All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely

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man in his time plays many parts, His acts being seven

a - ges. At first the infant, Mewling, puck - ing in the nurse's

arms.

And then the whi - ning school - boy, with his satchel, and
Four Shakespeare Songs - 4. ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE (Huub de Lange)

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creeping like snail Unwillingly to

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shining morning face, creeping like snail Unwillingly to

school. And then the lover, Sighing like furnace, with a woeful

And then the lover, Sighing like furnace, with a woeful

21

ballad Made to his mistress' eyebrow.

ballad Made to his mistress' eyebrow.

Then the
soldier, Full of strange oaths, and bear-ded like the pard,

soldier, Full of strange oaths, and bear-ded like the pard,

Jealous in ho-nour, sud-den and quick in quar-rel, See-king the

Jealous in ho-nour, sud-den and quick in quar-rel, See-king the

bub-ble re-pu-ta-tion Ev-en in the can-non's mouth.

bub-ble re-pu-ta-tion Ev-en in the can-non'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;
so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts into the

so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts into the

The sixth age shifts into the

lean and slipper'd pantaloons, With

lean and slipper'd pantaloons, With

slipper'd pantaloons, With

spectacles on nose and pouch on side, His

spectacles on nose and pouch on side, His

spectacles on nose and pouch on side, His

spectacles on nose and pouch on side, His
youthful hose well sav'd, a world to wide
For his

youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his

shrunken shank;
And his big manly voice

shrunken shank; And his big manly voice

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes and whistles

Turning again toward childish treble,
Last scene of all, That in his sound.

ends this strange eventful history, Is second childishness and mere ob-

li - vi - on, Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans tast, sans e'v'ry thing. Sans
teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans e-v'ry-thing. Sans

teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans e-v'ry-thing. Sans

teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans e-v'ry-thing. Sans

teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans e-v'ry-thing. Sans
Last scene of all, That ends this strange eventful history, Last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history, Last scene of all, That ends this strange eventful history, Last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history, Last scene of all, That ends this strange eventful history, Last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans e-v'ry-thing.