

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
 wheelles, 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 shal 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 fan- cies in hte neast, And
 wheelles, 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- 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- 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
wheeles, While wit can- not per- swa- ded be With
sight: But leave them to their stu- die still, To

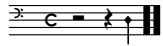


fight such id- le warres, When in the end they shal ap- prove,
lay it in fooles beds. That be- ing hatcht in beaut- ies eyes,
that which rea- son feeles: That wo- mens eyes and starres are odde,
looke where is no light. Till time too late we make them crie,



(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



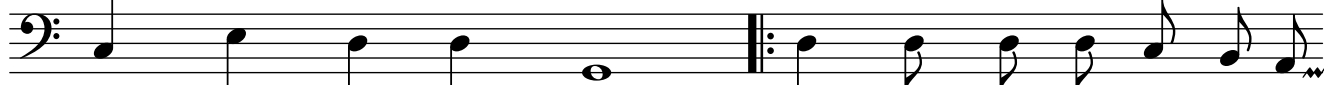
1. What poore A- stro- no- mers are they, Take wo- mens eies for
 2. And love it selfe is but a jeast. De- visde by i- dle
 3. But yet it is a sport to see How wit will run on
 4. But such as will run mad with will, I can- not cleare their

5



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

9



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

12



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.