

# ALL THE WORLD'S

A

## STAGE

by

**William Shakespeare**

(1564-1616)

**Extract from**

**As You Like It**

**(Act 2, Scene 7)**

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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 puking in the nurse's arms.

And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school.

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

Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard (leopard),  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation.  
Even in the cannon's mouth.

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 stage 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 sound.

Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
In second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

(William Shakespeare (1564-1616) - As You Like It, II.7)

End

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