

What poor astronomers are they John Dowland

5

What poor as- tro- no- mers are they Take wo- men's eyes for stars, And
 And love it- self is but a jest De- vis'd by i- dle heads To
 But yet it is a sport to see How wit will run on wheels, While
 But such as will run mad with will I can- not clear their sight. But

10

set their thoughts in bat- tle ray To fight such i- dle wars;
 catch young fan- cies in the nest And lay it in fools' beds,
 will can- not per- suad- ed be With that which rea- son feels:
 leave them to their stu- dy still To look where is no light;

When in the end they shall ap- prove, 'Tis but a jest drawn out of love.
 That be- ing hatch'd in Beau- ty's eyes, They may be fledg'd ere they be wise,
 That wo- men's eyes and stars are odd, And Love is but a feign- ed god.
 Till time too late we make them try, They stu- dy false as- tro- no- my.