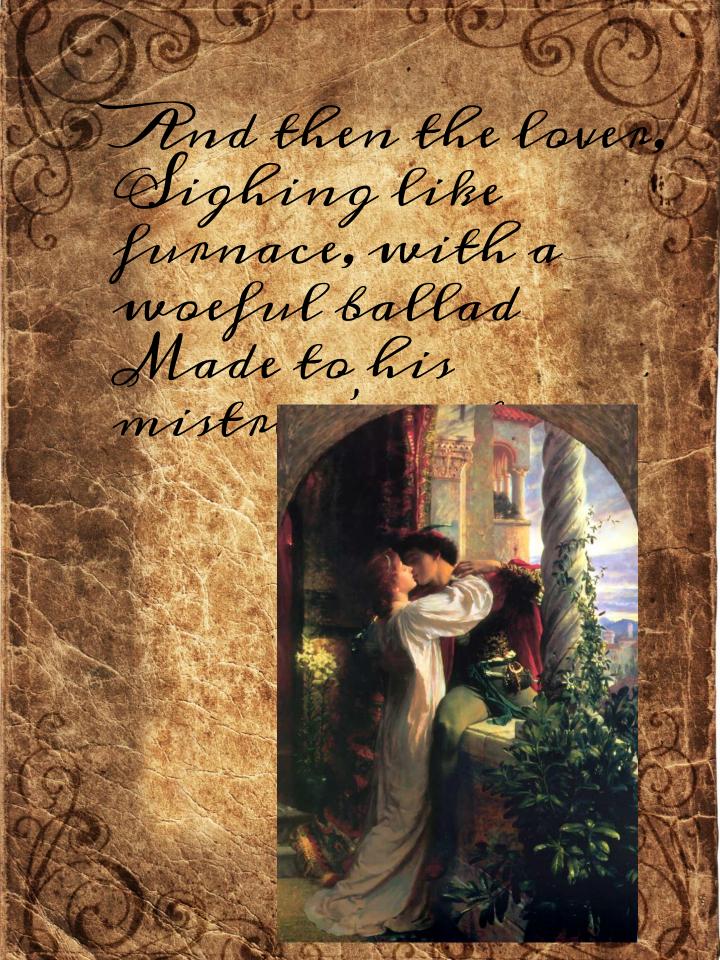


Jacques: ... All the world sa stage, And all the men and women merely players: They have their exits and their entrances; And one man in his time plays many parts, His acks being seven ages. At first, the infant, Mewlingar the nurse sa And then th school-boy, satchel, And shinin face, creepin Unwillingt /



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

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



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,
Inning again toward
childish treble, pipes

