

# What A Piece Of Work Is Man

Galt Macdermot

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

How dare they try to end this beauty?  
How dare they try to end this beauty?

Walking in space  
We find the purpose of peace  
The beauty of life  
You can no longer hide

Our eyes are open  
Our eyes are open  
Our eyes are open  
Our eyes are open  
Wide wide wide!