325	'O, that infected moisture of his eye,
	O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
	O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,
	O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
	O, all that borrow'd motion seeming owed,
330	Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
	And new pervert a reconciled maid!'

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