

The seven ages of man

by William Shakespeare

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;
Then the whining **schoolboy**, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

(crying and being sick)
(complaining miserably)
(crawling)

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

(sad)

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.

(swearing continually) (priest)

And then the **justice**

(when fighting a war)
(judge)



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 slippered 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,

Is **second childishness** and mere oblivion,

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

(stomach) (chicken)

(sayings) (examples)

(moves)

(pyjamas and slippers)

(trousers from his youth)

(shrunk body)

(nothingness)

(without)