

# 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- 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,

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