

What poor astronomers are they

John Dowland

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 - vised by id - le 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 the sight, But

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set their thoughts in bat - tle ray, To fight such i - dle wars; When in the end they
catch young fan - cies in the nest And lay it in fools' beds. That be - ing hatched in beau -
wit can - not per - sua - ded be With that which rea - son feels: That wo - men's eyes and stars
leave them to their stu - dy still To look where is no light. Till time too late we make

their thoughts in bat - tle ray, To fight such i - dle wars; When in the end they

thoughts in bat - tle ray, To fight such i - dle wars; When in the end they

thoughts to bat - tle ray, To fight such i - dle wars; When in the end they

(2)



- shall ap - prove 'Tis but a jest drawn out of love.
- ty's eyes They may be flidge ere they be wise.
are odd, But love is but a feign - ed god.
them try, They stu - dy false as - tro - no - my.



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