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To Celia
by Ben Jonson [1572-1637]

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
and I will pledge with mine;
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 wither'd be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it looks and smells, I swear:
Not of itself but thee.