

O, Mistress Mine

Elvis Costello

(harle/shakespeare)

O, mistress mine

Where are you roaming?

O, stay and hear

Your true love's coming

That can save both high and low

Trip no further pretty sweeting

Journeys end in lovers meeting

Every wise man's son doth know

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Trip no further pretty sweeting

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

It's a stuff will not endure

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