XX. What poore Astronomers are they,

Cantus. John Dowland

1. What poore A-stro-no-mers are they, Take wo-mens eies for
2. And love it selfe is but a jeast. De-visde by i-dle
3. But yet it is a sport to see How wit will run on
4. But such as will run mad with will, I can-not cleare their

stars And set their thoughts in bat-tel ray To
heads, To catch yong fan-cies in hte neast, And
wheele, While wit can-not per-swaded be With
sight: But leave them to their stu-die still, To

fight such id-le warres, When in the end they shall ap-prove,
lay it in fooles beds. That be-ing hatcht in beaut-ies eyes,
that which rea-son feeles: That wo-mens eyes and starres are odde,
looke where is no light. Till time too late we make them crie,

Tis but a jest drawne out of love.
They may be flidge ere they be wise.
And love is but a fain-ed god.
They stu-dy false A-stro-no-mie.
XX. What poore Astronomers are they,

Altus.

John Dowland

1. What poore A-stro-no-mers are they, Take wo-mens eies for
2. And love it selfe is but a jeast. De-visde by i-dle
3. But yet it is a sport to see How wit will run on
4. But such as will run mad with will, I can-not cleare their

stars And set their thoughts in bat-tel ray To
heads, To catch yong fanci-es in hte neast, And
wheeles, While wit can-not per-swa-ded be With

fight such id-le warres, When in the end they
lay it in fooles beds. That be-ing hatcht in
that which rea-son feeles: That wo-mens eyes and
looke where is no light. Till time too late we

shal ap-prove, Tis but a jest drawne out of love.
beaut-ies eyes, They may be flidge ere they be wise.
starres are odde, And love is but a fain-ed god.
make them crie, They stu-dy false A-stro-no-mie.
XX. What poore Astronomers are they,

Tenor. John Dowland

1. What poore A-stro-nomers are they, Take wo-mens eies for

2. And love it selfe is but a jeast. De- visde by i-dle

3. But yet it is a sport to see How wit will run on

4. But such as will run mad with will, I can-not cleare their

stars And set their thoughts in bat-tel ray To
heads, To catch yong fan-cies in hte neast, And
wheelees, While wit can-not per-swa-ded be With
sight: But leave them to their stu-die still, To

fight such id-le warres, When in the end they shall ap-prove,
lay it in fooles beds. That be-ing hatcht in beaut-ies eyes,
that which rea-son feeles: That wo-mens eyes and starres are odde,
looke where is no light. Till time too late we make them crie,

(1)

Tis but a jest drawne out of love.
They may be flidge ere they be wise.
And love is but a fain-ed god.
They stu-dy false A-stro-no-mie.

¹ Original has a quarter note.
XX. What poore Astronomers are they,
Bassus.  John Dowland

1. What poore A-stro-no-mers are they, Take wo-men's eies for
2. And love it selfe is but a jeast. De-visde by i-dle
3. But yet it is a sport to see How wit will run on
4. But such as will run mad with will, I can-not cleare their

stars  And set their thoughts in bat-tel ray To
heads,  To catch yong fan-cies in hte neast, And
wheele,  While wit can-not per-swa-ded be With
sight:  But leave them to their stu-die still, To

fight such id-le warres,  When in the end they
lay it in fooles beds.  That be-ing hatcht in
that which rea-son feeles: That wo-men's eyes and
looke where is no light.  Till time too late we

shall ap-prove,  Tis but a jest drawne out of love.
beaut-ies eyes, They may be flidge ere they be wise.
starres are odde,  And love is but a fain-ed god.
make them crie, They stu-dy false A-stro-no-mie.