

5. Plow the land with a horn of a lamb,  
*Parsley...*  
 Then sow some seeds from north of the dam.  
*Then she'll...*

7. Love imposes impossible tasks,  
*Parsley...*  
 Though nothing more than any heart asks.  
*I must know she's true love of mine.*

8. Dear, when thou hast finished thy task,  
*Parsley...*  
 Then come to me, my hand for to ask.  
*Thou then art a true love of mine.*

Folkesang

*!²: parsley = persille; sage = salvie; rosemary = rosmarin; thyme = timian.*

## Drink to Me Only

Folkemelodi

Drink to me on - ly with\_ thine eyes\_, And I\_ will pledge with  
 Or leave a kiss with - in\_ the cup\_, And I'll\_ not ask for  
 mine\_; wine\_; The thirst\_ that from the soul\_ doth rise, Doth ask a drink\_ di-  
 vine\_; But might I 'of love's nec\_-tar sip\_, I would\_ not change for thine\_.

2. 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.

Ben Jonson

*Air fra ca. 1770.*