26. Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes
Ben Jonson (1573-1637)

Old English Air

Rather slowly

Drink to me only with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,

Or leave a kiss within the cup, And I'll not ask 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.

2. I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And send'st it back to me;
Since when it grows and smells I swear,
Not of itself but thee.

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