

Elision

Would the two princes lie and Claudio lie

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,

I'll visit you.

Expansion

For Brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name)

Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel,

Which smoked with bloody execution

Like Valor's minion carved out his passage.

A plague upon that villain Somerset

That thus delays my promised supply

Of horsemen that were levied for this siege!

Alexandrine

... then cam'st in smiling

And in such forms which here were presupposed

Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content.

But you must know your father lost a father,

That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound

In filial obligation for some term

To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere

In obstinate condolment is a course

Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief.