

# Song: to Celia [Come, my Celia, let us prove]

By Ben Jonson

Come, my Celia, let us prove,  
While we can, the sports of love;  
Time will not be ours forever;  
He at length our good will sever.  
Spend not then his gifts in vain.  
Suns that set may rise again;  
But if once we lose this light,  
'Tis with us perpetual night.  
Why should we defer our joys?  
Fame and rumor are but toys.  
Cannot we delude the eyes  
Of a few poor household spies,  
Or his easier ears beguile,  
So removèd by our wile?  
'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal;  
But the sweet thefts to reveal,  
To be taken, to be seen,  
These have crimes accounted been.