What Poor Astronomers Are They

John Dowland

Cantus

What poor astro-nomers are they take wo-men's eyes for stars,
And love it-self is but a jest, de-vis'd by i-dle heads,
But yet it is a sport to see how wit will run on wheels,
But such as will run mad with will, I can-not clear their sight,

Altus

What poor astro-nomers are they take wo-men's eyes for stars,
And love it-self is but a jest, de-vis'd by i-dle heads,
But yet it is a sport to see how wit will run on wheels,
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Tenor

What poor astro-nomers are they take wo-men's eyes for stars,
And love it-self is but a jest, de-vis'd by i-dle heads,
But yet it is a sport to see how wit will run on wheels,
But such as will run mad with will, I can-not clear their sight,

Bassus

What poor astro-nomers are they take wo-men's eyes for stars,
And love it-self is but a jest, de-vis'd by i-dle heads,
But yet it is a sport to see how wit will run on wheels,
But such as will run mad with will, I can-not clear their sight,

and set their thoughts in bat-tle 'ray, to
while will can-not per-suad-ed be, with
but leave them to their stu-dy still, to

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while will can-not per-suad-ed be, with
but leave them to their stu-dy still, to
fight such idle wars, when in the end they shall approve
lay it in fools' beds; that, being hatch'd in Beauty's eyes,
that which reason feels; that women's eyes and stars are odd,
look where is no light. 'Till them too late we make them try,

'tis but a jest drawn out of love,
they may be fledg'd ere they be wise,
and Love is but a feigned god,
they study false astrology,

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they may be fledg'd ere they be wise,
and Love is but a feigned god,
they study false astrology,
Till them too late we make them try, that women's eyes and stars are odd, that, being hatch'd in Beauty's eyes, when in the end they shall approve.

'Tis but a jest drawn out of love, they may be fledg'd ere they be wise, and Love is but a feign'd god. they study false astrology!