

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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