

Shakespeare's Quotes about Horses



*The Entry of Richard and Bolingbroke into London
Richard II' Act V, Scene 2 by James Northcote*

Is he on his horse? O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Anthony and Cleopatra

That which is now a horse, even with a thought the rack dislimms, and makes it
indistinct As water is in water.
Anthony and Cleopatra

He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his
wit.
As You Like It

O for a horse with wings!
Cymbeline

...Vaulted with such ease into his seat, As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds, To
turn and wind a fiery Pegasus, And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
Henry IV

Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse.
Henry IV

Contention, like a horse,
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.
Henry IV

Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth.
Henry V

When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.
Henry V

His neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage. He is indeed a horse.
Henry V

He's of the colour of the nutmeg. And of the heat of the ginger.... he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him; he is indeed a horse, and all other jades you may call beasts.
Henry V

Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents The armorers accomplishing the knights, With busy hammers closing rivets up, Give dreadful note of preparation.
Henry V

Unless the old adage must be verified, That beggars mounted, run their horse to death.
Henry VI

Anger is like
A full hot horse, who being allowed his way,
Self-mettle tires him.
Henry VIII

Stay, my lord, And let your reason with your choler question What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills Requires slow pace at first: anger is like A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way, Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England Can advise me like you: be to yourself As you would to your friend.
Henry VIII

Ever note, Lucilius, When love begins to sicken and decay It useth an enforced ceremony. There are no tricks in plain and simple faith; But hollow men, like horses hot at hand, Make gallant show and promise of their mettle; But when they should endure the bloody spur, They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades Sink in the trial.
Julius Caesar

And my poor fool is hanged! No, no, no life! Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more, Never, Never, Never, Never, Never! Pray you, undo this button.

King Lear

I wish my horse had the speed of your tongue.

Much Ado About Nothing

An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.

Much Ado About Nothing

Don Pedro - (...) 'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.' Benedick - The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead, and let me be vildly painted; and in such great letters as they writes, 'Here is good horse for hire', let them signify under my sign, 'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'

Much Ado About Nothing

A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!

Richard III

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;

Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Richard III

Well could he ride, and often men would say, "That horse his mettle from his rider takes: Proud of subjection, noble by the sway, What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he makes!" And controversy hence a question takes, Whether the horse by him became his deed, Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

Sonnet – A Lover's Complaint

Some glory in their birth , some in their skill , Some in their wealth , some in their bodies' force , Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill; Some in their hawks and hounds , some in their horse ; And every humor hath his adjunct pleasure , Wherein it finds a joy above the rest .

Sonnet 91

He doth nothing but talk of his horses.

The Merchant of Venice

You peasant swain! You whoreson malt-horse drudge!

The Taming of the Shrew

I will be master of what is mine own:

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,

My household stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing.

The Taming of the Shrew

I think thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book.

Troilus and Cressida

My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.

Twelfth Night

Look, what a horse should have he did not lack, Save a proud rider on his back.

Venus and Adonis