

# 6. Come, my Celia

Poem by Ben Jonson

Alfonso Ferrabosco II

Come, my Cel- ia, let us prove, While we  
Spend not then his gifts in vain; Suns that

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may, the sweets of Love. Time will not be ours for ev- er;  
set may rise a- gain, But if we once lose this light,

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He at length our good will se- ver.  
'Tis with us per- pe- tu- al night.

15

Why should we de- fer our joys? Fame and Ru- mor are but

toys. Can- not we de- lude the eyes Of a few poor house- hold

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spies? Or his ea- sier ears be- guile Thus re-

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mov- ed by our wile? 'Tis no sin Love's fruits to steal; But

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the sweet theft to re- veal, To be tak- en, to be

seen, These have crimes ac- count- ed been. To be

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tak- en, to be seen, These have crimes ac- count- ed been.