

# The Tragical History of King Richard III by Colly Cibber

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

## Tragical History of King Richard III, The Colly Cibber

Richard      A Horse! A Horse! My Kingdom for a Horse!  
Slave, I have set my Life upon a Cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the Dye.  
I think there be six Richmonds in the Field;  
Five I have slain to day, instead of hi m.  
A Horse! A Horse! My Kingdom for a Horse.

*(Enter Richmond.)*

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:  
*(Richard is wounded.)*

But oh! The vast Renown thou hast acquired  
In Conquering Richard, does afflict him more  
Than even his Bodies parting with its Soul:  
"Now let the World no longer be a Stage  
"To feed contention in a lingring Act:  
"But let one spirit of the First-born Cain  
"Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set  
"On bloody Actions, the rude Scene may end,  
"And darkness be the Burier of the Dead."

*(Dies.)*

Richmond    Farewell, Richard, and from thy dreadful end  
May future Kings from Tyranny be warn'd;  
Had thy aspiring Soul but stir'd in Vertue  
With half the Spirit it has dar'd in Evil,  
How might thy Fame have grac'd our English Annals:  
But as thou art, how fair a Page thou'st blotted.  
Hark! The glad Trumpets speak the Field our own.