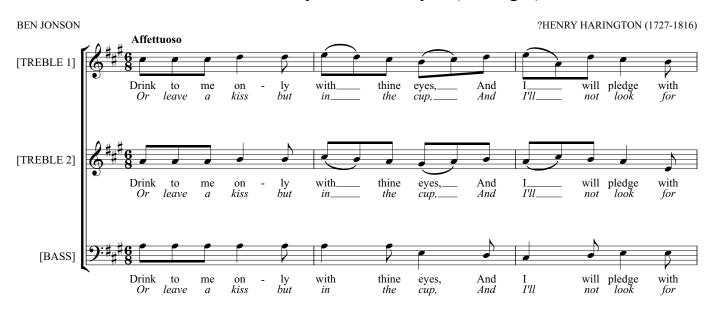
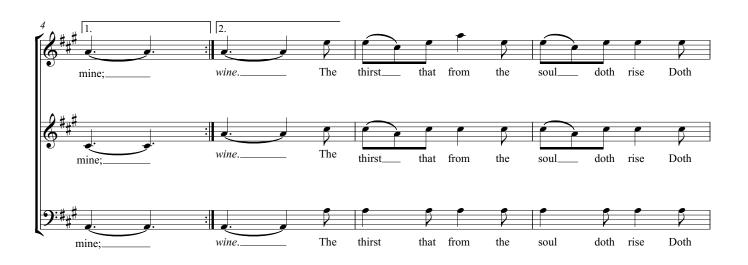
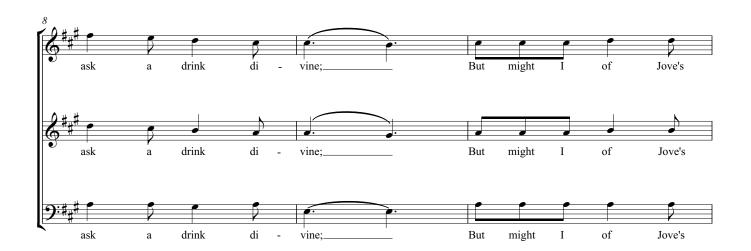
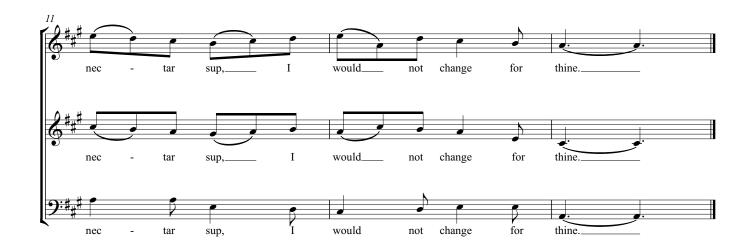
Drink to me only with thine eyes (Setting 1)





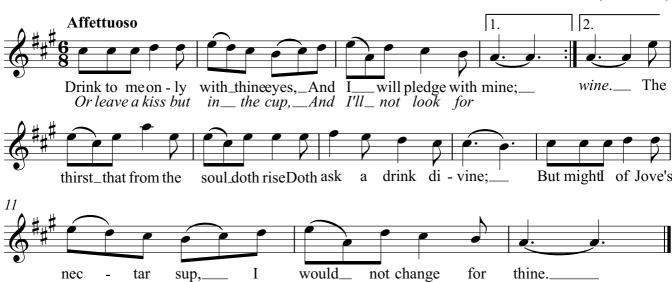




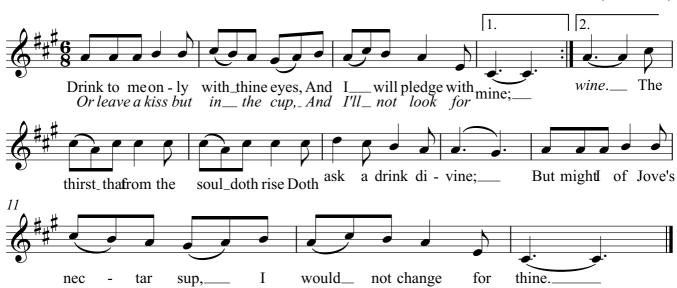
I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

.1/1

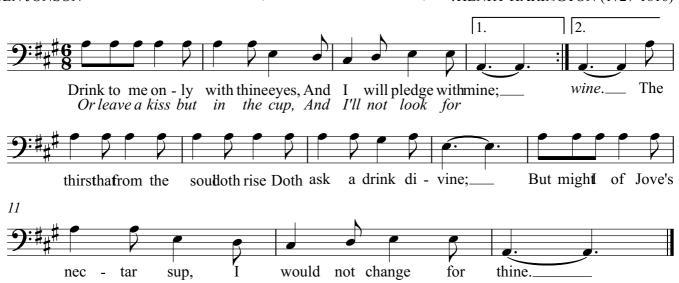
Drink to me only with thine eyes (Setting 1) (1727-1816)



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