Song: To Celia

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.