

TO MY FRIEND WILLIAM GREEN.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY BEN JONSON
ARRANGED AS A FOUR-PART SONG FOR MEN'S VOICES

BY
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Molto moderato e tranquillamente.

1st
TENOR.

Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I . . will pledge, will

Melody.

2nd
TENOR.

Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I . . will pledge with

1st
BASS.

Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge, will

2nd
BASS.

Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with

Molto moderato e tranquillamente.

(For
practice
only.)

p

rall. pledge with mine; *a tempo.* Or leave a kiss with - in the cup And I'll not ask, not ask for wine;

rall. mine; *a tempo.* Or leave a kiss with - in the cup And I'll not ask for wine; . .

rall. pledge with mine; *a tempo.* Or leave a kiss with - in the cup And I'll not ask, not ask for wine;

rall. mine, *a tempo.* Or leave a kiss with - in the cup And I'll not ask for wine; . .

rall. *a tempo.*

N.B.—Care should be taken that in bringing out the points of imitation in the other parts, the Melody in the 2nd Tenor be not obscured.—H. E. B.

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DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

mf The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine, *rall.*
mf The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine, *rall.*
mf The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine, *rall.*
mf The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine, *rall.*

a tempo. But might I of . . Love's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine. . .
a tempo. But might I of Love's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.
a tempo. But might I of . . Love's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine. . .
a tempo. But might I of Love's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.

mp I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so . . much hon - 'ring, hon - 'ring thee, . . *rall.*
mp I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so . . much hon - 'ring thee, *rall.*
mp I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring, hon - 'ring thee, . . *rall.*
mp I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee, *rall.*

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

a tempo. *mf*
As giving it . . . a hope that there It could not, could not with-ered be; But

a tempo. *f*
As giving it a hope that there It could not with-ered be; . . . But

a tempo. *mf*
As giving it . . . a hope that there It could not, could not with-ered be; But

a tempo. *mf*
As giving it a hope that there It could not with-ered be; . . . But

p *rall.*
thou there-on . . . didst on - ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me;

p *rall.*
thou there-on didst on - ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me; . . .

p *rall.*
thou there-on . . . didst on - ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me; . . .

p *rall.*
thou there-on didst on - ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me;

a tempo. *mf* *p* *rall.*
Since when, it grows and smells, I swear, Not of . . . it - self, but thee. . .

a tempo. *mf* *p* *rall.*
Since when, it grows and smells, I swear, Not of . . . it - self, but thee. . .

a tempo. *mf* *p* *rall.*
Since when, it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self, but thee. . .

a tempo. *mf* *p* *rall.*
Since when, it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self, but thee. . .

p a tempo. *mf* *p* *rall.*
Since when, it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self, but thee.