What poor astronomers are they
Take women's eyes for stars,
And
set their thoughts in battle-ray,
To fight such idle wars;
When in the end they leave them to their study still,
To look where is no light.

What love itself is but a jest,
Described by idle heads,
And
wit will run on wheels,
While
But such as will run mad with will, I cannot clear the sight,
But
wit can not persuaded be
With that which reason feels:
That women's eyes and stars catch young fancies in the nest
And lay it in fools' beds.
That being hatched in beauty
Till time too late we make

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They study false as astronomy.

But love is but a feigned god.

They may be fickle ere they be wise.

Tis but a jest drawn out of love.