

# *Alfonso Ferrabosco*

## AYRES

1609

### VI.

**Come my *Celia***, let us proue, while wee may the sweets of loue,  
Time will not be ours for euer, he at lenght our good will seuer,  
Spend not then hie gifts in vaine, Sunnes that set may raise again,  
But if we once loose this light, tis with vs perpetuall night,  
Why should wee deferre our ioyes, fame and rumour are but toyes ?  
Cannot we delude the eyes of a few poore houshold spyes,  
Or his easier eares be guile, Thus remoued by our wile  
T' is no sinne loues fruits to steale, But the sweet theft to reueale,  
To be taken, to be seene, These haue crimes accounted beene.

From:  
Ben Jonson  
*Volpone*