

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