DOUGLAS Side

DOUGLAS
All’s done; all’s won. Here breathless lie the King.

HOTSPUR
Where?

DOUGLAS
Here.

HOTSPUR
This, Douglas? No, I know this face full well. A gallant knight he was; his name was Blunt, Semblably furnished like the King himself.

DOUGLAS
A fool go with the soul, whither it goes! A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear. Why didst thou tell me that thou were a king?

HOTSPUR
The King hath many marching in his coats.

DOUGLAS
Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats. I’ll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece, Until I meet the King.