

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Hamlet, Act II.2

“WHAT A PIECE OF WORK IS A MAN”

I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth...forgone all custom of exercises;

And indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition,
that 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 but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours!

What a piece of work is a man.
How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty!
In form, in 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!
And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?

Man delights not me...

no, nor woman neither.