B	I	N	G	O
"lesser than Macbeth and greater "	"Your children shall be kings "	I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?	The multitudinous seas incarnadine	Making the green one red.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:	"You shall be king"	That death and nature do contend about them	And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full	The handle toward my hand? Come let me clutch thee.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood	"not so happy yet much happier"	**FREE**	Clean from my hand? No this my hand will rather	Is this a dagger which I see before me
Did not you speak?	It were done quickly . . .	When they did say "God bless us!"	List'ning their fear I could not say "Amen "	Whether they live or die.
If it were done when 'tis done then 'twere well	Of direst cruelty.	I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.	Come you spirits	That tend on mortal thoughts unsex me here

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B	I	N	G	O
"not so happy yet much happier"	When they did say "God bless us!"	The handle toward my hand? Come let me clutch thee.	That tend on mortal thoughts unsex me here	Whether they live or die.
Clean from my hand? No this my hand will rather	Did not you speak?	Making the green one red.	I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:	Of direst cruelty.
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full	If it were done when 'tis done then 'twere well	**FREE**	"Your children shall be kings "	List'ning their fear I could not say "Amen "
"lesser than Macbeth and greater "	Come you spirits	"th' milk of human kindness"	The multitudinous seas incarnadine	That death and nature do contend about them
I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?	Is this a dagger which I see before me	It were done quickly . . .	If it were done when 'tis done then 'twere well	"You shall be king"

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B	I	N	G	O
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:	Whether they live or die.	It were done quickly . . .	The multitudinous seas incarnadine	"Your children shall be kings "
"not so happy yet much happier"	The handle toward my hand? Come let me clutch thee.	I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?	Did not you speak?	Of direst cruelty.
Is this a dagger which I see before me	If it were done when 'tis done then 'twere well	**FREE**	Clean from my hand? No this my hand will rather	And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Come you spirits	Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood	Making the green one red.	I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.	That tend on mortal thoughts unsex me here
"You shall be king"	"lesser than Macbeth and greater "	List'ning their fear I could not say "Amen "	If it were done when 'tis done then 'twere well	I go and it is done. The bell invites me.

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