

DRINK TO ME ONLY

A favorite Glee for three Voices

With the Original Words by Ben Johnson

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The musical score is written for three voices (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) in treble, alto, and bass clefs respectively. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with some lines containing musical notation (like slurs and notes) integrated into the text. The score is divided into four systems, each with three staves. The lyrics are: "Drink to me only with thine Eyes and I will pledge with mine", "drink to me only with thine Eyes and I will pledge with mine Or", "leave a kifs within the Cup and I'll not look for Wine drink to me", and "only with thine Eyes and I will pledge with mine The Thirst that". The word "kifs" is a misspelling of "kiss". The word "Thirst" is misspelled as "Thirft". The word "Or" is misspelled as "Or". The word "The" is misspelled as "The". The word "Thirst" is misspelled as "Thirft". The word "Thirst" is misspelled as "Thirft". The word "Thirst" is misspelled as "Thirft".

Drink to me only with thine Eyes and I will pledge with mine

Drink to me only with thine Eyes and I will pledge with mine

Drink to me only with thine Eyes and I will pledge with mine

drink to me only with thine Eyes and I will pledge with mine Or

drink to me only with thine Eyes and I will pledge with mine Or

drink to me only with thine Eyes and I will pledge with mine Or

leave a kifs within the Cup and I'll not look for Wine drink to me

leave a kifs within the Cup and I'll not look for Wine drink to me

leave a kifs within the Cup and I'll not look for Wine drink to me

only with thine Eyes and I will pledge with mine The Thirst that

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from the foul doth rise doth ask a drink divine the thirst that from the
 from the foul doth rise doth ask a drink divine the thirst that from the
 from the foul doth rise doth ask a drink divine the thirst that from the
 foul doth rise doth ask a drink divine But might I of Jove's Nectar
 foul doth rise doth ask a drink divine But might I of Jove's Nectar
 foul doth rise doth ask a drink divine But might I of Jove's Nectar
 sup I would not change for thine The Thirst that from the
 sup I would not change for thine The Thirst that from the
 sup I would not change for thine The Thirst that from the
 foul doth rise doth ask a drink divine
 foul doth rise doth ask a drink divine
 foul doth rise doth ask a drink divine

I sent thee late a roſie 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 it back to me,
 Since when it looks, and ſmells, I ſwear,
 Not of itſelf, but Thee.