

Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes

Edward Fowler, guitar; Nellie W. Fink, flute

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 sip,
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 thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me,
Since when it grows and smells, I swear
Not of itself, but thee.*repeat first verse

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