

And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. *Henry*. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good *Blunt*? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath sent word,
That *Dowglas*, and the *English* rebels, met,
Th' eleventh of this month, at *Shrewsbury*:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. *Henry*. The earl of *Westmorland* set forth to-day,
With him my son, lord *John* of *Lancaster*;
For this advertisement is five days old. —
On wednesday next, *Harry*, thou shalt set forward;
On thursday, we ourselves will march: our meeting
Is at *Bridgnorth*; and, *Harry*, you shall march
Through *Glostershire*: by which, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at *Bridgnorth* shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds them fat, while we delay.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

The Tavern in East-cheap.

Enter Falstaff, and Bardolph.

Fal. **B**ARDOLPH, am I not fall'n away vilely, since this last
action? do I not 'bate? do I not dwindle? why, my
skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown: I am withered
like an old apple *John*. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly,
while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and
then