

Bussy D'Ambois by George Chapman

M/F SmS, SS, R&D, Kn, BS

V, i.

GEORGE CHAPMAN

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Come, siren, sing, and dash against my  
rocks  
Thy ruffian galley, rigged with quench  
for lust;<sup>1</sup>  
Sing, and put all the nets into thy  
voice  
With which thou drew'st into thy strum-  
pet's lap  
The spawn of Venus, and in which ye  
danced,  
That, in thy lap's stead, I may dig his  
tomb,  
And quit<sup>2</sup> his manhood with a woman's  
sleight,  
Who never is deceived in her deceit.  
Sing (that is, write), and then take from  
mine eyes  
The mists that hide the most inscrutable  
pander  
That ever lapped up an adulterous  
vomit,  
That I may see the devil, and survive  
To be a devil, and then learn to wive;<sup>80</sup>  
That I may hang him, and then cut him  
down,  
Then cut him up, and with my soul's  
beams search  
The cranks<sup>3</sup> and caverns of his brain, and  
study  
The errant wilderness of a woman's face,  
Where men cannot get out, for all the  
comets  
That have been lighted at it. Though  
they know  
That adders lie a-sunning in their smiles,  
That basilisks drink their poison from  
their eyes,  
And no way there to coast out to their  
hearts,  
Yet still they wander there, and are not  
stayed  
Till they be fettered, nor secure before  
All cares devour them, nor in human  
consort  
Till they embrace within their wife's two  
breasts  
All Pelion and Cytheron with their  
beasts.  
Why write you not?

**AM.** O, good my lord, forbear  
In wreak of great faults to engender  
greater,

<sup>1</sup> I.e., D'Ambois is to be lured with the desire to  
ench his lust. <sup>2</sup> Requite. <sup>3</sup> Winding paths.

And make my love's corruption generate  
murther.

**MONT.** It follows needfully as child and  
parent;

The chain shot of thy lust is yet aloft,  
And it must murther; 'tis thine own dear  
twin.

No man can add height to a woman's sin.  
Vice never doth her just hate so provoke  
As when she rageth under virtue's cloak.  
Write! For it must be—by this ruthless  
steel,

By this impartial torture, and the death  
Thy tyrannies have invented in my en-  
trails,

To quicken life in dying, and hold up  
The spirits in fainting, teaching to pre-  
serve

Torments in ashes, that will ever last.  
Speak! Will you write?

**TAM.** Sweet lord, enjoin my sin  
Some other penance than what makes it  
worse.

Hide in some gloomy dungeon my  
loathed face,  
And let condemnéd murtherers let me  
down

(Stopping their noses) my abhorréd food.  
Hang me in chains, and let me eat these  
arms

That have offended; bind me face to face  
To some dead woman, taken from the  
cart

Of execution, till death and time  
In grains of dust dissolve me; I'll endure;  
Or any torture that your wrath's in-  
vention

Can fright all pity from the world withal;  
But to betray a friend with show of  
friendship,

That is too common for the rare revenge  
Your rage affecteth. Here then are my  
breasts,

Last night your pillows; here my  
wretched arms,

As late the wishéd confines of your life;  
Now break them as you please, and all  
the bounds

Of manhood, noblesse, and religion.  
**MONT.** Where all these have been broken,  
they are kept,

In doing their justice there with any show  
Of the like cruel cruelty; thine arms have  
lost

Their privilege in lust, and in their  
torture

Thus they must pay it. *Stabs her.*

TAM. O Lord!

MONT. Till thou writ'st,  
I'll write in wounds (my wrong's fit  
characters)

Thy right of sufferance. Write!

TAM. O, kill me, kill me!

Dear husband, be not crueller than death.  
You have beheld some Gorgon; feel, O,  
feel

How you are turned to stone. With my  
heartblood

Dissolve yourself again, or you will grow  
Into the image of all tyranny. 140

MONT. As thou art of adultery; I will ever  
Prove thee my parallel, being most a  
monster;

Thus I express thee yet.<sup>1</sup> *Stabs her again.*

TAM. And yet I live.

MONT. Ay, for thy monstrous idol is not  
done yet;

This tool hath wrought enough; now,  
torture, use

*Ent[er] Servants.*

This other engine<sup>2</sup> on th' habituate  
powers

Of her thrice-damned and whorish fortitude.

Use the most madding pains in her that  
ever

Thy venoms soaked through, making  
most of death,

That she may weigh her wrongs with  
them, and then 150

Stand Vengeance on thy steepest rock, a  
victor.

TAM. O, who is turned into my lord and  
husband?

Husband! My lord! None but my lord  
and husband!

Heaven, I ask thee remission of my sins,  
Not of my pains. Husband, O, help me,  
husband!

*Ascendit Friar with a sword drawn.*

FRI. What rape of honor and religion—  
O, wrack of nature! *Falls and dies.*

TAM. Poor man! O, my father!

<sup>1</sup> "Thus I give a further stroke to my delineation of thee" (Boas). <sup>2</sup> Rack.

Father, look up; O, let me down, my lord,  
And I will write.

MONT. Author of prodigies!

What new flame breaks out of the firmament, 160

That turns up counsels never known  
before?

Now is it true earth moves, and heaven  
stands still;

Even heaven itself must see and suffer  
ill.

The too huge bias<sup>3</sup> of the world hath  
swayed

Her backpart upwards, and with that  
she braves

This hemisphere, that long her mouth  
hath mocked.

The gravity of her religious face,  
Now grown too weighty with her sacrilege,

And here discerned sophisticate enough,  
Turns to th' antipodes; and all the

forms 170

That her illusions have impressed in her  
Have eaten through her back; and now

all see  
How she is riveted with hypocrisy.

Was this the way? Was he the mean be-  
twixt you?

TAM. He was, he was; kind worthy man,  
he was!

MONT. Write, write a word or two.

TAM. I will, I will

I'll write, but with my blood, that he may  
see

These lines come from my wounds, and  
not from me. *Writes*

MONT. Well might he die for thought  
methinks the frame

And shaken joints of the whole world  
should crack 180

To see her parts so disproportionate,  
And that his general beauty cannot

stand  
Without these stains in the particular  
man.

Why wander I so far? Here, here was  
That was a whole world without spot

me,  
Though now a world of spots. O, what

lightning

Is man's delight in women! What  
bubble

<sup>3</sup> Slant.