

# From Shakespeare's Hamlet

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 appeareth no other thing to me than a foul  
and pestilent congregation of vapours.  
What a piece of work is a 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!

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