

Express Yourself

- We begin by talking about the emotions we can think of.
- Then we try showing them without using words, then using our own words to describe what it's like when we feel that way.
- The next step is to give them a selection of lines from Shakespeare, with the relevant emotion labelled.
- Some are longer than others, some harder, some easier. I have laid them out as verse lines, mainly to keep each line looking short and therefore manageable on the page, but it also helps for later work to get the feel of the rhythm of a line of verse.
- Make several copies of each and put them all in the middle, so students can choose something that looks more or less challenging, depending on how confident they are feeling.
- Send them off on their own for a few minutes to figure them out, while you come around individually to sort out hard words or any other troubles.
- Consider whether there is any physical movement or gesture suggested by the lines.
- Now they should be ready to take turns to get up the front and say the lines to their classmates.
- My instruction is along the lines of, "instead of your own words, try using these words to show us the feeling."
- The goal is not to look for a 'performance', although some wonderful performances often happen. The more important thing is for the students to make a connection between something they understand and are familiar with, and a new way of expressing themselves.

Love

Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon;
She is my essence.

Fear

O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams.
Methoughts a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked.

Despair

The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me.

Welcome

The bless-ed gods
Purge all infection from our air,
Whilst you do climate here.

Sadness

My grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up. Here I and sorrows sit.
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Revenge

O God, that I were a man!
I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Anger

Come not between the dragon and his wrath!

Disgust

Thou cruel, ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature.

Hate

Trecherous, lecherous, remorseless, kindless villain!

Joy

To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy
And pleasure drown the brim.

Bitterness

All the stored vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Confusion

What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
For I am mad, or else this is a dream.

Frustration

Oh what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Admiration

Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

Love

It is theyself, mine own self's better part
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart.

Astonishment

What would you see? If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Apology

I'll kneel down and ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies.

Joy

O wonderful, wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that,
out of all whooping!

Fury

I will to him and tear out his eyes!

Friendship

So are you to my thoughts as food to life
Or as sweet seasoned showers are to the ground.

*I like to finish by teaching everyone this one, and sending them home to say it
to their mum:*

Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note,
Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.