

Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

Swans

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