DRINK TO ME ONLY

Molto lento

Voice:

1. Drink to me only with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine;
2. I sent thee late a rosy wreath, Not so much honoring thee

Or leave a kiss but in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine, The
As giving it a hope that there it could not wither'd be: But

thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink divine;
thou thereon didst only breathe And sent'st it back to me;

But might I of love's nectar sup, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it self but thee.

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