

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

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