**William Shakespeare,**[**Feste’s song from Twelfth Night**](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poem/180774)**.** This song, from one of Shakespeare’s most popular comedies, is sung by the Clown or Fool character, Feste, at the end of the play. Some critics [have expressed doubts over Shakepeare’s authorship of the song](http://www.theguardian.com/books/booksblog/2013/apr/01/poem-of-the-week-william-shakespeare), which may have been written by Robert Armin (who played the fool characters in the original productions of many of Shakespeare’s plays) or may be an earlier song that predates the play. It uses wind and rain as symbols of life’s hardships, and thus concludes the poem on a somewhat bittersweet note. All revels and festivities – such as those enjoyed at Twelfth Night – are short-lived intervals in life’s daily grind (‘the rain it raineth every day’, after all). The song is also the only good poem we know that features the word ‘toss-pots’.

**Song: “When that I was and a little tiny boy (With hey, ho, the wind and the rain)”**

BY [WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/william-shakespeare)

*(from*Twelfth Night*)*

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, the wind and the rain,

’Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,

For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

By swaggering could I never thrive,

For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

With toss-pots still had drunken heads,

For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

But that’s all one, our play is done,

And we’ll strive to please you every day.