

As You Like It Audition side #14 [Jaques; scene 10]

JAQUES 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. 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 honor,
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 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.