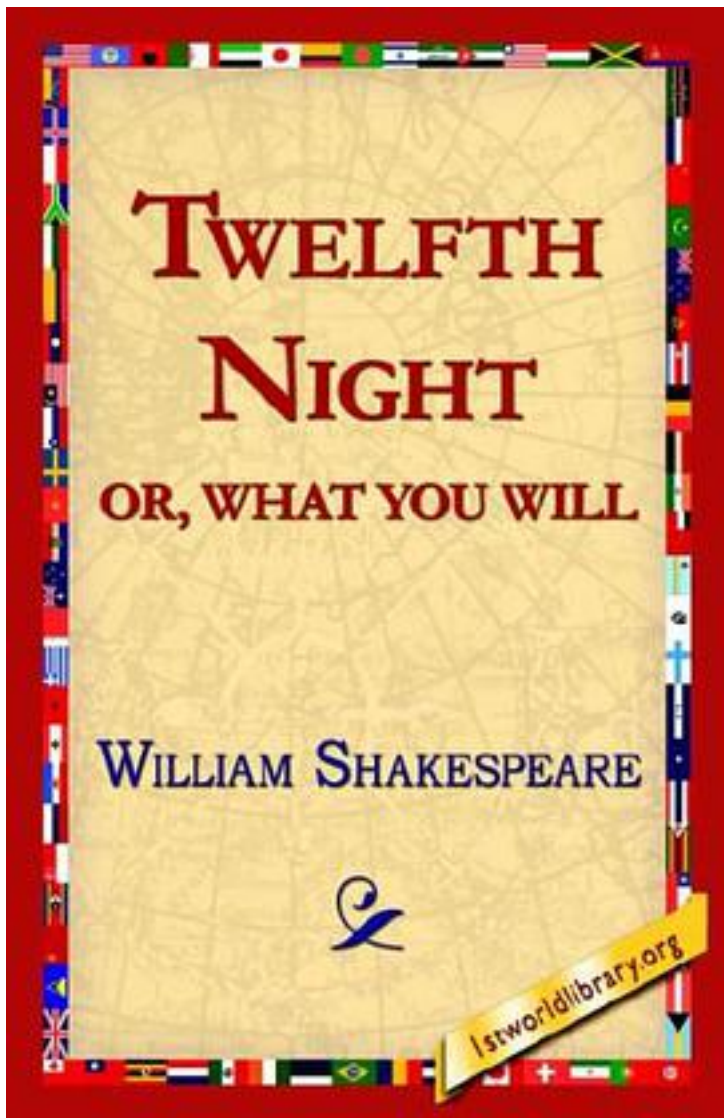


Twelfth Night; or, What You Will



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著者:Shakespeare, William

出版者:

出版时间:2005-11

装帧:

isbn:9781421813721

DUKE. If music be the food of love, play on, Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting, The appetite may sicken and so die. That strain again It had a dying fall; O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound That breathes upon a bank of violets, Stealing and giving odour Enough, no more; 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before. O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou That, notwithstanding thy capacity Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there, Of what validity and pitch soe'er, But falls into abatement and low price Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy, That it alone is high fantastical.

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