

*K. Henry.* Are these things then, my lord, necessities?  
Then let us meet them like necessities;  
And that same word even now cries out on us:  
They say, the bishop and *Northumberland*  
Are fifty thousand strong.

*War.* It cannot be:  
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,  
The numbers of the fear'd. — Please it your grace  
To go to bed: upon my life, my lord,  
The pow'rs that you already have sent forth  
Shall bring this prize in very easily.  
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd  
A certain instance that *Glendower* is dead.  
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;  
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add  
Unto your sickness.

*K. Henry.* I will take your counsel:  
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,  
We would, dear lords, unto the holy land.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Justice Shallow's Seat in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter Shallow and Silence, with Mouldy, Shadow, Wart,  
Feeble, and Bull-calf.*

*Shal.* COME on, come on, come on; give me your hand,  
fir: an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth  
my good cousin *Silence*?

*Sil.* Good morrow, good cousin *Shallow*.

*Shal.* And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your  
fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter *Ellen*?

*Sil.* Alas, a black ouzel, cousin *Shallow*.

*Shal.* By yea and nay, fir, I dare say, my cousin *William* is  
become a good scholar: he is at *Oxford* still, is he not?

*Sil.*