

# What poor astronomers are they John Dowland

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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

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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 as- tro- - no- my.