

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

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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-
Play their pa- geants ev- 'ry- where; Vain o- pin- ion
Their high glo- ry im- i- tate. No ill can be

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neath the sun No- thing in true ear- nest done.
all doth sway, And the world is but a play.
felt but pain, And that hap- py men dis- dain.