

Whether men do laugh or weep Philip Rosseter

Whether men do laugh or weep, Whether they do wake or sleep,
 All our pride is but a jest; None are worst and none are best.
 Pow'rs above in clouds do sit Mocking our poor apish wit,

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Whether they die young or old, Whether they feel heat or cold,
 Grief and joy and hope and fear Play their pageants ev'rywhere;
 That so lamely with such state Their high glory imitate.

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There is underneath the sun No-thing in true earnest done.
 Vain opinion all doth sway, And the world is but a play.
 No ill can be felt but pain, And that happy men disdain.