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 lowTrip no further, pretty sweeting
Journeys end in lovers meeting
Every wise man's son doth knowWhat is love? 'Tis not hereafter
Present mirth hath present laughter
What's to come is still unsureIn delay there lies no plenty
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty
Youth's a stuff will not endure

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