

What poor astronomers are they

John Dowland
(1563-1626)

Soprano

What poor a - stro - no - mers 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 - no - mers 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,
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Tenor

What poor a - stro - no - mers 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 - no - mers 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,

S

and set their thoughts in bat - tle 'ray, to
 to catch young fan - cies in the nest and
 while will can - not per - suad - ed be, with
 but leave them to their stu - dy still, to

A

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 to catch young fan - cies in the nest and
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T

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B

and set their thoughts in bat - tle 'ray, to
 to catch young fan - cies in the nest and
 while will can - not per - suad - ed be, with
 but leave them to their stu - dy still, to

S
 fight such i - dle wars, when in the end they shall ap - prove
 lay it in fools' beds; that, be - ing hatch'd in Beau - ty's eyes,
 that which rea - son feels; that wom - en's eyes and stars are odd,
 look where is no light. Till them too late we make them try,

A
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 look where is no light. 'Till them too late we make them try,

S
 '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 - ed god. feign - ed god.
 they stu - dy false a - stro - no - my! stro - no - my!

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