What poor astronomers are they

John Dowland
(1563-1626)

Soprano

What poor a-stro-nom-ers are they take wo-men's eyes for stars,
And love it-self is but a jest, de-vis'd by i-dle heads,
But yet it is a sport to see how wit will run on wheels,
But such as will run mad with will, I can-not clear their sight,

Alto

What poor a-stro-nom-ers are they take wo-men's eyes for stars,
And love it-self is but a jest, de-vis'd by i-dle heads,
But yet it is a sport to see how wit will run on wheels,
But such as will run mad with will, I can-not clear their sight,

Tenor

What poor a-stro-nom-ers are they take wo-men's eyes for stars,
And love it-self is but a jest, de-vis'd by i-dle heads,
But yet it is a sport to see how wit will run on wheels,
But such as will run mad with will, I can-not clear their sight,

Bass

What poor a-stro-nom-ers are they take wo-men's eyes for stars,
And love it-self is but a jest, de-vis'd by i-dle heads,
But yet it is a sport to see how wit will run on wheels,
But such as will run mad with will, I can-not clear their sight,

and set their thoughts in bat-tle 'ray, to
while will can-not per-suaded be, with
but leave them to their stu-dy still, to

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but leave them to their stu-dy still, to

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but leave them to their stu-dy still, to

and set their thoughts in bat-tle 'ray, to
while will can-not per-suaded be, with
but leave them to their stu-dy still, to
fight such idle wars, when in the end they shall approve
lay it in fools' beds; that, being hatch'd in Beauty's eyes,
that which reason feels; that woman's eyes and stars are odd,
look where is no light. Till them too late we make them try,

'tis but a jest drawn out of love. out of love.
they may be fledg'd ere they be wise. they be wise.
and Love is but a feign'd god. feign'd god.
they study false astrono-my! astrono-my!

'tis but a jest drawn out of love. out of love.
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