

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns: he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs^a; 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*.

Orl. He's of the colour of a nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for *Perseus*: 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.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus, *Wonder of nature*—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well, which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Methought, yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

[^a Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were stuff'd with hair. *Warb.*]

Dau.