

Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes (To Celia)

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(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.

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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