

## XX. What poore Astronomers are they,

Cantus.

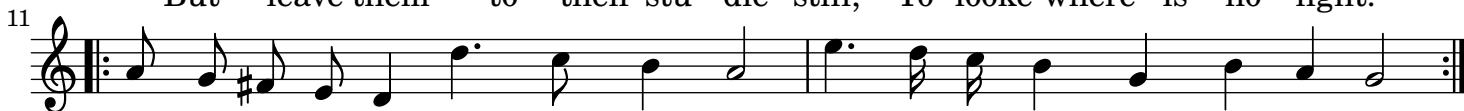
John Dowland



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



And set their thoughts in bat-tel ray To fight such id-le warres,  
To catch yong fan-cies in hte neast, And lay it in fooles beds.  
While wit can-not per-swa-ded be With that which rea-son feeles:  
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.