

As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
 Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
 Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
 The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
 So far'd our father with his enemies,
 So fled his enemies my warlike father:
 Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.

Edw. See how the morning opens her golden gates,
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
 How well resembles it the prime of youth,
 Trim'd like a youngster, prancing to his love?
 Dazzle mine eyes? or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
 Not separated with the racking clouds,
 But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
 See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
 As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
 Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
 In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
 I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
 That we, the sons of brave *Plantagenet*,
 Each one already blazing by our meeds,
 Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
 And overshine the earth, as this the world.
 Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
 Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it,
 You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
 Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mes. Ah! one that was a woful looker on
 When as the noble duke of *York* was slain,
 Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw.