Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes

Ben Jonson

(Original in Eb maj)

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

I sent thee late a rosy wreath, Not so much hon'ring thee

Or leave a kiss within the cup, And I'll not ask for wine;

As giving it a hope that there it could not withered be;

Thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink divine.

thou there on didst on - ly breathe, and sent'st it back to me.

But might I of Jove's nectar sip, I would not change for thine.

Since when it grows and smells I swear, Not of it - self but thee.