Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes (To Celia)

(Ben Jonson)

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 crave 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 honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou there on did't only breathe
And sent'st back to me,
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

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Words by Ben Jonson in 1616. The origin of the tune is unknown, but traces back to at least 1770.
recorded by Deller Consort on Westron Wind
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