

## What A Piece Of Work Is Man

Hair

What a piece of work is man  
How noble in reason  
How infinite in faculties  
In form and moving how express and admirable

In action how like an angel  
In apprehension how like a god  
The beauty of the world  
The paragon of animals

I have of late  
But wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth  
This goodly frame  
The earth seems to me a sterile promontory

This most excellent canopy  
The air look you  
This brave o'erhanging firmament  
This majestical roof

Fretted with golden fire  
Why it appears no other thing to me  
Than a foul and pestilent congregation  
Of vapors

What a piece of work is man  
How noble in reason