

B	I	N	G	O
"lesser than Macbeth and greater "	And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full	If chance will have me king why chance may crown me	When they did say "God bless us!"	That death and nature do contend about them
I go and it is done. The bell invites me.	"Your children shall be kings "	The handle toward my hand? Come let me clutch thee.	Come you spirits	"You shall be king"
"not so happy yet much happier"	Fair is foul and foul is fair	FREE	List'ning their fear I could not say "Amen "	Look like the innocent flower but be the serpent under't
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood	Of direst cruelty.	The multitudinous seas incarnadine	If it were done when 'tis done then 'twere well it were done quickly	That tend on mortal thoughts unsex me here
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:	Whether they live or die.	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.

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That death and nature do contend about them	Is this a dagger which I see before me?	"You shall be king"	The handle toward my hand? Come let me clutch thee.	"Your children shall be kings "

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