

## Astrophel and Stella

### Tangerine Dream

What if we new beauties see,  
Will they not stir new affection?  
I will thinke they pictures be,  
(Image-like, of saints perfection)  
Poorely counterfeting thee.

But your reasons purest light  
Bids you leaue such minds to be  
Who is it that this darke night

Well, in absence this will dy;  
Leaue to see, and leaue to wonder.  
Absence sure will helpe, if I  
Can learne how my selfe to sunder

But time will these thoughts remoue;  
Time doth work what no man know.

Time doth as the subiect proue;  
With time still the affection groweth  
In the faithful turtle-doue.

Why, alas, and are you he?  
Be not yet those fancies changed?  
Deare, when you find change in me,

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