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Fair is foul and foul is fair.

All hail Macbeth, that shall be
king hereafter!

Look like the innocent flower,
but be the serpent under it.

Stars, hide your fires, let not
light see my black and deep
desires.

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But screw your courage to the
sticking-place and we'll not fail!

So foul and fair a day I have not
seen.

Come, you spirits..., unsex me
here.