Resource H: TEXT SCRAPS

Tis unmanly grief

I am thy father's spirit

Think of us as of a father

Words, words, words.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

To be or not to be!

I must hold my tongue

I have sworn't.

MURDER MOST FOUL!

Alack, and fie for shame!

O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain!

HE IS POISONED!!

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!