

Drink To Me Only

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 ask 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 hon'ring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
it could not withered be;

But thou there on did'st only breath,
and send'st it back to me,
Since when it grows and smells I swear,
not of itself but thee.

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