable shape? Heroicke Captaine WARD, Lord of the Ocean, terror of Kings, Landlord to Merchants, rewarder of Man-hood, conqueror of the Westerne world, to whose followers the Lands and Seas pay tribute, and they to none, but once in their liues to the manor of *Wapping*, and then are free euer after. This is he my noble mummers.

Alb. We are for euer lost.

Ferd. If't be our moneyes that you covet, willingly wee giue it vp, onely depriue vs not of our faire home, our Country: do but land vs.

Ward. Know we haue other vse for you,
Haue not intic'd you hither for your gold,
It is the man we want. Is't not a shame,
Men of your qualities and personage,
Should liue as cankers, eating vp the soile
That gaue you being, like beasts that ne're looke further:
Then where they first tooke food, that men call home,
Which giues them meanes equall vnto their minds,
Puts them in action.

Gism. True, who is't would not smile
To heare a Souldier, that hath nothing left
But misery to speake him man, can shew
More markes then pence, vpon whose backe contempt
Heapes on the weight of poverty. Who would not smile
To heare this peece of wretchednesse boast his wounds?
How farre he went to purchase them? with what honour
He put them on? and now for sustenance,
Want of a little bread, being giving vp
His empty soule, should ioy yet that his Country
Shall see him breath his last: when that aire he termes his
Vngratefully doth stifle him.

Ferd.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Ferd. You tell vs of a gulfe, which to eschew,
You dash vs gainst a rocke more full of feare
Of danger: for we should call that action,
Which giues vnto posterity our name
Writ in the golden lines of honour, where this brands
Our fore-heads with the hatefull name of theues, of robbers.
Piracy, it's theft, most hatefull, swallowes vp
The estates of Orphanes, Widowes, who borne free,
Are thus made slaues, inthral'd to misery,
By those that should defend them, at the best.
You rob the venting Merchants, whose manly breast
Scorning base gaine at home, puts to the maine
With hazard of his life and state, from other lands
To enrich his owne, whilst with vngratefull sands
He thus is ouerwhelm'd.

Gism. These children haue bin at *S. Antlins*,
They'l perswad's out of our profession.
A plague vpon this Schollership,
One man that favours of an Vniversity,
Is able to infect a whole Navy with cowardize.

Ferd. Cowardize? thou lyest: ther's not a man here dares
lesse then thy selfe.

Gism. Zounds Il'e try that.

Ward. Hold, or by all my hopes, who makes next proffer
Falles on my sword. If you will try your valours
The enemy is at hand. As for your vertuous lectures,
We are Mariners, and Souldiers, not tatter'd yet
Inough to hear them, though in time we might
Be apt for such tongue-comfort, being sway'd
By your directions.

Within. A saile, a saile, a saile. *Enter Sailer.*

Ward. How? more sailes yet?

Sail. The first that we descri'd, doth beare a head,
And as it seemes, pursued by a man of warre,
They make with vs for succour.

Gism. Yes, wee'l succour her, and sucke her too, as drye as
a Vsurers palme.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Al. Nay, then we are put from shore.

Gif. Without ken boyes, more fails, the least delay.

○ lets turne Serving-men, the trencher hold
Whilst others eate the meate.

Ward. Away, make ready for the fight.

Gif. Courage braue sparks, now to gain wealth, or graues:
To dye in peace fits beasts, and abiect slaues.

Fer. Thou needst not feare the curse, bloud-thirsty monster,
Oh that our better part should thus be captiu'd
By sence and will! who like a ship vnman'd,
That's borne by motion of the violent waues
And giddy winds, doth seeme to make a course
Direct and punctiue, till we see it dash
Against some prouder Sylla, and display
How much she inward wanted to her sway.

Al. You haue well describ'd him; but to our owne fortunes.

Fer. We must obey necessitie, since 'tis our fates
To be surpriz'd thus, by this monster beast.
We must as did that Captaine, so much famed,
Lick the fierce Lyons feet, till happier times
Do giue vs freedome in his punish't crimes.

Al. You haue well aduis'd. *Fortune* in spight of thee,
How ea'r my body's thrald, my minde rests free.

Fer. This stand our comfort: we may happen be
The *Chorus* onely to their Tragedy. *Exit.*

Scene. 2.

*Enter Lemot, his sister Alizia, putting on the weed of a
Sailers boy, Monsieur Davy, and Sailers.*

Lem. Vnfortunate sister, my heart dissolues to bloud,
And payes sad tribute to thy sadder griefes:
Nay, make no period, our woes are not at full,
Hymen did ne're behold so blacke a nuptiall.
Alas! with our delay we hasten misery,
See how they beare vp to vs, Deere sister hide

A Christian turn'd Turke.

At least thy sex, though not thy sorrow.

Aliz. Wretched *Alizia*, little thinkes yong *Raymond*
His Brid's so neere vnto captivity.

Be gentle yet you seas, and swallow me,
Since I am denyed his armes, let my virginity
Be offred vnto him in sacrifice.

'Twill be some comfort, his loue a maiden dies.

Lem. Nay then thou cleau'st my soule, do not distrust
Chast thoughts are guided by a power, that's iust,
My worthy friends, yet what perswasion needs
To stirre vp valour where necessity
And iustice of our cause, in basest spirits
Would strike a fire to kindle cowardize?
Three daies we haue been 'pursued by a Dutch Pyrat,
And now we are false vpon no lesse a monster.
Me thinkes I see your eyes darting forth flames
Like Lyons in their chase, the greedy hunter
Seeming to warme that blood, whose heate and rage
Proues his destruction.

Enter Ward, Gismund, Sailers above.

Gism. Hoy,

Lem. Not ready yet? alas thou wilt betray
Thy selfe vnto their lust.

Aliz. Rather to death: Nature this comfort gaue,
No place so miserable, but yeelds a graue.
To wretchednesse.

Gif. Hoy, of whence your ship, and whither are you bound?

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

Gism. We are of the Sea.

Sail. The Diuell land you. (side)

Gism. Bring your maister a boord, or wee'l giue you a broad

Lem. As you are men I do coniure your valours.

Aliz. As you are vertuous keepe from slavery.
A haplesse, haplesse maid.

Davi. Misdoubt it not faire-maid,
Ther's not a man heere, but well knowes how much

A Christian turn'd Turke.

He hath aduantage of his enemy,
A race of theeues, Bankroupts, that haue laien
Vpon their countries stomacke like a surfet,
Whence being vomited they striue with poysonous breath
To infect the generall aire: Creatures that stand
So far from what is man, they know no good,
But in their prey, nor for necessity
But for meere hate to vertue, pursuing vice,
And being downe themselues would haue none rise.

Gism. The curs are sure asleepe, wee'le waken 'em,
Gunner giue fire.

Lem. In their owne language answere them.

Gism. Zounds do they beginne to prate, haue with you,
lace the netting, let downe the fights, make ready the small
shot, gunner, giue them a broad side, wee'le prate with 'em,
A starre board there.

Lem. Braue countrymen, (care,
Think through how many dangers, with what sweate, what (to vs
How long expence of time, we haue bene getting (to vs
Those goods these Robbers fight for, that should make good
The sweete of iust indeauours, looke on this maid,
Think with what honourable welcomings,
You shall deliuer her to her betrothed husband,
How much you shall ingage him, lastly, thinke that you see,
Euen all the miseries dispised pouerty
Can throw on men, that by this one houres valour
We onely can redeeme our selues from death
Oh thinke how happy 'tis to innocence,
Whereunto guilty soules it lookes black and feareful:
At least let this al thoughts of feare dispell,
Truth fights gainst theft, and heauen opposes hell.

Omnes. Wee are resolved S. Dennis victory.

Lem. A constant breast may fall, but cannot dye, *Exit.*

Enter Ward with a slaine friend, and Ferdinand.

Ward. Recall thy spirit braue friend; a while, yet stay,
At least beare thy reuenge hence with thee.

Ferd.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Ferd. He hath lost all motion.

Ward Iniurious heauen that with so excellent matter

As is our soule, didst mingle this base mould,

So fraile a substance earth, as if thou hadst fram'd man.

The subiect of thy laughter, gau'st him a spirit

Free, vnbounded, whose fiery temper breakes

Through all the clouds of danger, dares euen heauen,

Swels and beares high, when with one little pricke

This buble breakes, displaies a vanity,

Ridiculous vanity, this building

That hath bene twenty and odde yeares a rearing,

One blast thus laies it flat, I could en'e tremble,

To thinke that such a coward I beare about me,

As is this flesh, that for so small a wound

Betrayes our life.

Ferd. This shewes fir, nature neare intended man,

Other then as she sent him to the world,

All vnoffensue, vnarm'd: when vnto beasts,

She gaued the meanes to hurt as to defence,

The armour she gaued man was innocence.

War. True, there was some other end in our creation

Then to be that which men terme valiant.

Ferd. There was.

Enter Gismond.

Gism. Courage braue sparkes the slaues beginne to faint,

Ferd. It is his euill spirit sure that in this likenesse hants him

Ward. See where he lies.

Gis. S'foot we shall share the more fir, I alwaies thought

Fortune had markt him out to dye by the French.

He had so much of the English spirit in him.

Exit

Ward. Fortune! true, the fate of man is fixt,

Vnmoueable as the pole: how idle then were he

Should striue to crosse vnuoided destiny?

And thinke to stay his course, seeing we are sway'd

As are the motionary ingines of a clocke,

By the dull weight that still doth downward tend,

Till it strike earth, and so there motion end.

Ferd. Giue me the hearing Sir.

Ward.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Ward. Perswade no more, we haue no will to act,
Or not to act more, then those orbes we see,
And planetary bodies, which in their offices
Obserue the will of fate: the difference is,
They are confin'd, we are not: they are stars fixt,
We wandring. Runne on thou purple line
That draw'st my liues fate out, thou that dost frowne
Vpon the births of men, now *Saturne* simile.
Those vnder milder Planets borne liue, seruile: good;
Mars cal'd our Birth, my race shall be through bloud *Exit*

Ferd. Abused knowledge that first werst giuen to man
A light, now helpt to dazell him, and what ere want
Betall through our owne imperfect iudgement,
Vnbridled will the throw on fortune, chance,
I see mans happinesse, were his ignorance, *Exit.*

Within Gallop.

Gallop. A board, a board, a board.

Lar. Deere sir withdraw, you are depriu'd of sight

Lem. So much the better, I see no feare in fight,
Courage braue countrymen: what's natures part
May fall; what's heauens can neuer, it is the ods
That iust men haue of bad, still to the gods
They stand or fall.

Gallop. Enter, Enter, Enter.

Zounds the slaue winks and fights.

Ward. A Ward, A Ward, A Ward, *shoute.*

Downe with them, downe with them, away let him go ouer-
bord, where he a second *Alexand.r.*, ther's not a man of them
liues, but shall go ouer-board, wee'le offer them to our de-
ceased frindes in sacrifice.

Aliz. My brother, my deere deere brother.

2. Gent. There were no conscience, no religion in't,

Gallop. How? Conscience, were't but to banish those two
words they shall go ouer-board.

War. They shall go ouer-board: suppose I speake the con-
trary.

Gallop. My Captaine, my man of warre speake the contra-

A Christian turn'd Turke.

ry they are as safe as the great Turke.

Ward. Now they shall ouer-board.

Gallop. Out-swagered?

Ward. How many French are left?

Gism. There's onely fise of foure and twenty liuing.

Neuer did men with equall spirit stand,

A day so blacke and stormy: rob not your selfe then,

Or so braue witnesses of this daies valour.

Ward. How? dare you fir giue vs directions?

Gism. How dare I fir? I am a Gentleman

Equall vnto your selfe.

Ward. Take that now, I am before you,

Gism. You are, I'll not be long behind you.

Ward. Know, that our word shall be a law,

Gallip. That may be, for he hath had conscience by
the eares already.

Ward. Hoyft me a vessell vp of Maligo,

Wee'le drinke a health vnto the wandring ghosts

Of our slaine followers, and euery draught

The Cannon makes report off, a French-man

Shall ouer-board, who to our friends may tell,

We dranke a rowse to them,

Ferd. As low as hell. *Enter Sailes.*

Sail. *Francisco* Captaine of the man of warre, pursu'd our
prize, hath set a Pinace forth, who according to the custome
of the sea, demands halfe of the spoyle, to your demand hee
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 couet more, reward the messenger,

They two shall be the hostages

For the equall triall, what's his weapon?

Where the place of fight?

Sail. His weapons are sword and dagger, the place

Here on our hatches, both our shippes being grappled,

The oath on each side giuen, who conquers the other

Shares the whole booty.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Ward. Agreed we seale to his condition,
Francisco call you him? I emulate
His daring spirit.

Gallop. Fortune shapes our reuendge you see.

Ferd. What need you giue your selfe vnto this danger,
When in our generall strength we haue aduantage?

Ward. I prithee do not moue my patience, I scorne to take
From others to my rising, he's onely worthy state
From fortunes wheele plucke's boldly his owne fate,
And heere's an arme shall do't,

2. Gent. You see his insolence how he contemnes vs.

Ferd. No more, we are agreed;

Sis. How shall we hinder their pursuite?

Gallop. When both the ships are grappled, priuately
Wee'le cut their hausers, the wind blows faire
To giue our lesser barke aduantage, 'tis not ten leagues
To *Argeers*, where entred, we are as safe
As in a tower of brasse;

Sis. How if we shoote him, as we make away?

Gallop. By no meanes t' shall be *Franciscoes* taske
To cut his throate, this makes our reuenge full,
We share the prise he fights for

Sis. Rare gull! we are all firme and secret;

Omnes. All.

Gall. So that I rise, let the world sinke, heauen fall! *Exit.*

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 maxime I hold,
He liues a slaue, that liues to be contrould,
But see the man whose ruine crownes me.

Enter. Fran.

Fra. Art thou the chiefe and guider of this Bark?

Ward. The same sir.

Fran. May I impute it to that ignorance
In *Marines* actions, or the daring spirit,
That barres my right in the atchieued prise.

Ward. This makes you answere, what do you see in me,

Doth

A Christi an turn'd Turke.

Doth promise I should be the sutler fir,
Fetch your prouision in.

Fran. A little calmer fir, you are not now in *Kent*,
Crying herrings seuen a peny, nay we haue heard of you;
You can baule well, you haue seru'd a prentiship
Vnto the trade, affrighting of whole streetes
With your full Oyster voyce.

Ward. Damnation!

Fran. Poore fishers brat, that neuer didst aspire
Aboue a musle boate, that wert not borne
Vnto a fortune boue two cades of sprats,
And those smoakt in thy fathers bed-chamber
That by a beggar in meere charity
Being made drunke, steed of a mariner
Wert stole aboard, and being awake didst smell
Worse then thy shell commodity at midsummer,
That desperate through feare wert made a Captaine,
When to haue bene a shoare againe, thou wouldst haue turn'd
Swabber vnto a Peter-man.

Ward. By all my hopes thou hadst bene better dig'd
Thy grandsirs Vrn vp and haue swallowed it.

Fran. Thou bark'st too much to bite.

Ward. Cleere the deck there, each man bestow himselfe

Sis. It's done, there hauser's cut without descry,

Gall. Away, farewell braue Captaine, conquest sits on thy

Ward. Leauē me, I say (brow.

Gall. Th'wert neuer gull'd till now. Exit.

Fran. Giue a charge there, say your prayers Knight, doom's
day is nie fight.

Ward. True it sinks thee to hel, whilst thus it beares me high,
Stand'st thou so long, thou hast some inchantment sure,
Or haue I lost my wonted vigor?

Fran. Flatter no more thy selfe, wilt thou deliuer
A moyty of thy prise vp? his sword fals.

Ward. Yes, thus thou shar'st it: Damnation!
Oh that my gall could spoute out through mine eyes
A poysonous vapour to put out your lights,

A Christian turn'd Turke.

And in a vale of darkenesse leaue the world.

Fran. Wilt thou yet yeeld me right?

Ward. Know *Francisco*,

Wert thou an army that incompast me,

I would breath defiance to thee, and with this arme,

As shot from out a cannons mouth, thus would I make

A way through death and danger.

Fran. I do applaud thee, and that thou well maist know

All valor's not confin'd within thy breast *He flings away*

I thus oppose thee, fortune shall haue no share *his sword, and*

In what I conquer. *after looseth his dagger.*

Ward. Why, now I enuy thee, thy life is mine,

Fran. Take it I dare thy let.

Ward. Not for the world, thus I returne thy debt:

Not onely in the prise but in my selfe

Thou hast an equal share, henceforth I vow the brother-hood:

Fran. Your loue, I aske no more.

Enter Ferd.

Ferd. You need not, there's one gone before

Takes order for your share.

Ward. Whether makes the slaues, where's *Gallop?*

Ferd. Posting as fast as his sailes wil beare him.

Ward. Incarnate Diuell forth-with giue them chase,
Why mou'st not?

Sail. They haue cut our hausers we cannot budge a foot.

Ward. The death of slaues pursue him,

Fran. You are too violent.

Ward. To be baffled by a Cur, a foysting hound

My Zani: A creature without a soule

Made to mocke man with.

Fran. Forbeare I say, and let vs turne our anger

On the next passenger.

Ward. Might I but liue to see the dog-fish once againe.

Fran. Neare doubt it sir, next prise we take forth-with

Wee'le make to *Tunis*, meane time let reuenge sleepe

Those tides most violent are, which winds backe keep,

Ward. For this alone I vow, whom next I meete

Shall feele my fury, nation nor quallity

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Shall be their priuiledge, my sword now vengeance craues,
And who escape this do worse, I'll sell for slaues. *Exeunt.*

Scœn. 3.

Enter Dansiker, three or foure Sailers, Lief: Dansiker reads a letter.

Leif. What newes braue Captaine?

Dans. Good. These letters from my wife bring certainty
Of our obtained pardons, on condition
We henceforth for the state of France imploy
Our liues and seruice.

Omn. Long liue King *Henry* of France. *Shout*

Dans. My valiant friends this 4 years *Dansiker*
Hath led you proudly through a sea of terrour,
Through deeds so full of prowesse they might haue grac'd
The brow of worthinesse, had iustice to our cause
Giuen life and action. But since the breach of lawes
Of Nations, ciuill society, iustly intitles vs
With the hatefull stile of robbers, let's redeeme our honour
And not returne into our country, with the names
Of pardoned theeues, but by some worthy deed,
Daring attempt, make good vnto the world
Want of imployment, not of vertue forct
Our former act of spoyle and rapine.

Leif. Set the designe downe may regaine vs credit
Deserue this grace so freely offer'd vs
Weel or accomplish it, or with our liues
Seale the attempt.

Omn. Braue Captaine, through death wee'll follow thee,

Dans. Then thus, that with the same weapon, we may
Our country cure, with which we wounded her,
My purpose is to ruine all the Pyrats
Lie in the harbour here.

Leif. Rare! it may be easy done, obserue the wind
And firing but of one consume the rest.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Dans. We must not trust to such incertainties.
Thus I haue plotted it: we first will set a fire
Some house ith' towne, to which when each man makes,
As they will be inforced from the hauē
To yeeld their helps, with much facility
We may performe our purpose.

Lif. How? vndiscri'd, shall we attempt the towne?

Dans. That charge be mine, the Renegado Iew,
You know giues free and open entertainē
To all of our profession. In some out-house of his
I will conuey a pot of wild-fire to it,
I'll make a traine of match, that at three howres
Shall giue it fire.

Sailers. Excellent! The time sir.

Dans. To morrow night : meane time make ready
For our departure, but with such secrecie
Suspitions selfe may not discry it: provide the balles
We must bestow vpon the ships.

Lif. That care be ours.

Dans. The rest leaue vnto me,
Wee'l returne nobly, or else nobly dye.

Exeunt.

Enter Ruben.

Ruben, what newes?

Rub. My maister sir, desires your company,
Ther's a new Pyrat landed, his name is *Gallop.*

Dans. More yet? do they come on so fast?
Your maister would ingrosse his prize.

Rub. He would : and for your curtesie herein,
He will forbear three months the crownes you owe him;

Dans. Il' vse my Art sir to his benefit,
And for the Crownes, no longer Ile delay him,
Heere is my hand to morrow night Ile pay him.

Exeunt.

Scène. 4.

Enter Rabshake, Agar, Uoads.

Ag. Speake freely, what think you of the new-come Cap-
taine

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Uo. *Voads?*

Vo. Hee lookes as if his father and mother had got him in feare: his eyes go like a Citie Catch-poles, severall wayes at once, ther's no stufte in him. Giue me the Dutch Cavaliere *Dansiker*.

Ag. Out vpon him pufte-paste, he was spoild in his infancy, ill-bred.

Rab. How? spoil'd with ill bread? it was ill drinke spoyl'd him. I am of my maisters mind, the new-come Pyrate is a reasonable handsome man of a Christian.

Ag. Why? doth Religion moue any thing in the shapes of men?

Rab. Altogether. What's the reason else that the Turke & Jew is troubled (for the most part) with gowty legges, and fiery nose, to expresse their heart-burning: whereas the Puritan is a man of vpright calfe, and cleane nostrill.

Uo. Setting aside your nose, you should turne Christian, then your calfe swels vpward mightily.

Rab. How? I turne Christian? they haue Jew enough already amongst 'em: were it but three qualities they haue, Il'e be none of their society.

Ag. Three qualities? I pri'the tell 'em vs *Rabshake*.

Rab. First, they suffer their wiues to be their maisters. Secondly, they make men theeues for want of maintenance, and then hang them vp for stealing. Lastly, they are madde foure times a yeare, and those they call Tearm-times, and then they are so purg'd by their Physitians, which they name Lawyers, some of 'em are never their owne men after it. I turne Christian? they shall haue more charity amongst 'em first. They will deuoure one-another as familiarly as Pikes doe Gudgeons, and with as much facility as Dutchmen doe Flapdragons.

Ag. How? eate vp one-another?

Rab. I, eate vp one-another: you haue an innocent Christian cal'd a Gallant, your Citie Christian will feed vpon no other meate by his good will.

Uo. But their wiues will not feed on 'em too.

Rab.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Rab. The truth is, they are not altogether so great devourers; many they will be sucking at the bones. But see my master, the great theefe and the little theeves, the robbers and the receiuer.

Enter Iew, Gallop, Das. Sar. Sis.

Ag. He's come. Thou powerful God of loue, strike through Those awful darts of thine, whose burning heads (mine eyes Pierce thorough hearts of yce, melt frostiest breasts, Make all stoope to thy Deity. Now giue thy art, No God but *Cupid* pitties mortal's smart.

Enter Danisher, Benwash, Iew, Gismund, Fredericke, Carolo, Alizia.

Gis. Fiue duckets a Tun, 'shart the Caske is worth more,

Iew. You must remember at what rate you bought 'em.

Das. And at what price you may haue more.

Gis. You speake like men that know how the market goes. Your eare *Iew.*

Aliz. What misery remains to adde to mine,
My brother lost his life in my defence;
And with his life, my sexe and libertie,
I stand depriu'd of. Are not these wounds sufficient
To let out my weake breath? Thou flinty breast,
Art thou impenetrable? or is that thing call'd 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 too't.

Iew. I am your Merchant *Ruben Rabshake*, my wife, her sister
Fetch me three hundred Dukets for this Gentleman.

Rab. This new-come theefe sir?

Iew. Gentleman, slaue.

Rab. Why your theefe is a Gentleman, he scornes to do any thing, and he liues vpon his coinmings in.

Iew. Peace dogge, you see gallants, we are not Italionat to locke our women vp, wee set 'em free, giue open entertainment.

Gal. It seemes this Iew keeps a Bawdy-house, I like his wife well

A Christian turn'd Turke.

well, I could finde in my heart to cast away halfe a Ducket on her.

Sar. You are of a noble minde sir, courtly and high,
It's want of merit that breeds ielousie,
From which I know you cleare.

Jew. As I am from couetousnesse : how their eyes strike each other? *Rabshake*---

Rab. Here sir.

Jew. Captaine, your gold.

Ag. He saw our eyes meet, no matter, may I coole my heate
Let the world burne. Thy counsell *Voada*.

Jew. I do not like this fellowes lookes, *Rabshake*.

Rab. He hath a hanging countenance indeed sir,

Jew. Tush, my wise man, thou hast forgot how deere
I bought my liberty, renounc'd my law,

The Law of *Moses*, turn'd Turke, all to keepe

My bed free from these Mahometan Dogges.

I would not be a monster *Rabshake*, a man-beast,

A Cuckold.

Rab. I haue not fogotten sir that you damned your selfe because you would not be a Cornuto : If euery man should fine so deere for his hornes, we should haue but a few Christians left : but seeing you feare your vessell hath a leake, wherfore do you put her to sea, man her thus?

Jew. For commodity: thou seest rich shop-keepers set their wiues at sale to draw in custome, vtter their wares, yet keepe that Iem vntouch't: all for profite man.

Rab. I am not of your minde sir, there is no profite without some paine.

Jew. No more villaine : should I suspect my selfe to haue that disease, I would run mad, first fury of my hornes should light on thee : looke too't, thou art no longer living then my wife is honest.

Rab. I feare my dayes are but short then, if my life lasts no longer then I can keepe a Woman honest against her will.

Voad. It is a louely boy, rare featur'd, would he were mine.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Ag. It is so *Voada*, he hath made the slaue my Taylor.

Voad. I haue not seene so much of beauty in a man.

Ag. You loose your selfe. What man? what beauty? I tell thee I am vndone, *Rabshake* is made my ouer-seer.

Vo. I would vse him like an ouer-seer then, he should stand by whilst the Executioner opened the bagges: I must enioy his loue, though quēching of my lust did burn the world besides.

Jew. It's right Captaine.

Gif. Yes, 'tis right.

Gal. But that's the wrong way sir, your followers expect their equall shares.

Jew. The fellow raues: talke to a Captaine of equall sharing, I'll take order for landing the goods, & bee with you presently. *Rabshake*, thou knowest thy doome slaue, looke too't, thine eyes, villaine thine eyes. *Exit.*

Rab. I'll warrant you sir, I'll looke too't.

Gal. Here, carry 'em these two duckets to drinke vpon receipt of the whole, I'll deale like a commander with 'em, as men doe with their followers: that is, as you haue followed me to earne meanes, so now you shall follow mee as long to get your earnings, you shall be followers still, I will discharge none of you.

Sares. We tooke him for a gull, but now I see hee hath had command, he can cheat his Souldiers.

Sif. I hope sir you will make better respect of your credit, you know your oathes and promise.

Gal. My promise, if a Citizen had bought a company, hee could but keepe day with 'em: you must pardon him gentlemen, a fresh Souldier wants seasoning.

Sif. Salt vs, looke too't, we shall hardly relish you sir.

Gal. How? threatens and braues?

Danf. Forbeare, giue the poore fellow leaue to prate, he payes for't.

Sif. Good: you are now vpon your guard, we shall meet you vpon discharge of the watch, and knock you downe with a bill of accounts, we shall skeld. *Exit.*

Gal. Out gull, talke to a commander, a man of warre of equall

A Christian turn'd Turke.

quall sharing, we haue other vse for our mony then to pay followers. Shall we acoft these Ladyes, gallants?

Rab. Tis the custome of the whole world, the greater theese preyes vpon the lesse still : how's this?

Danf. The happinesse of the day befall you Ladyes.

Sar. The night equall the dayes happinesse, say I.

Gall. All content both night and day stand to your desires.

Agar. Our desires equall your wishes sir.

Gal. Your desires are aboue my performance then.

Rab. I am drawing on, if my life lye vpon her honesty, I am vpon the poynt of giving vp already.

Agar. That Gentleman is very moving.

Ag. Could you not intreate him stay his pace.

Sar. And trot in your ring, Lady, if you please.

Ag. I purpose not to take a courser of your choosing, lest I be iaded sir.

Sar. You presume the more of your owne horsemanship.

Rab. Hoy-day, they are riding already, 'sfoot I am like to go post to the Diuell for this.

Danf. Next night, time of my proiect, if I proue not as hot a shot as came in your quarters since the losse of your virginity, let me suffer the paines of *S. Antonies* purgatory.

Ag. He must necessarily be a man of deeds, he is of so few words.

Sar. You shall do well to put him to the tryall.

Ag. Without immodesty, may I question the reason you'r so heavy sir?

Rab. Nay then it rings out for me, should the Iew see this, I were as good as speechlesse : there were but a little gasping betweene me and the graue.

Gal. The reason of my heauinesse is, that you and I might agree the better : for women loue contraries, and you are light I see.

Ag. How's this? you see me light, true, to be in loue With one so farre disdainfull.

Vo. What successe woman? the *Dutchman* & I haue barterd.

Ag. I haue made exchange too, sold my liberty,

A Christian turn'd Turke.

To purchase base ingratitude, I am reiected *Voad.*

Enter Rabsbake.

Rab. My Mistresse, Gentlemen, did you see my Mistresse?

Ag. Your businesse sirrah?

Rab. You must make provision to entertaine two of the richest Pyrates ever landed here, one Captaine *Ward* and *Franciscus*, they haue brought a prize in worth three thousand duckets: besides, they sell their prisoners slaues, my maister hath ingroft them all.

Ag. Vengeance seize him and them. Backe sirrah, say wee will expect them: you sir, attend your maister his comming, see you giue vs notice on't.

Rab. Nay, I hold it the best course too, for mine own safety. My charge is charg'd my watch must be now, lest my Maister know it, If al the world were eies, women I see would to it. *Ex.*

Gal. I do but dreame sure, *Ward* and *Franciscus*?

Dans. What moues this passion?

Sar. Why looke you pale?

Gal. Pale? I haue a cause, I haue lesse colour by 600 Duckets then I had.

Sar. As how sir?

Gal. Ile tell you: I tooke an adventure to pay this *Ward*, 600 Duckets at our two meetings at *Tunis*, and see how the *Diyell* hath brought it about: I must leaue you gallants.

Dans. By no meanes: we will compound the businesse.

Agar. I can conceale it no longer.

Voad. You will betray your selfe to their contempt, by your owne forwardnesse.

Agar. I nea'r shall haue so faire occasion to speake my loue againe, you know my husbands watchfull ielousie.

Vo. Now by my sex I am ashamed of you, were the *Law* mine, I would haue no other Pander: be rul'd by me.

It's he shall hire the Captaine to thy loue,

And his owne horning. What cannot we perswade?

Man was asleepe when womans braine was made.

Agar. Thou giu'st me a new life, I am thy Scholler.

Voad. Il'e pricke thee forth a lesson, whose choysers straine, shall tell men that all Art gainst lust & women's vaine. *Exeunt.*

Rab.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Rab. As you are men conceale your weapons, here are women in the roome.

Gal. Sismund. Enter three Sailers with Sismund.

Sif. We are come to giue you thanks for the 2. duckets fir.

Gal. As you are of the sword, draw. *Fight.*

Sif. We are fresh-men, wee'l powder you.

Gal. Murder, murder, I shal be torn in peeces, by my hands.

Enter Ward, Franciscus, Ferd. Al. Page.

Sif. Ward, Franciscus, we are betraid, away. *Exeunt.*

Ward. Gallop.

Gal. My noble generall aliue, come to my rescue, my loyaltie to the braue knight did thus ingage me: the slaues could not be content to stow me vnder-boord, and force mee from thee, but would haue shared the prize too: but I haue shar'd with 'em, see heer's three hundred duckets, thou shalt haue them all braue sparke, the Diuell to boot with 'em.

Ward. Then you think this gold shal purchase your pardon.

Gal. 'Sfoot I am over-ioy'd with the sight of thee: see the heroicke *Dansiker*, his Captaine *Sare*.

Ward. Your loues, gentlemen.

Dans. This is no slaue, he payes 600. duckets at their meeting, true, we are witnesse on't.

Ward. I will be gul'd for once thus, I will, these duckets shall stop my mouth.

Gal. 'Sheart there are as many more in Banke, you shal haue 'em all, I prize thy countenance about a second Indies, were they molten in your garbage. The world runnes round with me, *Sicut erat in principio*, naked I came in, and peniless I shall go out.

What staies the Jew so long,

Ward. See he is come.

Enter Jew, Raymond, his two sonnnes bound. Ruben.

You'l giue my price fir.

Jew. yes, for these slaues, I will.

Ray. For ever be he seruile that so makes 'em.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Hard-hearted; man, I cannot terme thee, its
A name that beares too much of pittie int,
Compared with so inhumane; creature wert thou a father,
These teares wou'd moue thee, that bemoane a sons,
Nay all my childrens, worse then funerall,
Their euer thraldome, but nature well deni'd
Issue to thee, least in thy barbarous guilt
Shee had bene a party. When thy affection'd soule
Had felt how much the name of child moues, with what care,
How many iealous feares we view there infancy,
Least hauing felt all this, thy accursed hand
Should yet haue dar'd to make men childlesse.

1. *Son.* Can then your marble heart indure these droppes?

2. *Son.* The soyle that bred you sir doth not bring forth
Such hydeous monsters, that we should imagine
You can be so far cruell to betray
So many innocent liues, for in vs bleed
An aged father, a mother, to whose grieffe
No other misery can be added.
My selfe contracted to a vertuous maid,
Who ere this hath left *Marcel*,
And in *Normandy* expects the consumation of our happinesse.
You haue our goods, our ship, all the substance
Should succour our old parents, you haue onely left
These armes toerne them bread, and can your eyes
Relentlesse see these chain'd?

Ferd. Do not they moue you sir?

Ward. Yes, as the Jew; art not thou moued *Benwash*?

Jew. As a hangman at an execution makes no other holi-
day in the yeare.

Ray. Inhumaine dog! oh I could teare thee villane,

Jew. Ile giue thirty crownes for this old beast to bee re-
uenged on him.

Ray. Be gentle, take his mony, forgie me sir,
I see you are kind, would not now part vs
That twenty and odde yeares haue growne together,
Will you not take it? giue him so Jew,

A Christian turn'd Turke.

I will deserue 'em, see I am not old,
No wrinkle is on my brow, these are but frowns,
Rays'd by his vnkind refusall of my offer.
See what plump veines I haue, no sinews shrunke;
These are not gray-haires, they are onely white
To shew the lightnesse of my spirit: come
Manacle these armes, you shall see vs threec
Tug the daies eye out, there's not a father
And his two boies shall dare to vndertake vs,
The sunne outvied wee'le set vs downe together
And with our sadder cheere out-mourne the night,
And speake the happinesse we might haue liu'd too:
How by mine owne harth in cold wintereues
I might haue told my sonnes some ancient tales,
Which they might one day from their grandsire speak.
Wee'le adde vnto our woes thus by compare
Of what our ioyes might haue been, then wee'le curse,
And when we want a plague, wee'le thinke vpon
This bloody murtherer, we shall haue store then:
Be eloquent in bitter execrations,
Our choler vented, then againe wee'le weepe,
Till teares glew vp our eyes to mocke sad sleepe.

Ward. Ha, ha, ha.

1. Son. Dost laugh at aged sorrow? be iust ye powers,
As ye iudge innocents causes, reuenge ours.

Ward. My mony for 'em Iew, so, away with 'em.

Alb. Ferd. We will redeeme them, pay their ransome,

Ward. You redeeme them? your meanes?

Ferd. All that we haue a board,

Ward. Such another syllable, I'le make a sale of you to.

Iew. I am your first man, I'le giue you 400 crownes for 'em.

Alb. A sale of vs?

Ferd. Know that if all our fortunes will set them free, 'tis
theres.

Ward. I'le try that, giue me 400 crownes.

Iew. Heare.

Ward. They are yours, I'le iustifie the sale.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Sar. Of your owne fellowes, countrymen do they not stand
Condition'd as your selfe.

Gal. Who gaue you pattend to examine him.

Ward. Forbear, because you're men of action Ile descend
To giue you notice they are my lawfull prize,
Such as deni'd my party, would willingly
Betray me, yea all of vs, into the hands
Of our vow'd enimies.

Sar. Are you not men of war then?

Ferd. We are no Pyrats sir, our country yeelds vs
More honest meanes of liuing.

Sar. Om. Away with; em more honest meanes of liuing;
make' em sure,

Alb. Giue vs the hearing.

Ward. Away with 'em. Zounds I'le set them free else.

2. Son. Let's take our fathers blessing with vs yet.

Ward. All curses vnder heauen go with you.

Ray. Is there no care for misery to beate at?

My sonnes, *Fredericke, Albert*, they are gone, sent
To perpetuall vasselladge, I lou'd you boys
A little better then to out-liee your slaueries.

I wil not curse thee monster, I know my thoughts
Cannot arriue vnto so blacke reuenge,

As shall attend thee: crack, crack, you ore-loaden strings,
And set a miserable old man free,

So, so, I will appeale for you my sonnes to yon high Court
Here none but beasts of prey Tigers resort.

Danf. I hate this villaine, hee's all bloud.

Page. My heart I thinke would breake
But that in steed of wordes, myne eyes thus speak.

Ward. How ist my noble spirits dull'd with one Tragedy,
Let vs digest it with a gig, a catch.

Some wine there, shall we to hazard?

Danf. I willingly would stake my life to thine at that iust
game, there wants but an occasion.

Sar. What's your sport?

Gal. Adams game at one whole, euery male to his female

Ward.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Ward. How should wee be furnisht?

Gall. I'll fit you with an *Eue* fir, a temptresse,

Ward What is she?

Gall. Your peere, a beauty that would take you
From out your selfe to gaze at her,
The Iewes wiues sister.

Enter Iew, Cros. Agar, Voad.

Ward First sight of her yeelds thee a 100 Duckets.

Gall. I'll be a coniunction copulatiue to ioyne you together
for the mony, it is a fate follow's vs souldiers when wee are
downe: the reason is, wee hold it no shame to liue vpon spoile
of the enemy, and a greater foe to man then a whore is impos-
sible, S'hart I am preuented, the Iew panders them himselve,
that's she fir; that Turkes her brother, his name is *Crosman*.

Iew. Is it possible?

Gall. The slaue hath a goat in his lookes.

Cros. That's he in the *Iudas* beard, vse but thy art he's thine.

Ag. If I lik't not his 30 thousand Duckets, better then's
person, I would neuer streine my complexion for him.

Ward. Shee equals thy commends inded, so true a faire
I nere beheld till now.

Ag. Nay more to intice me, this well stufte purse
He did inforce vpon me, but 'tis your sinne,
So you haue profit, all religious lawes
Must suffer violence, your wife be exposed
Vnto all vndergoers.

Iew. Forgiueneffe honest wife, my chaste, chaste, wife.

Ag. Nay, vse your pleasure, you had best keepe the gold
To guild your shame with, I troe I would giue it him,
Tell him he must not thinke I am the woman
He takes me for, if he will not beleue you,
Let him make triall with the ladder of ropes
He vow'd to clime my chamber with, this night,
When, as it seemes, he learnt you were inforst
To be in the Synagogue.

Iew. Better and better, I cannot but admire thy chastity
A ladder of ropes, would he make that the beginning

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Letchery should be the end of, I'll hamper him,
If he haue any grace thy honesty ouerthrowes him,

Ag. If he haue any wit it will I hope.

Jew. My dull ey'd villaine *Rabshake* saw none of this, Hee's all for *rem in re*, he would haue me a cuckold by law forsooth, by statute law, I shal put you a book case, for he shal moote I'll prize him but to the present businesse. Noble Captaine to expresse how much you are welcome, my wife and sister, laying all rites aside, and customary obserues, come to inuite you to a meane banquet fir.

Ward. Best thanks fir, your welcomes prodigall,
I am already feasted in this bounteous dish fir.

Danf. But you are not likely to surfet on it, I'll haue a finger in the platter, with you, were you the great Turke selfe.

Ward. With me, I tell thee *Danfiker*

Thou dost not merit with thy lips to touch. *Sar. Danf. against*
So choyce a rarity, what darest thou for her? *Francisco, Gal.*

Danf. What thou dar'st not. *Hor. and son of H. & Cros. parts*

Ward. I'll put that to the tryall; *Dram. in the, Jew. hides*

Voag. As you come of woemen. *fight himselfe.*

Ag. By, all the rites you owe our sexe, as you are men in force them part.

Cros. Respect the place, you are in danger of law.

Ward. You shall ore sway me Lady, we shall meet againe fir.

Cros. So you are men *Exit.*

Jew. Are they gone?

What hard fortune attends me? that none of their throats were cut, I might haue seiz'd their goods, not so much as the flesh biter, but is come of.

Gall. S'hart, this pouerty makes a man valiant, when I had my duckets I had no more heart then a Jew. *(em fir*

Jew. And that was the reason you so willingly parted with

Gall. Old *Benwalk*, where hidst thou thy head in this day of battell man?

Jew. Heere vnder this table, did you thinke I am so branched? No rooffe would giue me couering, I am but a pricket,
A meere sorrell, my head's not hardened yet.

Though

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Though thanks vnto your maisterſhip your fire was not want-

Gal. You ſpeake in Hebrew I vnderſtand you not. (ting
Jew. Yet you can ſpeake the whoore-maiſters language paſſing
wel; what made you fir take my wife for a fleſh-ſeller, a whore?

Gall. You are abuſed fir.

Jew. By thee lecher, you know not this purſe, this gold.
You haue your tricks to climbe vp cuckolds hauē,
Your ladder of ropes, you had beſt keepe that houre,
My wife this night expects you: my abſence
Will be inforſt, ſhe bid me tell you ſo,
Inſatiate goat thou thinkſt our wiues are ſuch,
As are your holy ſiſters, religious Votaries,
Your ſpittle nuns, heere take your ill got traſh,
May I but know thou once more temptſt my wife,
You ſhall not need a ladder, I'le mount you fir
I will, you oxgall, I will.

Gall. Ha, this is gold. (a Christians

Jew. Do you heere fir, hereafter know a Turkes wife from
You are one of thoſe hold all women bound
Vnder the domination of the Moone;
All wauering, now you haue ſcene one of the Sunne fir,
Constant you ſlaue, and as ſhe is, with vs are millions more.

Croſ. *Benwaſh*, brother, S'foote I haue ſought each nooke
of the houſe for you.

Gal. It is beyond my thoughts, imaginations drown'd int.

Jew. Rare, doth ſhe plead chaſtity?

Croſ. Like a baud that would put off a virginity, the knight
is as good as ours already, beſides I haue procured the Gouer-
nor in perſon to regret him

All that art can by ambition, luſt, or flattery do,
Aſſure your ſelfe this braine ſhall worke him to.

Jew. Nay if the fleſh take hold of him, hee's paſt redemp-
Hee's halfe a Turke already, it's as good as done (tion
Woman is hell out, in we nere returne. *Exeant*

Gal. Were not I confident of my good parts, this gold
would buy me out of my ſiue ſences, a full purſe, a ladder of
ropes, and his wife in the taile on't able to ouercome any man

A Christian turn'd Turke.

breathing, yet what should I feare that haue so many good
Angels about me? sure shee's in loue with mee, it is no other,
and out of her honesty it seemes shee hath vow'd to doe no-
thing, but what she dares acquaint her husband with, if she
haue made him vs her his owne crest I'le sweare she is a wo-
man of the Sunne, she hath dazeld his eyes well, this night
makes the tryall, I'le take your instructions. Jew, climbe the
matter of preferment.

It may be 'twas my destiny gaue me this crowne,
Woemen and ropes should raise me, that put others downe.

Exeunt.

Enter Gouvernour Ward. Crofman, Jew.

Ward. I am orecharg'd sir with so high a fauor
As your descending thus to visite mee.

Gou. You are the man we couet, whose valor
Hath spake you, so impartiall worthy,
We should do wrong to merit, not gracing you.
Beleeue me sir, you haue iniur'd much your selfe,
Vouchsafing familiarity with those

Men of so common ranke as *Dansiker*,
Your hopes should flye a pitch aboue them,

Crof. It may be that our clime stands not to giue
That full content, the aire you drew at home,
And therefore purpose shortly a returne.

Ward. I know no-country I can call home
What by your curtesie I might, my desert stands
Not to make promise of.

Gou. Detract not from your selfe, call this your owne
I see there speakes a fortune in your brow
Will make vs proud to haue acknowledg'd you.

Jew. I'le gage a thousand Duckets on equall termes,
I liue to see him the *Saltus* Admirall.

Crof. Why not as well as the great Customer,
My allied kinsman Gouvernour, neither borne Turkes,

Ward. I dare not looke so high, yet were I employed,
What a poore Christian could, I durst make promise of.

Jew. Christian or Turke you are more wise I know.

Then.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Then with religion to confine your hopes.

Gou. Hee's too well read in Poesie to be tied
In the slaues fetters of religion.

What difference in me as I am a Turke,
And was a Christian? life, liberty,
Wealth, honour, they are common vnto all?
If any ods be, 'tis on *Mahomet's* side;
His seruitors thrue best I am sure.

War. Is this the hooke your golden baite doth couer?

Jew. I haue oft with laughter thought how innocent
My thoughts when first I turn'd were, how scrupulous
I was, when with one argument I was confirm'd; as thus,
If this religion were so damnable:

As others make it, that God which owes the right
Prophan'd by this would soone destroy it quite.

War. That's easily answered, heaugh is merciful,
By their destruction it should take all meanes
From giuing possibility to their change,
And so vniustly damne 'em, but for my part;
It is not Diuinity but nature moues me,
Which doth in beasts force them to keepe their kind.

Cros. But men that haue two ends, safety and profit,
Where beasts no farther are transported
Then with the present obiect, must make their actions
Turne to those points.

Gou. Both which are in some sort proposed to you.

Ward. As how?

Gou. As thus, for profit, you cannot with your selfe
Imagine, that your vertue can be smothered,
Might there but be assurance of your trust.

War. How should I giue you that? *Gou.* As we did; turne Turke.

Ward. That were the way to more vncertainty,
Men sooner open-foes then fained friends try
And where mens acts from their owne ends proceed,
More looke vnto those ends then like the deed,

Jew. This gudgeon will not bite.

Gou. But when there are examples plentifull,

A Christian turn'd Turke.

To instance gainst your words, you need not feare,
Men what they see oppose gainst what they heare.

Vvar. The cunning fowler to beguile the birds
Brings vp some tame, and lets them flye abroad
To draw in others, that their liberty
May be the bait to others misery.
Such is state-policies, somtimea to aduance an ill,
When others for lesse crimes it oft doth kill.

But to cut off your further argument
What's mine of prowesse, or art, shall rest by you
To be dispos'd of: but to abiure
My name, and the beliefe my ancesters
Left to my being. I do not loue 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 giue to her.

Cros. Worke in my sister presently.

Gov. You are your selfe free, nor will I further
Diswade your resolution, nor lesse esteeme
Your merit, and faire worth.

Vward. You ingage me to you fir.

Cros. He enioyes too much by promise to be won,
T' must be a womans act, to whom ther's nought
That is impossible: What Diuels dare not moue
Men to accomplish, women worke them to.
And see, in happy time she's come, wee'l single them.

Ward. Here comes an argumēt that would perswade
A God turne mortall, vntill I saw her face,
I never knew what men terme beauty was:
Besides whose faire, she hath a minde so chaste
A man may sooner melt the Alpes then her.

Gov. We wil along with you, when makes she hence?

Jew. The wind fits faire, the slaues are sending downe
Whom the next morne beares hence.

Gov. We will aboard with you faire fir, wee'l leaue
Our loue exchange'd with you, some happier time
May perfect that good work I wish were mine.

Exeunt.

Vward.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Ward. My truest seruices: nay Lady stay
Though hitherto I haue beene a haplesse Orator,
Your milder measure, or my loue-taught tongue,
May finde more fortunate houres: for by that guide,
Which rules and knowes our thoughts----

Vo. Reserue your oathes fir to more easie eares,
I vnderstand my selfe too well to credit 'em.

Ward. Vn-gentle maid to triumph in my torment,
If euer breast did feele the power of loue,
Or beauty made a conquest of poore man
I am thy captiue, by heauen, by my religion.

Vo. As my beleefe's in that, my faith giues trust
To your protest.

Ward. Then by thy God, by the great Mahomet.

Vo. To weake a bond to tye a Christian in.

Ward. What shal I swear by? propose an oath to me
The breach whereof would at once sinke me lower
Then hell knowes being, Il'e take it willingly.

Vo. Il'e be conceal'd no longer, know then Iloue,
But not the man whose daily Orisons
Invoke confusion on me, whose religion
Speakes me an Infidell.

Ward. Sheart I am of none, onely to feed discourse,
And fill vp argument.

Vo. But you must be of one if you'l enioy me,
If then your thoughts answere to what you speake
Turne Turke I am yours.

Ward. Turne Turke?

Vo. Doy you demur already? how prodigal your words
Spoke your affection, and with one simple triall
Are you strooke mute.

Ward. With patience heare me Lady.

Vo. False knight, I haue giuen too calm an eare already
To thy enchanted notes.

Ward. Should I for euer sell my liberty?

Vo. You need not, it is sufficient glory
You haue betraid a maidens liberty.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

But Il'e do penance for my so blacke a sin,
Doting on thee, I'le henceforth hate thy whole sex;
The name of man to me, shall as the rocke
From which the ship-wrackt wretch hath lately scap't
Bring feare in the name of't: keepe off false Syren.
Heauen well-ordain'd man should the woman woe,
Should we their hard-hearts proue, we all ill should know.

Ward. Stay, I will inforce thee else.

Voad. Do these my teares delight thee then? cruell
Hard-hearted man, glut thy relentlesse sight
With full-ey'd sorrow.

Ward. Shee is all amorous, all faire, that she doth loue,
Behold those teares whose droppes would pierce the hearts
Of Tygers, make them pittifull,
They are witnesses she faines not: leaue, leaue to weepe,
Least putting out those lights the world should mourne.
Put on a vaile of blacke, I am thine owne.
If there be any Divinity, it hath
His seate in beauty: th'art a God to me
My Country, friends, nay being, what wouldst thou haue.

Voad. To be no other then my selfe I craue.

Ward. I am no more mine owne, rather then loose
So true a happinesse, as thy constant loue,
There is no way so blacke I would not proue,
That lyes from heauen to hell. *Crosman* in vaine
Thy arguments were spen: wouldst thou preuaile?
Heere is an Orator can turne me easily,
Where beauty pleades, there needs no sophistry.
Thou hast ore-come me *Voads*.

Voad. And I will raise thee, but thou doest name a good,
I cannot call mine till I am posselt of't.

Ward. Call in thy friends, make preparation,
Il'e take the orders instantly,
My speed shall giue prevention to the prate
Of th'idle multitude: away, the flame doth burne
Which sets the world on fire, and makes me turne.

Voad. Thou art all harmony, best loue I flye,

A Christian turn'd Turke.

I haue my ends,

How er'e thou sinke, thy wealth shall beare me high.

Ward. So, the day leaues the world, chaste *Voada*

Nothing can make him miserable enioyes thee :

What is't I loofe by this my change? my Country,

Already 'tis to me impossible,

My name is scandal'd? what is one Island

Compared to the Easterne Monarchy? this large

Vnbounded station shall speake my future fame;

Besides, they are slaues stand subiect vnto shame.

One good I enioy, out-weighes all ils what ever

Can be obiected; to summe my happinesse :

That God on earth, to whom all men stand bare,

(*Gold*) that doth vs her greatnesse, lackies me,

I haue more then I can spend, what wants

Is in command, and that my valour makes

Due purchase of, It'e rather lead on slaues

Then be commanded by the power of Kings.

Beauty, Command; and Riches, they are these three

The world pursues, and these do follow me.

Enter Francisco.

Speake, what newes *Francisco*?

Fran. The tongues of rauens are too mild to speake it,

The very thought whereof methinkes should strike

Your haire to quils of Porcupines, it's the denyall

Of your Redeemer, Religion, Country,

Of him that gaue you being.

Ward. The slavery of man; how this religion rides vs!

Depriues vs of our freedom from our Cradles,

Ties vs in superstitious bondage.

Fra. Heaven stop mine eares from hearing thy dishonour.

Vpon my knees I do coniure you sir,

Sell not your soule for such a vanity,

As that which you tearme Beauty, eye-pleasing Idol,

Should you with the renouncing of your God

Taking the abhorred name of Turke vpon you,

Purchase a little shamefull being heere, your case

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Might be compar'd to his, who adiudg'd to death
By his heads losse, should craue (stead of one stroke)
To dye a lingring torment on the racke.

Euen such would be your life, whose guilt each houre
Would strike your conscioſous soule with terrors.

Ward. No more, this boyes words trouble me.

Fran. If none of these moue, let the example
Of that contempt is throwne on runnagates.

Euen by these Turkes themselues, at least moue you
To flye this slavery. *Enter Crofman.*

Crof. Most worthy sir, now I dare call you brother;

Fran. Too faire a name to cloake so great a foe,
This instant makes a tryall of your vertue,
Thinke on *Ulyſſes* constancy.

Crof. Why are you mute sir?

Ward. I am not well.

Fran. Alas! how can he, being so neere to hell?

Crof. Are you so weake to haue a boyes words sway you?

Fran. You haue not mite, thinke 'tis heavens hand doth stay.

Crof. Haue you no other but my sister sir, (you
To make a stale off, did you not vow?

Ward. What er'e, I do recant it, I am now
My selfe, her lookes enchanted me.

Fran. Against a mans owne soule, no oath can tye.

Crof. This thy disgrace reueng'd shall speake in bloud.

Enter Voada.

Voada. Where is my betrothed husband? Al's ready.

Crof. To publish infamy to thee and vs?

The wether-cocke is turn'd; this boyes breath did it.

Voada. - Againe turn'd?

Fran. You cast your eyes too much vpon the flame
Proues your destruction.

Voada. Vn-gentle boy, doest thou requite me thus?
How canst thou blushlesse view me, haue my teares
Procur'd me nought but scorne?

Ward. Forgiuenesse *Voada*: turne backe thy comet-eyes,
Plagues, Diuels, povery, may all ils fall

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Man ea'r was subiect to, I will enioy thee.

Force hence, I say, this boy.

Fran. As I from hence, so thou art thrust from ioy, eternall ioyes.

Exit.

Cros. The Muffties heere: you know the custome fir,
Some triviall ceremonies, they'l be soone ore,
They once perform'd you'r ner'e vnhappy more.
Besides, the Captaine-ship of our strong Castle
Shall be my sisters portion, heer's the key.

War. Do not delay them then. *Enter the Slaues bound,*

Cros. They are come fir. *going to the Port.*

Ward. What meane these slaues, their fights like Basiliskes
Foretels my ruine: 'sh heart make this way.

Fer. Nay, do not shun our sight, heare vs but now,
Wee'l forgiue all our wrongs, with patience row
At the ynweldy oare: we will forget
That we were sold by you, and thinke we set
Our bodies gainst your soule, the deereft purchase
Of your Redeemer, that we regain'd you so,
Leaue but this path damnation guides you to.

2. Son. Our bloud, our Fathers bloud, all is forgiuen,
The bond of all thy finnes is cancelled,
Keep but thy scalfe from this.

Alb. Let vs redeeme our countries shame by thee,
We willing will endure our slavery.

Ward. The words do rip my heart vp: ha?

Vo. Why stand you in this dilemma: are you depriu'd
Of sence and being?

War. Thou telst me true: with what brain can I think
Heauen 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 dispaire.

Fran. Will you yet heare me? yet heauen hath mercy.

Ward. And hell damnation: on, zounds on I say,
The way that leads to loue is no blacke way. *Exe. Short.*

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

A Christian turn'd Turke.

The dumbe shew, with Chorus of Ward
turning Turke.

Chorus. Here could I wish our period, or that our Pen
Might speake the fictions, not the acts of Men:
The deeds we haue presented hitherto, are white
Compar'd vnto those blacke, ones we must write:
For now no more at men, but Gyant-like
The face of heauen it selfe, he dares to strike:
And with a bluslesse front he dares to doe,
What we are dumbe to thinke, much more to shew:
Yet what may fall beyond vncertaine guesse
Your better fauours binde vs to expresse.

Enter two bearing halfe-moones, one with a Mahomets head following.
After them the Muffty, or chiefe Priest: two meaner Priests
bearing his traine. The Muffty seated, a confused noyse of mu-
sicke, with a shout. Enter two Turkes, one bearing a Turban with
a halfe-moone 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 Asse, in his Christian habite, bare-headed. The
two Knights, with low reuerence, ascend, whisper the Muffty in
the eare, draw their swords, and pull him off the Asse. He layd on
his belly, the Tables (by two inferiour Priests) offered him, he lifts
his hand vp, subscribes, is brought to his seate by the Muffty, who
puts on his Turban and Roab, girds his sword, then swears him on
the Mahomets head, vngirds his sword, offers him a cuppe of wine
by the hands of a Christian: Hee spurnes at him, and throwes a-
way the Cuppe, is mounted on the Asse, 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 feare
Giue any curbe. Dismounted from that steed
Did best besit the rider: they then read

A Christian turn'd Turke.

The Lawes of their dam'd Prophet : he subscribes,
Inroles his name into their Pagan Tribes.

Now weares the habit of a free-borne Turke,
His sword excepted, which least they should worke
Iust villany to their seducers, is deny'd.

Unto all Runnagates, vnlesse imployd
In warres 'gainst Christians. Last, oh be he last
Forswears his name! with what, we blusht to tell,
But 'tis no wonder, blackes the way to hell,
Who though he seeme yet happy, his successe
Shewes he exchang'd with it, and wretchednesse.

Giue patience to our Scene, which hereto tends,
To shew the world, blacke deeds will haue blacke ends. *Exit.*

Enter Danfker, Sares, three Sailers.

Danf. Ward turn'd Turke? it is not possible.

Sar. I saw him Turke to the Circumcision.
Mary therein I heard he play'd the Iew with 'em;
Made 'em come to the cutting off an Apes taile.

Danf. I see the hand of heaven prevented mine,
Death was too faire a guerdon for him. But to the present,
Deseruing fir, I now am to coniure you
By all the offices of friendship past,
By what my future loue, and meanes may stead you,
To vow performance of one small request.

Sar. What ere it be Il'e be as iust to you
As heaven to truth: by all *Ward* denyes,
I vow me yours.

Dan. I accept your faith: know then that I am bound
Vnto a desperate attempt, how it may succeed,
Heauen and Fate onely know. The circumstance
I do inioyne you further not to enquire.

What on your trust's imposed, is the redeeming
Those two betraid young men, whom *Ward* did sell,
When to his barbarous cruelty they opposed,
And lost themselues, & state: their ransom's heere, *gives him*
As you proue iust, from all mishaps rest cleere, *a paper.*

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Sar. And if I faile to accomplish your desires,
All my sins haunt mee, when my breath expires. *Exit Sar.*

Danf. I am most confident, best fir adew,
If *Dansiker* do liue, he liues to you. *Enter Leifetenant.*
Hast laid the traine to my directions?

Lief. It is done to the vndoing of 'em all,
Time calls aboard which spends not halfe an houre
Before our traine do take it rests to be determin'd
What ships we fire, which beare along with vs.

Danf. *Danvils* makes with vs, all the rest giue fire to,
Sares ship except, to him we are ingaged,
Nor will we proue vngratefull, are all things ready,

Lief. To your owne wishes.

Danf. Aboard then instantly, *Tunis* fare-well,
Dansiker bids all pyrats now adue.
Hee'l shew you, what you might do, were you true *Exeunt.*

Enter Agar above in the window

Ag. How dull a pace keepes time to louers eyes,
And yet to me how swift the nights blacke horse,
Makes way to raise the morne, whose least of light
Takes all my hopes from me and damps me quite, *clock strik*
Eleuen and yet not come, he was not capable
Of my quaint stratageme, or being possesst
Of what he wanted, gold, contemns my loue,
It is no other *Agar*, hee loathes thee,
Mans curse is, things forbid, still to pursue
What's freely offered not to hold worth their veiw, *Ent. Gal.*
Ha? vnlesse my credulous eares deceiue me,
I heare one make towards my windowe,

Gall. The coast is cleere, Baudé night I do salute thee
Thou that dost winke at all faults, that hugst so many sinnes in
thy blacke bosome, the Sunne growe's pale to veiw them, to
thee damnations nurse I make my prayer, coniure thee by all
my lustful imbraces thou hast bene witnesse to, by all the cuc-
kolds thou hast made twixt morne and twilight to adde one
to the number, but one thou blacke ei'd negro, neuer did
woman make such shift to dub her husband, though many
thou

A Christian turn'd Turke.

thou dost know haue made most bare ones, oh let this instrument that hath so many freed from the hell of Vsurers, and from the iaws of their feare, bandogs, hath paid so manies debts releue my wants, I'le neuer blame thee, fortune henceforth if I lacke, put thy selfe but this once on my my backe, no false light in the window, no baudy land-marke, no handkerchiefe to waft me, I'le venture it, *Agar*, my louely *Agar*.

Ag. It's hee who in this dead of night calls on my name.

Gall. Thy friend, thy vnderstanding friend, with the ladder of ropes, heere make them sure aboue, leaue mee to the lower parts.

Ag. I hope you meane no wrong sir to me.

Gall. I'le do thee as much right as can be done to one of thy sex, hast made it fast?

Ag. You may aduenture sir.

Gall. He that will not aduenture for such a peece of flesh, were worthy to feed vpon dumplins all daies on's life, nay I will venture, thou warden of the horned liuery, omnipotent *Vulcan*, now set my shafts but right, *He goes up the rope.*
I'le make one freeman more ere it be light.

Enter two Sailers.

1. Sail. There's no remedy, that which makes waighting-women puncks, and Captaines panders, that causeth decaied Gentlemen become sollicitors, and bankeroupt Citizens Serieants, that makes vs theeues, necessity, that which hath no lawe on's side.

2. Sail. We shal haue as little conscience anon in robbery.

1. Sail. I, should we rob hospitals, our betters haue made that a monopoly, but to steale from a rich Iew it is no more sin then to vnload a weary Ass.

2. Sail. By hooke or crooke you will haue it.

1. Sail. We were bred in a country that had the charity to whip begging out of vs, when we were yong, and for staruing, manhood denies it, you know what must necessarily follow.

2. Sail. Nay make your conclusion.

1. Sail. Presse her in a dumbe shew, heere abouts should be
the

A Christian turn'd Turke!

the house, great windowes and a little wicket, noble man
like, what's heere a ladder of ropes, S'foot we are preuented,
S. *Nicolas* Clearkes are stept vp before vs.

2. *Sail.* Were they ten iustices Clearkes wee would share
with 'em.

1. *Sail.* There Maisters would preuent vs for that, yet
since our case is desperate, we will put in with 'em.

2. *Sail.* Softly for waking the maids.

1. *Sail.* S'hart, thou art the sonne of a lapland-witch sure,
this is the maids chamber, one of them is in a dreame, she fet-
cheth her wind short I am sure

2. *Sail.* How long thou art poking at it, what is 't man?

1. *Sail.* Some light commodity or other.

2. *Sail.* A womans lower part, it is altogether in fashion for
them to be light about the bumb indeed.

1. *Sail.* I haue the male part too't, the dublet, your women
will haue it euer in request to haue the mans part vppermost.

2. *Sail.* S'hart, a French sloop, these are none of the Iewes
trouses, and they should be no gallants, for hee hath mony in
his purse.

1. *Sail.* I marry sir, this fellow had good ware about him
indeed, vpon my life we are little better then bauds, get mony
by others Venerie, this Iew is a

Enter Iew's man.

Rab. Fire, fire, fire.

2. *Sail.* Water, water, water

Exeunt.

Rab. Fire, fire, fire, the slaues lie on straw-beds, and yet this
cry will take no hold on 'em, fire, fire, fire.

Gall. Flames and brimstone, I am in hell, Zounds my bree-
ches, the ladder, this Iew hath found vs out and fir'd the house.

Ag. Deere sir containe your selfe.

Gall. A plague on venerie, a hot end comes on't still, is the
window high enough that I may breake my necke, dye any
death then be roasted?

Ag. Here's a vault leads to the common shower, it being
low-water the sheetes shall let you downe to your escape.

Gall. Those sheets haue brought me low enough already.

Within Fire, fire, fire.

Gall.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Gall. Flames stop thy throat.

Ag. Deere sir aduenture it and saue your life.

Gall. Were it to hell I must,

A plague on whoores say, whose vast desires
Beginnes in watry teares and end in fires.

Exeunt.

Enter Rabshake at one dore, and Iew at another.

Rab. Fire, fire.

Iew. An Ocean ouerwhelme thee, where is the fire slaue?

Rab. At the Iewes house, *Benwash* his house, your house sir:

Exit Rabshake.

Iew. My bags, my obligations, my wife *Agar* I say, I shall
runne mad, I will scale the windowes, burne for company, my
money and my selfe will go together, what's heere a ladder
of ropes, *Gallops* breeches, burne on, burne on, finde all the
world, consume it with thy flames, thou best of elements,
burne on I say.

Enter Ward, Sailer.

Ward. As you are men on this side help to saue our goods.

Iew. As you are ministers of Lucifer let it burne on, it's
myne owne house, come but on my ground I'll haue my acti-
on for't.

Ward. He is distracted, helpe as you are men.

Iew. Dogs, villains, theeues, downe with him that laies a
hand a to't, be iust you powers of heauen, and throw thy wild
fire downe vpon the heads of these adulterers, roome, roome,
roome, I haue it, I haue it, roome, roome, roome.

Ward. The Iew is mad indeed, his losse distracts him, speak
gentle friend, doth the fire slacke.

Rub. The house is saued, but all the ships in the harbour
Vnquenchable do burne.

Ward. The ships in the harbour.

Rub. Yours onely excepted.

Frans. My thoughts now haue their ends,

Uoad. Do not thou grieue boy, know I loue thee
Thy maintenance shall expresse it, I haue friends
And iewels left for thee, but I hate thee more
Then all thy wealth made me loue thee before

Exit.

Ward. False woman, thou shalt not shake me off thus

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Were all the impudence of thy whole sexe,
All there blushtlesse impieties confin'd in thee
I'll moue thy flinty heart to sence and shame,
I will thou sorceres: now I do see to late
There is a hand ore-rules our will and fate.

Exit.

Fran. This shews the greatest plague heauen keeps in store
Fals, when a man is linkt vnto a whore.

Exit.

Enter Benwash, Rab. Agar.

Iew. I haue it, I haue it, heere, heer, nay come on, you haue
come off I am sure, here's euidence looks pale to thinke but
on't, you do not know the tennant to this cottage, hee was an
vpright dealer, hee paid mee to a haire, come forward and bee
hang'd, I shall aduance you in a ropes name, you haue made
no cuckold of me. I made my selfe one, pandred my owne
hornes, now sirrah, you that got o't by art, put your cases one
in the necke of another, your *rem in re* what thinke you of
this case.

Rab. I thinke the serpent crept into a narrow hole, and left
his case behind him.

Iew. Then I am a Cornuto.

Rab. This make's the naked truth appeare so.

Iew. The best is, the crest is mine owne, I paid well for't.

Ag. Deere husband pardon me, I will confesse,

Iew. What wilt thou confesse? that thou hast made a meere
Ass of me, to pay thy iourney-man wages before hand.

Rab. It should seeme he labour'd hard to earne it, he could
keepe no cloathes about him.

Iew. This slaue doth not thinke I'll cut his throate for this,
you haue watcht neerely sirrah, you haue.

Rab. Vnlesse I should haue bene their baud, I could watch
no neerer, me thinkes she hath done you a great pleasure, rid
you of your disease, ieaousy, now you need feare no more,
you are in possession on't, your doubts are at an end.

Iew. Good, very good, my doubts are at end, but I shall
hang you in suspence for this: you Manticora that plumpe
vpon raw flesh, here set your hand to this letter, that I may
draw your Captaine on againe vpon the breach, I'll blow you

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Up else, why moue you not, I am sure you laid your hand to the businesse when time was.

Ag. Pardon me sir, I know my life is forfeit
To your iust anger, nor will I be the meanes
To shed more bloud, myne shall suffice alone,
Since onely one is wrong'd punish but one.

Jew. She loues him still, I am a cuckold
He has out-gon me, do you heare; subscribe
Moue me no further.

Ag. The worst can be but death, I will not.
Jew. I tel thee I'le forgieue thee; giue my reuendge
Scope but at him, thou art free.

Ag. Swear it by *Abrahams* dust, the ashes of your fore-fa-
Rab. Dust and ashes it's but a fraile oath. (thers.

Jew. By that, and all that ties a vertuous mind,
I vow and sweate by written writ.

Rab. You'le sweare as much to forgieue me I hope to sir.

Jew. Why, thou shalt be the messenger, nay the actor
In my iust vengeance.

Rab. The hang-man you meane sir, I am expert at it. *Exe.*
Enter Ward and Francisco.

Ward. *Francisco*, what newes man?
Fran. The worst your eares can heare, our ships
Ward. They are vntoucht, of all they are onely safe.
Fran. You dazell your owne eyes, that villaine *Dansker*
Hath grabled them and fled.

Ward. Whirle-winds pursue him, heauen, seas, earth, all at
Ioyn to his confusion, now I do see too late (once
There is a hand ore-rules our will and fate.

Enter Voad. and Alizia.
Voad. I shall then take your promise, your brother being
redeem'd, this night I shall enioy thee.

Aliz. This Diamond binds me to't, by this I sweare.

Voad. 'Tis thine I will bestow it on thee, to tie thy faith
Thou hast his ransome.

Aliz. 'Tis heere.

Voad. About it then, now fortune equall proue

A Christian turn'd Turke.

I am happy, yet her lust redeemes my loue. . . . *Exit Alizia.*

Vward. Yet see, midst all my miseries I haue a friend,
My constant loyall *Voad*, could what we enioy
Make a man happy, I am not miserable.

Thou com'st to comfort me, I know thou doest.

Vo. This fellow raues sure: do you know to whō you speake?

Vward. Put not a further triall on mee, thou best of womens:
Know if this arme were bar'd all other meanes

From hearts of Christians, it should digge thee food.

Voad. We know you are a bloody murderer, and are repaid:
By our iust Prophet, that hates false Runnagates.

Vward. How couldst thou mallice man so much, heaven,
As to create a woman?

Thou hast forgot me sure: oh looke on him

That hath deny'd his faith, sold all his hopes

To purchase thee his bride.

Voad. To match with beggery: know I contemne thee
As a most abiect slave; and hate thee more

Then all thy wealth could make me loue before. . . . *Exit.*

Fran. What meane you sir? could you expect a good,
A happinesse from hell? she is a whoore.

Vward. Thou liest: this arme shall make it good;
My soule for her I lost, and now my blood. . . . *Enter Rabsake.*

Fra. Your passiō doth transport you, here comes her pander,
One that knowes all her secrets: examine him,
If she stand cleare, let my life answer it.

Vward. Il'e put you to the Test.

Rab. I haue had a hot night of this, nothing but fire in my
mouth two houres together: mary the old Iew my maister I
heare hath stumbled on a cooler. I thought this Captaine
would bee comming so long on vpon the breach hee would
breake his necke at the last. This venery is a tempting dish,
some ner'e lin licking at it till they burne their lips. Well, I
must go comfort vp old *Benwash*, hee's heavy vpon his wiues
lightnesse.

Vward. You Iew, a word with you?

Rab. You Turke, I haue nothing to say to you: Ha, ha, ha,

poore

A Christian turn'd Turke.

poore fellow, how hee lookes since *Mahomet* had the handling of him? hee hath had a sore night at *Whose* that knockes at the backe-doore? Cry you mercy, I thought you were an Italian Captaine.

Ward. Zounds, leaue your circumlocutions, Il'e send your head to your heeles else.

Fran. You parcell baud, all vs her, answere directly who 'tis beares away the prize in your Mistresses race, or Il'e spoyle your footing, cut you off by the hammes.

Rab. Alas sir!

Ward. Speake, who are her suters?

Rab. *Uoads's* suters? oh sir, a Barbar sir.

Fran. Il'e make you haue need of a Surgian er'e I haue done with you. How do you know hee is a Barber?

Rab. He smels strong of Rose-water, and he hath never mōny in his purse but on Saturday-nights.

Ward. What other suiter, slaue?

Rab. An other sweet youth too, I take it a Comfet-maker; and it seemes hath rotten teeth, for he dares not come in sight so long as the Barber's in the way.

Fran. This dogge deludes vs, Il'e teare thy throat out villain, ynlesse thou instantly name him shee loues.

Rab. Her Page sir, the little Christian, the good fac'd Captaine gaue her, *Fidelio*.

Ward. My slaue, the French Ship-boy? (him?)

Fr. I saw him leaue her now. How dost thou know shee loues.

Rab. Shee makes him sing bawdy songs to her, lookes fortunes in his fist, & babies in his eyes, makes dialogues betwixt him, her little dogge, & her selfe: lies vpon her backe, puts his hand in her hand, & wrings it till the teares come againe.

Ward. Infatiate monster, could her swolne blood reach such a height none but my Page must sute her.

Fran. Containe your selfe a while, this slaue can speake One of her dialogues.

Rab. It is my practise sir: you shall stand for the Lady, you for her dogge, and I the Page: you and that dogge looking one vpon another, the Page presents himselfe.

A Christian turn'd Turke,

Fran. Good.

Rab. The best is behinde fir.

Runnes away.

Fran. Iew, slaue, dogge.

Ward. The horned Divell follow him. A Skippers boy?
The shame of woman? rather then be baffeld thus
I will betray this towne, blow vp the Castle:
Francisco, do but second me.

Fran. First repesse your selfe of your strong hold,
I feare some trechery: the Governor
With all the Ianisaries of the towne
I met in their way thither.

War. Blast them ye powers first. The Governor
Make towards the Castle? I am betraid, away,
I see that heaven forgets not though I delay.
Thrust out by Ianisaries?

Ianisa. Packe hence false Runnagate,
Slaue, Beggar.

War. Disgratious vassals, what mountain covers me?
Winke, winke, thou Day-star, hide my guilty shame,
Make me as if I ner'e had beene, whose name
Succeeding times wil curse: should I confesse my sin,
Ther's not an eare that can with pittie heare
A man so wicked miserable: should I beare vp,
Out-looke my crimes, I want meanes to support me.
To dye I dare not, the iawes of hell do yawne
To swallow me: liue I cannot: Famine threats,
And that the worst of poverty, contempt and scorne.
Never on man Fate cast so blacke a frowne,
Vp I am denied to flye, vnpittied downe.
Rest restlesse soule on this accursed soyle,
And teach the world into how sad a toyle
Ambition and swift ryot run, when meane content
Sits low, yet happy: and when their day is spent
All that they get is labour and vnrest,
A hatefull graue, and worst, a troubled breast.

Enter

Francis.

Fra. Where shal I find this most vnfortunat wretch?
There is a part in him cald man, which we should pittie

How

A Christian turn'd Turke.

How er'e his merit stands, nor will I leaue him,
Though he hath left himselfe. See where he lyes,
Best suiting with his fortunes, could we our fate foreknow
Men were as Gods, nor need we haue laine so low.
How fare you brother? why with so sad an eye
Do you behold me, that in your miseries
Beare equall part?

War. Can there remaine a soule that will vouchsafe
Compassion on me? thou doest but flatter,
Or hast forgot, I haue lost all; and pouerty
When no ill else will doo't, makes all friends flye.

Fran. Were you intitled to no other guilt,
How willing for you should my blood be spilt?
Heere sir, accept this poore reliefe
Bootlesse alas distresse recounts those errors
To thinke what might haue been cures, not the terrors
Of present suffering.

War. True, true; *Francisco*, could I redeeme the time,
The world should speake my penitence.
Could I call backe but one seven yeares,
Though all my life were seruile after,
Were my soule but free
From innocent blood; and fearefull blasphemy,
On the condition I might liue an age
Tortur'd vpon a wheele.
Itell thee friend,

Were I this Cities Vice-roy, I would giue
My crowne, dispoyle my selfe of all, onely to liue
One month with that content this soule did know
When a poore Fisherman possessest it.

Fran. You are too low dejected.
Men that with sufferance their wrongs do beare
Are held but weake, and States more oft for feare
Then loue vnto the right, redresse mens ils.
Who stoutly downe his enemies, malice kils,
Who basely wounds himselfe.

Ward. No lesse then truth, I haue beene too low indeed

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Each one the yeelding grasse doth dare to tread
That flies resisting thornes, false *Vooda*,
Thy Lambe is turn'd a Lyon, I feele reuendge
Giue a new life to me, I'le onely stay
Till I haue spoke thy brother, I thinke he'le blush
To heare thy shame, tell thee thou hast not plaid
A womans part with me, suppose the worse
That he turne villane to, he had better curse
His grandfirs ashes, if once more I fall in
I'le be vnparaleld at least for sinne.

Fran. Stay see the strumpets loue, *Fidelio*,

Aliz. Captaine, you are the man I seeke, I haue a fuit to you.

Ward. Concerning *Vooda*, is't not?

Aliz. Concerning her that hates you for my sake
Neglects your merit, this night giues full reuendge
To all her iniuries.

Ward. Repeat that happy word againe, I am wholly thine.

Aliz. Know her vassaliat lust hath long pursued,
And with such violence attempted me,
That with my oaths this night to fate her heate
I hardly haue delaid her.

Ward. What's this to my reuendge?

Aliz. It follow's, giue me but way
Through your Castle there's a Hollander
This euening makes from hence
That giues them passage.
I haue tied him to't.

Ward. Thou art for euer free, the houre name,

Aliz. I'le speak your worth yet, in spite of fame
About three, watch the word *Fidelio*.

Ward. Avoid suspicion and till then be gone.

Aliz. Nay then my ioyes do flow,

Fran. Whether tends this? what passage, come you for him?

Ward. To heauen I once more must exact
Thy trust and diligence.

Fran. Speake it.

Ward. Make instantly to *Vooda*, tell her

A Christian turn'd Turke.

This night a skipper doth attend to steale aboard
Her loue *Fidello*, giue her the houre and place
Wish her to pistoll him.

Fran. Wouldst haue her kill ber to.

Ward. I, and runne made for't, meane while I'le walke the
streetes I shall meete some will know me to whom I will re-
late my wrongs, wilt do't *Francisco*?

Fran. My soule to gage.

Ward. This comfort then in spite of hell I'le haue,

Ward went not vnreudg'd vnto his graue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chorus How blacke a path vnbounded riot treads,
Your gentler eyes haue veiw'd. Our Scene now leads
To giue him rest, that from his ills had learn'd
To know his misery, and at least had earn'd
This lesson from the extremes, that others past
No course that violent is, secure can last.
This clue doth wind him backe, and *Danfiker*,
The wealth of *Tunis*, now is become there feare,
Striues to redeme his infamy and with successe,
Makes through their bowels to his happinesse.
No sooner hee arriues in France, but his sad eares
Instead of welcomes entertaine new feares,
The aged *Oke* that *Atlas*-like susteyned,
The might of France, that with his bloud regain'd
Her wasted body, like the *Pellican*
By one that from his life tooke breath is slaine,
This fatall blow, astonisbeth the hopes
Of *Danfiker*, and his, to make returne,
Impossible those fires yet fresh doe burne,
Would threaten them with vtmost tortures heere
To make aboard they finde themselues beset
With many they by their spoyle made foes, yet
Twixt two extremes they chose the better part
Take land and to the *Gouernor* present

H

Themselues

A Christian turn'd Turke.

*Themselves and fortunes, shew their act, intent
And pœnitence, their promised pardon, what befell
This shew presents, which words deny to tell.*

Enter Governour in state, takes his seate, Dansiker and his followers with ropes about their neckes, their weapons with the points towards them, deliuer their petition, the Governour reads and salutes them, put up their swords, suddenly rush in diuers like Merchants with followers, seeme to threaten the Governour, who defends Dansiker, labours betwixt them, seeme pacified, and Dansiker swears by his sword, offer to go out to meete his wife and child, they perswade, he deliuers them to the Governours trust. Omnes Exeunt.

*Chorus. Twixt hope and dread, as suited former merit,
The Governour receiues them gives new spirit
Unto their drooping hopes, when with the name
Of Dansikers arrivall, swift wing'd fame
Brings in the oppressed Merchants, whose spoyle
Had fed his hungry sword, and with their toyle
Made rich his rapines, these craue law, his life
The opposing Governour almost ends the strife,
With his owne bloud, informes them, the Kings death
Stooa onely bar to his safety, that his breath
Would recompence all former iniuries,
To approue it giues them notice of the prise
Brought from Tunis, and more to assawadge their ire
Dansiker dare, what act they can desire
Man to accomplish, to redeeme his peace
And their great losses, all their furies cease.
And with one voyce demand Benwash the lew
As his iust ransome, they need no more reuow,
This their request, by oath themselves they tye
To bring him prisoner, or in the action dye.
No motives from his wife or child diswade,
This his resolute, suppose he now hath made
His backe returns and in some apt disguise.*

A Christian turn'd Turke.

*Attends successe vnto his enterprife
His end and strange prevention, briefly shew
Designes are mans, their sway the gods do owe.*

Exeunt.

Enter Ferd.

Ferd. This is the place a cold bloud thwarts my heart,
My fleeting soule in her disturbed passion
Proclains some ill neere, let me suppose the worst
Alizias dead, false tongue how durst thou name
So great a mischief? alas this bracelet speaks it,
This which I tied vnto her iuory wrist
The witnesse of those vowes confirm'd vs one,
The news of my captiuitie tooke all her hopes
And life away, and dying she bequeath'd
This loyall gift againe, with my sad ransome.

'Tmay be this youth may be *Alizia*

her selfe a prisoner, yet shee's to vertuous

9 Go out-liue her honour and her chastity,

Which her captiuitie must needs indanger:

I heare his foote-steps. *Enter Ward & Voad.*

Voad. We are not far off from the place, softly, softly.
The night is darke and friendly to myne ends.

Ferd. *Fidelio, Fidelio,*

Voad. 'Tis he would rob me of *Fidelio,*

Ferd. *Fidelio* I say yong *Raymond* heere

Voad. Shoote. *Ferd.* So I am slaine.

Voad. Thus dost thou beare *Fidelio* back againe,

Ward. Ha, ha, ha.

Ferd. Oh false, false *Alizia* thy watch-words as thy selfe
Deceiuing, didst thinke my slavery
Was not an ill sufficient, but my bloud
Must pay thy falshood tribute, or couldst not wish
So great a plague to me, that I should heare

Thou wert turn'd prostitute, vngentle cruell woman,

Ward. 'Tis not the boy sure, his voyce, his passion
Speakes him another, more proiects yet, I heare some foot stir.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Aliz. How fearefull is the night, heauen's angry sure,
And hauing drawne the day vp, chid her thus
For giuing light to mens impieties.

'Tis much about the houre of my appoint,
What sad groane wounds my cares, *Fidelio*,

Raymond, friend *Fidelio*.

Ferd. Or rather *Infidelio*, what ere thou art
Thou needst not doubt thy taske, thou hast made me sure,
Or if thou doubts it, here dischardge one bullet more.

Aliz. 'Tis not his voyce, thou liest false thoughts, *Ray-*
mend, *Fidelio*.

Ferd. My name is *Raymond*, that *Fidelio* vniustly murdered.

Aliz. No maruaile though thou thundrest heauen,
And darts thy flasches downe, oh! why is not
This world a vniuersall fire? what one good
Keepes backe thy flames?

Ferd. Oh speake! what art thou? whose sad speech
Makes death stay yet to heare thee.

Aliz. My friend, my *Raymond* by my meanes murdered
I haue liu'd too long, too long.

Ferd. Oh speake! what art thou whose sad accents force
Pale death to stay and heare thee.

Aliz. Alas I am nothing, nothing.

Ferd. As thou hast hope in heauen tell me thy name,

Aliz. I will, my name's *Alizia*, thy constant loyall, loyall
friend, that in her passage vnto thee will not be long

Ferd. Oh saue thy life.

Aliz. Wish me not so much ill, I loue thee better.
Miracle of thy sexe, oh let me imbrace thee yet.

Ferd. Heere, heere, flye hence vaine breath,

Aliz. No other good is knowne to me but death, *moriturus*

Vward. *Francisco* thou'rt a villaine, forgueneesse *Voads*,
The words of these two innocents with purple eyes
Dart terrour through me, *Fidelio* turn'd a woman.

Within Follow, follow, follow.

Voad. I will rather giue an eare to the blacke shrikes
Of mandrakes, thou knewst I lou'd him.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

And that hath forct his wound, at sight whereof
Methinkes reflecting heauen should spred it selfe
In a deepe crimsome vaile, blush to haue created
A wretch so monstrous, but my reuendge sleepes, know boy
I will repay thy death, slaue I will famish thee,
And when thy fainting eye-lids gin to cracke,
My satisfied lust, by him most hates thee,
Shall be thy obiect.

Ward. You wrong me to suppose I should be guilty
Of such an impious deed.

Voad. Doth not thy blood stain'd poniard speake it
With which thy accursed arme did force his breast
His too too gentle breast. *Ward.* Thy selfe be witnesse.

Voad. That I am reuendge on thee, murder, murder, the slaue
will murder me. *Ward.* What meane you wife? *Enter watch.*

Voad. As you are men make rescue of me.

Ward. I am betray'd, out-gon by a shee diuel.

Voad. He hath not onely slaine his innocent page,
But thus assail'd my life, lay hands on him
Deere countrimen reuenge my wrongs, my blood
On this false runnagate, I faint, I faint.
Conuey me to a Chirurgion, make him safe. *Ex.*

1. Offi. In the Gouvernours name I do command you giue
your weapons vp.

Ward. S'hart Gentlemen, you know *Francisco* kil'd him,
Ple make it good. (page

2. Offi. Wee haue nothing to charge you with about your
It is the wounding your wife with an vnlawfull weapon.

1. Offi. You haue most vnmanly thrust in a woman.

Ward. Honest friends, Turkes, and Officers, if euer I laid
hands on her, may I neuer see light more.

1. Offi. We'le take a reasonable order for that, you nere laid
hands on her, out impudence away to the dungeon with him.

Ward. S'hart carry me to the Gouvernour that I may haue
iustice first.

2. Offi. The fellow raues, he thinks men in office haue no
thing to doe but to giue him iustice, you must first be punisht.

*Stabs at h
he beats it
backe, an
wounds be*

A Christian turn'd Turke.

and then talke of iustice when you haue cause.

1. *Offic.* Away with him, he shall know what 'tis to marry into a great Tribe, an honourable Tribe: you vse a great woman as if she were your wife, ye'ar a base fellow indeed. You a Courtier?

Ward. Nay, then I see my end drawes, I shall raue, Run mad: haue you er'a Bedlam, that I may not famish But shew trickes to get meate with, or raile against the State: And when I haue eas'd my gall a month or two Come out againe. Zounds let me beat hempe, Doe any thing rather then famish: That death She hath vow'd me, and Il'e prevent it: allow me But every weeke a Christian, I am content To feed vpon raw flesh, if't be but once a month A Brittain, Il'e be content with him.

2. *Offic.* Nay then you are mad indeed, away with him.

Ward. As you are true Turkes, I will put you in sureties, I know the Diuell will prouide me bale, Rather then loose my employment: as you are pittifull Turks.

1. *Offic.* Nay then we shall be troubled with you.

Ward. Plagues, pestilences, all fall vpon my head Rather then by a whoore be famished. I do coniure you.

Exeunt.

Scœna vltima.

Enter Benwash, Rabshake, at severall Doores.

Ben. Rabshake?

Rab. Here sir.

Ben. Is this childe of *Adam* comming yet? hee that will eate of the forbidden fruite though he loose Paradiç fort, is he comming.

Rab. As fast as his legges will beare him, considering the vse he meanes to put them to. I haue provided a Caudle to cointort him with.

Ben. That's my deere pretious villaine, how sweet art thou
Reuenge?

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Reuenge? the thought of thee turnes all my bloud to aire.

Rab. And your hornes too fir?

Ben. All light *Rabshake*.

Rab. They were begotlight, but methinkes they should be heauy in the wearing.

Ben. I will make them abortiues man, smother them in the wombe.

Rab. Though you lop the branches, you will preferue the tree to beare more fruit, I hope, your wife fir.

Ben. She shal downe too, I will let her bloud in a new veine she shall turne vp the white of the eye, and dye the death of a sinner.

Rab. How will you dispence with your oathes fir?

Ben. Tush, by equivocation man, I will not hurt her, but thou shalt by equivocation, behinde the Arras, my deere *Rabshake*.

Rab. That word (by equivocation) lyes on my stomacke, I would be loath it should make me cast vp my gall, I would not haue my throat cut by equivocation.

Ben. The game is rows'd, take thy stand and strike *Rabshake*.

Rab. Strike you fir? you are the keeper, and haue the fees in possession, I haue no mony vpon this equivocation.

Ben. Sothe houre of my redemption is at hand, for mans worst hell, a whoore.

Gal. You put me to a sweet purgation the other night, 'twas well feare tooke away some of my fences, I had smelt for't else.

Agar. You saw the necessity of it fir.

Gal. You may call it necessity: I thought of the day of Iudgement, and that was more then euer I did in my life before: what with the fire aboue, and the Ram-headed Diuell your husband below, I imagined damnation could not be farre off.

Ben. Good, excellent good.

Gal. And whither is that golden calse of *Horeb*, that Jew of the Tribe of Israel gone, that it is *Inbibe* with you
now.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

now, all open?

Agar. Hee is rid to the *Goletto* about taking in a commodity.

Gal. And in the meane time thou wilt vtter one at home, I am thy Merchant Wench, and will deale with thee by whole-sale.

Ben. Rather by retaile fir, retaile.

Gal. Where is your *Pim Rabshake*, taking a nap at the staire foot, committing sin in conceit, whilst we are at it in action? hath he the two qualities of an *Vsher*, a good care, and to indure cold of his feet? haue you giuen him instructions?

Ben. I see how it did worke, I feele it.

Rab. Hee'l make the old Iew belecue I was his wiues bawd.

Gal. The slaue was borne Pander, his mother was a Midwife, and then he must needs be bawd to set his mothers trade aworke.

Rab. You will grone for this anon fir.

Ag. I pray you fir sit downe, a small banquet fir.

Gal. Provocatiues and whetters on? one licorous thing drawes out another. Who will not sweare Venery is a sweete sin now? *Bacchus* and *Venus*, two Gods, the Divell is farre enough off then.

Iew. You are deceived fir, he is at your elbow.

Rab. Is *Dunne* in the mire? for old acquaintance sake wee'l dragge you out fir: you are in travell, I am the sonne of a Midwife, Il'e helpe to deliver you.

Gal. It cannot be, I am in a dreame.

Rab. A good beleefe doth well; were I in your case, I should be past dreaming: but Il'e cast you in a slumber fir.

Iew. You must bee at your sweet meates: cannot Mutton serue your turne, but you must haue sauce to it?

Gal. This Whoore hath betraid me: now she hath wrung what she can out of me, she hanges me vp for a dryed Neats-tongue. She is an insatiate Whoore fir, hath intic'd me by the Pander your man: I was chaste before I knew her fir.

Rabsh. Belecue him not fir, he is a meere Goate, looke on his

A Christian turn'd Turke.

his beard else.

Agar. You may see by his haire hee is a man of hot Liver; he came over me with such violence I had not the heart to resist him.

Iew. I belecue you wife, I belecue you, and thou shalt iustifie it to his teeth before the greatest Divell in hell. *Rabshake* giue her a *Mittimus*, strangle her.

Agar. Haue you forgot your oathes sir?

Iew. I sware as I was a Turke, and I will cut your throat as I am a Iew.

Agar. Villaine, keepe off, I say.

Rab. You should haue said so when time was Mistresse.

Agar. Thou betrayest thy selfe slaue, makest way to thine owne destruction.

Iew. Stop her throat, I say, giue no eare to her.

Agar. I do confesse my sin, I haue wrongfully betrayd thee.

Gal. I find my selfe in bonds for't Lady, it is some comfort yet, that I dye not vnreveng'd.

Iew. Thou speakest charitably. Is she gone? is her lust satisfied now?

Rab. Do a woman to death, and she will bee satisfied, nothing else will.

Iew. Now for you M. *Gallop*: you gaue it me with tilting, and I will returne your curtesie.

Gal. Saue my life sir, and I will be your slaue, sell my selfe in open market, brand me.

Iew. That were *Lex talion* indeed, one marke for another: but it will not serue the turne. Haue at you.

Rab. Ha, ha, ha, how the Oxe goares him. *Kills him.*

Gal. Sdeath villaines, trecherous villaines, the plague, pox.

Rab. He died a true-letcher, with the pox in his mouth. Why this was valiantly done sir, in single opposition.

Iew. why now my brow begins to smooth. How lik'st this Tragedy, *Rabshake*?

Rab. Rarely, if it do not proue a Tragedy to vs sir, i'ts but a Comedy hitherto: the setting off is all.

Iew. Tush, the best is behind man: doe'st thinke I doe not beare

A Christian turn'd Turke.

beate a braine about me? Beware a polititian, man: heere,
binde me, binde me, hard, hard.

Rab. I mary fir, I like this well, a man may trust you when
your hands are tyed behinde you.

Iew. I cannot choose but laugh to thinke how happy I am
in my proiect: it will amaze thee when thou hear'st it *Rab-*
shake, wee shall so gull the innocent world, laugh at the silly
world.

Rab. If you gull me now, Il'e giue you leaue to make mum-
my of me: what's next fir?

Iew. Heere, take this dagger, stabbe mee an yuch into the
breast and arme.

Rab. Do you call this gulling of the world?

Iew. I cannot but laugh at the gentlemans lecherous voyage
to *Lucifer*: there, there. Now *Rabshake* let me binde thee.

Rab. How? binde me?

Iew. Thou art not capable of the mistery, thou art shallow
Rabshake.

Rab. I doe not desire to wade deeper in I thank you fir, I am
no polititian, beare no braine about me fir; yet I can diue into
a knaues pockets as well as any man, your worship knows.

Iew. What doest thou meane by this?

Rab. To rob you as I am a Turke, & cut your throat as I am
a Iew, you haue forgot your equivocation; Il'e chop logicke
with you. Come, your rings, your chaine: do you not laugh?
haue you not gul'd the world fairely?

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

Rab. And you would be rid of me, I conceiue you fir, though
I am no polititian: I haue seen the play of *Pedringano* fir, of
Pedringano fir.

Iew. Deere *Rabshake*, vpō my knees I do intreat thee heare me.
For whom haue I tane thought, out-watcht the night
Out-toyl'd the day, but for my *Rabshake*? what friend,
What kinsman, what heire had I but *Rabshake*?

Rab. Yes, you meant I should haue beene your heire.

Iew. Nay, thou shouldst haue had all in possession, my pur-
pose was to haue liu'd a private life, done penance for my sins,
and

A Christian turn'd Turke.

and given thee all.

Rab. You would haue parted with this chaine, these rings and gold.

Jew. They are thine own; on whom should I bestow the else?

Rab. And you haue a trick to come off cleere with this businesse.

Jew. In spite of ielousie, without suspition man: you being bound, your head thrust in this circle, as if tied vp for starting, I had cried out theeues, murder, rais'd the street, transferd the act vpon some stranger.

Rab. And I should haue beene your heire.

Jew. Thou wrongst me to make question of't.

Rab. If I should try him, it is beyond my compasse if hee out-faile me: this chaine and gold is mine.

Jew. 'Sfoot my selfe too.

Rab. For once Il'e try you: heere binde me, if you do out-reach me, Il'e ner'e trust Iew more.

Jew. Heere, heere: Is thy head in?

Rab. It is sir.

Jew. Haue I caught you? are you in the noose? you haue seene the play of *Pedringano* sir, Il'e play with you.

Rab. 'Sheart I am your slaue sir, I did it to make your worship merry.

Jew. Tush! you are my heire, Il'e hang you vp a airing.

Rab. As you are a man heare me sir.

Jew. You must haue your chaines, you shall be chayn'd, I could euen cracke my sides with laughter. This will affoord me mirth vnto my dying day. The play of *Pedringano*? how the weefell hangs! Ha, ha, ha. Theeues, theeues: Murder, murder. I shall betray my selfe with laughter. Were you caught *Rynard*? are you in the noose? Murder, murder, thieues murder.

Enter Muffy, Mulli, and Officers.

Mul. Breake ope the doores, the voyce speakes from this roome.

Jew. Murder, murder, murder.

Muff. Inhumane deed! what hand could be so bloody?

Mul. Speake, who was the murderer?

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Jew. Helpe me to a Surgean.

Muff. Runne for a Surgean. Tell by what monster was this act (so full of horror) done?

Jew. Three strangers rusht in suddenly, wee being at supper, all my seruants forth, saue honest *Rabshake*: and hauing rifled vs, did act this horride murder.

1. Offi. Here is a Surgean.

Muff. The Prophet *Mahomet* reueale the homicides.

Enter Governour, other officers, Sare, Ferd. Alb. Dansiker disguis'd.

Gov. What moues these out-cryes?

Mul. Behold a bloody murder, *Benwash*, his wife, This Captaine, and his seruant.

Jew. My honest seruant, honest *Rabshake*.

Danf. *Benwash* murdered? he hath saued me a labour.

Gov. Is there any hope of life in him?

Surg. His wounds are sleight sir, onely his faint-heart makes them dangerous.

Gov. Take courage man, Speake, hast thou any knowledge of the Murderers?

Muff. Onely he sayes they are strangers, men of the sea.

Sar. Canst thou remember in what habit, what men of person and complexion they were?

Danf. What meanes the slaue to eye me so?

Jew. That fellow in the stammell hose is one of them.

Gov. Lay hands on him.

Danf. On me? Villaine, thou buy'st my bloud

At a deere rate. O thou immortal God

Who know'st my innocen ce! that for his former sins

Hast giuen vp *Dansiker* into the hands

Of these damn'd miscreants.

Om. *Dansiker*?

Danf. I *Dansiker*, that would with all your deaths

Haue cancelled his former infamy,

Left to the world a president of valour,

Writ in your sad confusions: but heauen is iust,

Christians did fall by me, by slaues I must.

Gov. Call forth the common Hangman, by this time he hath done

A Christian turn'd Turke.

done his office on *Fraunce*. *Dansker?* vnlook't for?

Iew. Heare me before I dye, I do confesse
Mine owne hand did these murthers. *Dansker.*
Hath iustly done me vengeance.

Gov. How's this? thou done these murthers thy selfe, being
bound and hurt? Thou rau'st sure.

Iew. I did them fir: the cause my wife prou'd false, vntrue,
Beare witnessse, though I liu'd a Turke, I dye a Iew.

Omni. Out Dogge, Diuell.

Gov. Vnheard of Monster! Cast his loathed carkasse
Vnto the common aire. Never did day discover
Two such inhumane Caitifes, stretch out his armes,
You haue your traines and fire-workes, apply your Torchcs
Vnto his breast. Wee'l know what proiect now
Lead you vnto this second venter.

Dans. I will confesse it willingly: It was to haue conueid
This Iew from hence, haue made a massacre
Of the whole Towne, dash't out the miscreant braines
Of your yong Infidels.

Muff. And art not sorry, Dogge?

Dans. Yes Dogge, I am sorry, and confesse my crimes
Preuented such a merit: I was not worthy
To do heaven so good a seruice.

Gov. Pull off his hatefull flesh, digge out his heart
By peece-meal.

Muff. Wilt thou turne Turke, and saue thy soule yet?

Dans. Yes Pagan, villaine, I will. Forgiuenesse heauen,
Let my example moue all Pyrates, Robbers
To thinke how heavy thy reuenging hand
Will sit vpon them. I feele thy iustice now,
Receiue my foule, accept my intended vow. *Moritur.*

Gov. So, convey his hatefull body to the same place,
The Iew doth lye vnburied.

Enter at severall doores Voad and Ward.

Voad. Iustice, let mee haue Iustice, worthy Gouvernour.

Ward. Giue her no eare, she is all woman dissimulation.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

I am a Turke, and I do craue the law.

Turk. He hath wounded heere a Turke, a Lady, and
We craue sentence according to his merit.
He may receiue the Bastinado, pay a fine.

Ward. Pay a fine, what fine, from one that's famished,
For want of a poore asper, set me to sea againe,
The tenth of what I le-bring you in, shall connteruaile
The reuēnew of the Indies.

Gou. The slaue is mad, we'le send you far enough,
Lady depose the for't, you shall haue iustice.

Voad. By our great Prophet *Mahomet.*

Ward. You do me wrong, let me in priuate speake to her
Ere she betray my life, it is no lesse
Then your owne law affords me.

Turk. The weakenesse of her body brookes it not.

Gou. How say you *Voad*, can you affoord him speech?

Voad. I'le giue his yaine words hearing, though to much
Oh my deepe wound let all remoue from hence. (paine

Ward. Had she a heart of brasse I'de pierce it, leaue vs all.

Voad. Now sir your motion,

Ward. Wherein hath my desert stro'd so much ill
To straine thy hate, to this a high beyond,
What we seeme malice, I lou'd that face so well
To purchase it I exchange'd my heauen with hell.
And to be bar'd what I so deerely paid for,
I'ft not a plague sufficient? but thy faith
Must now be sold, to be a vengeance greater,
To pay me vngratefull hire, canst thou behold
These eyes stroke inward, as a sham'd to view
The fires which first betraid them, this mind, body,
That doth containe a soule more blacke and dismall
Then is the rauē night, these armes, that haue so oft
Made to thee rules of loue, now famished
For want of what thou surfets on, canst without teares
Behold my miseries?

Voad. Ha, ha, ha.

Ward. Prodigy of woman, dost laugh?

Voad.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Voad. This is true musick, could I inioy these tūnes
My selfe would be thy Iaylor.

Ward. Why then thy wound is not dangerous?

Voad. A meere scratch, know that I am reueng'd
Of my *Fidelios* death, and as thy tortures
Each houre increate, so shall my harmony
Till vengeance period giue vnto thy destiny.

Ward. I will discouer thy hypocrisy.

Voad. You are preuented, help, I found, I fall.

Ward. As low as hell there keepe thy festiuall.

Gen. Hold murderous villaine, all tortures man ere knew,
Shall be inflicted on thee.

Omn. Inhumane dog.

Ward. Ha, ha, ha, I laugh at you.

Here's a preseruatiue, against all your poysons
True Balsamum for villany, who will soare high
First lesson that he learn's, must be to dye.

Heres precedent for him, you're slaues of *Mahomet*
Vngratefull curs, that haue repaid me thus
For all the seruice that I haue done for you,

He that hath brought more treasure to yuor shore
Then all *Arabia* yeelds, he that hath showne you
The way to conquer *Europe*, did first impart,

What your forefathers knew not, the seamans art;
Which had they attain'd, this vniuerse had bene
One Monarchy: may all your seed be damn'd

The name of *Ottaman* be the onely scorne

And by-word to all Nations; may his owne slaues
Teare out the bowels of the last remains

Vnto his bloud-propt throne, may ye cut each others throats;

Or may, oh may the force of Christendome

Be reunited, and all at once require

The liues of all that you haue murdered,

Beating a path out to *Ierusalem*,

ouer the bleeding breasts of you and yours.

Omn. Vnheard of monster.

Ward. Lastly, oh may I be the last of all my country

A Christian turn'd Turke.

That trust vnto your tretcheries, seducing tretcheries,
All you that liue by theft and Piracies,
That sell your liues and foules to purchase graues,
That dye to hell, and liue farre worse then slaues,
Let dying *Ward* tell you that heauen is iust,
And that dispaire attends on bloud and lust:

Omn. Downe with the villaine. (limbs

Gou. Teare the wretch peece-meale, throw his accursed
Into the raging bowels of the sea.

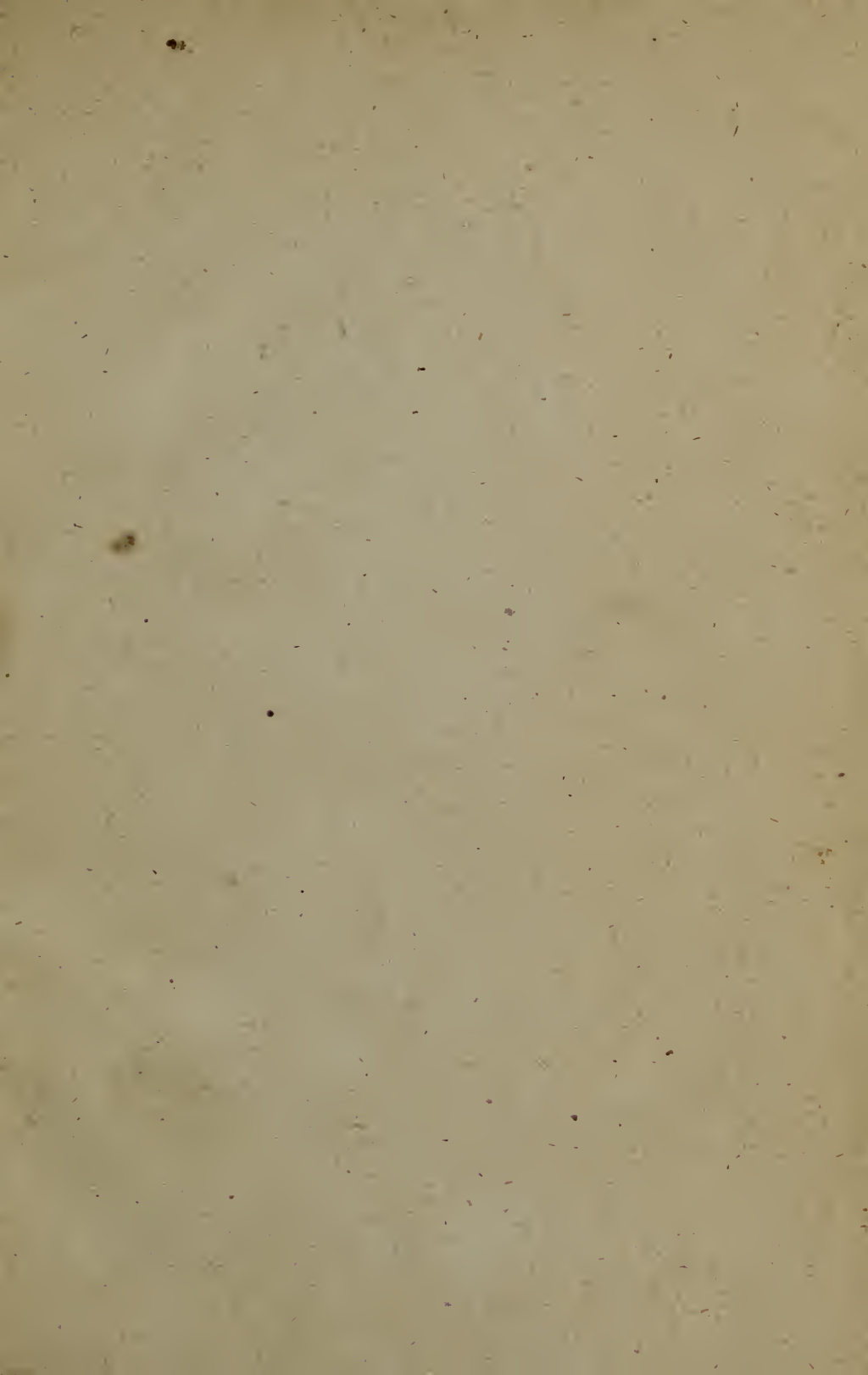
His monument in brasse wee'le thus ingraue,

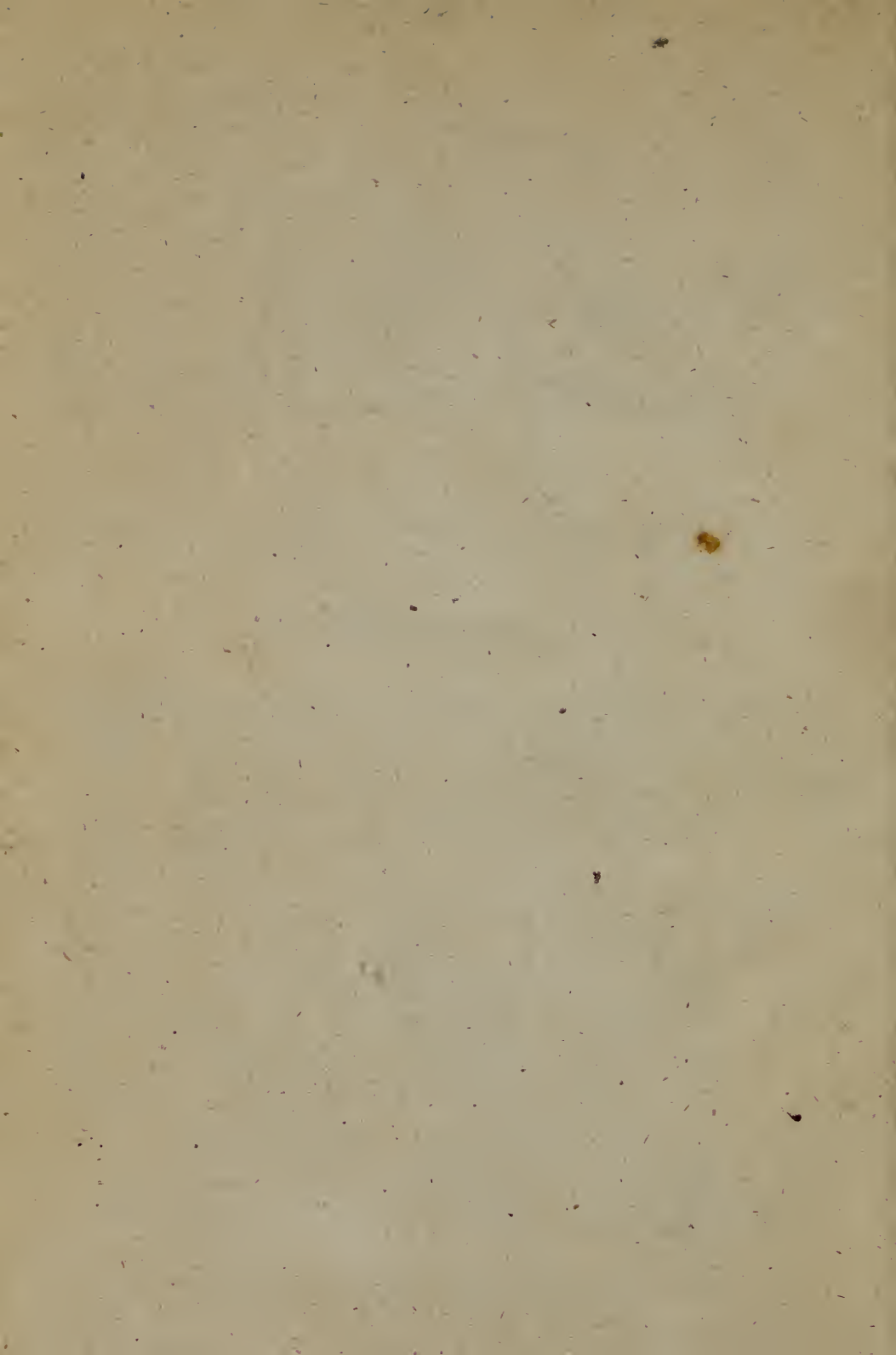
Ward sold his country, turn'd Turke, and died a slaue.

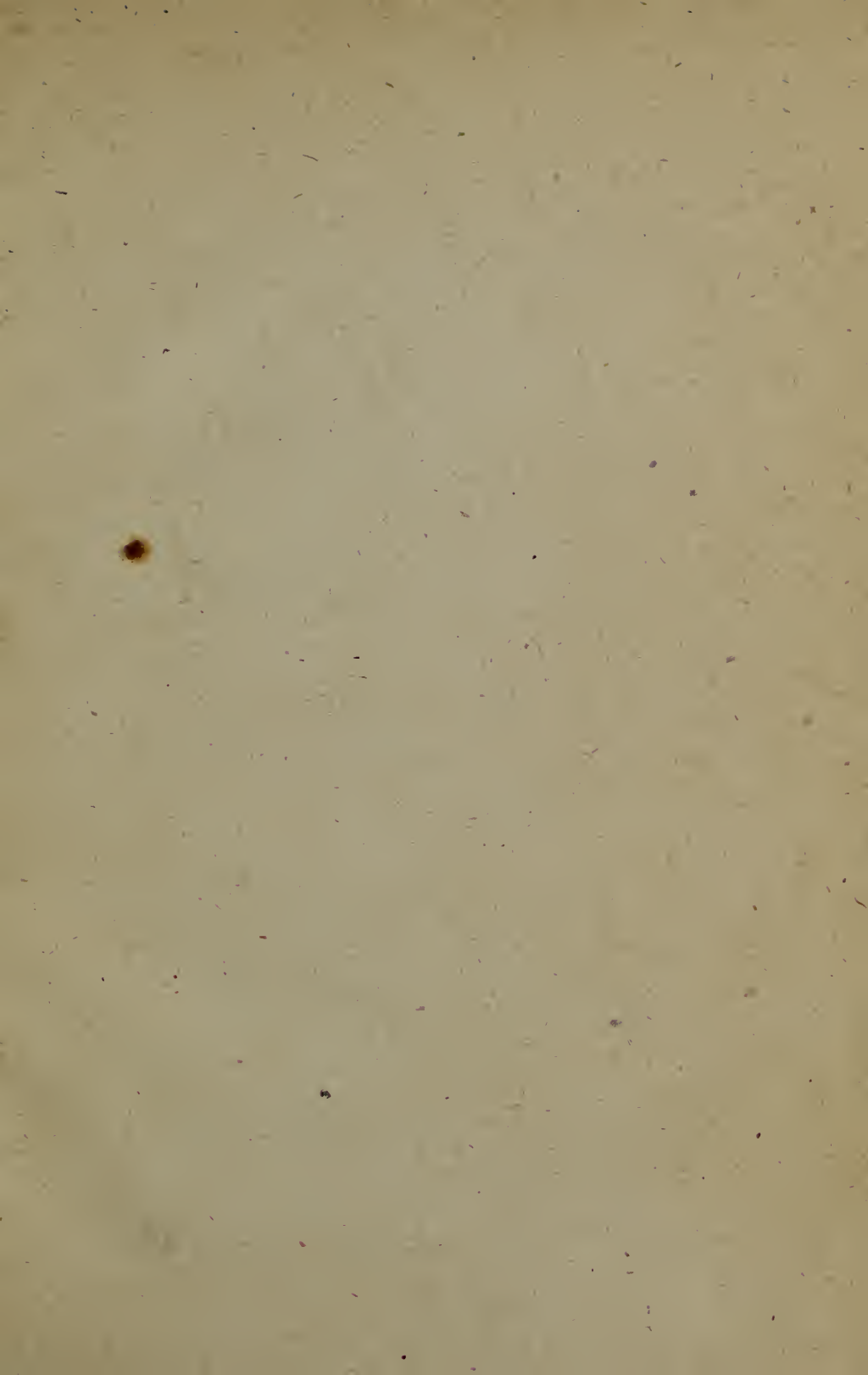
Epilogue.

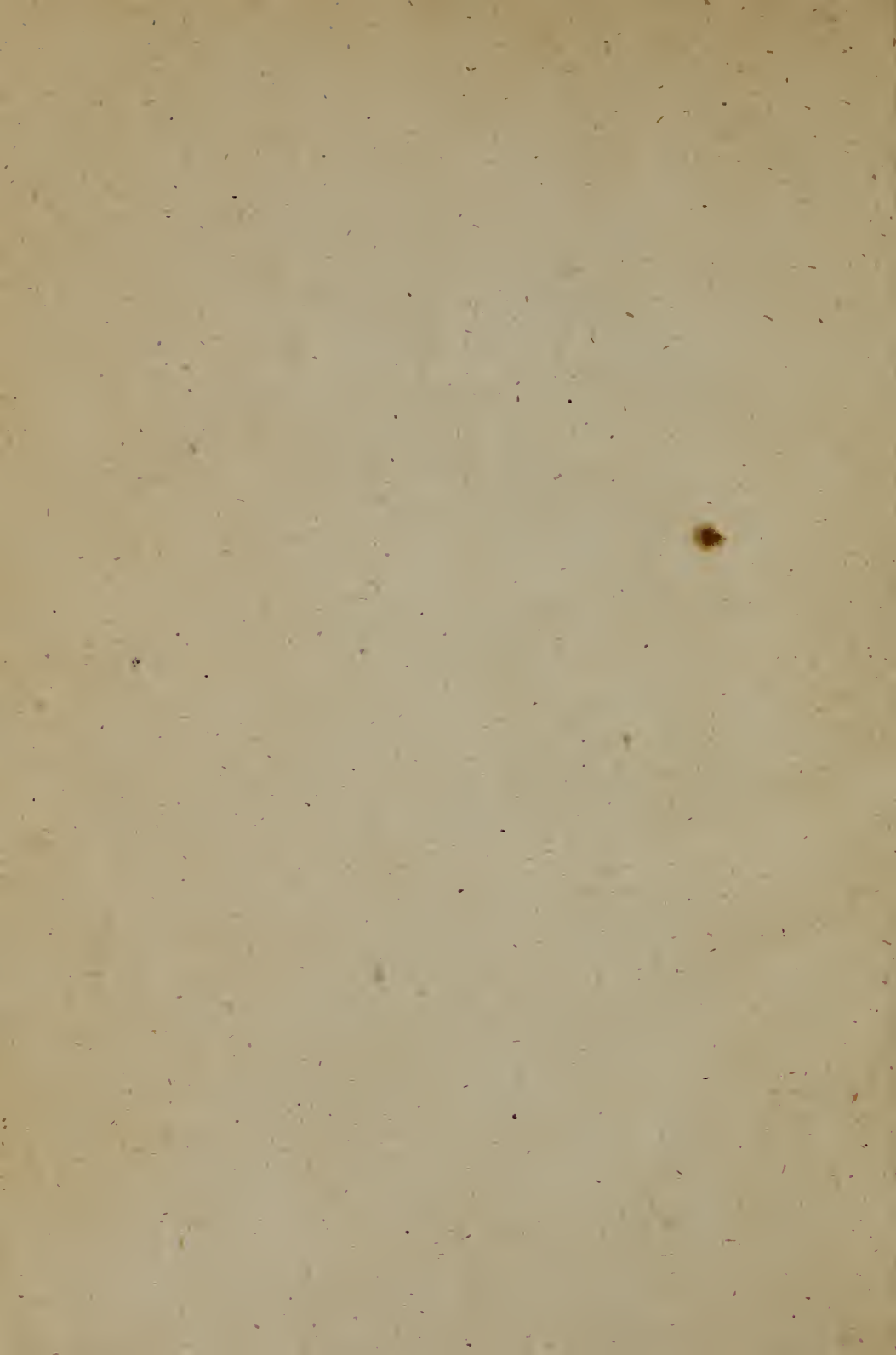
WHo writes and thinkes to please the generall tast,
Where eyes and eares are fed, shal find he hath plast
His worke with the fond Painter, who did mend
So long, that strining to please others, gaue no end
To his owne labours; for vs, and if not all
We know we haue pleased some, whose iudgements fall
Beyond the common ranke, to whom we humbly yeeld
Our selues and labours, they best deserue to sheeld
The worthy workes of Time, and with their view
To grace choyce Pennes, and such we hope are you,
To whom we owe our toyle, and willing giue
All right in this, your fauour makes it liue.
Stand faire vnto our ends then still, and crowne
With gentle hand this worke which now's your owne.]

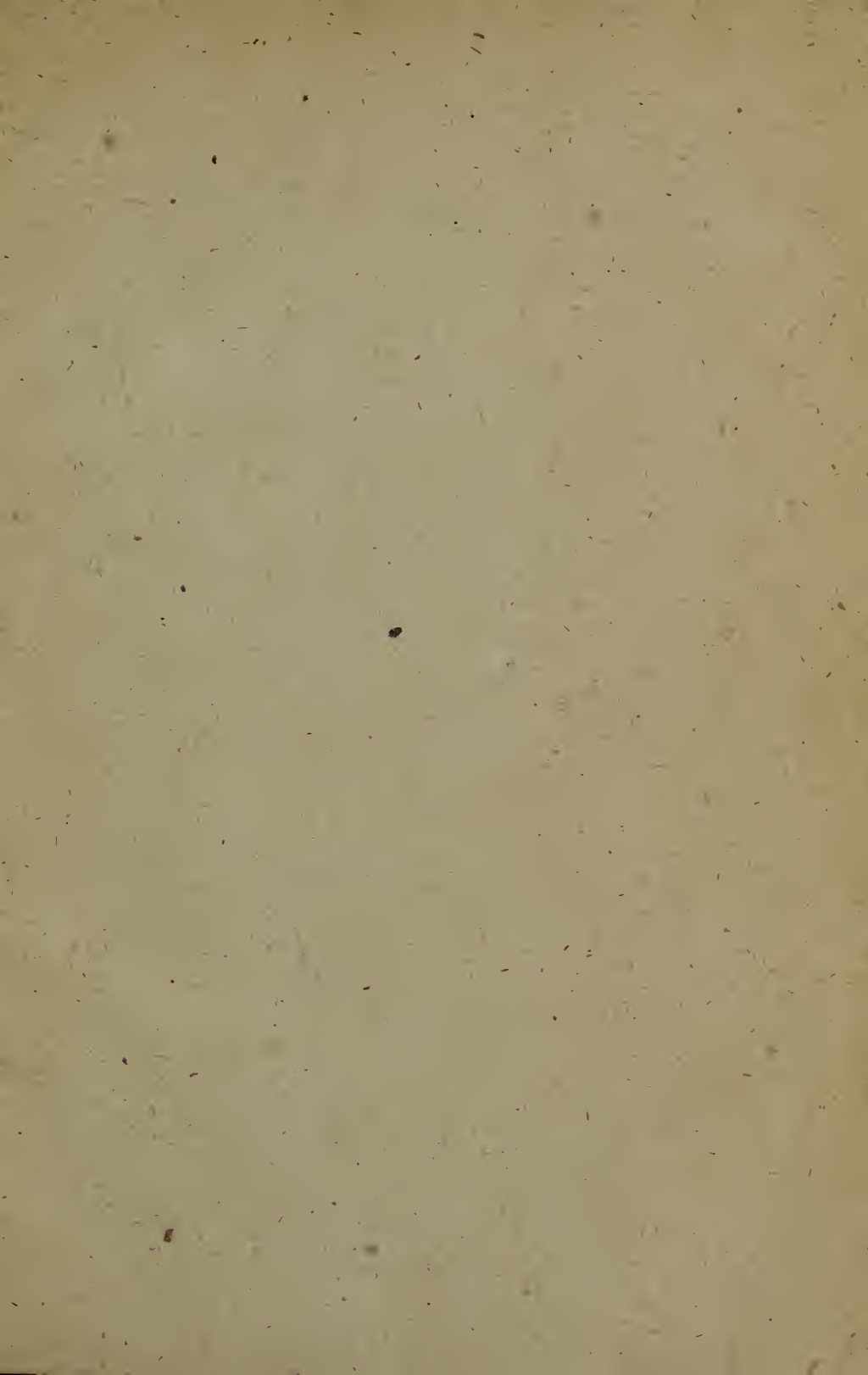
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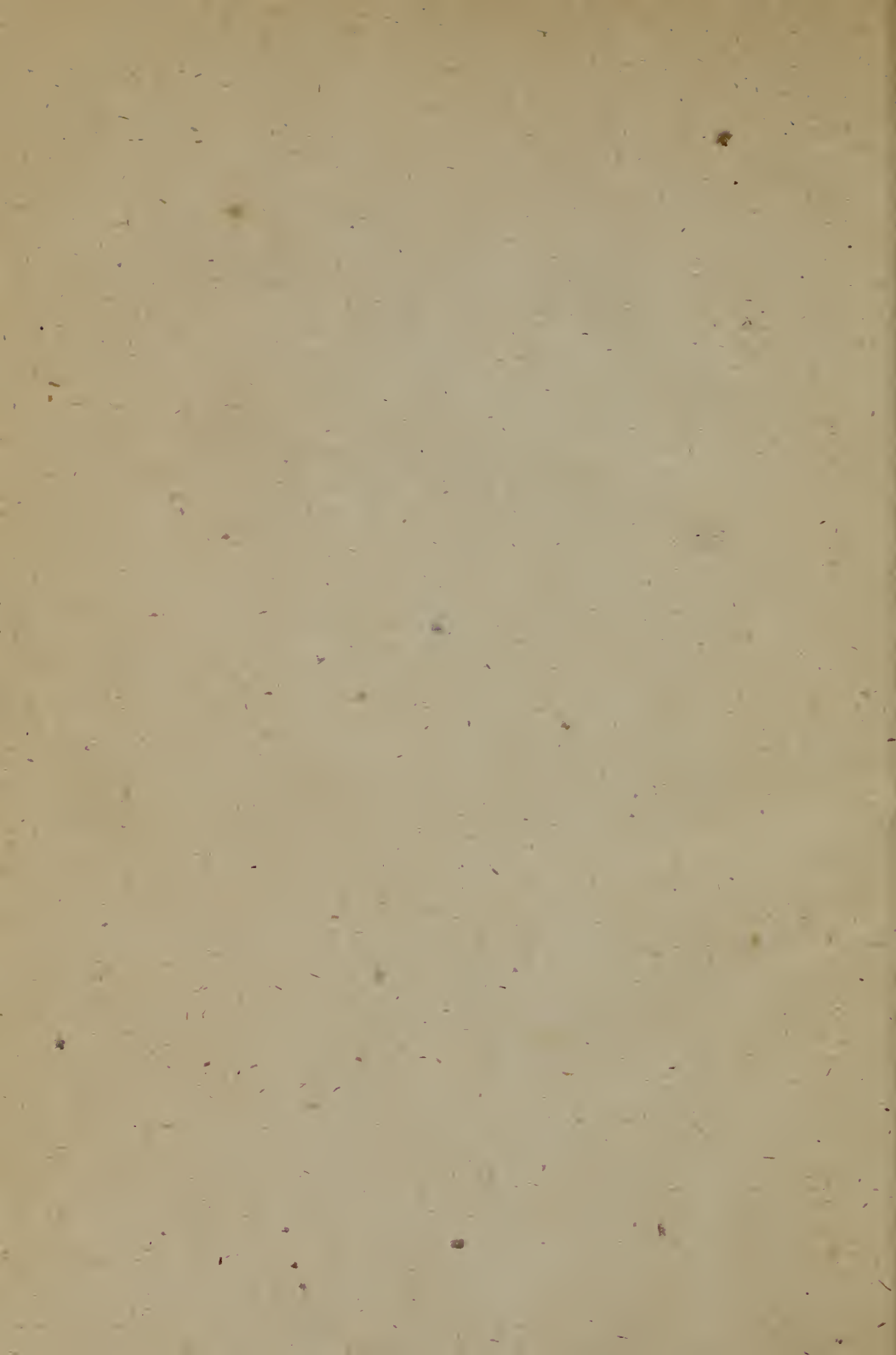


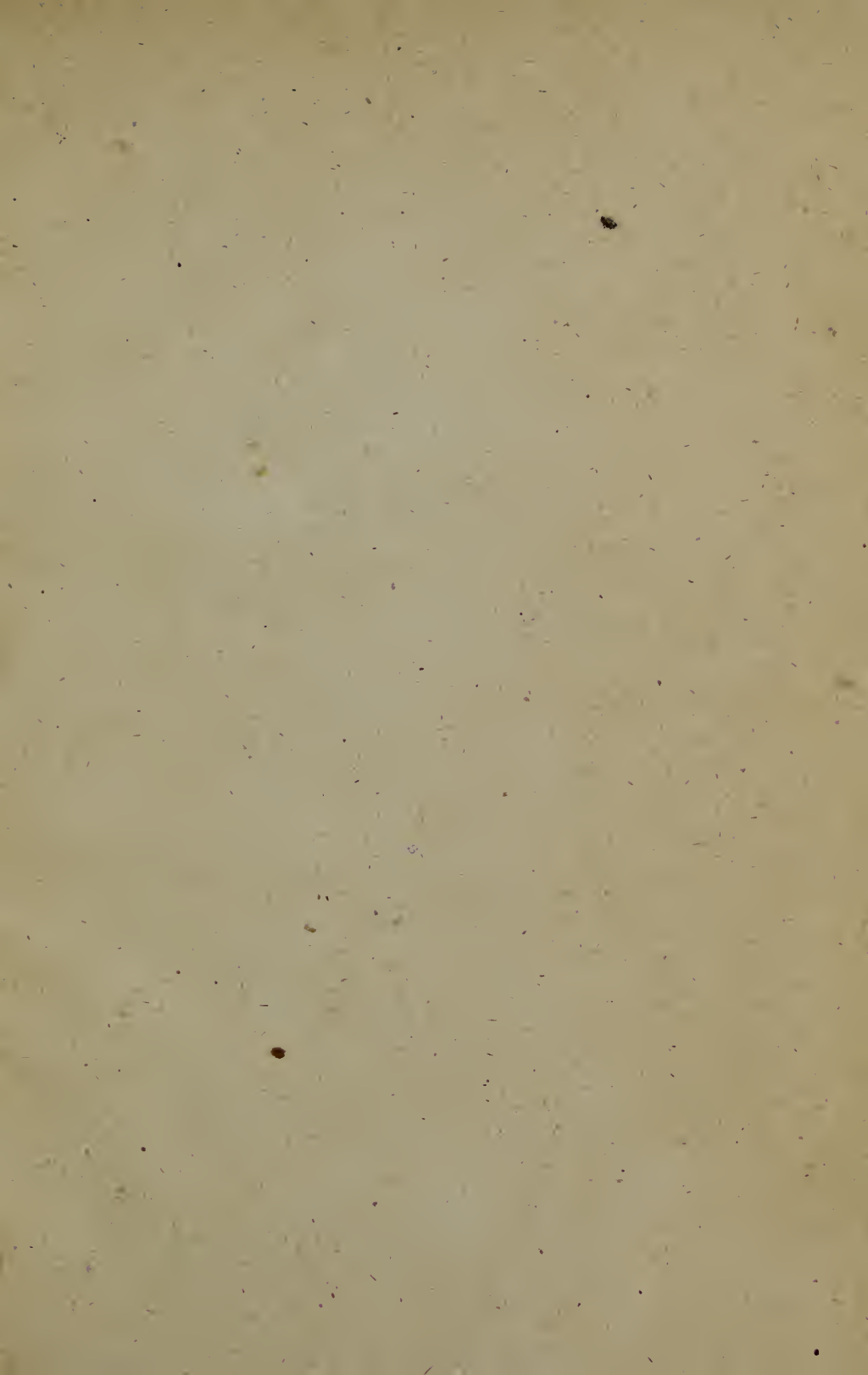


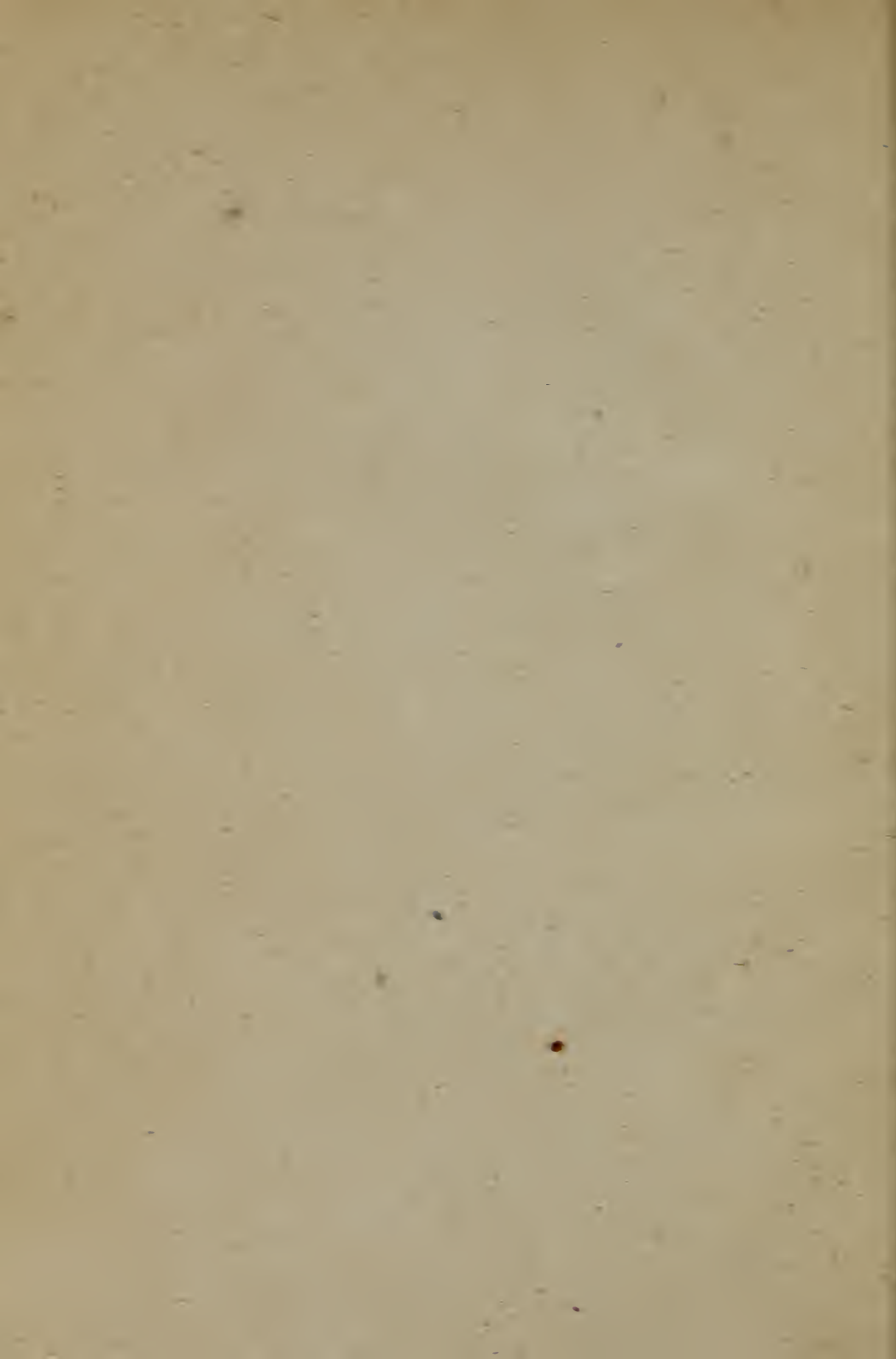




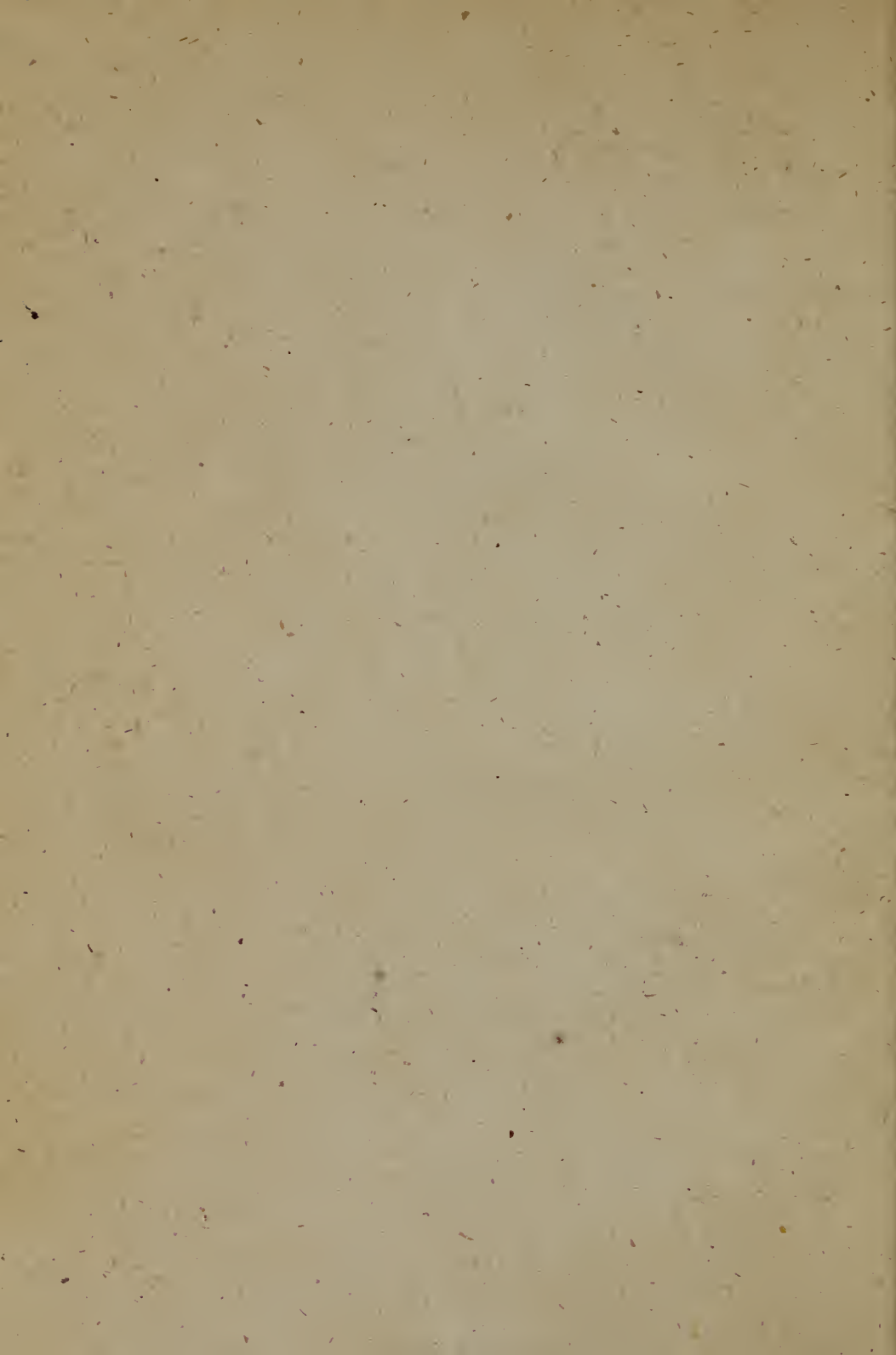


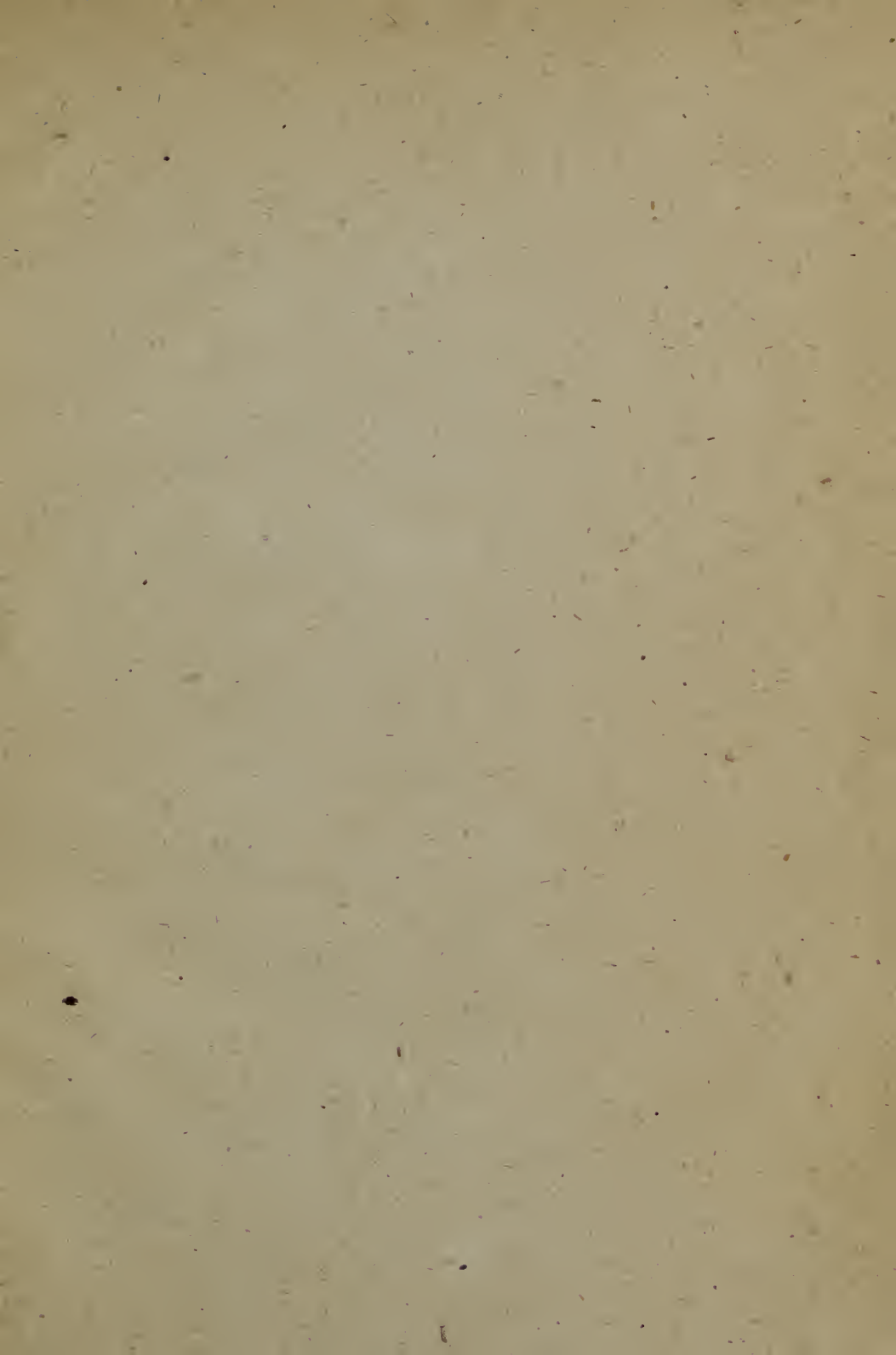












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