

<p>quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee/ Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold</p>		<p>I bear a charmed life, which must not yield/ To one of woman born</p>	
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<p>Is this a dagger I see before me? / The handle toward my hand?</p>	
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<p>Methought I heard a voice cry 'sleep no more!' / Macbeth does murder</p>		<p>His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls/ That trace him in his line</p>	
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<p>Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood/ Clean from my hand?</p>	
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<p>It will have blood, they say, blood will have blood</p>		<p>Out, out, brief candle!/ Life's but a walking shadow</p>	
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