

THE
THIRD AND
LAST BOOKE
OF SONGS OR
AIRES.

JOHN DOWLAND

1603

XX. What poore Astronomers are they.

What poore Astronomers are they,
Take womens eies for stars,
And set their thoughts in battell ray,
To sight such idle warres,
When in the end they shall approue,
Tis but a iest drawne out of loue.

2 And loue it selfe is but a ieast.
Deuide by idle heads,
To catch yong fancies in the neast,
And lay it in fooles beds.
That being hatcht in beauties eyes,
They may be flidge ere they be wise.

3 But yet it is a sport to see
How wit will run on wheeles,
While wit cannot perswaded be
With that which reason feeles :
That womens eyes and starres are odde,
And loue is but a fained god.

4 But such as will run mad with will,
I cannot cleare their sight :
But leaue them to their studie still,
To looke where is no light.
Till time too late we make them trie,
They study false Astronomie.