#### Anon. c.1770

# Drink to Me Only

17th century English melody

Arranged for Guitar Quartet by Andrew Forrest

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 from *To Celia* by Ben Jonson)

In the event of a public performance, please include the arranger's name on the programme.

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Arranged by for guitar quartet

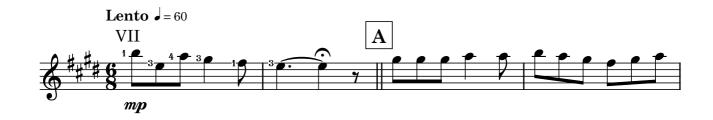
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