Ben Jonson

C  G7  C  Dm
Drink to me only with thine eyes,
    C  G7  C  G7  C
And I will pledge with mine;
    G7  C  Dm
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
    C  G7  C  G7  C
And I'll not ask for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise,

F  C  G
Doth ask a drink divine,
    C  G7  C  Dm
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
    C  G7  C  G7  C
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honring 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.