

Richard III by William Shakespeare

M/M BS, S&S, R&D

Richard III
Cut v. 1

Richard: A Horse! A Horse! My Kingdom for a horse!
Of one, or both of us the time is come.

Richmond: Kind Heaven I thank thee, for my cause is thine;
If Richard's fit to live let Richmond fall.

Richard: Thy gallant bearing, Harry, I cou'd plaud,
But that the spotted rebel stains the soldier.

Richmond: Nor shou'd thy prowess, Richard, want my praise,
But that thy cruel deeds have stamp't thee Tyrant.
So thrive my sword as heaven's high vengeance draws it.

Richard: My soul and body on the action both.

Richmond: A dreadful lay: Here's to decide it.

Richard: Perdition catch thy arm. The chance is thine.

Richmond: Farewell, Richard, and from thy dreadful end
May future Kings from Tyaranny be warn'd.
Hark! The glad trumpets speak the field our own.