

William Shakespeare
'All the World's a Stage'
As You Like It (act II,
scene 7)



Jacques: . . . All the
world's a stage,
And all the men and
women merely players:
They have their exits and
their entrances;
And one man in his time
plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.
At first, the infant,
Mewling and
the nurse's a
And then the
school-boy,
satchel,
And shining
face, creeping
Unwillingly



And then the lover,
Sighing like
furnace, with a
woeful ballad
Made to his
mistress



Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and
bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden
and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble
reput
Even
mout



And then the justice,
In fair round belly
with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and
beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and
modern instances;
And so he plays his
part.



The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and
slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose
and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well
saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and
his big manly voice,
Turning again toward
childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his

voice
The
eve
Is
me
S
tas

