

All the world's a stage

- 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,
- 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 lin'd,
- 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 sav'd, 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, is second childishness and mere oblivion; sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.