

When that I was and a little tiny boy

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,

With hey, ho, . . .
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate
For the rain, . . .

But when I came, alas! to wive,

With hey, ho, . . .
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, . . .

But when I came unto my beds,

With hey, ho, . . .
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, . . .

A great while ago the world begun,

With hey, ho, . . .
But that's all one, our play is done.
And we'll strive to please you every day.

About the Author

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, a small country town. Stratford was famous for its malting. The black plague killed in 1564 one out of seven of the town's 1,500 inhabitants. Shakespeare was the eldest son of Mary Arden, the daughter of a local landowner, and her husband, John Shakespeare (c. 1530-1601), a glover and wood dealer. John Aubrey (1626-1697) tells in Brief Lives that Shakespeare's father was a butcher and the young William exercised his father's trade...

Source: <http://poems.writers-network.com>