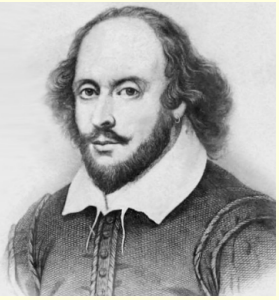
Thursday 10th June 2021

All the World's a Stage by William Shakespeare

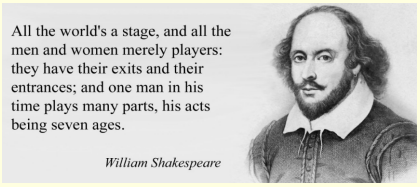
All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players: they have their exits and their entrances; and one man in his time plays many parts, his acts being seven ages.

William Shakespeare



we do

All the World's a Stage by William Shakespeare



Which part of the poem does this sketch best represent?



I do we do

LO: to make sense of the poem through sketches







All the World's a Stage by William Shakespeare

There are seven stages of a man's life in the poem. With your partner, pick out parts of the text for each stage.

1. the helpless infant
2. the whining schoolboy
3. the emotional lover
4. the devoted solider
5. the old man in control -
6. extremely old man
7. the old man returning back to being helpless

you do

LO: to make sense of the poem through sketches







All the World's a Stage by William Shakespeare

There are seven stages of a man's life in the poem. With your partner, pick out parts of the text for each stage.

1. the helpless infant
2. the whining schoolboy
3. the emotional lover
4. the devoted solider
5. the old man in control - in fair round belly with good capon lined
6. extremely old man
7. the old man returning back to being helpless

I do

we do

LO: to make sense of the poem through sketches

All the World's a Stage by William Shakespeare

Stage 1 The helpless infant	Stage 2 The whining schoolboy	Stage 3 The emotional lover	Stage 4 The devoted solider	Stage 5 The old man in control	Stage 6 The extremely old man	Stage 7 The old man returning back to being helpless
						
		And then the lover, Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad				

you do

LO: to make sense of the poem through sketches

All the World's a Stage by William Shakespeare

Stage 1 The helpless infant	Stage 2 The whining schoolboy	Stage 3 The emotional lover	Stage 4 The devoted solider	Stage 5 The old man in control	Stage 6 The extremely old man	Stage 7 The old man returning back to being helpless
						
		And then the lover, Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad				