

O Mistress Mine

[Roger Quilter](#)

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and here! Your true love's coming
That can sing both high and low Trip no further, pretty sweetening
Journeys end in lovers meeting
Every wise man's son doth know What is love? 'Tis not hereafter
Present mirth hath present laughter
What's to come is still unsure In delay there lies no plenty
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty
Youth's a stuff will not endure

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