

## 6. Come, my Celia

## Poem by Ben Jonson

Alfonso Ferrabosco II

his ea- sier ears be- guile Thus re- mov- ed by our wile?

[25] 'Tis no sin Love's fruits to steal; But the sweet theft to re- veal, To be

[30] tak- en, to be seen, These have crimes ac- count- ed been. To be tak- en, to be

[35] seen, These have crimes ac- count- ed been.