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

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

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

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