

*Come, My Celia*

COME, my celia, let us prove  
While we may, 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 removed by our wile?  
'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal;  
But the sweet theft to reveal.  
To be taken, to be seen,  
These have crimes accounted been.

*To Celia*

DRINK to me, only, with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,  
Doth ask a drink divine:  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.  
I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honouring thee,  
As giving it a hope, that there  
It could not withered be.  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent'st back to me:  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee.