Come, my Celia, let us prove

While we may, the sweets of love. Time will not be ours for ever;

He, at length, our good will sever.
Spend not then his gifts in vain. Suns that set may rise again. But if we once lose this light, 'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys? Fame and rumour are but toys. Can not we delude the eyes of a few poor household spies? Or his easier ears beguile,
Thus removed by our wile? 'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal, But the sweet thefts to re-

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

These have crimes ac - count - ed been.
Come, my Celia, let us prove

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Come, my Celia, let us prove

BEN JONSON

ALFONSO FERRABOSCO II (c.1575-1628)
Come, my Celia, let us prove
Bass Lute in D
Come, my Celia, let us prove...