

B	I	N	G	O
When they did say "God bless us!"	"You shall be king"	Come you spirits	Of direst cruelty.	If it were done when 'tis done then 'twere well
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full	The multitudinous seas incarnadine	It were done quickly . . .	"Your children shall be kings "	Making the green one red.
The handle toward my hand? Come let me clutch thee.	Whether they live or die.	FREE	"lesser than Macbeth and greater "	I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?
"th' milk of human kindness"	I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.	That death and nature do contend about them	If it were done when 'tis done then 'twere well	That tend on mortal thoughts unsex me here
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:	Is this a dagger which I see before me	Did not you speak?	"not so happy yet much happier"	List'ning their fear I could not say "Amen "

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"lesser than Macbeth and greater "	"th' milk of human kindness"	If it were done when 'tis done then 'twere well	And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full	Is this a dagger which I see before me
"Your children shall be kings "	I go and it is done. The bell invites me.	FREE	"You shall be king"	If it were done when 'tis done then 'twere well
When they did say "God bless us!"	"not so happy yet much happier"	Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood	Of direst cruelty.	It were done quickly . . .
Come you spirits	I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?	I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.	I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:	The multitudinous seas incarnadine

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I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?	I go and it is done. The bell invites me.	FREE	"lesser than Macbeth and greater "	"Your children shall be kings "
"not so happy yet much happier"	The handle toward my hand? Come let me clutch thee.	If it were done when 'tis done then 'twere well	Did not you speak?	List'ning their fear I could not say "Amen "
The multitudinous seas incarnadine	When they did say "God bless us!"	If it were done when 'tis done then 'twere well	I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:	Clean from my hand? No this my hand will rather