

Whether men do laugh or weep Philip Rosseter

Whe- ther men do laugh or weep, Whe- ther they do
 All our pride is but a jest; None are worst and
 Pow'rs a- bove in clouds do sit Mock- ing our poor

5

wake or sleep, Whe- ther they die young or old,
 none are best. Grief and joy and hope and fear
 ap- ish wit, That so lame- ly with such state

Whe- ther they feel heat or cold, There is un- der- neath the sun
 Play their pa- geants ev- 'ry- where; Vain o- pin- ion all doth sway,
 Their high glo- ry im- i- tate. No ill can be felt but pain,

10

No- thing in true ear- nest done.
 And the world is but a play.
 And that hap- py men dis- dain.