

**A
B O O K E O F
A Y R E S**

Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter

1601

The second Booke

XXI. Whether men doe laugh.

Whether men doe laugh or weepe,
Whether they doe wake or sleepe,
Whether they die yoong or olde,
Whether they feele heate or colde,
There is vnderneath the sunne,
Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a iest,
None are worst, and none are best,
Grief, and ioy, and hope, and feare,
Play their Pageants euery where,
Vaine opinion all doth sway,
And the world is but a play.

Powers aboue in cloudes doe sit,
Mocking our poore apish wit,
That so lamely with such state,
Their high glorie imitate,
No ill can be felt but paine,
And that happie men disdaine.