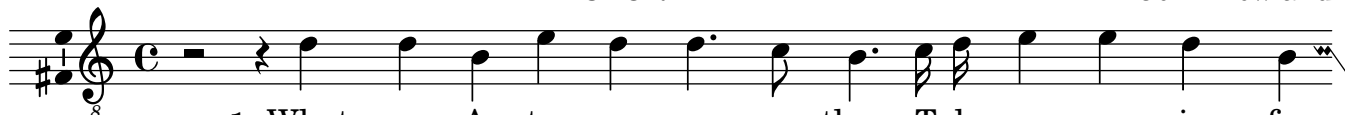


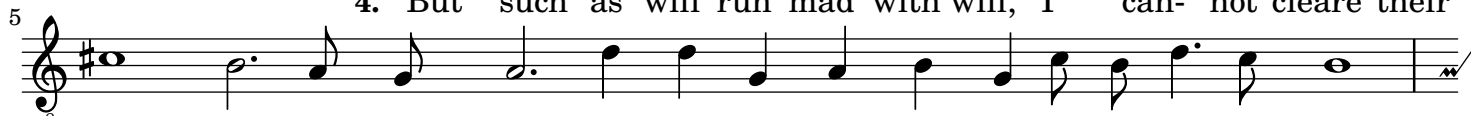
# XX. What poore Astronomers are they,

Tenor.

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 fight such id- le warres,  
heads, To catch yong fan- cies in hte neast, And lay it in fooles beds.  
wheeles, While wit can- not per- swa- ded be With that which rea- son feeles:  
sight: But leave them to their stu- die still, To looke where is no light.



When in the end they shal ap- prove, Tis but a jest drawne out of love.  
That be- ing hatcht in beaut- ies eyes, They may be flidge ere they be wise.  
That wo- mens eyes and starres are odde, And love is but a fain- ed god.  
Till time too late we make them crie, They stu- dy false A- stro- no- mie.