

Other Variations: Practice

Twelfth Night 2.4

ORSINO

Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me,
For such as I am, all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

Hamlet 3.4

GERTRUDE

Thou turn'st my eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grainèd spots
As will not leave their tinct.

HAMLET

Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamèd bed,
Stewed in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty!

The First Part of Henry IV 2.3

HOTSPUR

Away, you trifler. Love, I love thee not.

I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world

To play with mammets and to tilt with lips.

We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns,

And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—

What say'st thou, Kate? What wouldst thou have with me?

Othello 3.4

BIANCA

... O, Cassio, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend.

To the felt absence now I feel a cause.

Macbeth 4.1

MACBETH

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.

Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word more—

The First Part of Henry IV 1.3

HOTSPUR

All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke.
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales—
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance—
I would have him poisoned with a pot of ale.

Hamlet 3.1

POLONIUS

Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. Read on this book,
That show of such an exercise may color
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this
(’Tis too much proved), that with devotion’s visage
And pious action we do sugar o’er
The devil himself.

The Tempest 2.1

ANTONIO

...O, out of that no hope

What great hope have you! No hope that way is

Another way so high a hope that even

Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,

But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me

That Ferdinand is drowned?

SEBASTIAN

He's gone.

ANTONIO

Then tell me...

Much Ado About Nothing 4.1

LEONATO

What do you mean, my lord?

CLAUDIO

Not to be married,

Not to knit my soul to an approvéd wanton

LEONATO

Dear my lord, if you in your own proof

Have vanquished the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginity –

Macbeth 2.3

MACDUFF

Oh horror, horror, horror!

Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee!

Hamlet 1.1

HORATIO

What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By heaven, I charge thee, speak.

MARCELLUS

It is offended.

BARNARDO

See, it stalks away.

HORATIO

Stay! speak! speak! I charge thee, speak!