



XX. What poore Astronomers are they,

Cantus.

John Dowland



1. What poore A-stro-no-mers are they, Take wo-mens eies for stars
2. And love it selfe is but a jeast. De-visde by i-dle heads,
3. But yet it is a sport to see How wit will run on wheeles,
4. But such as will run mad with will, I can-not cleare their sight:



And set their thoughts in bat-tel ray To fight such id-le warres,
To catch yong fan-cies in hte neast, And lay it in fooles beds.
While wit can-not per-swa-ded be With that which rea-son feeles:
But leave them to their stu-die still, To looke where is no light.



When in the end they shal ap-prove, Tis but a jest drawne out of love.
That be-ing hatcht in beaut-ies eyes, They may be flidge ere they be wise.
That wo-mens eyes and starres are odde, And love is but a fain-ed god.
Till time too late we make them crie, They stu-dy false A-stro-no-mie.



XX. What poore Astronomers are they,

Altus.

John Dowland



1. What poore A- stro- no- mers are they, Take wo- mens eies for stars
2. And love it selfe is but a jeast. De- visde by i- dle heads,
3. But yet it is a sport to see How wit will run on wheeles,
4. But such as will run mad with will, I can- not cleare their sight:



And set their thoughts in bat- tel ray To fight such id- le warres,
To catch yong fan- cies in hte neast, And lay it in fooles beds.
While wit can- not per- swa- ded be With that which rea- son feeles:
But leave them to their stu- die still, To looke where is no light.



When in the end they shal ap- prove, Tis but a jest drawne out of love.
That be- ing hatcht in beaut- ies eyes, They may be flidge ere they be wise.
That wo- mens eyes and starres are odde, And love is but a fain- ed god.
Till time too late we make them crie, They stu- dy false A- stro- no- mie.



XX. What poore Astronomers are they,

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. What poore A- stro- no- mers are they, Take wo- mens eies for stars
2. And love it selfe is but a jeast. De- visde by i- dle heads,
3. But yet it is a sport to see How wit will run on wheeles,
4. But such as will run mad with will, I can- not cleare their sight:



And set their thoughts in bat- tel ray To fight such id- le warres,
To catch yong fan- cies in hte neast, And lay it in fooles beds.
While wit can- not per- swa- ded be With that which rea- son feeles:
But leave them to their stu- die still, To looke where is no light.



When in the end they shal ap- prove, Tis but a jest drawne out of love.
That be- ing hatcht in beaut- ies eyes, They may be flidge ere they be wise.
That wo- mens eyes and starres are odde, And love is but a fain- ed god.
Till time too late we make them crie, They stu- dy false A- stro- no- mie.

¹ Original has a quarter note.



XX. What poore Astronomers are they,

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. What poore A-stro-no-mers are they, Take wo-mens eies for stars
2. And love it selfe is but a jeast. De-vised by i-dle heads,
3. But yet it is a sport to see How wit will run on wheelles,
4. But such as will run mad with will, I can-not cleare their sight:



And set their thoughts in bat-tel ray To fight such id-le warres,
To catch yong fan-cies in hte neast, And lay it in fooles beds.
While wit can-not per-swa-ded be With that which rea-son feeles:
But leave them to their stu-die still, To looke where is no light.



When in the end they shal ap-prove, Tis but a jest drawne out of love.
That be-ing hatcht in beaut-ies eyes, They may be flidge ere they be wise.
That wo-mens eyes and starres are odde, And love is but a fain-ed god.
Till time too late we make them crie, They stu-dy false A-stro-no-mie.

² Original has these two notes as eighth notes.